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Descriptive and Illustrative of Everyday Life in the
Defensive Services of the British Empire.

EDITED BY
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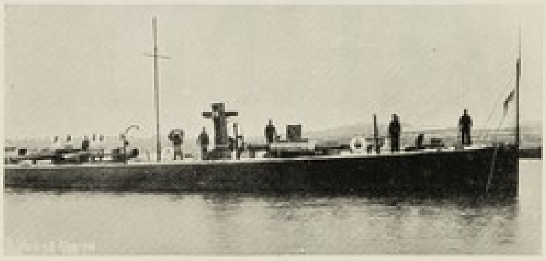
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CAPTAIN JOHN DURNFORD, R.N., C.B., D.S.O.,

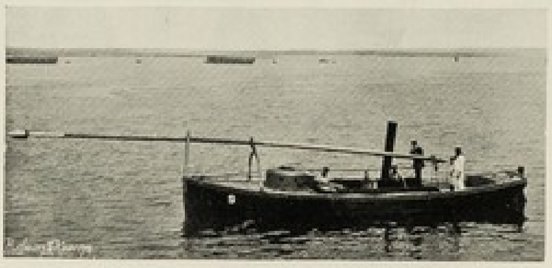
IN COMMAND OF THE TORPEDO SCHOOL SHIP "VERNON."

(See "Notes and Queries.")

The Torpedo School of the Navy—The "Vernon."—I.



TORPEDO-BOAT No. 25.



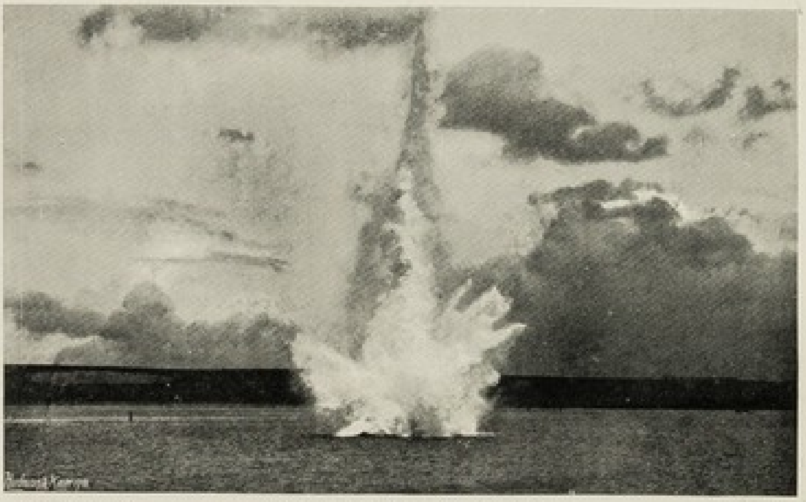
AN OUTRIGGER BOAT.

MOST of us have heard something about the Whitehead torpedo, which was used with such deadly effect by the Japanese torpedo-boats in sinking the Chinese ironclads, and of the spar torpedo used in the American Civil and Russo-Turkish Wars. Just above our words and directly below the title of this article may be seen a typical torpedo-boat—one of too many to name by any other title than a mere tally, No. 25—and a steam pinnace rigged with a torpedo on the end of a spar. Neither looks very deadly, but each is capable of sending a battleship to the bottom.

All have heard something also of the *pros* and *cons* of the argument as to whether the United States' cruiser "Maine" was blown up by a mine. A torpedo in its original dictionary sense is any machine designed for the purpose of blowing up ships. In the Navy, however, the stationary torpedo is usually distinguished by calling it a mine, and it is employed for the purpose of blowing up hostile ships attempting to enter a harbour. As we shall see later, mines may also be used for the purpose of destroying other mines, or they may be placed outside an enemy's port, so as to make it dangerous for him to venture out. In the latter case, as they assist the purpose of blocking the enemy in, they are called blockade mines, whereas when they are used for destroying other mines, they are called counter-mines. Now if the reader wants to find out all about the use of torpedoes and electricity in the Navy, he must rail down to Portsmouth Harbour and proceed up Porchester Creek on Sunday afternoon, when the school is thrown open to the men's friends.



THE "VERNON'S" CHIEF AND HER STAFF.



Photos. C. Cozens. *THE EXPLOSION OF A MINE.* Copyright.

In the Navy every officer and man belongs to a ship, and just as the seamen across the water at Whale Island belong to the "Excellent" and wear that designation on their cap ribbons, so the seamen of the torpedo school belong to the "Vernon." The latter was the first ship to bear the fortunes of the torpedo school when it was started at the initiation of the present Admiral Sir John Fisher, and so the name has become indissolubly associated with torpedo work; and were the torpedoists to follow the lead of the gunnery men and set up their establishment on shore, the old name of the "Vernon" would go there too.

The officers and men live on board the "Ariadne," and come and go as their instructions are completed to the extent of 1,300 per annum. Do they ever wonder what the first "Ariadnes" would have thought of their pet little infernal machines? She was fighting at the beginning of the century, and in 1812 the British admirals were issuing proclamations that anyone found using torpedoes for the purpose of blowing up His Majesty's ships would be hung. We give two illustrations of the present "Ariadne," one showing her in all

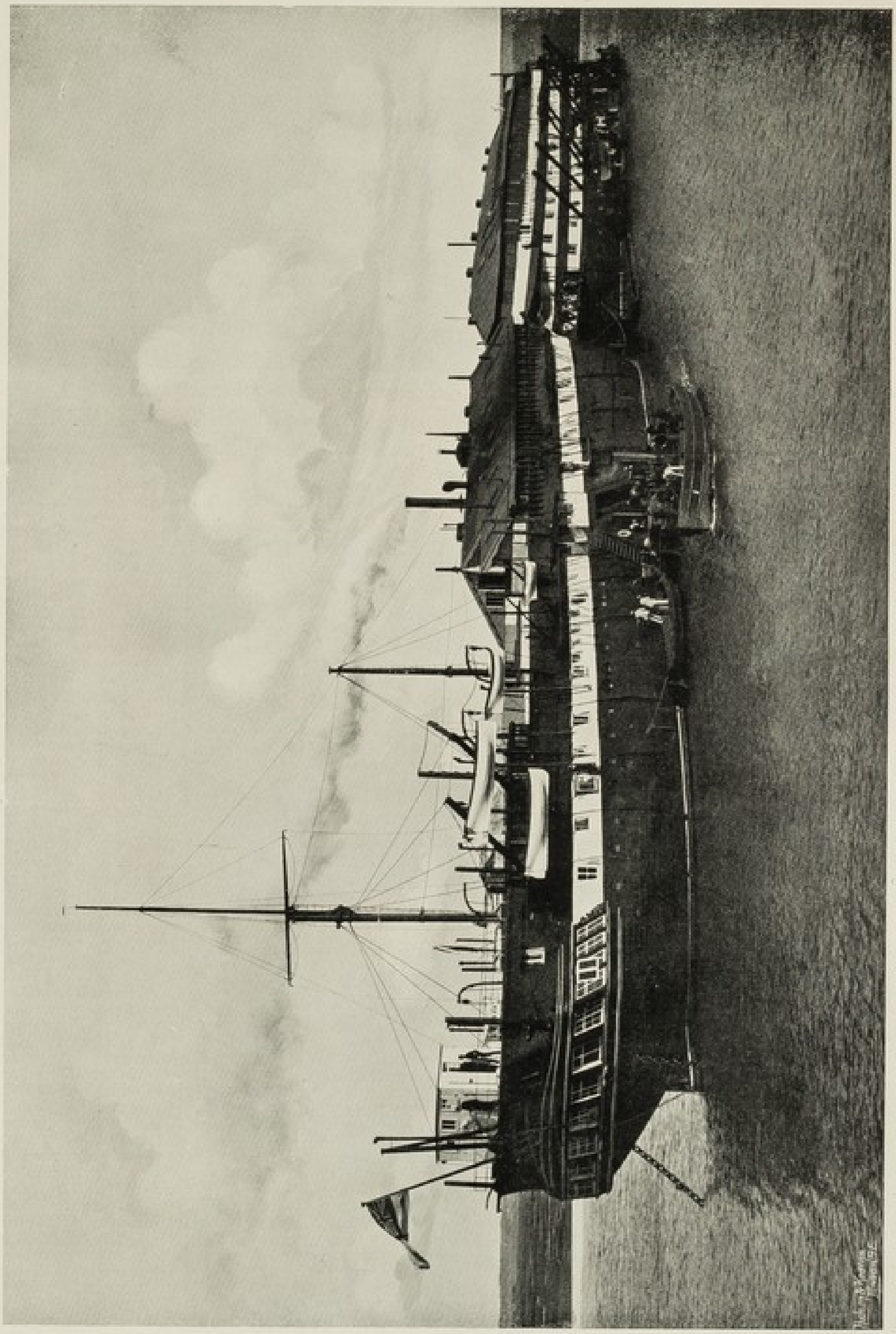


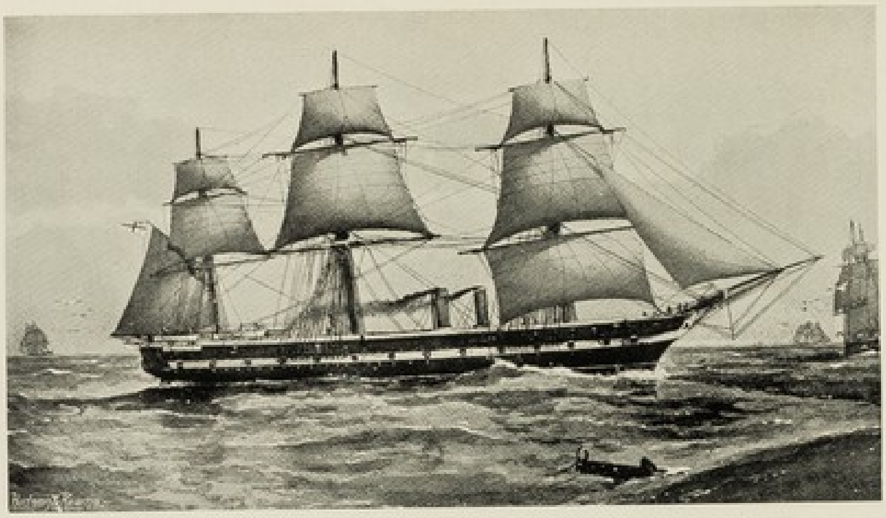
Photo. C. Cozens. Copyright.

THE HOME OF THE TORPEDO SCHOOL AT PORTSMOUTH.

the glory of her former war paint, the other in her more humble, yet not less useful, capacity as home for the torpedo school. Joined end to end with her by a bridge is the "Vernon," formerly the battle-ship "Donegal," of 101 guns, and on board her are the numerous class and store rooms required for the instructional purposes of the school.

In subsequent articles we intend to give our readers a slight insight into some of the operations on board the "Vernon" and in its playgrounds. Before doing this, let us take a peep at the officers. Succeeding to a series of distinguished officers who have served since the founding of the torpedo school in 1873, Captain Durnford, whose services are given elsewhere, is a typical product of that school. He is an officer who combines a close acquaintance with the theoretical or academic knowledge of torpedo and electrical work with the energy, dash, and resource which are required in the dangerous work of handling flotillas of torpedo-boats. The torpedo and the torpedo-boat have been called the forlorn-hopes of Navies, and forlorn-hopes require such men to carry them to successful issues. When a Whitehead torpedo is fired from one of the tubes we see projecting in the illustration of No. 25, a multitude of little details have to be foreseen. The torpedo has to be charged with its motive power—air, and adjusted, as it contains all its own motive power, and once fired it is too late to say, "I wish I had done this or that." An electrical key has been pressed, and that has started a small charge of powder exploding, or admitted air in rear of the torpedo in the tube, and the missile has been pushed into the sea, which starts the mechanism, so that the torpedo is soon ploughing its way at an adjusted depth of from 10-ft. to 26-ft., at a rate of about thirty miles an hour. The firing instrument, called a director, has to be adjusted to correct the aim by allowing for the speed of the enemy, the effect of tide, and the deflection the head of the torpedo gets on striking the water. It is nearly the same in the preparation and firing of mines. The torpedo-lieutenant who does not see, who forgets, whose hand shakes at critical times, is as useless as the surgeon who is blinded by his tears at the moment he is operating on a patient. The result is that constant training is required to eliminate "personal error" or forgetfulness. If the torpedoist merely forgets to haul out the "safety pin" at the head of the Whitehead torpedo, as happened with one fired by the Russians in the Russo-Turkish War, the torpedo may reach its target, but it will by no possibility explode. The torpedo school takes as its motto, "No difficulty baffles great zeal."

The staff officers are appointed from the torpedo-lieutenants of the Navy. The latter are specially selected every year in batches of ten from the general body of lieutenants to go through an elaborate training in higher mathematics and science, and, finally, a very complete course in torpedo and electrical work.



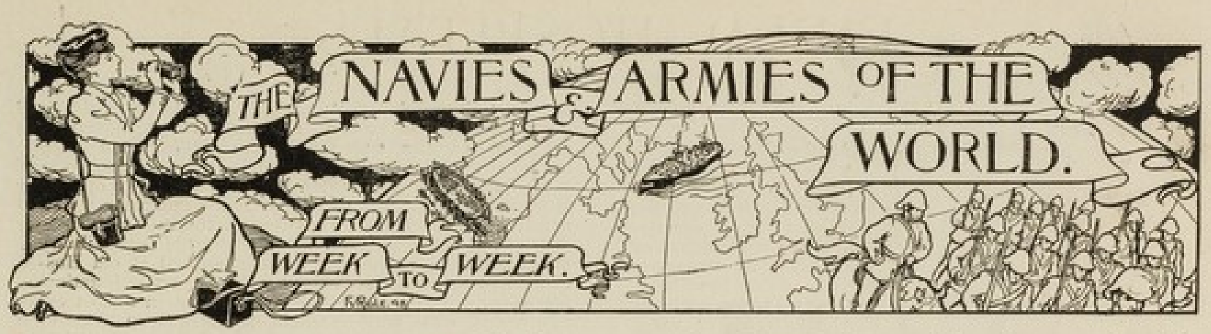
THE "ARIADNE" IN HER FIGHTING DAYS.



WARRANT OFFICERS OF THE INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF.



Photos. C. Cozens. THE TORPEDO INSTRUCTORS. Copyright.



THERE is a letter in the last number of the *Army and Navy Gazette* which starts once more the old question of a conscription for this country. This is not the place for controversy, so I shall not answer "O. P. Q.," but only point out one or two considerations which seem to be overlooked by the advocates of this device for raising armies. There is one part of their arguments which always strikes me at least as very odd. They never prove that the kind of men we get already cannot fight. The North-West Frontier and the Soudan have just proved that our soldiers can go anywhere, and do anything. Since this is so, why cannot we rest content with what we possess? But it is said we want a great many more. Well, but how many more? Are we to draw every man at the age of twenty who is capable of bearing arms, whether we need, or can pay for, an Army on that scale or not? The affirmative answer would land us in an absurdity—and the negative in difficulties for which little regard seems to be had. Let us suppose that we want to maintain an Army 50,000 stronger than that we have already, and fall back on conscription to fill the ranks. We should only need a certain proportion of the men of military age, and it would be necessary to obtain them by drawing lots. Then see what this means. Brown and Jones are both medical students, or law students, or bank clerks, both twenty years of age, and stout fellows. Brown draws a bad number and Jones a good. Brown is as good as ruined for life. While he is away for three years' soldiering, he is bound to forget nearly all he has learnt. When he comes back he has to begin again at the beginning. Meanwhile Jones has passed his exams., and is established in his line of life, with a start over Brown which the poor fellow will never make up as long as he lives. It is a crying injustice, and was known to be so, everywhere. Before universal service came in, anyone who drew an unlucky number could find a substitute. But this, besides giving a most unfair advantage to the man who has money over the man who has not, leads to the absurdity that it sends us back to free enlistment. We should get Carlyle's "ragged losel" just as before.

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IT is sometimes said that military service is a fine thing for the health of men. Conscription is praised because it would improve the weedy workmen of the towns, and so forth. Well, when it is universal so it may, but not when it is partial, as it would be with us. No War Office would take 5-ft. 2-in., and 32-in. round the chest, when it could get 5-ft. 6-in., and 36-in. Falstaff, we know, took Wart and Feeble, and let the stalwart Bullcalf go free—but then he had good pecuniary reasons, and it has never been supposed that Shakespeare meant to hold him up as a model recruiting officer. The working of universal service, so called, is not altogether so admirable as some seem to suppose, even from the purely military point of view. In Russia and Germany, with their great and growing populations, it does fairly well. Neither Power draws all the men liable in a given year, so that in fact each has a partial conscription, and can pick its soldiers. In France, with its stationary population, and the obligation to maintain an Army on a level with the German, it is found necessary to sweep in thousands of men who are ill-fitted for military work.

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PERHAPS it is just that France should suffer, for the Continent has to thank her for universal military service and the burden it inflicts. It was the leaders of her Revolution who first laid down the rule that the Army and the nation were one, and that everybody was liable to be called out as a soldier. In former times all States made levies in times of necessity, but they generally took just the class of men our Army recruits now. England was no exception, for although we forget it, there was a press for the Army as well as for the Fleet. It was not so much used, because our Military needs were less pressing and continuous than the Naval call. Neither did it last quite so long. Yet there was a press for the Army in London as late as 1779. A "drive" was arranged for the criminal classes. All the vagabonds, thieves, and pickpockets of the capital were netted, and then distributed among the regiments stationed round London, to the profound disgust of officers and men alike. The soldiers complained bitterly of being compelled to herd with this rabble. They did not, however, suffer for long. The pickpockets, thieves, and vagabonds had nothing more at heart than to desert, and as neither officer nor man would exert himself to stop them, they were soon back at their old haunts. Not a soldier was added to the Army, and a good sum of the nation's money was wasted.

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ONE is glad to see Lord Wolseley speaking in becoming terms of Wellington in his introduction to Major Griffiths' book. There has been a tendency in those about Lord Wolseley to adopt a very different and very indecent tone towards the greatest of English generals except Marlborough. But why does Lord Wolseley say that "but for him" (Wellington) "Bonaparte might have died in peace at the Tuileries"? It is, to begin with, not just to Blucher and the Prussians. Wellington repulsed Bonaparte's attack, but by his own confession his men were dead tired at the end of the day. It was the fine marching, steady fighting, and indefatigable pursuit of the Prussians which ruined the French Army. There is too much here of a rather poor vanity of ours—that which makes us claim the whole glory of victories in which we bore any share, even when we were not a fifth of the combatants, as, for instance, at Blenheim. Besides, it exaggerates the importance of the victory. If Bonaparte had won, he certainly would not have destroyed the allies. Meanwhile the Austrians and Russians were pouring over the Rhine. He must needs have turned back to face them. Then the allies in the Low Countries would have rallied, and would have advanced, and there would have been a repetition of the campaign of 1814—that is all. One would like to see the justification for the opinion that Bonaparte was "the greatest King the world has ever known." He worked on a great scale certainly, but a man is not a great painter because he uses a big brush. Bonaparte exhausted France in a series of insane adventures, left her smaller than he found her, and fixed on her neck the centralised administration which has destroyed every form of local life and all independence of character among Frenchmen, and has made them a passive mob which can be manipulated by a gang of wire-pullers at Paris. If these are the achievements of great kings, then the prophet Samuel spoke well and wisely to Israel at the election of Saul.

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THE great hurricane of the 10th of this month has been a severe disaster to the much-tried West Indies. It is an old enemy of ours, and has done us more damage in those seas than hostile fleets. In the American War of 1778-83, for instance, the united efforts of the French and Spanish Navies (if one can apply the word effort to the extremely languid movements of the Spaniards) did not do us as much harm as the great hurricane of 1780, which, by the way, also happened on the 10th of the month, though in October, not in September. This month was indeed particularly fatal to our fleet, for there had been a hurricane at Jamaica on the 2nd, in which a whole squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Rowley, on its way home with a convoy, was for all practical purposes destroyed. One 74, the "Thunderer," went down with all hands. The "Stirling Castle," commanded by the captain, R. Carket, who had been first lieutenant of the "Monmouth" in her famous action with the "Foudroyant," was wrecked on the Silver Keys, and only one officer escaped. According to Captain Schomberg, he afterwards entered the service of Russia, and fell in battle with the Swedes. Four other vessels shared the same fate, and the rest of the squadron was dismasted and scattered. The hurricane, having done its work near Jamaica, swooped down on the Lesser Antilles eight days later, and repeated its achievements on an almost equal scale. The ships under command of Hotham at St. Lucia were blown out to sea—and lucky it was for them that the wind was not blowing on the shore, for in that case every one of them would have been wrecked. The story of one of them, the "Amazon," is among the best and the best written stories of courage and seamanship. Hotham thought "the preservation of the 'Amazon' so singular and extraordinary," that he forwarded the report of Captain Finch home. It is printed both by Beatson and Schomberg, and no doubt elsewhere. It is a model of what the report of an officer and gentleman ought to be—clear, modest, and finely just to his subordinates.

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THERE is one feature of this disaster on which it is surely not necessary to insist at length. The Lord Mayor has opened a subscription list for the sufferers by the hurricane, and it clearly ought to be filled promptly and with a free hand. We owe much to the West Indies, and have not treated them very handsomely. At the beginning of this century the shipping engaged in trade with them was more than equal to the whole amount employed in the East Indies. They were in fact a main source of wealth to Great Britain. Things have changed very much, and mainly in consequence of our legislation—of the abolition of slavery, and of Free Trade, by which we have profited largely, but they have lost. It is only fair that when they are suffering from a disaster we should come to their help.

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RUSSIA is beginning to be able to avail herself of some of her new ships. The "Pultava," first-class battle-ship, engined by Messrs. Humphreys, Tennant, and Co., has done her trials with great success, thanks to our clever mechanical engineers. Though we seldom say so, there is surely an element of absurdity in such a piece of news as this. There is something more than absurdity, there is discredit in what goes with it, namely, complaints that Russia has not put out her new vessels here, and expressions of patriotic gratification that the firm of Laird at Birkenhead have contrived to snap up an order for a torpedo-boat destroyer. Not that Messrs. Humphreys, Tennant, and Co. and the firm of Laird are to blame in the least. Since the law allows them to build engines and war-ships for foreign Powers, they have a perfect right to do it, and it is to be feared that they sometimes make a better business of working for the foreigner than for our own Admiralty. What is absurd is a certain practice of ours—namely this, that we regard every increase of a foreign Navy (except, apparently, the American, about which we say nothing) with nervous jealousy, and are apt to attribute it to hostile schemes secretly cherished against us, and yet we complain when the job and its profits are not conferred on this country. This is absurd, and undignified, too. It is absurd because, if we choose to ruffle our feathers whenever a foreigner builds more war-ships, we are foolish to expect that he will put himself in our power by building them here, at the risk that they may be seized by us if an international dispute arises. It is the manifest interest of a Power in the position of Russia to multiply the places in which she can build war-ships as far as she can. We ought to be able to recognise that people will pursue their own interests, not ours. As for the want of dignity in our complaints, it is glaring. What could be more unbecoming in us than to run about holding out our hat for the money of a nation which we are continually scolding and threatening? Surely we might do one of two things—either give up considering Russia as necessarily hostile, or recognise that, being hostile, she cannot reasonably be expected to put money in our purse.

DAVID HANNAY



FIELD HOSPITALS.

By DRAPEAU.

"The weary to sleep and the wounded to die."

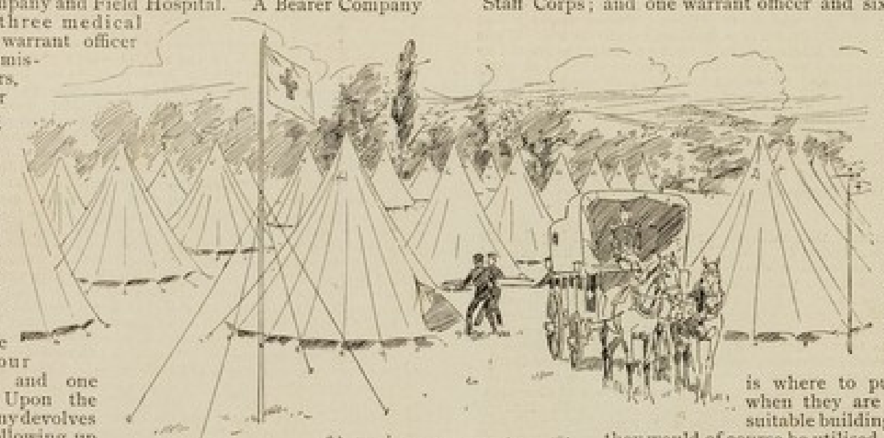
FROM the time, but little over forty years ago, when Florence Nightingale awoke in the hearts of the English people a conception of the true horrors of war, and, by the self-sacrificing devotion and untiring labours which have rendered her name a household word, took the first step towards their amelioration, vast strides have been made in medical organisation, and probably little, if any, improvement could be effected in this branch of the British Service as it exists to-day. It is impossible for anyone who has not studied the subject to realise how thoroughly every contingency is provided for, even to the most minute detail; and if science has left no stone unturned in the production of engines of destruction, she has been not less assiduous in devising means of mitigating to the fullest extent possible the sufferings of the wounded in battle.

In addition to the surgeons and stretcher bearers attached to every regiment in action, each sub-division of infantry has its Bearer Company and Field Hospital. A Bearer Company consists of three medical officers, one warrant officer six non-commissioned officers, and fifty-four men of the Medical Staff Corps, with an officer and thirty-four men of the Army Service Corps for transport duties. The transport consists of ten ambulance waggons, four forage carts, and one water cart. Upon the Bearer Company devolves the duty of following up the fighting line, attending to the wounded as they fall, and removing them on the stretchers to a certain point called the "collecting station," whence they are sent on in the ambulance waggons to the "dressing station." At the "dressing station," which, whenever possible, is sheltered from fire, and may be from 1,000 to 2,000 yards in rear of the fighting line, the wounds are more carefully examined than is practicable in the heat of action. A tent is erected, and operations of an urgent nature are performed; and the cooks having rapidly extemporised a kitchen, beef tea, milk, etc., are ready to hand. The names and descriptions of the men, with the nature of their injuries, having been carefully noted on the "specification tallies," which are attached to the buttons of their coats, they are again placed in the waggons, and conveyed to the "Field Hospital."

That the expression "Field Hospital" should convey but little meaning to the civilian mind is perhaps to be expected, but, strange as it may appear, there are many Army men who have a very faint idea of the composition, capabilities, and *raison d'être* of this indispensable adjunct of a modern army. That a hospital capable of accommodating 100 patients should have all the mobility of a regiment of infantry, should be able to manœuvre with the force, to advance or retire as the exigencies of the engagement may render necessary, keeping within easy distance of the fighting line, and ready at a moment's notice to receive the wounded from the front, appears hard to credit; yet this is what the Field Hospital is and does.

Although the number of Field Hospitals provided for is thirteen, not one of these exists as a unit in times of peace; yet so simple and practicable is the scheme of mobilisation, that in a few hours every one could be ready to take the field. The Medical Staff Corps at home is organised in eighteen service and two depôt companies. The latter, maintained for the training of recruits, are stationed at Aldershot, as are also Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Companies, which form the personnel of the three military hospitals at our great camp. Of the fifteen other companies, two are stationed at Netley Hospital, and the remainder have their headquarters permanently at the headquarter stations of the different military districts. Each company forms the *cadre* of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company to be mobilised at the station, every non-commissioned officer and man not only knowing precisely to which "unit" he belongs, but in almost every case exactly what duty he would be called upon to perform on being mobilised. As the officers of the Army Medical Staff have very short tours of home service, it follows that the officers for duty with the field unit are frequently changed. This is a drawback to the scheme, but is of less consequence than might at first sight be supposed. Directly an officer joins a station, he receives a notification of the post to which he is appointed on mobilisation, and he is required to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its duties.

The *cadres* have at all times their full number of officers and non-commissioned officers, and are completed to their full strength of rank and file from the Army Reserve of the corps. The personnel of the Field Hospital unit consists of one surgeon-lieutenant-colonel, in command, one surgeon-major, two surgeon-captains, and one quartermaster of the Army Medical Staff; one sergeant-major, seven staff-sergeants and sergeants, and thirty-two rank and file of the Medical Staff Corps; and one warrant officer and sixteen men of the Army Service Corps for transport duties.



At work in a camp hospital.

As may readily be conceived, a hospital in the field to be of practical service in providing for the comfort of the wounded must carry a considerable supply of stores of various descriptions. The first thing to be considered is where to put the wounded when they are brought in. If suitable buildings were available they would of course be utilised, and in the home defence scheme no other provision is made, but for service abroad each Field Hospital carries forty tents; twenty-five of these are for patients, four being put in each tent. The tents are arranged in five rows of five tents each, and are pitched 16-yds. apart, in order to allow a free circulation of air. Immediately behind the hospital tents are those for operating, the surgery, and the office. The operating tent is fitted up with operating tables and leather-covered mattresses, surgical instruments, bandages, chloroform, stimulants, etc. In the surgery tent are medicines and appliances of every description likely to be required. Behind these tents are those for the officers, and further to the rear those for the Medical Staff Corps and Army Service Corps, the latter forming an oblong facing inwards, in the centre of which the horses are picketed. The rear face of the oblong is formed by the six general service waggons and forage cart.

As the wounded are sent on as soon as possible to the Base Hospitals, and the great desideratum of the Field Hospital is mobility, it would of course be impracticable to provide bedsteads for the patients, and, as a matter of fact, all that is done in this direction is to furnish a blanket, waterproof sheet, and pillow stuffed with hay for each man. There are eight "field stretchers" carried, and these are used as beds for the worst cases. When time admits, however, much is done in the way of extemporising comfortable couches from brushwood, etc.

The commencement of an action is a busy time for the Field Hospital. Awaiting the orders of the General Commanding at some previously-indicated spot, the sound of firing is the signal for sailor-like activity. No matter how wearied the men may be after a long march, there is no time to think of fatigue. The tents have to be pitched, the waggons unloaded, field kitchens prepared, and fires lit. Yet such is the result of practice and goodwill, that in thirty

minutes from the start the hospital is ready to receive wounded. As waggon-load after waggon-load arrives from the front, they are carried to the tents, and are at once made as comfortable as circumstances will admit of. This is a hard time for the hospital staff. For them there is no rest or prospect of rest. The weary fighting soldier may stretch his aching limbs when the fight is over. Not so the man of the hospital service. He, equally with his comrades of the red coat, must perform his heavy march, equally stand the heat and burden of the day, and carry his life in his hands, but, unlike him, his stimulus is his sense of duty, not the inspiriting excitement of the combat. When night brings sleep to others, his place is at the bedside of the wounded and dying, daybreak finding for him, perhaps, fresh work and a change of duties, but rest never. Some day, perhaps, his devotion will receive its reward, when another Rudyard Kipling will arise to raise a song of praise to the little man in a blue coat, who cheerfully marches with his tall comrades of the Guards or the Line, chaffing them unmercifully as they show symptoms of fatigue with such sarcastic remarks as "Wot 'o legs, yer got a 'ump on yer like a bloomin' camel. Wot 'ud yer donah in the 'ster s'y if she sawr yer naow?" and then spending the night caring for them with the tenderness of a woman. The writer yields to none in his admiration for the lady nurses of the Army, God bless them, but in giving them their full meed of praise, do not let us forget the little chap of the Medical Staff Corps, who has the *hard* work to do at the front, for lady nurses with the fighting force exist only in the imagination of lady novelists.

A by no means unimportant duty devolving upon the Field Hospital Staff is the care of the personal property of the wounded. Every article brought to the hospital is carefully entered in a book, and a copy of this inventory is sent to the man's commanding officer. All arms and ammunition are also taken charge of, to be returned to the corps to which they belong at the earliest opportunity. The firearms are, of course, examined at once, as serious consequences might ensue from an unexploded cartridge being allowed to remain in a rifle.

With the exception of the tents, blankets, and waterproof sheets, and one or two articles to which I shall refer later, all the equipment of the Field Hospital is carried in panniers. Four of these panniers contain tea, cocoa, bovril, essence of beef, brandy, whisky, and so forth, and eight more contain such things as plates, basins of enamelled iron, knives, forks, etc., all of which are in sets of 100. This facilitates packing, and as each waggon has its destined load, with a man responsible for the contents of the vehicle, there is no confusion. Indeed, so perfect is the system, that the hospital may be divided into two halves to work independently, the loads of Nos. 1 and 3 waggons being identical with those of Nos. 2 and 4.

The medical and surgical equipment comprises two medical panniers, four surgical panniers, two reserve panniers, two field fracture boxes, and two field medical companions. These panniers are marvels in the way of compactness and economy of space. The medical panniers contain everything required in the way of medicine, surgical instruments, and the thousand and one articles needed by the surgeon on field service, and yet the weight of one is only 80lb. The other panniers are fitted with bandages, dressings, etc., and are about the same weight, the idea being to strap one on each side of a pack-saddle when necessary.

A blacksmith's forge, anvil, and tools may seem somewhat curious articles to be carried as the equipment of a hospital, but it is to be borne in mind that the hospital is entirely self-dependent, and a breakdown would be a serious matter. For this reason, though the staff look askance at having to carry such ponderous things about with them, there is no question as to their necessity, and the same thing may be said regarding the carpenters', shoemakers', and farriers' tools, which also form part of the equipment.

As I have said, the transport animals and their drivers for field medical units are detailed from the Army Service Corps, which is under ordinary circumstances a combatant corps.

This arrangement has been considered by some authorities an undesirable one, as complications might arise should the men or horses be inadvertently used for the performance of duties not immediately connected with the sick and wounded, thus constituting a breach of the provisions of the Geneva Convention. Of course, as the regulations stand, they form an integral part of the Bearer Company or Field Hospital, but if a general were badly off for transport and saw fifty horses quietly picketed in the hospital lines he would probably find it difficult to resist the temptation to borrow them for an hour or two. The men of the Army Service Corps when on duty with medical units wear the brassard with the Geneva Cross. This gives immunity from attack by the enemy, but not from being taken prisoners should they have no sick or wounded in their charge.



NOT for a long time back has anything been published so good of its kind as Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War" (Longmans, two volumes, 42s.). A most competent author has found a congenial subject, positively teeming with interest, and I have rarely read anything so luminously instructive as his book. The operations pass before the reader almost as if he were present at them. In such a treatise there is necessary a full understanding of the forces at the command of the rival generals, of the country in which the strategical and tactical plans are developed, and of the political circumstances and conditions which affect the campaigns. In the midst of these we are to see the mind of the leader working out its purposes and accomplishing his ends; we are to discover his character, as it is revealed by his organising work and his achievements. Of such matters Colonel Henderson is a perfect master. His "Battle of Spicheren" and "Campaign of Fredericksburg" made known his powers as a military writer. His command of facts is extraordinary, and his grasp of essentials enables him to guide the reader to conclusions that are manifestly sound; now we learn that he has a fine insight into personality. Stonewall Jackson is here before us both as a soldier and a man. He walks with martial step through the camp; we feel the magnetic influence of his presence; we recognise the penetration of intellect and the force of character which enabled him to shape the unwieldy weapon, and to hurl it with such decisive force against the foe. In short, Colonel Henderson's book is a triumph—a masterful disquisition upon the life, character, and deeds of one of the greatest of Confederate soldiers.

It is true that Stonewall Jackson never had the opportunity that was granted to Lee, but there can now be no doubt that he was equal to the greatest operations. There was in him the piercing intellect, the instant power of grappling difficulties, the ability to inspire men and to make great combinations for his purpose, and, with that, the moral strength to strike and strike again where he knew his blows must tell. Jackson never deceived himself as to the real nature of war. He knew no shrinking from responsibilities. If a battle was to be fought, the utmost destruction possible must be wrought. Some have said that he was careless of human life, and that he worked with brutal force. This is not true. He never fought except when fighting was necessary, and never without a purpose. But, when once the die was cast, nothing turned him from his purpose, and he spared nothing that stood between him and his end. That end was always strategical. Operating, as in the famous Valley campaign, with far inferior forces, he discomfited the Federals by the celerity of his movements, by the skill with which he raised a "fog of war," to issue from it in unexpected places where the enemy was at a disadvantage. In short, as Colonel Henderson says, he possessed all the elements of military genius.

If points may be selected from a volume so full of various interests, I would say that Colonel Henderson devotes the fullest attention to the strategical side of the operations in which Jackson was engaged. The general reader will revel in his vigorous and brilliant descriptions of events, but the student will find the fullest value in those parts of the book devoted to the strategy of the war. I was very much struck with the forcible manner in which Lee's wonderful idea is brought forward of detaching a large force from the Richmond lines, where the Confederates were confronted by much superior forces, to make a sudden demonstration against Washington. It was the thought of a master mind, and the execution of it was committed to the master hand of Jackson. These are the points upon which Colonel Henderson delights to dwell. He deplores that strategy is almost wholly neglected by our officers. It is too true that many are disposed to regard the subject as abstract, and there is, besides, much official encouragement given to tactical study, while the official mind is almost oblivious of strategical considerations. Colonel Henderson never tires, however, of insisting upon what he rightly regards as of the first importance, and in the larger scope of his volume he reveals the extent of Jackson's military greatness.

But Jackson the man is always before us. We learn, in the narrative of his boyhood's days, how his character was shaped. We see him issuing from his retirement to assume the immense responsibilities of his position. We learn his care of small things, and his understanding of the great. His personal vigour and courage, his appreciation of gallantry, his generosity, his keen insight, profound sagacity, and active power are all delineated with convincing skill.

The value of such a book as this cannot be over-rated. By learning the qualities of great leaders—and Colonel Henderson finds many points in which to compare his hero with Wellington and others—and by mastering the essentials of their practice, we grasp the causes of their success. To military readers, therefore, the work should be an inspiration. Not on that ground is it of any less interest to the civilian. We all like to contemplate the deeds of the giants of our race, and we certainly cannot contemplate stout, hard-hitting, far-seeing Stonewall Jackson in any mirror half so good as that Colonel Henderson has provided. Other writers have dilated upon his career, and an abundance of matter has been written concerning him, but to collate the sources of information, and to marshal the facts, required a biographer of no common powers. Colonel Henderson, as I was aware, had traversed the ground of the operations he describes, and he has received much welcome aid from American writers and military critics. His book is in excellent form, and is accompanied by an admirable portrait and very sufficient maps. I congratulate him most heartily upon his success.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

WHAT MINING A HARBOUR MEANS.

PAPERS and people talk glibly sometimes about such and such a harbour being "mined," but the idea conveyed is generally rather a vague one, and does not go much beyond the fact that explosives of some sort are submerged somewhere in the harbour, and fired somehow when required. The following is a very slight sketch of the history and practice of this very extensive and important branch of Naval warfare.

Mining a harbour, as the term is understood to-day, is a comparatively recent development, and the refinements of the art are only possible in conjunction with electricity and high explosives. The first recorded destruction of a ship by a torpedo dates back to the beginning of this century, when Fulton managed to destroy a small vessel experimentally by affixing a charge under her bottom by means of a submarine boat.

It was not, however, till the Russian War that mines were

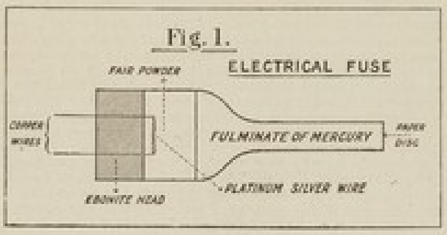


Fig. 1. ELECTRICAL FUSE

seriously tried in actual warfare, and then the Russians laid down a considerable number of torpedoes in the Baltic ports, which, however, did not meet with much success, though two British ships, the "Merlin" and "Firefly," were badly shaken by the explosion of mines under their bottoms. These Russian mines were of a type known as the "mechanical," that is, they carried their own means of firing, and were independent of any outside agency such as electricity.

Modifications of these mines are in use to-day, and we give a description of one of them as representing a type. They consisted of buoyant iron cases, containing about 100-lb. of gunpowder, moored with a heavy sinker or anchor, and floating 8-ft. or 10-ft. below the surface of the water. Round the upper part of the mine were several projecting "horns." Each horn consisted of a glass tube containing sulphuric acid; this tube was encased in a lead envelope, and the intervening space packed with a mixture of chlorate of potash and white pounded sugar. When a passing ship bumped such a mine, she bent one of the horns, breaking the glass tube inside, and allowing the acid to fall upon the potash and sugar, which immediately burst into flame and fired the mine.

Another, more rough and ready, form of the mechanical

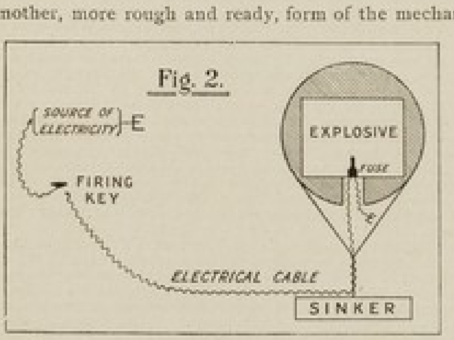


Fig. 2.

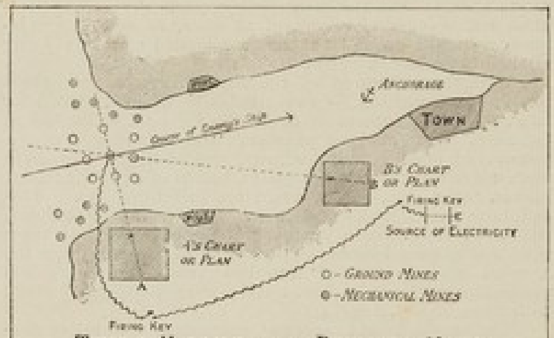
mine was largely used in the North and South War in America. It consisted of a keg of gunpowder floating as described above. On the top of it was balanced a heavy weight, to which the firing line of a percussion arrangement was made fast. When the mine was bumped the weight fell off, and in sinking pulled the trigger and fired the mine.

Both these types of mines were probably used in the late war between Spain and America, but they are recognised by experts as more or less of a makeshift, for the obvious reason that they are equally dangerous to friend and foe. They are useful, of course, on special occasions and in special places, or where the electrical mine and its paraphernalia of cables and batteries is impracticable.

We will now describe the electrical mine—or ground mine, as it is often called. This type of mine was first used in the American War mentioned above, and, in conjunction with the mechanical mine, worked havoc amongst the powerful Navy of the Northern States. The Confederates made extensive use of defensive mines, and during the war they destroyed seven monitors and eleven wooden men-of-war.

These electrical mines are of very simple construction, and are fired by means of an electrical current from the shore. They consist of a buoyant iron case containing a charge varying with circumstances from 200-lb. of gunpowder up to as much as 700-lb. or 800-lb. of gun-cotton. Gunpowder was used in the earlier ones, but it has been quite superseded by gun-cotton (or other like explosive), for the reason that the latter is much more powerful, and also that damp does not affect it; in fact, gun-cotton is generally used in a wet condition. The fuse that fires it is a very simple affair, consisting of a small tin cylinder, 2-in. or 3-in. long (see Fig. 1), containing a little fine powder at the big end, while the small end is filled with fulminate of mercury, which is a tremendously powerful detonant. Through the ebonite head are led two thick copper wires, which are connected together inside the fine-grain powder by a very thin platinum-silver wire. The electrical battery on shore is connected to one of the thick copper wires of the fuse by a special cable, which is led into the mine by a water-tight joint. When it is required to fire the mine, a firing key in the circuit is pressed, and a current of electricity sent along the cable (see Fig. 2). It flows easily along the thick copper core and on to the copper wire of the fuse, where it is then checked by the piece of thin platinum-silver wire, which it raises to a red heat in its endeavour to pass; this naturally sets fire to the surrounding powder, and fires the mine.

We give a sketch (Fig. 3) of a typical harbour, with some description of how it might be defended by mines. The position of the mine field is first selected with regard



TYPICAL HARBOUR AND ITS DEFENCE BY MINES

to the shape of the harbour and the disposition of the fortifications. Naturally the mine field would be to seaward of the forts, so that the enemy cannot get at the forts because of the mine field, nor can their boats destroy the mines or cut the cables because of the forts. The next positions to select are those marked A and B. These command a good view of the mine field, and are at right angles to each other, for reasons given below. The mines are then laid down by boats, either singly or in groups of two or three, and the electrical cables taken on shore to some convenient spot. Meanwhile the observers at A and B have carefully noted the position of each mine as it was laid, by putting up a pair of pickets in its direction. It will be seen that in this way (see sketch) the position of any mine is accurately known by A and B observing together. The electrical circuit is then joined up as shown, there being a distinct circuit for each mine or group of mines. A and B are further connected by telephone or telegraph.

If now an enemy's ship approach the mine field, A and B watch her, and as she passes over each line of mine pickets they press the firing key of that mine; and it is obvious that if she passes over the intersection of two lines (see sketch) A and B will both have their firing keys pressed simultaneously, the circuit will be completed, and the mine fired.

In our own coast defences, however, a much more elaborate system is pursued, only one observer being required; but the arrangements are much more complicated, and delicate instruments are in use for firing and testing the mines. Those mines used by the submarine miners, for instance, are connected to the firing station by telephone, and so long as they are in good working order, can be made to buzz like a bee; if the mine fails to respond to its call, it is known that something is wrong, and it must be raised for inspection.

In the sketch mechanical mines are shown flanking the mine field proper, where they would not be likely to harm a friendly ship. Such a harbour as this is a safe refuge, while it is at the same time efficiently defended against an enemy.

Round the British Isles with the Channel Squadron.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]



LANDING LIBERTY MEN AT HOBBS' POINT.

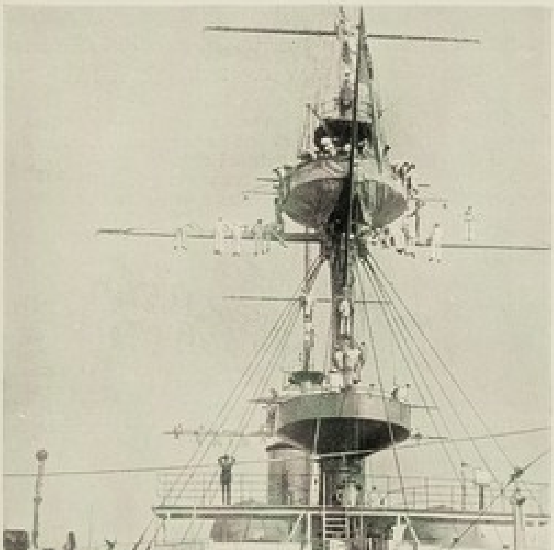
WE are now nearing the end of our cruise, and the movements of the Squadron during the last few days have made it difficult to send you any very recently-taken photographs. Those which I forward have very special



FRESH BEEF AND VEGETABLES FOR THE SQUADRON.

interest, inasmuch as they illustrate phases of our life not yet dealt with.

Except for the coaling, the stay of the Squadron in Milford Haven was peaceful and pleasant, if uneventful.



From Photos By Naval Officers.

PREPARING FOR SEA—"PRINCE GEORGE."

General leave was given to the ships' companies, who made the most of it, this being the first opportunity there has been of giving regular leave since the Squadron left Portland.

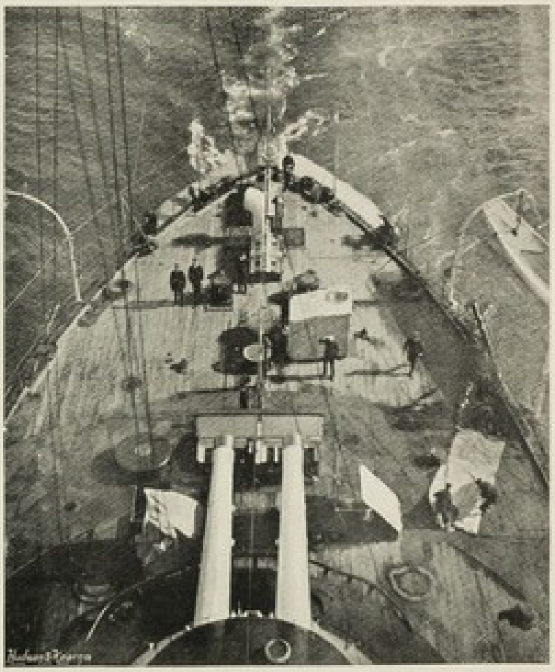
There are too many ships and too many men for indiscriminate leave giving, nor is it every place that can stand



A HEAD SWELL FROM THE FORE TOP.

the visitation of two or three thousand bluejackets on general leave. The men as usual, however, behaved themselves very well on the whole, and though there was a certain amount of the leave breaking unavoidable on these occasions, the absentees all returned to their ships before the departure of the Squadron.

One of my illustrations shows the liberty men landing

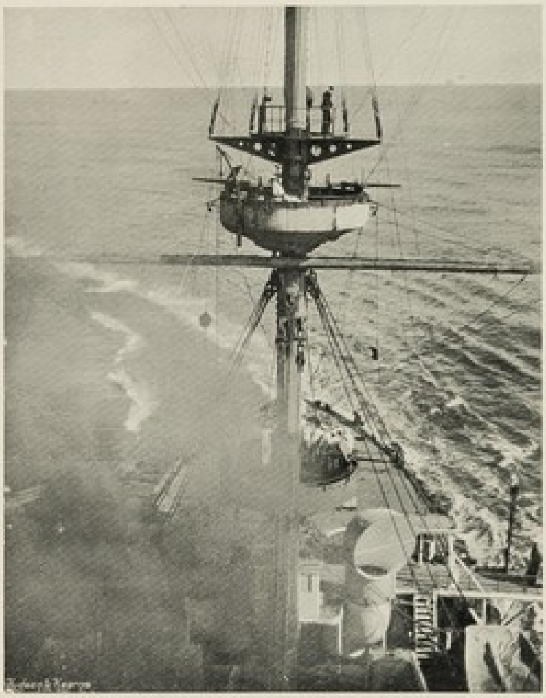


FROM THE MAIN TOP, LOOKING AFT.

at Pembroke, the ship's launches, towed up by steam-boats, being used for that purpose. Further down the Haven the ships of the squadron, lying off Old Milford, can just be distinguished, where there are two or three boats under sail.

The sea-going tug "Alligator" was placed at the service of the Squadron, and was very useful, taking officers to and fro to Pembroke Dock. She also brought out the daily supplies of fresh meat, bread, and vegetables in a lighter, and I give an illustration showing her in this capacity.

A certain amount of excitement was caused by a collier fouling the "Pelorus," under the influence of a strong wind



FROM THE FORE UPPER TOP, LOOKING AFT.

and tide. The former had a hole 3-ft. by 10-in. knocked in her bottom, and had to be beached, while the latter's bow was twisted, and she went round to Plymouth for repairs.

The collier was easily patched up the next day, and parties of men with hand fire-engines were sent from each ship to pump her dry.

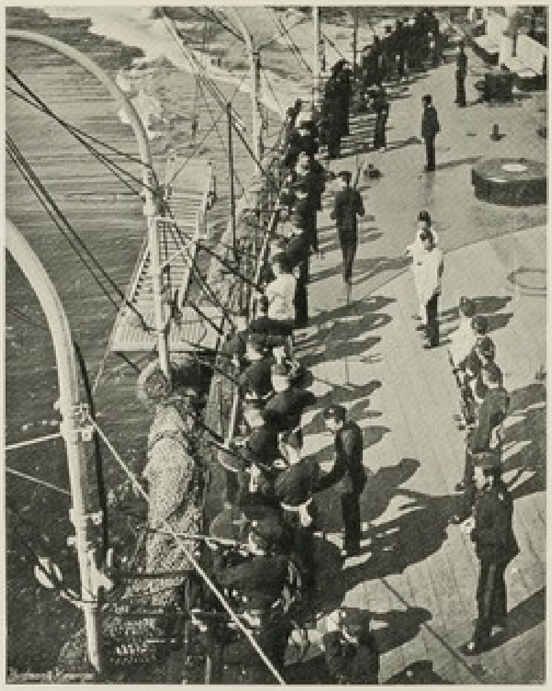
The Squadron left for Lough Swilly on August 22, and on the way round carried out the half-quarter's target practice.

I give some very interesting photographs taken from the upper military tops (about 100-ft. above the decks). They hardly need any description, as they speak for themselves. They give a very good idea of the general arrangements of the upper deck.



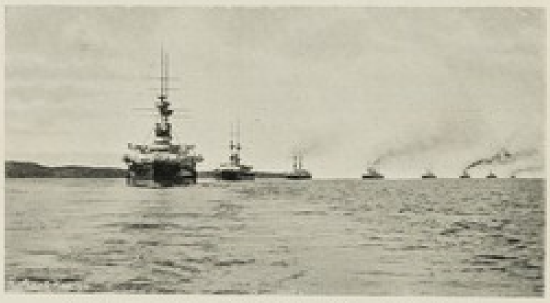
From Photos. By Naval Officers.

THE BOAT DECK FROM MAIN TOP



RIFLE PRACTICE.

Two pictures are of the tops themselves, but these are not so curious as those showing the views below. Take, for instance, that of the head swell, a very striking appearance of the bow wave as the weight of the ship splashes into it. Very



THE 2nd DIVISION OF THE SQUADRON.

different is the appearance when looking over the taffrail. From the main top we see the wake of the ship, and what appears to be almost a hollow left in the water as the ship steams ahead. The picture entitled rifle practice also shows the ship turning and the dead-wave water left in her lee as she makes the circle. These pictures also illustrate how the



THE 1st DIVISION OF THE SQUADRON.

seamen and marines manage to keep their "eyes in" with the rifle. A few rounds are expended by every man about once a quarter, firing at what is left of the target after the heavy guns have finished with it. Though not perhaps of very much use as rifle practice, still it tends to keep the men familiar with their weapons, and at any rate does them no harm when they come to do their yearly firing on a rifle range.

Our Central African Protectorate.

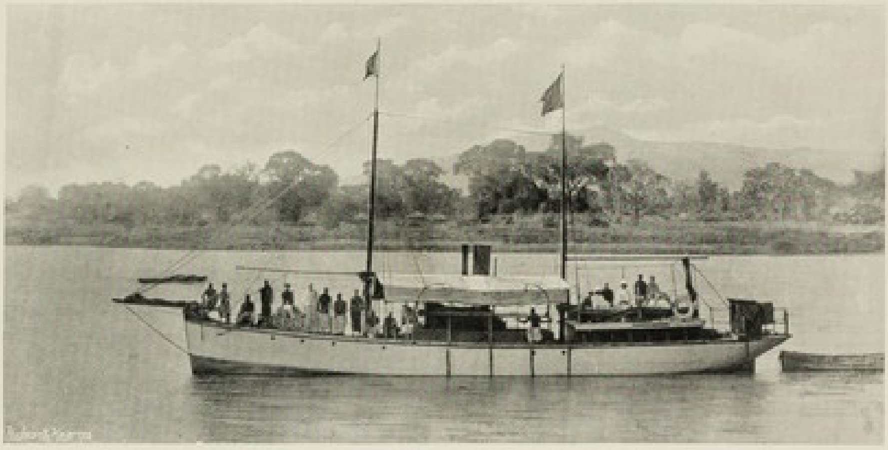
THERE are livelier spots in the wide world to dwell in than the British Central African Protectorate. In point of climate it compares doubtfully even with England. For the first three months in the year the rainy season proper is in full swing. Then follows what is known as a "cold drying-up time"—a painfully suggestive description—which lasts three months, and is said to be most unhealthy for Europeans. Throughout July, August, September, and October it grows steadily hotter and hotter, until, at the beginning of November, amid thunder and lightning, the rains begin again.

According to the latest Report, a document well worth studying, there are about 300 Europeans in the whole Protectorate, and these for the most part appear to take life very seriously. The most promising industry is that of coffee-planting, but there are big deposits of plumbago, and, though at present gold-mining has not been made to pay, there is ample evidence that the precious metal exists, and "specimens" of considerable richness have been assayed.

Our illustrations refer to Fort Johnston, generally regarded as a peculiarly unhealthy station. But the gloom of sickness certainly does not seem to have hovered over the place on May 24 last, when the largest gathering of Europeans ever known in the annals of the fort assembled to do honour to the birthday of the Queen-Empress.

The proceedings opened at 8 a.m., and terminated with festivities which lasted far on into the night. The river gun-boat "Pioneer," of which we are able to give an illustration, took a prominent part in the celebration, being gaily dressed with bunting, and furnishing a guard of honour. A special interest is attached to the picture of this craft, owing to its intimate relationship with the gun-boats which have been doing, and are still doing, such excellent service on the Nile. Some day, perhaps, a Naval historian will devote a monograph to the work of the river gun-boat in Africa.

Amid the speeches, sports, dinners, races, and other diversions of this particular Queen's Birthday, Mr. F. S. S. Wright, Naval accountant, secured a portrait group of the Europeans present at the celebration, as well as a picture of the University Mission steam-ship "Charles Jansen," lying in the Upper Shiré River, opposite the Naval Depôt at Fort Johnston.



UNIVERSITY MISSION STEAM-SHIP



RIVER GUN-BOAT "PIONEER."



Photos. Copyright. QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY GROUP—FORT JOHNSTON. H. & K.

'Twixt the Avon and Boscombe Down.



COMBATS of many kinds have been fought during the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, but none more interesting than that which brought to a close the campaign of 1898. The Home Army had orders to force a passage across the River Avon between Amesbury Workhouse and Old Sarum, attack the enemy vigorously, and push him back westward of the Salisbury - Winterbourne Stoke Grange road. To the invading force the following orders were issued: "Hold the passage of the Avon between Amesbury Workhouse and Old Sarum, and prevent the enemy crossing the river."

The defence of a long river-line is no easy task, especially if it be fordable at as many points as was the Avon after the late dry season. It must, nevertheless, be remembered that neither army at the commencement of hostilities was acquainted with the nature of the river to be defended, and that a preliminary reconnaissance was necessary. There is perhaps no single instance of a defending force successfully contending a river line when subjected to a determined and well-delivered attack. The defender cannot hold the whole line in strength, and is therefore compelled to concentrate his troops at certain places ready to oppose an attack. In addition, he has the almost impossible task of determining where the attacking force will strike, and of distinguishing between a real attack and a feint.

Sir Redvers Buller anticipated a serious attack only on his right, and for that reason kept his strength largely on that side. His main body was concentrated in a central position between Druids' Lodge and Woodford, ready to oppose the attack which he expected would be made by the Duke of Connaught's force. Upper, Middle, and Lower Woodford are all provided with bridges, and the river between Durnford and Amesbury is fordable.

The artillery of the Northern Army "opened the ball" from a commanding position, and the direction of the fire was taken as a sign that in the centre of the Southern force the attack was to be made. This opinion was apparently confirmed by the musketry fire which was simultaneously directed against the same part of the defence. It was not there, however, that the principal fight was destined to develop, and the General of the Southern Army no doubt still looked for the attack on his own right. All the preliminary movements of the Duke's army were feints



Photo. H. J. Lee. *PREPARING DINNER FOR THE SEAFORTHS.* Copyright.



THE RETURN TO CAMP.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. *A WELCOME REST.* Copyright.

pure and simple, for under cover of this combined artillery and musketry fire he skilfully moved two divisions towards Durnford and Amesbury, where he crossed the river and engaged the 4th and 5th Divisions of the invading army It was not until the Northern Army had crossed the Avon that Sir Redvers Buller's Corps Artillery came into action, and then under such disadvantageous circumstances that it could



WATCHING THE BATTLE.

have done but little, for within 500-yds. of the guns the enemy's infantry was pouring in a hot and continuous fire.

Despite this disadvantage, General Fitzroy-Hart's Brigade succeeded in gaining the western heights, and in turning Buller's left, but he had no artillery to support him. He had crossed by a ford, and reinforcements from another division were waiting for a bridge to be constructed before they marched to his assistance. A ford, however, was found in the vicinity; over this marched General Clery's Division.



VICTORIOUS TROOPS PASSING THROUGH AMESBURY.



ONE OF THE BRIDGES.

Meanwhile General Hart continued to hold the position; at one time he was threatened by a battery on his right, but this was promptly put out of action by musketry fire.

Another battery was engaged with the guns of the 3rd Division, to his front. The opportunity was an eminently favourable one, and the Somersetshire pressed forward and captured the battery. Two bridges had by this time been completed, and the Duke's guns were brought over without further delay, but General Sir R. Buller had prolonged the defence to his left, and it seemed for a time doubtful if the Home Army could hold its own. The arrival of the Northern



A DEADLY ENGINE OF WAR.

guns, however, together with Kelly-Kenny's other Brigade, put a different complexion on the situation. Clery pressed on through Normanton and Durnford, and thus on the "cease fire" sounding ended a brilliant victory for the Northern Army.

Commenting on the battle, the Commander-in-Chief said, "The task assigned to the Blue Army was one of great difficulty. The Blue Commander had to guard a river front of about six miles (the river fordable in many places), over a difficult country, in which the east bank, occupied by the Red Army, dominated the west bank. There was some slight misunderstanding as to the special idea, the Blue Commander thinking that the Red Army could not use any road north of Amesbury Workhouse, while the Red Commander considered that, having crossed the river, he was free to pass anywhere he wished In the result the Commander-in-Chief was of opinion that the Red Commander crossed the river but could not have advanced until his corps artillery had advanced closer to his support."

There was nothing faulty in the handling of the "Red" artillery; the delay was de-



Photos. Copyright. *BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WOODFORD.* H. & K.

pendent on the construction of a bridge to enable them to pass to the other side. On the contrary, the general movements of the Duke's Corps Artillery, not only in the battle described, but throughout the whole campaign, have been the subject of favourable criticism on the part of men well qualified to judge. It may be that battles are not to be won by artillery alone, but certain it is that guns well placed and well handled will always play a most important part in deciding the fortunes of the day.

In some of the accompanying illustrations artillery is seen at work. In former days it was looked upon as a disgrace if a gun were taken by the enemy, and this idea possibly tended to make artillery officers too careful. Now, however, artillery ethics have undergone a change, and it is understood that artillery commanders must, if need be, endanger the safety of their guns in pressing forward with infantry to support the forward movements of the latter. Consequently guns in the field are continually changing their position and galloping to the front. There is no more imposing spectacle than a battery of Horse Artillery coming into action at the gallop. The order is given, and in a minute they have wheeled round and unlimbered. The guns are left facing the enemy, while the limbers retire to a convenient place in rear, ready when necessary to "limber up" and advance or retire, as the case may be. The above illustration shows how the horses of the men in action are concealed while the guns are being worked. To expose any more horses than necessary to the enemy's fire would be disastrous, for without its horses the Royal Horse Artillery would be useless. Indeed in actual warfare the guns are often hampered when coming into action by the death of one or more of the horses from the enemy's fire. In the illustration we see the horses concealed from view behind some trees.

In another picture one of the balloons is seen before it is sent up to do the work of the day. While the engagement which we have described was proceeding, balloons were used with either army, and from a position in the air, presumably well out of the range of hostile bullets, were able to obtain reliable and early information for the armies they represented.

But in speaking of balloons and artillery, we must not forget the infantry, who bore the brunt of the day. The work falling to their lot was hard, but it was executed with a will, as becomes the British soldier. One of the accompanying illustrations depicts a company of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, after having crossed the Avon, pouring in a heavy fire on the enemy from behind a hedge. An ordinary hedge does not give much protection from bullets, but with smokeless powder it provides to a certain extent cover from view, which



ABOUT TO ASCEND.



SHELTER FOR HORSES.



ARTILLERY ADVANCING.



Photos. Copyright. *SHELLING THE ENEMY.* H. & K.



INFANTRY UNDER COVER.



GUNS FORMED UP TO MARCH PAST.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



Photos. Copyright. THE 12th LANCERS MARCHING PAST. H. & K.

is often an important matter. The fight for the passage of the Avon was the great battle of the war, but it was not, perhaps, the most interesting event from a spectacular point of view. The review on Boscombe Down by the Commander-in-Chief was undoubtedly the event looked forward to with most interest by everyone whose rôle was that of a sight-seer rather than a critic.

Never in the history of the British Army has such a magnificent array of armed men been formed for review before their chief. Never could a commander have been more proud of his men than was Lord Wolseley as they marched before him in review on Boscombe Down. There were to be seen two armies in the pink of condition, who had recently been opposed to each other in mimic warfare, passing as one united force, prepared, if need were, to take the field against any foreign foe. The scene was not only patronised by the natives of the Plain; special trains came from afar loaded with eager spectators, and the ground was covered with every kind of vehicle.

The Ladies took perhaps more real interest in the proceedings than the "mere males," who confined themselves mainly to grumbling at the insufficient accommodation to see what was going on, to mopping their faces with handkerchiefs, and referring to the weather in no complimentary manner. The lady spectators apparently suffered from the heat as much as the men, but they said very little about it, and took a good deal of interest in as much of the show as they could see. Liquid refreshment was at a premium everywhere, and although husbands, fathers, and sons made determined efforts to procure ginger-beer, soda-water, and such-like beverages, the majority returned to the wives, mothers, and daughters with their hands empty.

Soon after ten o'clock the two armies were drawn up on the ground, and the Commander-in-Chief took his position at the saluting base in undress uniform, surrounded by his staff. The Northern Army marched past first, headed by its Commander, the Duke of Connaught. As he passed the Commander-in-Chief, and then wheeled round to take his place beside his military superior, the Royal soldier was greeted again and again with ringing cheers from the onlookers, testifying to the popularity which he enjoys among the civilian population, as well as in the ranks of the soldiers he commands.

The Duke was followed by his cavalry brigade, consisting of the 12th Lancers and the 13th and 15th Hussars; these too were greeted with loud "bravos," which were likewise extended

to the two companies of Mounted Infantry that followed.

The artillery, both horse and field, evoked, as it must always do, the merited applause of the onlookers. At the head of the infantry marched three battalions of Guards, not in bearskins, as we are accustomed to see them in London, but, though wearing the more humble service cap (a lighter, if not a handsomer, head-gear), they lost nothing in smartness.

The Marines were regarded with admiration, and rightly so, for there is no smarter body of men in Her Majesty's Service, nor can they be surpassed in physique.

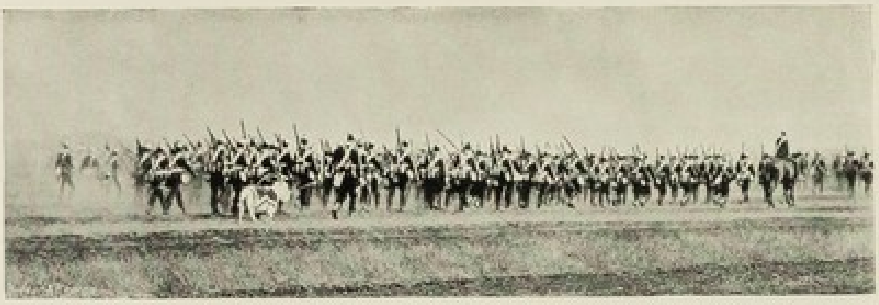
The brigade that followed included the Royal Scots, the Black Watch, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The two last-named were accompanied by their Militia battalions.

Space does not permit our mentioning all the regiments of the two armies in the order in which they passed. One and all maintained their reputation, and if the Militia were not equal to their brethren of the Line as regards clothing, they certainly marched well.

The 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment was led past by Lord Roberts, honorary colonel of the battalion, and the veteran warrior was warmly cheered as he passed at the head of one of the smartest and best-disciplined Militia corps in the North.

When both armies had passed the Commander-in-Chief, the artillery and cavalry trotted past, the former by brigade divisions in line and the latter by regiments in line. Then ten regiments of cavalry, accompanied by the Royal Horse Artillery, galloped past to the well-known tune of "Bonnie Dundee," and notwithstanding the impetus with which the united force went past, only one trooper out of all parted company with his steed. This spectacle was as nothing, however, when compared with the last act of the military drama. The day finished with an advance in review order of the whole force to within about a hundred yards of the Commander-in-Chief.

Then the generals and commanding officers formed a circle round Lord Wolseley to hear him express his genuine pleasure at the way in which the operations had been carried out. The manœuvres, he said, had been a great success, and the marching excellent. The British Army had improved in past years, and these manœuvres had shown what a fine Home Army we had. In conclusion, said the Commander-in-Chief, "Continue to promote the improvement of the Army."



ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS RETURNING.



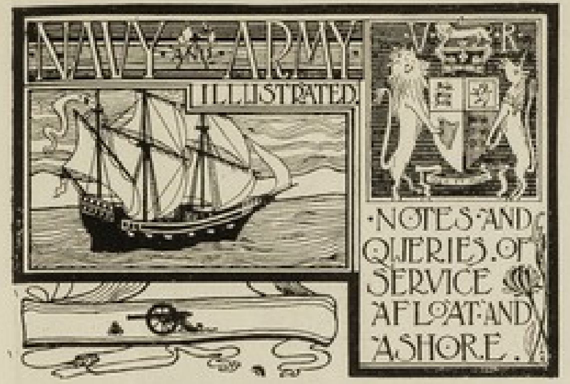
FIELD ARTILLERY MARCHING PAST.



FOREIGN CRITICS.



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NOTICE.—With our last issue the sixth volume of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *terminated, and we take the opportunity of thanking our readers for the unmistakable way in which they have signified their entire accordance with the change which has been made in the paper. The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *although it has been converted into a weekly paper, continues to have the largest circulation of any illustrated journal of its size and price published in the world. A few correspondents appear to have mistaken the scope of the change which has been brought about. The* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *still has for its major purpose the illustration of life in the Armies and Navies of the nations. But with its representatives and photographic artists in every Naval and Military centre, and wherever anything stirring is happening, it is thoroughly up-to-date, and covers almost as much ground as any other pictorial, while remaining, what it has always been, essentially popular in tone. We are always glad to have photographs, letters, or copies of local newspapers which contain items of news to illustrate.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

* * * *

CAPTAIN JOHN DURNFORD, C.B., D.S.O., the present captain of the Torpedo School, was born in 1849, educated at Eton, and entered the Royal Navy in 1862, in which he became a commander in 1882, and captain in 1888. Whilst in command of the "Mariner" he served on the staff of General Sir H. Prendergast, V.C., K.C.B., in 1885, during the Burma Expedition, and with the Naval Brigade, and for his valuable services on this occasion he was specially mentioned in despatches and awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Subsequently, in 1887, he commanded the Naval Brigade for manning armed launches in Upper Burma, and was here again mentioned in despatches and thanked by the Viceroy of India. He commanded the "Defiance," "Hecla," and "Vulcan," and was also captain of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Captain Durnford was one of the first lieutenants who elected to adopt the torpedo branch of the Navy, and has, with the exception of about four years, when in command of the "Mariner" and captain of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, been closely associated with the torpedo service. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

"F. H."—The senior of all the Hussar regiments under that name is the 10th. They date from 1803, when, through the influence of their colonel, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), the old 10th Light Dragoons (originally raised in 1715) were permitted to exchange the Light Dragoon uniform they had hitherto worn for a Hussar uniform, of the peculiar Hungarian pattern then worn in Continental armies, and in many points the same as the present-day Hussar uniform. The 10th continued to be officially styled Light Dragoons down to 1806, when they were first formally styled Hussars, and with them the then 7th and 15th Light Dragoons, which two corps were now for the first time uniformed as Hussars, received the designation.

* * * *

"AMATEUR."—No, I see no reason to fear our losing the leading place as Naval gunners. There may be some new French ships that carry somewhat heavier guns than our older ships of the same class, but we are keeping satisfactorily ahead in the matter of armament as well as in that of ship-building. A new 6-in. quick-firing gun, which is at once the simplest and most powerful weapon of its kind, is now being manufactured for the Navy. Attention is also being given to the heaviest ordnance. More powerful guns than those hitherto in use are under construction for the new ships, and unremitting efforts are put forth to make their mountings less complicated and more efficient. In fact, the gun mountings have been so much simplified and improved that the biggest guns will be fired with an ease and rapidity never before attained.

* * * *

"C. B. D."—I cannot entirely agree with you. Fortifications which take rank as "permanent" are changing their character, but are still of value. The great wall of China had doubtless a useful effect both materially and morally, but it has long been relegated to the category of interesting antiquities, and less ancient fortifications are rapidly following it. Lofty and conspicuous batteries close to the area under protection offer an easy target, and should only be regarded as a last resource. It has recently been remarked that the smaller Powers, whose Armies are deficient both in numbers and training, pay a disproportionate attention to permanent fortifications. This arises from the idea that such works secure them against any sudden and unexpected assault; but modern artillery has necessitated a change in the character of the defences, and although the old works would still have the effect of gaining time, they could not hold out very long against an enemy who could keep the field. In point of fact, they are not to be depended upon unless supplemented by outlying defences, which should be, if possible, invisible to an approaching foe, and be supported by movable cupolas and a manœuvring force.

* * * *

I RECENTLY came across an interesting description of the dress of our seamen at the end of the last century in the autobiography of that singular character, James Silk Buckingham, who was born at Flushing, near Falmouth. Falmouth in the time of Buckingham's boyhood was an important Naval station for the cruisers of the Channel Fleet. "Both the Naval commanders, as well as such captains of the frigates as were married," relates Buckingham in his autobiography, "had their families residing at Flushing, and numerous officers of different grades, from the youngest midshipman to the first lieutenant, were continually coming and going to and fro, so that there would be sometimes a dozen men-of-war's boats at the quay at the same time, including the barges for the commanding officers, and the cutters, gigs, launches, and jolly-boats on duty, the boats' crews mostly dressed in dashing marine trim, with blue jackets and trousers, and bright scarlet waistcoats, overlaid with gilt buttons, in winter, and striped guernsey frocks and white flowing trousers in summer, while the little village literally sparkled with gold epaulets, gold lace hats, and brilliant uniforms."

* * * *

THE author from whom I have quoted, Silk Buckingham, is referring particularly to the men of the frigates of the Western Squadron between October, 1794, and June, 1796. "The Port of Falmouth," he says, speaking of the state of affairs between these dates, at which time Buckingham was living at Falmouth, "being the nearest to the entrance of the British Channel, there were permanently stationed here two squadrons of frigates, one under the command of Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, the other under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren. The former, as commodore, hoisted his broad pennant in the 'Indefatigable,' the latter in the 'Revolutionnaire.' Each squadron consisted of five frigates, of thirty-two or thirty-four guns each, and in addition to this there were continually arriving and departing from Carrick Roads, the outer anchorage of Falmouth, line-of-battle ships and smaller vessels of war, while prizes taken from the French were constantly brought into the port for adjudication and sale."

* * * *

I MAY add, as of interest, the following description of a midshipman's uniform in 1803, from the Reminiscences of Captain Crawford. Speaking of a brother midshipman who was acting as a president of a mock court-martial held in the cockpit of the "Immortalité," on an offender against the unwritten laws of the midshipmen's mess, he says: "Such was the redoubted Mr. Barnard, and dressed in uniform, with blue breeches, shoes and buckles, sword and cocked hat, worn athwart-ships, he had the appearance and bearing of a most imposing and awe-inspiring president." Another description of the dress of our seamen at the time of the Great War with France at the beginning of the present century is given by Captain E. P. Brenton, the Naval historian. Speaking of the trial of the mutineers of the "Téméraire" at Portsmouth in 1802, he says: "I was at the trial in Portsmouth Harbour and saw the prisoners. They were the noblest fellows, with the most undaunted and prepossessing mien I ever beheld—the *beau ideal* of English sailors, tall and athletic, and well dressed in blue jackets, red waistcoats, and white trousers."

* * * *

"O. W."—The problem of swiftly moving a body of infantrymen from one part of a battle-field to another has occupied the minds of many theorists, but the practical results obtained so far have left something to be desired. Putting on one side the employment of mounted infantry, a thing *sui generis* and now an established branch of modern warfare, such contrivances as have been suggested, notably the armoured train, have been only applicable to special circumstances, and even then have had a limited sphere of usefulness. But, nevertheless, there are not a few enthusiasts who believe in the use of a giant multicycle, which should be driven by a few of the men carried, the remainder keeping on the alert and ready to jump off and come into action at any moment. Motor carriages for the same purpose have also been proposed, and nearly twenty years ago an officer, writing to one of the professional journals, advocated the use of a species of jaunting-car, which he felt certain would fulfil every requirement. Yet no instance has so far occurred of a general employing, or even wanting to employ, any of these ingenious methods. Possibly the reason is that a number of vehicles careering about a battle-field might seriously complicate the operations, while they would certainly offer an excellent target and lead to extensive mortality if any of them came within range of a machine gun.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks me as to the authenticity of a Naval relic which came to him from an old Naval family many years ago. It is a piece of wood labelled "From the 'Griper,' the ship in which Captain Cook sailed round the world." The first mention of any "Griper" in any Navy List is in May, 1801, when a small gun vessel of that name, of twelve guns was serving with Nelson in the Baltic Fleet. Captain Cook lost his life on February 14, 1779, so that there is a mistake somewhere. The only ships of the Navy with which Captain Cook's name is associated are the "Eagle," "Grampus," "Mercury," "Northumberland," in which Cook served as master's mate and master during the Seven Years' War, and the "Endeavour" and "Resolution," of which last vessel Cook was captain at the time of his death.

* * * *

"AJAX."—It is by no means a trivial matter. Boots are as necessary for the rank and file as brains are for the officers of an army; hence the efforts made in various quarters to secure the best possible supply of ammunition boots. The Duke of Wellington considered good boots as an item of the very first importance in the soldier's outfit, and when asked what he thought came next in importance, answered, "A spare pair." "But what after that?" said his interviewer. "A spare pair of soles," said the Duke. Troops are useless if not mobile. It does not matter how well they can shoot, if they cannot reach the place where their shooting will take effect. It is therefore a sign of practical wisdom, in those who instituted the marching and shooting competitions, to combine them so as to make them inter-dependent. Marching power must be cultivated as well as marksmanship, and the soldier may be inefficient from inferior boots just as readily as from an obsolete rifle.

THE EDITOR.



PROLOGUE.

Off Cartagena.

THE storm of the night was over. The winds had subsided almost as quickly as they had risen on the previous evening—as is ever the case in the West Indies, and the tropics generally. Against a large number of ships of war, now riding in the waters off Boca Chica, the waves slapped monotonously in their regularity, though each crash which they made on the bows seemed less in force than the preceding one had been; also, too, the water looked less muddy and sandy-coloured than it had done an hour or so before. Likewise the hot and burning tropic sun was forcing its way through the dense masses of clouds which were still banked up beneath it; there coming first upon the choppy waters a gleam, a weak, thin ray, a glisten like the smile on the face of a dying man who parts at peace with this world; then, next, a brighter, more cheery sparkle—soon the waves were smoothed, nought but a little ripple supplying the place of their recent turbulence; the sun burst forth, the banks of cloud were dispersed, the bright glory of a West Indian day shone forth in all its brilliancy. The surroundings, which at dawn might well have been the surroundings of the Lower Thames in November, had evaporated, departed; they were now those of that portion of the globe which has been termed for centuries the "World's Paradise."

The large number of ships mentioned above—they mustered one hundred and twenty-four—formed the fleet under the command of Admiral Vernon, and in that fleet were also numbers of soldiers and marines who constituted what, in those days, were termed the Land Forces. Also there was a large contingent of volunteers from our American colonies, drawn principally from Virginia.

The presence here both of sailors and soldiers was due to a determination arrived at in the year 1739, by the authorities at home, to harass and attack the Spanish West Indian Islands and possessions in consequence of England being once again, as she had been so often in the past, at war with Spain. Now, that fleet lay off Cartagena and the neighbourhood; some of the officers and men—both sailors and soldiers—were ashore destroying the forts near the sea; the grenadiers were also ashore; the bomb-ketches were at this very moment playing upon the castles of San Fernando and San Angelo; the siege of Cartagena had begun.

Upon the quarter-deck of one of the vessels of war composing the great fleet, a vessel which may be called the "Ariadne," the captain walked now as the storm passed away and the morning broke in all its fair tropic beauty, while there came the balmy spice-laden breeze from the South American coast—a breeze soft as a maiden's first kiss to him she loves; odorous, and sweet, luscious, too, with the scents of nutmeg and banana, guava and orange, begonia, bignonia, and poinsettia, all wafted from the flower-laden shore. But because, perhaps, such perfumes as these, such rippling blue waves, now crested with their feathery tips, such a bright warm sun, were not deemed by Nature to be the fitting accompaniments to the work which that fleet had to do—was about to do—she had provided others.

Near that ship which has been called the "Ariadne," alongside the great and noble flag-ship, the "Russell," passing slowly—but deadly even in their slowness!—through the line made by the "Cumberland," the "Boyne," the "Lion," the "Shrewsbury," and a score of others, went the hideous white sharks of the Caribbean Sea, showing sometimes their gleaming, squinting eyes close to the surface of the water and showing always their dorsal fin as the water rippled by them.

"The brutes know well that they will be fed ere long," the captain—Henry Thorne—said, half to himself, half aloud, as he gazed through the quarter-deck starboard port; "they know it very well. Trust them."

"They must know it, sir," the chaplain, a fine rosy-faced gentleman who had already had his morning draught, wherefore his cheeks looked shiny and brilliant, said—he having been standing near Thorne while he murmured to himself—"specially since they have been fed enough already by our fleet. Three went overboard only yesterday from the 'Weymouth.' While we are here they will never leave us."

"So-so," the captain said. "So-so. 'Tis very true." Then, turning to the chaplain, he said quickly, "How is it with her below? Have you seen the surgeon's mate? What does he say? Is her hour of trial near?"

"It is very near now," the other answered. "Very near. Pray Heaven all may go well. Ere long we may hope to congratulate you, sir, upon paternal honours. 'Tis much to be hoped the Admiral will give no signal for the bombardment to commence until Mrs. Thorne is through her peril."

"At least I hope so. With all my heart. Poor girl! Poor girl! I would never have brought my wife on board, Mr. Glew, had I known either of two things. The first, that she was so near her time; the second, that we should be ordered to join this squadron—to quit our station at Port Royal."

Whereby, as you may gather by this remark of Captain Thorne, the "Ariadne" was not one of those great war vessels which had sailed from England under the order of the Admirals. Instead, she had come down from Jamaica, where she was stationed, to join the fleet now before Cartagena.

Then the captain continued:

"If the Admiral does open the attack this morning 'twill be a fine hurly-burly for a child to be born amidst. Surely, if 'tis a boy, he should live to do great things. To be a bold sailor—or soldier, at least. Go far, too; do well. He will be fortunate also in his worldly gear. I—I—am not rich, Glew, but he—or she—will be some day. Heir or heiress to much property and wealth that must come my way at last if I live. If I live," he repeated, more to himself than to his companion.

"You have not made your will yet, sir?" the parson asked, rubbing his chin, which was red and almost raw from the use of a bad razor that morning. "The will you talked about. As a chaplain who, on board ship, is also supposed to be something of a lawyer, I feel it right to tell you that you should do so. No man who is before the enemy, whatever his standing, should neglect so important an office as that."

"I will not neglect it, Mr. Glew. Let the child but be born and I will perform it in my cabin the moment I know the good news." Then, changing the subject, he asked, "Will they let me see her if I go below, think you?"

"I will make enquiries," the other said, going towards the after-hatch. "Yet," he went on, as he put his foot on the ladder beneath, "I doubt it. The event is very near at hand. The wife of the master-at-arms, as well as the wife of the ship's corporal, are with her—they rule all. Yet I will go see," and his head followed his body and disappeared.

Left alone, or at least without the companionship of Mr. Glew, for none could be alone on board such a ship as this was—even though she might have been making a pleasant cruise on summer seas; while more especially, none could be

so when that ship was one of a large number engaged in a bombardment—the captain went about his duties. He visited the gun decks and saw that all were at their proper stations, inspected the twenty-four, twelve, and nine pounders, swivel guns, stern and bow chasers, everything that could throw a ball; saw that sponges and rammers were ready, and that each bolt and loop was in working order. He neglected nothing, no more than he would have done had his young wife been at home at Deptford or Portsmouth, and he without the knowledge that, at the present time, she was about to make him a father.

Yet, all the same, his thoughts were never absent from her, his bride of a year; again and again he lamented bitterly that she had come upon this cruise with him. Why, he asked himself repeatedly, could he not have left her behind in Port Royal, where she would have been well and carefully attended to, and where he could have joined her after this siege was over? He had been mad to bring her! Already the bomb-ketches were making a hideous din all around; already, too, some of the great ships of war had received their orders to open fire, and were obeying those orders; from the forts on shore a horrible din was being kept up as they replied to the attackers in a more or less irregular and perfunctory manner.

"What surroundings," he muttered to himself, breaking off even as he did so to bawl orders to the men in the tops to train their swivel guns more accurately upon the shore, "what surroundings for a little helpless babe to be born amidst. What surroundings!"

They were, however, to become worse—worse for the poor mother below; more terrible and awful surroundings for the birth of a new-born child to take place amidst.

Commodore Lestock, with his broad red pennant hoisted, tapering and swallow-tailed, went in to bombard all the forts along the shore, and after him followed an appointed number of the ships in his squadron. It was a noble sight, one that might have caused—doubtless did cause—many hearts to beat enthusiastically in their owners' breasts. Along the line of other vessels which they passed, cheer rang upon cheer; the bands of the flag-ships, and other ships which possessed such music, played "Britons Strike Home." Soon five hundred great guns were firing on those forts, which replied, not without courage; the din was tremendous, as also was the vibration caused to each of the vessels while the flames belched forth and the guns shook. And in the middle of the cannonading, when, on board, one could not see across the ship, nor from the mizen to the main shrouds on either side, the chaplain, staggering on to the upper deck, his handkerchief to his nose and mouth to keep out the saltpetre from his lungs, ran against Captain Thorne giving orders for a marine who had been wounded by a shot from the shore to be carried below.

"Sir," Mr. Glew said hastily, and clutching the captain by the arm, "sir, I offer my congratulations. It——"

"Is well over?" Thorne exclaimed. "Is that it?"

"It is that, sir. And the child is——"

"What?"

"A girl."

"A girl," the captain repeated, and even amongst all the roar of the cannonading, Glew seemed to think he heard a tone of disappointment in the other's voice.

"So-so!" Thorne exclaimed a moment later. "Well, carry down my love to my dear wife. I must not leave the deck now. Say—say—that I will be below ere long. Say that I—am—rejoiced."

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, what was passing below in the captain's cabin—which had been set aside for his wife ever since her hour drew nigh, he sleeping in a spare one close by? Independently of it being now a chamber in which a young and beautiful wife had just become a mother, a room in great disorder, there were other things which, in any circumstances, must have caused it to present an appearance of extreme confusion. Naturally, all the pictures had been unshipped, since the concussion of the guns would otherwise have brought them from the bulkheads to the floor, or deck, to say nothing of shivering any glass they might possess. Also, all china and glass in the cabin, and the pretty knick-knacks which Thorne had bestowed about it, were removed from their usual positions. So that the apartment in the "Ariadne" in which Mrs. Thorne had but recently presented a child to her husband was even more disarranged than it would ordinarily have been. Likewise, every port and scuttle was opened, so that thus some of the concussion should be avoided, and the cabin was thereby made less hot and stuffy than such a place would otherwise have been in this climate. Yet it was but a poor place in which to bring a fresh body and soul into a troublous world—a poor place in which a child should first open its eyes upon that world.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Tickle, the wife of the master-at-arms, as she wiped the perspiration from Mrs. Thorne's face. "Dear, dear! What surroundings for the sweet young thing to give birth to a babe in. Yet," and, as she spoke, she took a sip of rumbullion from a cannikin close to her hand, and then passed it over to Mrs. Pottle, the wife of the ship's corporal, "it might have been wuss. My first was born in Havant Work'us', Tickle being away with Captain Clipperton at the time."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Pottle, as she in her turn took a sip of the toothsome liquor. "Indeed, and it might have been wuss. Even now it may be so. What if one of them forts should plump a round shot into us below the water-line. Then there won't soon be no Captain Thorne, nor Mistress Thorne, nor baby either."

"Nor yet no Mrs. Tickle nor Mrs. Pottle," said the other. Whereupon each took another drink at the rumbullion to calm their nerves, which, in truth, needed little calming, since this was not the first battle, or rather bombardment, in which these good ladies had taken part. For, in those days of a century and a-half ago, it was common enough for the wives of the petty officers and the lower deck men to sail on board ships with their husbands, they doing much such work therein as, in these days, is done by soldiers' wives who are on the "strength of the regiment." Also they could turn their hands to other things, even as Mrs. Tickle and Mrs. Pottle were doing now. For they were almost always excellent nurses, understanding much about wounds and fevers and other complaints, and quite capable of working under, and sometimes of advising, the raw sawbones whom the Admiralty sent into the ships of war to cure—or kill—the sailors.



"In the Captains Cabin."

"Is the battle over?" Mrs. Thorne asked feebly, opening her eyes now as she spoke, and endeavouring also, in her newly-developed maternal love, to turn them down upon the tiny mite lying on her breast.

"Over, deary!" said Mrs. Tickle, sinking the character of the inferior woman who was in the presence of the superior, and speaking only as a good-hearted, motherly creature, which indeed she was, to another who needed her care. "Not yet, deary. Lawk's sakes," she whispered to her comrade, "can't she hear the guns a-belching. Ah! drat you all," she muttered, as at this moment a larboard broadside

bellowed forth, causing the ship to tremble to her keelson; "that's them lower deck thirty-two-pounders at it again. Poor dear, she don't seem to hear or feel them, anyhow."

She should have done so, must have done so, since even as the roaring continued, while the "Ariadne" was brought round so that now her starboard broadside could be fired, she lifted her arms feebly and enfolded more tightly to her breast than she had done before the little atom she had but recently brought into the world.

"My child," she moaned, "my child! Oh! what can your future be with such a beginning as this? What shocks and tempests must threaten the existence that commences in such turbulence and throes as these."

"You 'ear," said the master-at-arms' wife to the wife of the ship's corporal, "you 'ear! She is quite calm and full of understanding. Ah! poor dear." Whereupon she stretched out her hand once more for the can of rumbullion.

And even now, as each of these women in the cabin listened to the uproar without, that uproar seemed to increase. Half-a-dozen vessels were firing at once; also the battery which had been constructed ashore by those who had landed over-night was adding to the tumult; the bo'sun's pipes were heard whistling like some shrill-voiced bird that sings its loudest amidst the violence of a summer storm; the master-gunner's voice was heard on board the "Ariadne," giving his orders. Also there came the sound of a hideous crash in the vessel, the rending of timbers, the shrieks of sailors, who were doubtless wounded—bellows, shouts, curses.

"The ship is struck," said Mrs. Tickle, calm and tranquil as became a sailor's wife who had been in battle before. "Pray Heaven 'tis not below the water-line."

"Nor that the magazine is set afire," said Mrs. Pottle, also with heroic coolness. "Otherwise we have got our passage to Davy Jones. Yet," she continued, the woman rising above the amazon, "I have three poor little children at home in Portsmouth town. And one is blind. God help them, what shall they do if Pottle and I have got our discharge!"

While, even as she spoke of her children, the other one, the newly-born babe present in the cabin, set up a piteous infantine wail. Little, unconscious creature as it was, bearing a brain but an hour old, it seemed to recognise, to have some glimmering of the terrors that enveloped it. As it did so, the ship listed to starboard, so that Mrs. Thorne's body moved somewhat, while, at the same moment, the white, delicate hands seemed to strain the infant closer to her; the liquor can, too, was upset, whereby the drink went slopping over the cabin carpet. But the other two matrons were not to be stopped, even at that moment, from doing their duty. Mrs. Tickle sprang up and held the ailing woman tightly in her berth, even as she muttered:

"The ship has listed four degrees. Yet she goes no further. They have stopped the water from pouring in. Go, Pottle, and find the surgeon. He must come here, even though he quits the wounded for an instant."

Whereon Mrs. Pottle went forth, a heroine still, though a white, pale-faced one. A heroine, not thinking of her own life—now in deadly peril!—but only of the little children at home in Portsmouth town. Above all, she thought of the blind one who could never do aught for itself when it grew up. Thought of it, and wondered who would protect it when she and her husband were gone.

"My husband, my husband!" wailed Mrs. Thorne, as she and the other woman were left alone. "My husband! Will he not come to me? To me. To his wife and new-born babe. Oh! my husband. Why comes he not?"

"Dear heart," exclaimed Mrs. Tickle, "he cannot come. His duty is on deck. Duty before all." Then she bent her head a little nearer to the other's, and said, "We are sailors' wives. Our duty first. Duty before all," she repeated.

As she did so the cabin door was slid back, and Mrs. Pottle returned, bringing with her the surgeon's mate from the sick bay—a young, callow Irishman who was now making his first cruise. The surgeon, an old man who had an army of children at home in Rotherhithe, had attended Mrs. Thorne through her trouble, but now he was busy with those who were wounded and in the cock-pit. He could not come.

The mate was very pale—too pale, thought Mrs. Tickle, for a sailor-doctor to be, even though he were smelling powder for the first time. Then, to that good lady's astonishment, as she cast her eyes on her nursing comrade, she saw that she too was very pale—was white—ghastly. And in a moment she imagined, guessed, that the ship's corporal was dead! By that freemasonry, by some telegraphic method of the eyes, which women alone know how to use, she signalled to the other to ask if such were the case, yet only to discover that she had not divined aright. Mrs. Pottle shook her head; then, seeing that the eyes of the captain's wife were wide open, she stepped behind the surgeon's mate, and from the screen of his broad back put her finger to her lip. Not knowing what else she meant, Mrs. Tickle at least understood that silence was to be observed.

"My husband," moaned Mrs. Thorne again now, gazing up into the dark eyes of the handsome young fellow who looked so white, "my husband—I want him."

"Nay, madam," he said, even as he felt her pulse and arranged her more comfortably in the berth, "nay, not yet; the bombardment is not over." And, turning his head round, he whispered to Mrs. Pottle behind him, "You have left the cabin door open; shut it."

It was well she obeyed him at once. Well that, amidst fresh discharges of the thirty-two-pounders, another crash on deck and a noise which was the fall of the foremast, added to the piercing cries of the child, Mrs. Thorne could not hear nor see beyond that door. Well that it was shut immediately on the order of the surgeon's mate.

For six sailors were carrying down the after-ladder a helpless, limp body at that moment—a body to be laid in the very next cabin to that which Mrs. Thorne was now in. The body of Henry Thorne, with a bullet in it that had pierced the heart.

And behind them came the chaplain, shaking his head sadly, yet muttering somewhat thankfully, too:

"But he made that will. He made that will. And the child is safe. Although it seems no will was needed, yet it is as well that he should have made it."

* * * * * * *

For many years after her father's death Ariadne's home was with her mother at Gosport, and here she grew from childhood to womanhood, and became a sweet, pure girl whom to see was at once to admire; a girl so fair and pretty, that, whenever she walked abroad, the eyes of men were turned towards her approvingly; a girl, tall, and with a figure that full womanhood would develop into one of extreme grace and beauty; one who possessed also such charms as deep hazel eyes, which looked out at you from between thick eyelashes that were many shades darker than the fair hair crowning her head as though with a golden diadem; a pretty girl whose masses of curls reminded one of the cornfields in July.

For years she lived with her mother here in Gosport, having done so from the time when Vernon sent them both home to England in the first ship of war that went back after Mrs. Thorne was able to travel. And of all the neighbourhood around she was the pet; was, too, the darling of old sea captains who had had arms and legs chopped off in many a fierce fight against those whom we called our old "hereditary foes"; the darling of every old blue who had drawn cutlass for His Majesty King George II., or King George I., or even, amongst the very old and decrepit, for Great Anne; of the seadogs who had first spat their quids out on the enemy's decks and had then hewn the enemy down before them. For they, these old salts, no matter what their rank was, regarded her as their own child and property. Had she not been born amidst the roar and smoke of England's cannon as they vomited forth fire and fury? Was she not a sailor's child, and that a sailor who had fallen as a sailor should fall, dying on his own deck, doing his duty? That was enough to make them love the little thing who grew beneath their eyes towards beauteous womanhood. Enough to make old lieutenants who had served long enough to be admirals, and admirals—fortunate dogs!—who had not seen half the service of those old lieutenants, worship her; to make them wander up to her mother's house and smoke their pipes there, and talk to her about the father who had died the glorious death. It was sufficient, too, to set old tars carving out ornaments and knick-knacks from ancient ships of war which had been towed as prisoners into the harbour and there broken up, all of which they presented to her with grins of pleasure, and almost with blushes—if such could be!—upon their wind-tanned, scarred faces. Sufficient also to cause others to bring her in baskets of strawberries and raspberries from their little gardens on the outskirts of the town, and bouquets of the sweet old-time flowers that also grew in such profusion in those gardens. And some there were—and many—who called her the "Sailor's Pet," and others the "Mariner's Joy."

Yet 'twas not only the old who loved Ariadne Thorne. Be very sure of that. For you cannot but suppose that the young men loved her too—those lieutenants and second lieutenants who, although still beardless, had fought in many of the numerous sea-fights of the period. Young fellows with boyish faces who had, nevertheless, been with Hawke at the Isle of Aix, and Howe at St. Malo, or had assisted in the destruction of the "Oriflamme" by the "Monarque" and the "Monmouth." They all loved her, and she loved one, and one alone. Happy, happy man!

(To be continued.)

Volunteers as Engineers.

IN the accompanying illustrations we are able to give an idea of the work carried out while in camp by our Metropolitan Royal Engineers (Volunteers). The chief object of this large force of men is to assist their comrades, the Royal Engineers, in carrying out the many duties that this branch of the Service would be called upon to perform in the event of all the auxiliary forces having to mobilise. They consist of three battalions—1st Middlesex, 1st London, and 2nd Tower Hamlets, commanded respectively by Colonels Josselyn, Woods, and Whetherly—and have their headquarters situated in different parts of London. The Middlesex is the senior corps of the voluntary Service, and was in existence before the Militia Royal Engineers. The Middlesex corps had its origin at the scientific college at South Kensington, where an application was made about the year 1858 to the Government for permission to form a corps, to consist chiefly of students from the college, but since then the ranks have been entirely filled by workmen of the better classes, in fact, they are at the present time the same class of men as are serving in the Regular Royal Engineers.



THE 1st LONDON R.E. AND 1st MIDDLESEX R.E. AT CHURCH PARADE.

Many of the officers are engineers in civil life, and therefore have a good technical and practical training, and, being used to dealing with men of the labouring classes, are well adapted to be in command of the men in this branch of our voluntary Service.

The duties performed by these corps are many and various, but may be classed under the following headings: Field fortifications, bridging, road making, railway work, camping appliances, and lastly, the kind of work technically called demolitions. Unfortunately, the London district is not very suitable for training Engineers, for it is difficult to find any ground near the headquarters of the three corps where full-sized earthworks can be executed, therefore models in sand have to be resorted to for the purpose of instruction, and here also many other details, such as lashing and the use of spars, are practised.

The full-sized works are kept for the summer training camps, which are held in August each year. For the last two years the Middlesex and London corps have encamped together at Clacton-on-Sea, where a very healthy site was selected close to the shore, and where the soil could be excavated in any direction, and where several very good spots were found for the purposes of erecting bridges, both floating and trestle.

On July 30 last some 600 officers, non-commissioned officers, and sappers of the above corps entrained at Liverpool Street Station, *en route* for the camp, which had been prepared by advance parties from both the engineer



SOME OFFICERS OF BOTH CORPS.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

A CASEMATE FOR THE MAXIM.

corps. The men, having been told off to their tents, were quickly served with supper, and by 12.30 p.m. silence reigned supreme. The next day being Sunday, the only parade was for church, at 9.30 a.m., when a short but good service was held in the parish church. The rest of the day was free for those men who had leave of absence to amuse themselves, which they did by looking up their friends of last year's acquaintance, who were doubtless largely composed of the fair sex.

Work began with a will on Monday morning; first working parade 7 to 8.30, second 10 to 1, and third 3 to 5, these hours being kept for parades all the week through, which tells plainly that our volunteers are not idle while in camp. All the companies were split up into the proper numbers forming what is termed "working parties," and each party marched off to the Royal Engineers' Park, where all tools and materials are stored. Each party, having drawn what it required, was again marched to the site of the work it was entrusted to carry out.



COLONEL WALLER INSPECTS THE WORKS.

Of the various works executed, the following will give an idea of what the most important are like. Three bridges were erected, two by the Middlesex, and a trestle bridge by the London, which is shown in one of our illustrations, and which gives a very good idea of the usefulness of ropes and spars in awkward places. Stockades may be very useful in the defence of a place, and may be used with a great amount of success against a heavy rifle fire. They are made with various materials, but those constructed at this camp were of old rail sleepers, rails, and sandbags; the rails, as will be seen, were used as head cover for the men, who fire through the short timbers or "loopholes," as they are called. The great point to remember in constructing this class of work is to keep the loopholes high enough, so that the defenders, in case of retirement, have not the chance of being fired upon from the other side of their defences by the enemy. Another kind of earthwork is formed by excavating a trench, throwing the soil to the front, and making a wall on the inside, against which the men stand to fire. This is known as a "revetment," and can be made of any kind of material that is at hand, gabions, fascines, or hurdles being used, the object being to keep the earth at a steeper slope than it would naturally assume; but in the particular work in camp, the wall was made with sandbags, which are supplied from the stores for this purpose.

As will be seen, engineers have to do the ordinary duty of a soldier while at camp, and if there is one duty the sapper resents it is guard mounting. It is a monotonous job for anyone, but the sapper especially would be happier at work with his comrades than being on sentry-go. Machine guns have to be sheltered, and for this purpose casemates are made to protect them. The gun is run in at the back and is covered over by a splinter-proof roof made of timber and earth, the whole being covered with the same coloured soil as is on the surface of the ground



THE GUARD AND SENTRY, 1st MIDDLESEX R.E.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

THE 1st LONDON COMPLETE A TRESTLE BRIDGE.



THE RESULT OF AN EXPLOSION.

where the work is situated, so as to avoid detection by the enemy of its whereabouts. On the Wednesday at midday the works were inspected by the Commanding Royal Engineer, Colonel Waller, who will be seen standing on the double lock bridge, having just congratulated the officer and his



MAKING A STOCKADE.

party upon the way in which the heavy work has been so well and quickly carried out. On his right is standing Colonel Josselyn of the Middlesex Royal Engineers, on his left is Colonel Woods of the London Royal Engineers, and to the extreme left of the picture are the two adjutants of the corps, who are both captains of the Royal Engineers. During the



A TIDY TENT.

Commanding Royal Engineer's tour of inspection he witnessed the demolition of an old tree, which was blown up by means of 15-oz. of gun-cotton inserted in two cross bores with an auger.

He also inspected many other works, including "a look-out tower," constructed by the 1st London, field kitchens,



VISITORS TO SEE THE SPORTS.

huts, gun pits, field ovens, and last but not least the pontoon section of the 1st London.

Thursday afternoon was given up to the sports, which



THROWING UP EARTHWORKS.

were very carefully organised by a committee of officers and non-commissioned officers of both regiments.



TEA WITH THE OFFICERS.

Friday was devoted to dismantling the works, and on Saturday, after a week of splendid weather, the main body of



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THE ARRIVAL OF THE PONTOON SECTION.



THE TOWER HAMLETS BUSY.

troops, after striking camp, returned to London at 4 p.m., the general opinion being, "the best camp we ever had."

At the same time that these two corps were at Clacton, the 2nd Tower Hamlets Royal Engineers, under command of Colonel Whetherly, also performed some excellent work, which was of an instructive character. Two bridges were made, consisting of a suspension and a double lock, also a trestle pier, for the supposed landing of stores, horses, and troops



MAKING THE ROOF.

from a vessel in mid-stream. The double lock bridge, which is shown with its square frames in "temporary" position, with the two "distance pieces" that have apparently just been thrown across, gives a very good idea of the skeleton of this kind of bridge. The next timbers to be lashed are the top transoms, which are fastened by lashings similar to those just below on the frames each side, and, this done, the ropes are let go, and the bridge becomes "locked" in the two angles,



MAKING GABIONS.

and is then ready to receive the road bearers and chains, which complete the construction.

In all the different departments of engineering there is a certain routine of drill, so that a party of so many men are always kept busy doing something towards the construction, and more especially when heavy lifting is concerned, as if larger weights are not handled well, very serious accidents would occur. One illustration shows a party of men lifting a trestle into position to get it secured. A suspension bridge is always used where spars cannot be fixed, and this method of bridging has been found on many occasions to be very useful.

Much the same selection of earthworks was made for the training and education of the Tower Hamlets Engineers



SECURING A TRESTLE.

as by the two other corps, but in the foreground of one of the illustrations will be seen a series of sticks crossed and driven into the ground. These form a kind of trough to lay brushwood in from which fascines are made for some of the purposes mentioned above. The brushwood is crushed up in a solid body, by means of a tool called a choker, to 9-in. diameter, and cut off to the length of 16-ft. These fascines are used in making



BRIDGING THE RIVER AT ACTON.

revetments, and also for other defensive works. Unfortunately the ground at Acton is hard clay, so that the sappers had great difficulty in digging up the earthworks. A crow's nest was erected, which is a pole with a place at the top for a man to sit in. Many other works were carried out by this corps, but owing to our limited space we have not room to describe them. The foregoing information will, however, give a general idea of the value to be attached to our Metropolitan Engineers.



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ON THE RAFT.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. VII.—No. 87.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1898.



Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. BAINBRIDGE, R.N., A.D.C.,

COMMODORE OF THE PORTGUARD SQUAD ON.

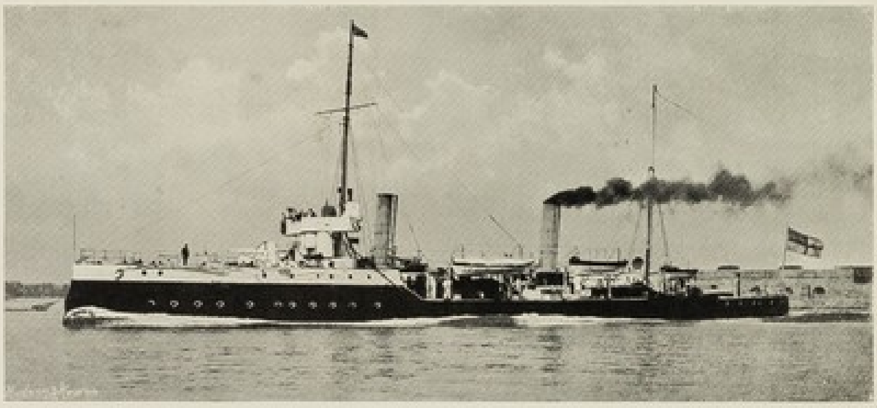
The Cruise of the Portguard Squadron.

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

As I write this the cruise of the Portguard Squadron is drawing to a close. After visiting Bristol, where it was a source of the greatest interest to those "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors" who attended the annual gathering of the British Association, it visited successively the Clyde and the Mersey, and is now at Belfast, from whence it will proceed to Kingstown. Thence it will leave for Portland, after a five days' visit, and on October 12 the ships will disperse to their respective stations. In our issue of September 3 we reproduced some photographs taken on board the "Sans Pareil," one of the ships of this Squadron, together with a photograph of Captain Pattisson, her commander. This week we are able to give a complete series of the Squadron and its senior officers. It is worth noting that in this Squadron, without the slightest effort, we can at once reinforce our Channel Squadron with five, if not absolutely up-to-date, yet quite modern and most powerful battleships. We say five, for although our illustrations only represent four, there is a fifth, the "Howe," the single Irish Portguard ship, which has not accompanied the Squadron on its cruise. This compact and efficient Squadron has for the nonce been made a commodore's command, and is under the command of the Commodore Bainbridge, the senior captain of the Squadron, who flies his broad pennant in the "Nile," the Devonport Portguard ship. This officer, whose portrait figures on our first page, is an officer with a most distinguished record. In 1860 he was one of the staff of Admiral Sir Lewis T. Jones, and, in the "Clown" gun-boat, took part in the attack on the Taku Forts. He also saw much further service in China, for in 1861-62 he landed with the Naval Brigade that acted against the Tai-ping rebels, served in no less than fourteen actions, and at the capture of Kahding, one of the rebel strongholds, was one of the storming party. At this time he was a midshipman, becoming a sub-lieutenant in 1864, and a lieutenant two years later out of the Royal Yacht. His next service was in the Abyssinian War, and then he again wended Eastward, and took his share in the operations against Bahrein and Muscat in the Persian Gulf. From that time till his promotion came to him his chief occupation consisted in acting against the slave traders in Eastern waters, and he assisted altogether in the capture of fourteen slave-dhows, which means the liberation of a good many hundred slaves. He has, however, also found time to devote to his civil duties as a citizen, for he is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Cork, and also contested the Parliamentary representation of that borough against Mr. Parnell in 1885. His



THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "SANS PAREIL."



THE TORPEDO GUN-BOAT "SPANKER."



Photos. Symonds & Co. *THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "THUNDERER."* Copyright.

aiguillettes were, in truth, well won, and he received them in the Jubilee year, when he was made aide-de-camp to the Queen. In our illustration he is shown in captain's uniform, but, as a commodore, the four rings on his sleeve denoting his rank are now merged in one broad band. The "Sans Pareil," shown in the next picture, was fully described in the article which appeared in our issue of September 3, and she offers a very striking contrast to the tiny little craft which follows her, the "Spanker," the despatch-boat of the Squadron. She is one of a class of which a large number were built, and which are styled twin-screw gun-boats of the first class, and more generally known as torpedo gun-boats. As they can steam some seventeen to twenty knots, and carry a powerful gun and torpedo armament, they are a vast improvement on the older type of gun-boat. It was a pair of ships of exactly this type that succeeded in torpedoing and sinking the "Blanco Encalada" during the Chilian War. Our next illustration shows the "Thunderer." She is the oldest battle-ship of the Squadron, but none the less a very powerful vessel, for she has been thoroughly modernised and brought up to date as regards speed and armament, for now, with heavy iron protection, she can, at a speed of 14½ knots, bring into action a battery of four 10-in. breech-loaders enclosed within her two turrets, and the 10-in. breech-loader is one of the most powerful and useful guns in the Service. Many a Naval officer would prefer to take the old "Thunderer" into action than many foreign ships much more modern. She is commanded by Captain Hallifax, whose war service has been seen on the West Coast of Africa,



Photo. Pisti & Co. Copyright.
CAPT. G. A. GIFFARD, R.N.,
Of the "Trafalgar."



Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.
THE "NILE, FLAG-SHIP OF THE SQUADRON.

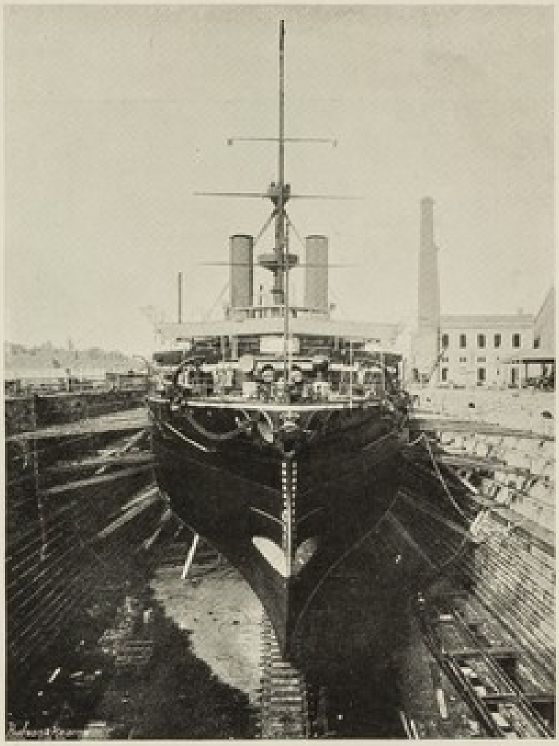


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.
THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "TRAFALGAR."

for it was this officer who, in the Niger Expedition of 1877, was landed in command of the Naval Brigade that inflicted condign punishment on the river pirates. Captain G. A. Giffard, whose portrait we also give, has earned his promotion by good service in widely distant latitudes, for besides sporting the medal and bronze star for the Egyptian War—where, as a lieutenant of the "Penelope," he assisted at the bombardment of Alexandria—he also wears the white ribbon and the octagonal medal, which denote that he served in the Arctic Expedition under Sir G. Nares in 1875-76. This officer commands the "Trafalgar," which is a sister ship of the "Nile," which flies Captain Bainbridge's broad pennant.

These two are the most powerful and modern ships of the Squadron. Heavily protected, and carrying a powerful armament, they are well worthy of still being, as they are, classed as first-class battle-ships. Our photographs were taken at Malta a short time back, when these two vessels were the crack ships of the Mediterranean Squadron. The "Trafalgar" is shown in dry dock, and the illustration brings out excellently the powerful ram, with the broad transverse plate of steel armour that stiffens it. The "Nile" is shown us in a bird's-eye view, as the photograph was taken from a height above, and looking down on the ship.



Photo. West & Son. Copyright.
CAPT. JOHN S. HALLIFAX, R.N.,
Of the "Thunderer."

Round the British Isles with the Channel Squadron.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]



A BOW WAVE AT SIXTEEN KNOTS.

WE brought a very pleasant summer cruise to a satisfactory termination on September 11. The latter portion of it was remarkable for a week of really execrable weather at Lough Swilly, and a very busy eight days at Berehaven. At the former place elaborate landing-parties were planned, both for seamen and Marines, but only two of them came off, one at Buncrana for the Marines, and the other for the seamen at Rathmullen, whither the Squadron had moved to get shelter from the incessant and really tremendous squalls of wind and rain.

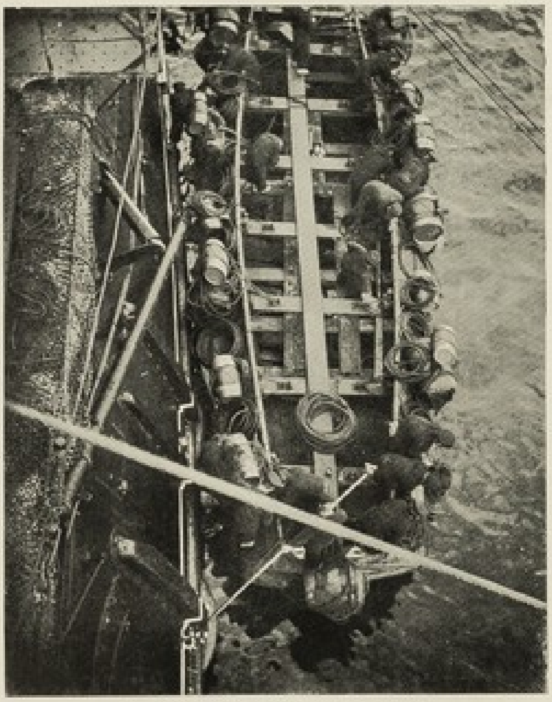
Bantry Bay was reached on September 2, and the Fleet anchored as usual within the sheltered seclusion of Berehaven. It is recognised that this harbour may prove in the future, as in the past, of great value in time of war, and considerable fortifications are under construction, which, combined with a mine field, will make it a place very difficult of access to a hostile fleet.

It has always been a favourite headquarters for the Channel or manœuvring Squadrons; in fact, it was here that the Evolutionary Squadron of 1885, the precursor of the present system of annual manœuvres, carried out a long course of tactical experiments under Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby.

In those days a gigantic boom was constructed across the mouth of the harbour as a protection against torpedo-boat attack, and no one who saw it done will have forgotten how the swift and handy armoured ram, "Polyphemus," under the skilful guidance of Captain (the Commander) Jefferies, swept down to destroy it, dodging *en route* the combined attack of five or six torpedo-boats which tried to score a hit before the obstruction was reached.

Our Squadron during its stay carried out the half-yearly mining exercises, laying a complete mine field of observation and electro-contact mines. The weather was perfect, and the only regret was that the very pleasant work did not last three weeks instead of three days.

An illustration is given of a launch rigged for counter-mining, which, as has been explained before in these pages, is the method of attacking a mine field by means of exploding counter-mines in it, and thus opening up a safe channel for the attacking fleet by destroying those already laid down by the defenders.



A COUNTER-MINING LAUNCH.

The rest of the week was taken up in getting through rifle and gun practice from steam-boats, also in expending the quarter's allowance of outrigger torpedo and other submarine explosions of gun-cotton.

We left for Portland on September 10, covering the 360 and odd miles very comfortably in the twenty-four hours, thanks to the yearly speed trials. There was very little to choose between the ships, not more than six miles between the first and last battle-ships at the end of the run.

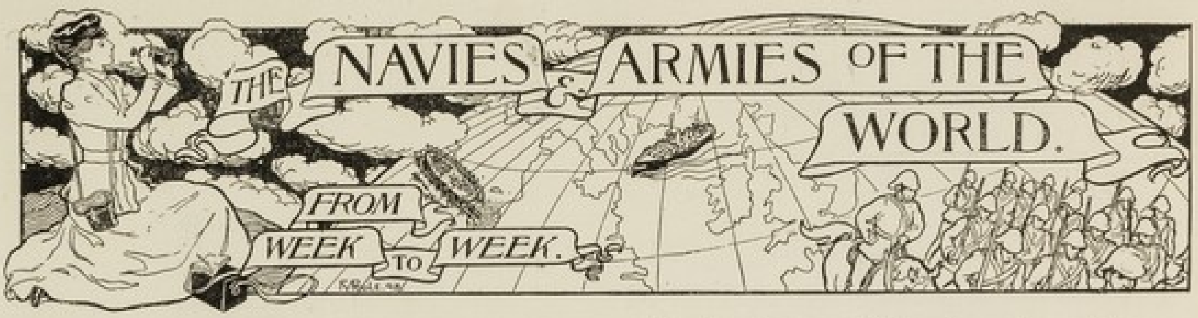
It must be understood that these trials are in no sense *full-speed* trials; they are simply four hours at four-fifths and twenty hours at three-fifths of the full power, so that they naturally do not approach the original trial trips of the ships in matter of speed. They show, however, that the modern Channel Squadron can comfortably maintain a sea speed of about 15 knots, if not more.

"Man and arm boats" is a frequent and favourite drill, not likely, alas! nowadays to be of much request in modern warfare. But in the past how often have the armed boats of some saucy frigate crept with muffled oars upon some sleeping foe, and then, when concealment was no longer possible, rushed from the darkness with a British cheer, driven the enemy below, and with bellying sail or favouring tide borne off another prize to the audacity and daring of our seamen.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

"MAN AND ARM BOATS."



A CORRESPONDENT who wrote in the *Times* last week on "The Historical Relations between the Navy and the Merchant Service," has put certain truths about that subject with great force, and a wealth of illustration. It says little for our knowledge of history that what he has to tell us should need to be said. Yet it is most undoubtedly the fact that his article is very far from superfluous. The paper ought to be read in full, but the substance of it is something like this: First, that there is no novelty in the presence of foreigners in our merchant ships, and then that the Navy did not rely exclusively on the trading ships for its crews in war. No two propositions could be advanced for which better evidence is forthcoming. And the writer adds, what is also true, that our war-ships made up their complements with boys and landsmen. The evidence would have borne him out if he had gone further, and had added that our war-ships never did carry a majority of men bred to the sea. Yet we constantly find these truths neglected, and the contrary of them taken for granted. Alarmists of the "made in Germany" order (who forget among other things that the language and political institutions of this country were originally made in Germany) raise a great clamour over the employment of foreigners, as if no such thing had ever been heard of. That is not wise; but there is more excuse for it than for the belief that the Navy drew exclusively on the merchant service for its men. A moment's reflection ought to show anybody that this was a physical impossibility. In the year before any war broke out the Navy contained some 12,000 men. In the second year its establishment would be, say, 60,000. Meanwhile the trade went on. Indeed a great part of the Navy's duty consisted in protecting convoys of merchant ships numbered by the hundred. The whole seafaring population engaged in the long voyages was, as far as defective evidence enables us to see, between 50,000 and 60,000. If now the Navy drew the difference between 12,000 and 60,000 from the trading ships, what was left for the merchant service? Besides, one has to remember that masters and apprentices who had not completed their time were exempt from the press.

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THE whole subject is an interesting one, which has never been properly studied. I think that the writer in the *Times* (whom I have to thank for his politeness to myself) somewhat underrates the part the press played in securing crews for the Navy, and the debt owed to the merchant service. He says that a deficient knowledge of etymology has led to mistakes as to the procedure of the press-gang. Press comes from the French "preste," and meant only an advance. This may well be; but men were not free to refuse the advance. They had to take it, and therefore they were pressed in the current sense of the word. Indeed, the evidence that men were forced into the Navy in large numbers is overwhelmingly strong. We read in Rodney's letters, for instance, a story of how a home-coming merchant ship was stopped near Portland and her whole crew taken out, after a fight in which two of them were killed. By Hawke's orders the bodies were carried out to sea and thrown overboard, in order to avoid a coroner's inquest. The press-gangs went inland in order to catch the sailors who were endeavouring to escape. Then there are two other considerations to take into account. There is the indirect action of the press. Captain Cook was certainly not the only man who volunteered into the Navy because there was "a hot press on the river," and he knew he would be taken. He had his choice between volunteering and taking the bounty, or being forced to go and getting nothing. Being a man of sense, he preferred the first; but he acted under coercion all the same. Then large numbers were pressed who were not sailors. When men were drafted from the gaols, as they often were, they were pressed. The common criminals and the United Irishmen who were forced into the Fleet before 1797 were pressed in the usual sense of the word.

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THEN in considering what we drew from the merchant service, the quality is to be considered as well as the quantity. We have the direct evidence of Admiral Patton that "the prime seamen" who were indispensable to the sailing fleet were always drawn, when war broke out, from the merchant ships. Indeed, a moment's consideration will show that this must have been the case. The peace establishment of the Navy was small, and was largely composed of marines and landsmen. It had of real seamen no more than were wanted. When the establishment had to be increased three, four, or five fold, there was a dire need of men fit to fill petty officers' ratings. They were only to be found among the merchant sailors. Now Admiral Patton says that these men never came freely, and Marryat in his essay on the press confirms him. They might be "forced to come in voluntarily," as Cook was, but it was compulsion which brought them there all the same. Admiral Patton, who was very well informed both by his own observation and by his brother, who was on the spot, says it was these men who arranged the whole "breeze at Spithead." They were discontented at the bad pay, the cruel system on which pay was given, and the denial of leave, and yet they did not like to desert, as the lower class used to do, by batches at every opportunity. They hoped to become skippers of merchant ships in time, and were unwilling to incur the disgrace and risk. So, as the Admiralty would pay no attention to complaints, they were driven to force its hand.

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To me the mystery is how our Navy got through the eighteenth century at all. We got our men by brutal methods, and we treated them abominably ill. Our crews we made up largely by mere boys, and by landsmen who were commonly of inferior quality, and not seldom were criminals. What was more, we sent political offenders and members of secret societies into the squadrons, as if it was our intention to supply a mutinous element. We had not the smallest scruple in employing foreigners. Marryat gives the list of two ships at Trafalgar. It shows that there were men of foreign birth both among the sailors and the marines. Some of them were even Spaniards—a nation with which we were then at war. Borrow, in "The Bible in Spain," speaks of meeting a Spanish sailor—a Galician who had served at a gun in one of our ships at Trafalgar. He had been taken prisoner, and he preferred enlisting to being sent to the pontoons. Collingwood, in a letter to Admiral Thornbrough, says there were 270 Americans in a part of the ships under his command, and he elsewhere complains of the "motley" crew of his flag-ship. On the face of it, our Navy ought to have been bad, yet we did well enough. The explanation possibly is, that our chief enemy, France, was in even worse case than we were, and then that we had a good framework. Our officers—commissioned, warrant, and petty—were generally excellent, there was a fine element of real seamen in the crews, and a splendid corps of marines. It may not sound very respectful, and may even be thought brutal, but it is a truth, that with a good cadaster, and a stern system of discipline, you can do with a great deal of mere "food for powder" both in fleets and armies. If that were not so, universal service armies and conscript fleets would be mere rabbles. The majority of men are not heroes.

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ONCE upon a time, but not so very long ago, there was a scheme much favoured by an eminent writer for founding a species of college in which decayed men of letters could pass their old age on a modest pension. It happened once that Thackeray was discussing the plan, and he said, "I would not like to be laid up there, and have him" (the eminent writer to wit) "come and condescend to me in his shiny boots." One imagines that the British Navy must feel a little like that with the Navy League. That this estimable body should apply itself to teaching its grandmother Britannia how to suck eggs is neither here nor there. The country is accustomed to that sort of thing. Yet it goes a little far when it undertakes to teach the great, stupid British Navy how to provide itself with a brain. And it goes beyond the beyonds when from its commanding height of twopence-halfpenny it offers the Service which was famous for its gunnery in 1588 a trifling tip if it will learn to shoot. One is driven back on quoting Thackeray again. "Can you fancy a twopenny-halfpenny baroness of King Francis's time patronising Bayard? Can you imagine Queen Guinevere's lady's-maid's lady's-maid being affable to Sir Lancelot? I protest, there is nothing like the virtue" of patriotic societies. To speak seriously, has there not been enough and to spare of this? One does not want to be disrespectful to a body which started with patriotic intentions, and with some excuse for its existence. But has not the time come when the League should dissolve and be with the Anti-Corn Law League and the American Anti-Slavery League? When the Civil War was over some members of this body wanted to prolong its existence. The chiefs very properly decided that, having achieved its purpose, it could now end with dignity, since if it went on it would infallibly become a mere electioneering machine, interfering with all sorts of things which had no connection with its original purpose. The country is fully persuaded of the necessity there is for maintaining a great Navy. It does not need to be taught what it knows already, and now if the League must be talking, it has nothing to do except to make a superfluous fuss. The least harm it can do is to render itself ridiculous; but it runs the risk of being used as a tool by wily persons who have axes of their own to grind.

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THE *Journal des Debats* for September 23 contains a capitally-written account of the wreck of the French cruiser "La-Pérouse" at Fort Dauphin. The disaster was due to the facts that the cable parted under the strain of a heavy gale blowing direct on shore, and that the second anchor came home before steam could be got up. So the cruiser was thrown into the surf, and became a total wreck. The writer speaks highly of the discipline shown by the crew and of the efforts which were made to save them from the shore. We can believe it, since the French Navy is a gallant Service, and want of personal courage has never been the fault of disciplined men of the race; at the same time, the writer says something which does not speak well for the Ministry of Marine. It is this—that in the sailing instructions given to French officers very little is said about Fort Dauphin, and yet there is a very excellent account of the anchorage in a French book, the narrative of the voyage of M. Le Gentil, who was sent out to observe the transit of Venus in 1761. This is not to the credit of those who prepare whatever is the equivalent of the "Pilots" and "Admiralty Sailing Directions" supplied to French officers. The disaster to "La-Pérouse" is one more example of the old observation that there are unlucky names. La-Pérouse was himself lost in a voyage into the South Seas, and his fate was for long a mystery. But he had been concerned before in a great misfortune for France. The battle of the Saints on April 12, 1782, was brought on by a collision between the "Zélé" and the flag-ship of the Comte de Grasse. La-Pérouse was then captain of the "Astrée" frigate, and was ordered to take the "Zélé" in tow, which he did not succeed in doing for two hours. This delay ruined the French admiral's chance of escaping to windward, and was the immediate cause of the battle in which he was beaten and taken prisoner. The name of La-Pérouse has therefore always been unlucky.

DAVID HANNAY.



THE Hispano-American War and the Soudan Campaign have almost put out of our minds the miserable struggle between Greece and Turkey. Yet miserable as it was, it richly merits study, for it was a fine example of the manner in which good discipline, ample preparation, and excellent command triumph over the vain-glorious endeavours of empty patriots who rush into hostilities with no thought of the immense responsibilities involved, and are controlled and directed by no efficient officers. It is, therefore, an excellent thing to find a well-conceived and ably-executed narrative in "The Greco-Turkish War, from Official Sources," by a German Staff Officer, which Miss Frederica Bolton has translated (Sonnenschein). This is a leisurely account of the operations from a military point of view, but so written that the civilian reader will be abundantly interested. The author proceeds upon a characteristically German plan, dealing successively with the origin and cause of the war, Greece before it began, the Greek Army system, the Greek Fleet, the military system of Turkey, the Turkish Fleet, the theatre of war, and the first array of the two Armies, before he begins his narrative of hostile events.

Although there is this thoroughness of system, I have not discovered quite adequate completeness. We find Colonel Vassos in Crete without having been told of his departure from Greece. The author gives a rather confused account of Naval affairs. Thus, in describing the Greek Fleet, he never mentions the "Hydra," "Psara," and "Spetsai," though he gives an account of them in a manner decidedly misleading to the uninitiated. Neither are his Naval appreciations always of the best. I think, too, he has not grasped the inner history of the war. The King was certainly not the moving spirit he represents. King George would have given much for peace, but his hand was forced by the inflated politicians and shallow-pates who caught the war-fever all too readily for their comfort or the welfare of their country.

But, when the staff officer deals with military matters, and with actual operations, he is admirable. If anything, he tends to exaggerate the undeniably good work done for Turkey by German officers, and particularly by Von der Goltz Pasha. I should be the last to underrate this service, but the Turk has in him the making of an excellent soldier, while the character of the Greek is conspicuously poor.

The staff officer gives a capital account of the diverse qualities of the two Armies, and I would commend to anyone his trenchant remarks upon the inefficient system of the Greeks. Men who had little training and no discipline, and who were under the orders of officers whose military ideas were rudimentary, who were immersed in politics and had no effective command, were condemned to defeat before a shot had been fired. The staff officer gives a lucid narrative of the events of the Meluna Pass, of Larissa, and of Pharsala, and jeers at the supposed authors of these disasters—Sapuntsakis, ex-controller of the royal kitchen and chief of the staff, who continued his interest in baggage and the *cuisine*, and Hadjipetros, his coadjutor, "an experienced *gourmet*—a sort of culinary general staff officer." Many portraits and excellent German maps add much to a really interesting book.

It was only with difficulty from a library that the ordinary reader could procure Lord Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India." Now he may have it on his bookshelf, for Messrs. Macmillan have published a new and cheap edition. No living soldier knows so much of India and its defence as Lord Roberts. The distinguished officer who gave such brilliance to his command, and found means to endear himself to every soldier, played a great part in the reorganisation of the Indian Army. Hence his narrative has very real value. At the same time, it is a personal narrative, and Lord Roberts saw so much active service, and took so gallant a part in many campaigns, that his book has the charm of romance in many parts. Do not let it be supposed that it has anything of a vain-glorious character, for it is, in fact, one of the simplest and most modest recitals of gallant service that I have ever read.

The publication of this most notable book in a cheap form leads me to remark how great is the vogue of cheap literature in these days. It is a truism to say that the literary world has been ransacked for its treasures, and that at a cost of a few shillings, sometimes of a few pence, priceless gems from great pens, and works of national and Imperial importance, are accessible to everyone in the land. Do we under-value the privilege? And what would the old scholars, who doted on mighty tomes or precious Elzevirs, and stored their treasures in secluded libraries, have said, if they could have witnessed the prodigious deluge which pours from the press in these times for the satisfaction of the multitude? I am writing this in a little country village, on a belated holiday, where there is an ancient librarian in the person of an old dame who receives her boxes of books from London with trepidation, to find in them volumes by Marie Corelli, perhaps Sarah Grand, or it may be Richard le Gallienne. Some she puts upon her "Index"; from others she excises pages, for the safeguarding of the morals of a rustic population. With a smile I learned the fact, reflecting that soon the old landmarks must be over-borne by the all-pervading flood.

But even my careful librarian would receive with pleasure two books I would commend to you. Who has not revelled in "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," and desired to possess them. Here, then, is an *edition de luxe* in fourteen fortnightly parts, at 7d. (Newnes), profusely illustrated and delightful to handle. Then, again, that famous book, Paul du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," a book of travel that reads like a romance. This is to be issued in twelve sixpenny parts (Newnes), and many will welcome it. I should like to add that *Young England*, that very popular magazine, is about to publish serially "A Northumbrian Rebel," a stirring Jacobite story by Percy T. Lee.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

A Forgotten Day in the "Victory's" Story.

By EDWARD FRASER.



THE "Victory" is, as we all know of course, the most glorious of ships, and associated with the most brilliant triumph at sea that ever crowned British arms with laurel "meed of mighty conqueror." But there is also among the associations of the name "Victory," so famous and so dear to us, another story that we forget—a memory of disaster and a day in our memories for mourning wreaths and funereal cypress. In the days before Trafalgar, at the time when Nelson's father first came to Burnham Thorpe, the "Victory's" name was known among us only as associated with the very worst Naval catastrophe on record. It was only associated with a calamity and national disaster that had just startled Great Britain throughout the length and breadth of the land with a shock even more stunning than that of the appalling catastrophe to the "Victoria" five years ago. There is, indeed, no sadder page in all our old sea story—it is worse than the wreck of the "Royal George," and worse than the foundering of the "Captain"—than that which records how the magnificent three-decker "Victory," of George II.'s Navy, the immediate predecessor on the Navy List of Nelson's Trafalgar flag-ship, perished. The "Victory," the finest man-of-war afloat, disappeared bodily in the Channel, without leaving to tell the tale a single one out of a ship's company of a thousand all told, on one October night in the year 1744. It was just before the middle of the last century, when we were at war with both France and Spain—the nine years of hostilities between 1739 and 1748, sometimes, from its opening incident, called "The War of Jenkins' Ear."

In July, 1744, a large convoy of store-ships, which just then happened to be very badly wanted by our Mediterranean fleet, while on their way out were forced by stress of weather to take shelter in the Tagus, whence they were unable to get out, owing to the arrival of a powerful French squadron. To rescue the blockaded convoy and enable it to pass on its way, the British Channel fleet was reinforced up to fourteen ships of the line, and, with an auxiliary squadron of nine Dutch men-of-war, ordered to Lisbon. One of the most distinguished flag officers of the day, the veteran Admiral Sir John Balchen, was taken specially from his post of Governor of Greenwich Hospital for the command. Sir John hoisted his flag in the "Victory," and sailed from Spithead in the first week of August. He satisfactorily performed the task set him, drove off De Rochambeau, the French admiral, with his blockading squadron, without trouble, and rescued the convoy, which the "Victory" saw well on its way up the Straits. Then Sir John Balchen and his fleet sailed homewards.

All went well on the return voyage until the mouth of the English Channel was reached on October 1. When off the Scilly Isles a succession of heavy gales, driving up hard and fast from the south-west, burst on the "Victory" and her consorts. Scattering as they went along, the fleet ran before the storm, making for their anchorage at Spithead. All reached the anchorage safely except Balchen's flag-ship, the "Victory." Ship after ship came driving into Spithead, storm-tossed and shattered—some half dismasted, some under jury rig, some with several feet of water in their holds—until by

October 10 twenty-two sail in all had been accounted for—the whole fleet, in fact, with the single exception of the flagship. No "Victory" was reported, nor could anything be heard of her anywhere.

Enquiries at the outports brought no tidings of the missing admiral. Then anxiety about the "Victory" began to be publicly expressed, and several Channel cruisers were sent out to look for her and make enquiries along the coast. Nothing, however, could be heard of the "Victory," and one by one the cruisers returned to say so. Suspense deepened into serious alarm for her possible fate. More cruisers were sent out, until one returned with the news that off Alderney wreckage of spars and deck equipage had been found stamped with the name "Victory." A report was also brought in by a second cruiser that some Alderney fishermen had told that on the night of October 4 they had distinctly heard the boom of distress guns away towards the Race, apparently near the Caskets reef, adding that some of them had even seen flashes of cannon in that direction far out to sea. More wreckage was picked up later, and then personal baggage belonging to a Marine officer in the "Victory" and other officers of the ship. It had from this evidence to be admitted that the worst had befallen the "Victory," but not a word was ever heard of any survivor, nor was a single body of any of the "Victory's" company ever picked up.

The calamity, when at length it was realised, fell on the country with stunning, crushing effect. Mourning was universal throughout the land, and everywhere there was widespread and poignant grief, men speaking in hushed tones as in the presence of a national disaster. Such an outburst of sorrow, we are told, there had never been in England before.

A dirge, in popular ballad form, recounting the catastrophe, which was sung—with touches of imagination added to heighten the effect—and re-echoed from one end of the country to the other, is to be still found in broadsheet form, preserved among some old papers at the British Museum. The dirge is entitled "The Loss of the 'Victory' Man-of-War," and here are some extracts from it:—



The Loss of the "Victory," 1744, *with* 1,200 *Hands.*

"Good people all, pray give attention,
To this fatal tragedy,
Which I am bound to mention,
Of the gallant 'Victory.'
Fourteen hundred souls did perish,
And are to the bottom gone,
Oh! the dismal grief and horror
Of their widows left alone.

* * * *

"When we first from Spithead sailed,
Convoy unto Lisbon bound,
They with good flip and punch regaled
A brave new ship both right and sound:
A hundred and ten guns she mounted,
All of brass so smart and clean,
The best ship in the Navy counted,
But, alas! no more is seen.

"But the voyage proved fatal,
As by the sequel we shall find,
For as she was home returning,
She was, off Scilly, left behind
In a dreadful storm of lightning,
And of hail and thunder too,
And has never since been heard of,
The fatherless have cause to rue.

"From Alderney we've information,
That they heard that stormy night
At least ninety guns to fire,
Which did them something affright;
But as the more the storm increased,
It gave them more room to guess
That some ship upon the ocean
Was in sad and deep distress.

* * * *

"We saw floating, some days after,
Some spare yards were drove on shore,
On which was the name 'Victory'—
This gave us suspicion more,
That the noble ship was stranded
On the Caskets, was our fear.
Long we waited with impatience,
But no news of them could hear.

"The brave, gallant Admiral Balchen,
With fourteen hundred men beside,
If she's lost, went to the bottom,
And all at once together died.
Oh! the dismal grief and horror,
If one had been there to see,
How they all were struck with horror
When sunk down the 'Victory.'

"Oh! the sad and dismal story,
I'm griev'd when I the same relate,
So many blasted in their glory,
And at once shared the same fate:
Some thinking on their wives and children,
And some on their parents dear,
Sunk to the bottom in a moment,
And no time to say a prayer.

* * * *

"Oh! the grief of mournful widows,
And their children fatherless,
And the grief of tender parents
Is more than what I can express:
Some lamenting for their sweethearts,
Overwhelm'd with grief we see,
Each one laments his dear relation,
Oh! the fatal 'Victory'!"

With the gallant old Admiral Balchen there perished in the "Victory" upwards of a thousand officers and seamen (some reports say twelve hundred), and, saddest of all perhaps, one hundred little midshipmen, the sons of some of the noblest families in Great Britain, who had been sent off to sea in the "Victory" for the first time, to begin their Naval career and make their first cruise under the tuition and auspices of so notable a veteran as Balchen was.

There is a monument to the ill-fated Admiral Balchen in Westminster Abbey, and his portrait is preserved in the Town Hall at Godalming in Surrey, of which place the brave old seaman was a native. A remarkably fine model of his flagship, constructed at Portsmouth at the time of her being built in 1737, and finished, by a special order issued by the Admiralty of the day, a few months after the catastrophe of 1744, so as to be an exact representation of the hapless "Victory," is still in existence, preserved in the Naval Museum at Greenwich Hospital. It is one of the largest and finest models of a man-of-war of the olden time in existence; just as, by a sad coincidence, the model of Admiral Tryon's ill-starred "Victoria," shown at the Naval Exhibition of 1891, is the finest and largest model of a modern ironclad in existence.

Yet another memorial of the ill-fated "Victory" man-of-war of 1744 we publish here, in a curious old contemporary print, drawn to represent the catastrophe to Admiral Balchen's flag-ship a few months afterwards. Its imprint describes it as "Printed for John Bowles at the Black Horse in Cornhill," and "Published according to Act of Parliament, February 21, 1745-6." The painter was the well-known artist, Peter Monamy, some of whose paintings are now at Hampton Court and in the Painted Hall at Greenwich. The engraver was Peter Charles Canot, who flourished between 1710 and 1777. He was an Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, and is well known in connection with Naval art for his engravings after Vandervelde, Monamy, and Paton.

Foreign War Pigeons.

By A. B. Tucker.

THE disaster that befel the German pigeons at Dover the other day—when some 2,000 birds were liberated in bad weather and driven inland, being unable to battle with the gale—has once more served as a reminder to us of the use made of these birds on the Continent, and of the systematic manner in which they are trained. It is only recently that our Government decided to establish a service of homing pigeons for the use of the Army, and so to remedy what has been a serious defect in our Intelligence Department. On the Continent very great importance is attached to the homing pigeon service in the Intelligence Department of the Army and Navy. Modern pigeon-flying may be said to have received its greatest impulse from the Franco-German War. During the siege of Paris the only messengers that could pass into the city from without the girdle of troops that surrounded it were the pigeons. The birds were conveyed outside the city in balloons, and collected at Tours. After the messages had been fastened to the bird, it was taken as far north as possible and released. Out of 363 birds despatched, only seventy-three reached Paris. The despatches were prepared by micro-photography, and were printed on collodion, paper being found to be too heavy. The tiny leaves, each of which could contain 20,000 words, were rolled in a quill, which was tied lengthways under the tail feathers. On reaching Paris, the pigeons were immediately forwarded to the head telegraph office, and the tiny sheets of messages were enlarged by photography, and copied on to a large sheet of collodion, which was then cut up into pieces and distributed among the clerks to be despatched. In this way the authorities were kept supplied with news from outside when other means failed.

As soon as the war was over, military authorities on the Continent began seriously to take in hand the application of pigeon-flying to military purposes. Systematic breeding and training of birds were resorted to, and to-day in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Portugal regular pigeon systems exist, and every encouragement is given to private breeders. Some Governments have secured reductions in railway rates for these birds, and offer prizes for races. In return for this encouragement, private breeders are required to train their birds in such directions as the War Minister may direct. In Germany, a sum amounting to about £2,500 is annually set aside in the War Budget for the training and support of war pigeons. Every fortress and camp on the frontier has its columbary supplied with trained birds, housed for emergencies. The pigeons belonging to the War Department number about 10,000, but, in addition, all trained birds in the country are numbered and registered, and can be claimed by the authorities in time of need. These pigeons may not be sold or taken out of the country without leave from the military authorities, and their registration is compulsory under severe penalties.

Across the French frontier, much the same system is in force. The principal pigeon-training station is at the great military camp at Chalons; but there are depôts in all the frontier towns and fortresses. From these outlying points a regular pigeon post is maintained. Three times a week a number of birds are taken by train to certain points on the frontier, where they are liberated, a careful record being kept of the performance of each bird. It is claimed by the French military authorities, that even if all railways and telegraphs were destroyed, they could keep themselves well informed of events on the frontier by means of this system of pigeon post. The regulations as to training, registration, and sale of private breeders' birds are stringent, and the State reserves to itself the right of taking all trained birds if the public service should demand it.

In Italy the military pigeon service is utilised mainly for keeping up communication between the Alpine frontier fortresses and garrisons nearer the capital. The Italian fleet is also supplied with trained birds. The employment of pigeons in the Russian Navy and Army is general, and before now Russian war-ships lying off Constantinople have been in constant communication with the Czar's Ambassador to the Sultan by pigeon post. During the war with Spain just concluded, the United States war-ships on their way to Cuba sent messages to Tampa by pigeons.

The pigeons used for carrying messages are not the carrier pigeons of the fancier, which are bred for show, and are incapable of carrying messages, but are of the kind called "homing," which, according to Darwin, are descended from the Persian messenger dove, first brought to Europe by Dutch sailors. By careful breeding and crossing, it has been improved, and it now differs from its wild original by having a larger brain, greater size and muscular power, and an enormous increase in the breadth of the flight feathers of the wing.

RUFFIANISM OR MILITARY TRAINING?

By Lieut.-Colonel J. Graham.

"Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night."—*Marmion.*

O THAT I had, for one brief hour,
The Northern Wizard's magic power!
O that I had the gift to wield
Such pen as pictured Flodden field!
I then might hope, in fitting rhyme,
To sing the wars of later time,
Waged not by kilted Highland clans,
But by the London Hooligans.
These braves rush madly through the town,
Knock old and helpless cripples down,
And sometimes able-bodied men,
If numbering less than one to ten,
Then fiercely kick their face and head,
And leave them on the ground for dead;
Nor do they scruple, with the knife
To maim the limb or take the life.
As to their manners, one would say
That fiends and satyrs, out for play,
Had landed on this earthly sphere,
To outrage human eye and ear.
But their manœuvres, all agree,
Are marvels of mobility.
'Tis grand to see them clear the street,
And then disperse in quick retreat,
Like Cossack pulk or mountain deer,
On signal made of danger near;
For scouting duties, deftly done,
Precede the scientific run,
And never was an army seen
With sharper scouts or closer screen.
Charge! Chelsea, charge! On, Lambeth, on!
What ho! Has all your courage gone?
"No fear! but fighting has been hard,
'Tween Hooligans and Scotland Yard;
And so we wait for more recruits,
With regulation belts and boots."
Despite the efforts of the best
Of good Barnardo and the rest,
Despite ten thousand helping hands,
Slum-missions and salvation bands,
Despite the knowledge of to-day,
The British ruffian stops the way.
Are, then, the few who, staunch and leal,
Do battle for the commonweal,
For ever to be left alone,
As if the rough were all their own?
For work like that must we depend
On private fund and private friend?
No! 'tis the duty of the land
To take the Hooligan in hand.
Who reads my rhyme can apprehend
The truth for which I would contend—
That order, discipline, and drill
Subdue and guide the savage will;
Constraining men by martial sway
To reverence, hearken, and obey.
While, in our country proud and free,
The rough asserts his liberty,
And so refuses to be taught
The duteous act, the modest thought,
The Army elsewhere proves a school
For those who work and those who rule,
Restoring to his native soil
The soldier better fit for toil,
And for the duties of his lot,
In peace or war, a patriot.
Let Britain, where her case is worse,
Into a blessing turn the curse,
By training British youth to arms,
She then may smile at war's alarms.
Here I designed to end my lay,
Salute the reader, go my way;
But, hark! from lady's bower a voice—
"No more alarms, I much rejoice!
All-round disarmament, you see,
Will shortly make us all agree."
O lady fair, a coming time
Will banish war from every clime;
Nor should a Christian nation cease
To labour and to Pray for peace:
But lest we be despoiled the while,
Through foolish trust or foreign guile,
We have to keep our powder dry,
And wear the sword upon the thigh.

The Portguard Squadron at Bristol.



Photo. Frost & Sons. THE MEN LANDING FROM THE SHIPS. Copyright

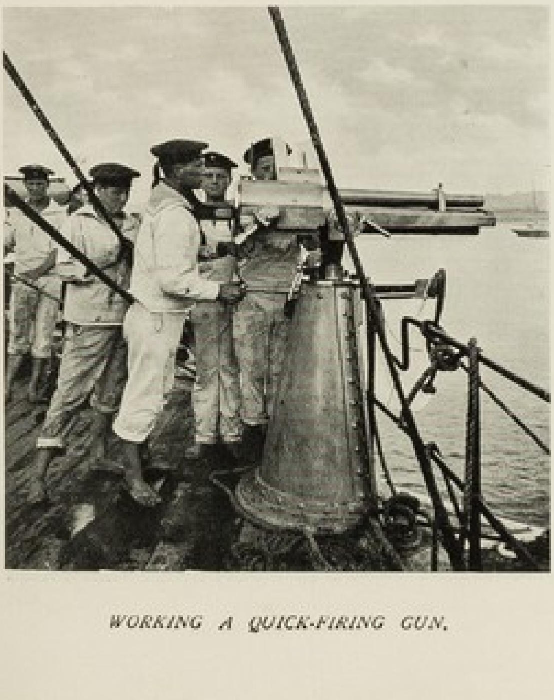
THE greeting which Bristol gave to the bluejackets of the Portguard Squadron during its stay there was a most hearty one, and a large programme of festivities was gone through. At the athletic sports which were held, prizes to the value of £40 were given, followed by a firework display at night. The men of the Squadron were entertained in two detachments, the entertainment being paid for out of a fund set on foot by the Mayor of Bristol.

Our illustration shows the men of the Fleet as they are leaving their ships to take part in the festivities.

At Sea with the German Fleet.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A LONG time will elapse, I think, before the Germans habituate themselves to the practice of giving much publicity to their Naval concerns. A veil of the utmost secrecy has usually been thrown over the manœuvres, though there has never been anything in them that all the world might not have known. But since the Emperor, assisted by Admiral Tirpitz's Press Bureau, took to advertising and



WORKING A QUICK-FIRING GUN.



Photos. Schmidt & Wegener. Specially taken for "N. & A. I."

A GLIMPSE FROM THE BRIDGE.

popularising the Navy, a new spirit has sprung up. Little *communiques* have begun to appear in the inspired Press, which have contributed to create a semblance of public opinion, and thereby to shake the stolid indifference of the Reichstag. The Emperor won his way, but, except with the extreme colonial party, represented by the "*Alldeutsche Verband*," fighting their *Kampfum das Deutschtum*—their ardent struggle for "Germandom"—the Navy is not popular as in our own country, and the interest in the manœuvres is restricted. Moreover, for some undiscovered reason, the Admiralty has not encouraged correspondents, and it has been no easy matter to learn the real meaning of the operations.

The exercises and manœuvres directed by Admiral Knorr have extended over a considerable part of the summer, and I have been privileged to see some of the operations. There

has been nothing of an ambitious character in the scheme—to begin with, steam tactics, simple evolutions and abundant practical training for the men, then tactical exercises, operations of coast defence, torpedo operations, some scouting and distant signalling, and the routine work we are accustomed to. The passage of the squadron through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, to which the Emperor attaches much importance, is always an operation of great magnitude. Ships of large displacement, like the "Brandenburg" class of battle-ships, throw



SUNDAY AT SEA.

a huge wave from their bows as they steam slowly through the narrow water-way, and the banks are apt to be damaged. On this occasion the whole squadron passed through the canal with much greater celerity than was expected—in eighteen hours, in fact, while two years ago the passage occupied ten



IDLE MOMENTS.

hours or more—but some damage was done to the canal and to the ships themselves. The injury to the other ships, however, was of no great moment, and was soon made good. The manœuvres have been attended by the usual chapter of accidents, but, except in the matter of the torpedo-boats, they have not been serious, and do not call for particular note.

From what I saw in the evolutions under steam, the



ON BOARD THE "HILDEBRAND."

various exercises on board, and the tactical work of scouting, I am able to say that the German Navy is in a generally efficient state. There is not, perhaps, quite the smartness we are accustomed to, but otherwise the critical eye is content. The men are hardy fellows, keenly interested in their duties, generally well satisfied with their work, and excellently disciplined. Their officers are nothing if not professional, and they obviously model their customs much upon those prevailing in our own Service. Though inclined to be exclusive, they have always a hearty welcome for Britishers.

The internal economy of the ships, so far as I was able to witness and investigate it, seemed good, and the best relations prevailed between officers and men. There is plenty of work and enough of play. Dinner is often laid for the men on deck, and they sit at plank tables supported upon barrels. The utmost cheerfulness and jocularity prevails, and the men generally show excellent spirit. In their idle moments they pass the time in spinning yarns, and in games, varied

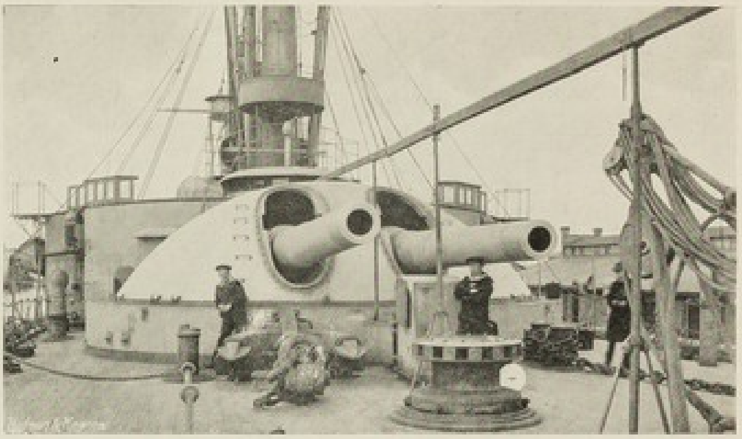


DINNER ON DECK.

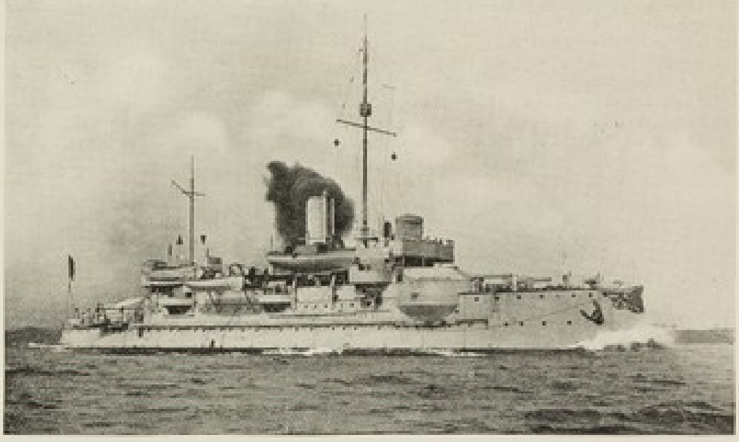
by song, for they are a musical race. The picture of men lying on the sleeping deck at such a time, some having climbed into hammocks left hanging there, marks a difference between German and British blue-jackets. It indicates the want of smartness I have referred to, but it is more of a detail than an essential, and I think these German tars are well trained for seamanship and fighting work.

Although I saw little of the fleet in the actual period of hostilities, I witnessed many of its evolutions during the preliminary exercises. The ships were generally very well handled, and kept their speeds as well as was expected. The "Brandenburg" class of battle-ships are imposing, and the officers generally commended them for their sea-keeping qualities, which are good. Several times I heard it said that their speed was insufficient. Sixteen knots is the most they can do, and that was never kept up for long periods. Hence the greater value attached to the new and swifter battle-ships, none of which are yet ready for service.

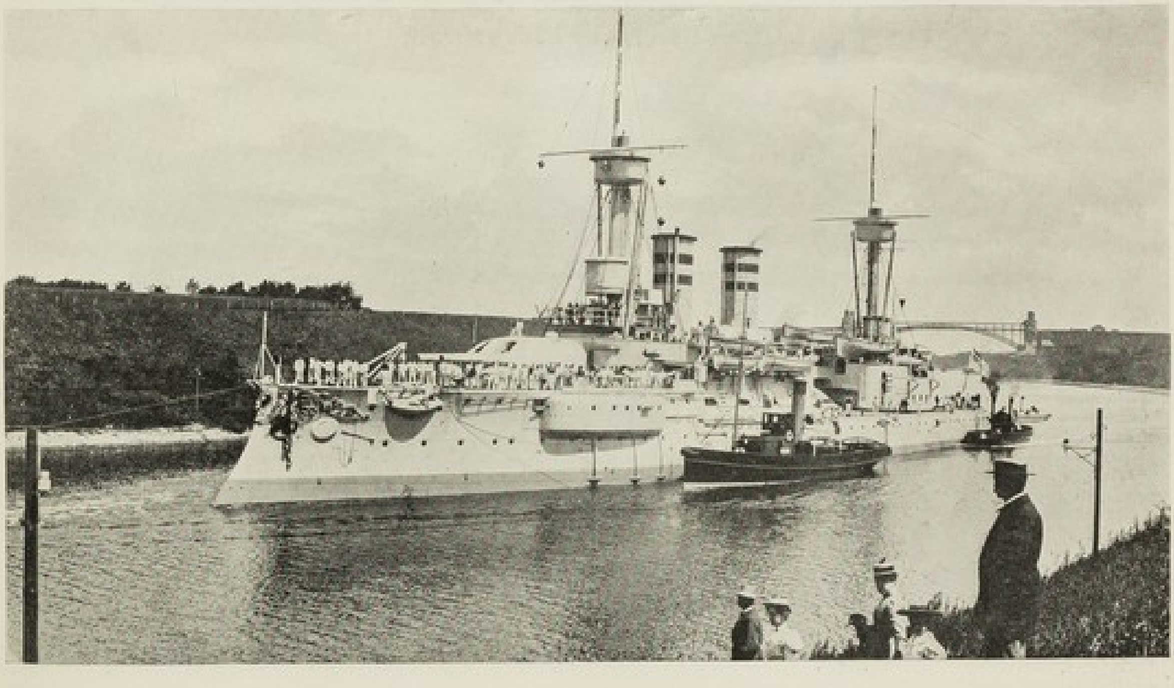
We steamed at sea in various formations, and I observed that the ships kept station very well. The coast defence ships formed a homogeneous division of the fleet. I was very much struck with their imposing character. They are small—of about 4,800 tons—and have many defects, particularly in want of adequate protection for the bases of their barbettes, but they carry a powerful armament of three 9½-in. guns, of which the forward two are mounted independently, but abreast, in a kind of transverse blockhouse or citadel. You have pictures of two or more of them. The "Odin" and "Ægir" are of much improved character, and gain in appearance by reason of their many-topped fighting masts. They have Harveyed steel of about 8-in. for their belts and turrets, with protection for the bases of the turrets, and the "Ægir" has water-tube boilers of 5,000 horse-power, giving her a speed of 16 knots, while the others steam only at about 14 knots. I heard regret expressed that the new scheme of the Emperor, which aims at sea-dominion and a colonial empire, leaves no room for handy vessels of this class, which, as more than one officer said to me, must have high value for work in narrow and coast waters. The manœuvres were considerably hampered by the want of cruisers, and it became really impossible to carry on effective exploration of large areas, or



AFTER TURRET OF THE "WEISSENBURG."



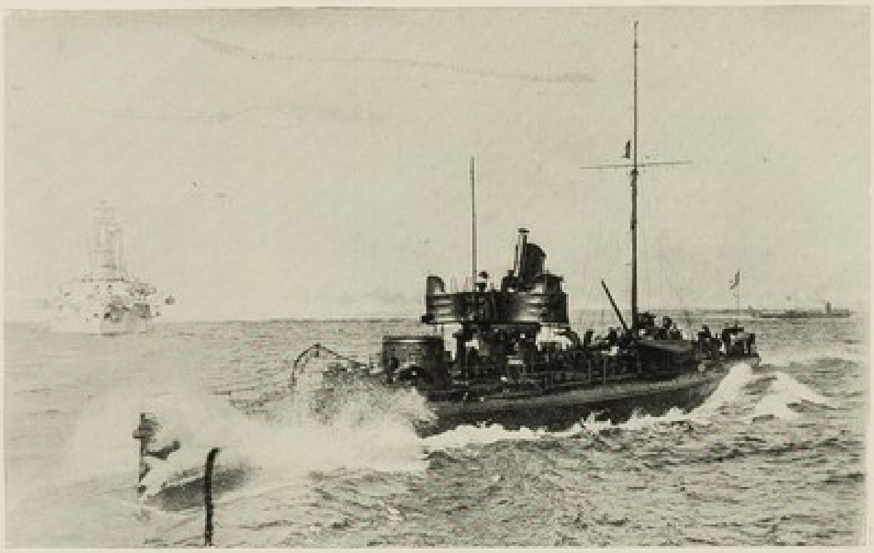
THE "HAGEN" UNDER FULL STEAM.



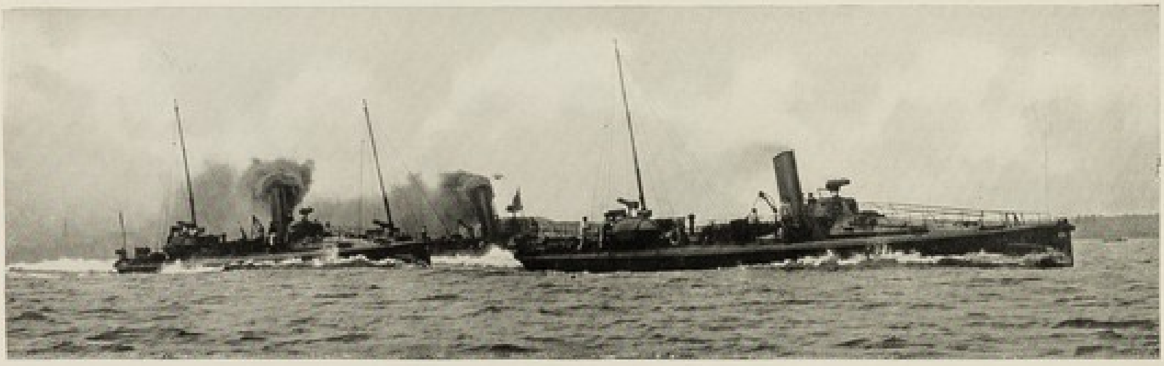
A BATTLE-SHIP IN THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL.

to maintain communication over long lines. The divisional torpedo-boats, however, were used in this service, and did their work well, though I heard things to their disparagement, and was told that Schichau is to build these boats in future, and to turn out such high-speed craft as he has lately built for China. It was a sight to see the torpedo-boats steaming together at sea, and throwing up huge clouds of spray from their bows as they cut through the stormy sea. Wild weather prevailed during part of the time, and the boats suffered very heavily. This was when the flotilla was off Fehmarn Island. A violent gale was raging at the time, and it was seen that boat No. 85 was labouring heavily. Ultimately she received such damage that she foundered, but not until divisional boat No. 4 had taken off the whole of her company. The loss of No. 85 is the fifth the German Navy has suffered, though I was told that two had foundered as the result of collisions.

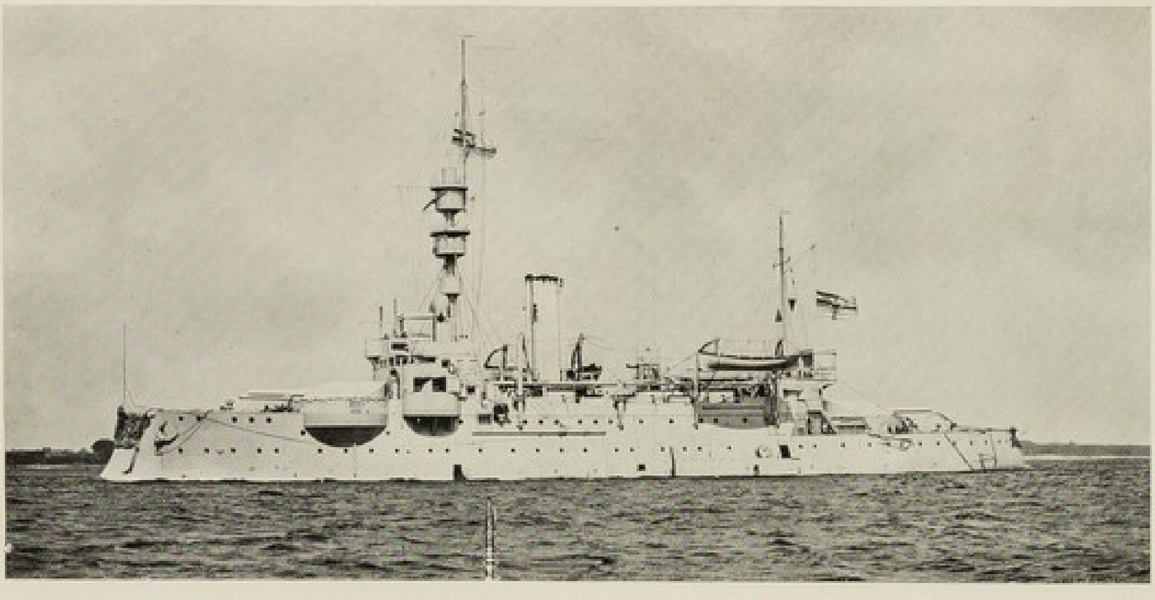
Taken as a whole the German manœuvres, though simple in character, have been very useful, for besides testing the material, they have done a great deal for the training of officers and men.



STEAMING AT THIRTY KNOTS.



THREE TORPEDO-BOATS AT SEA.



THE COAST DEFENCE ARMOUR-CLAD "ODIN."

The Cessation of Hostilities at Salisbury.

THE grand march past which we described in our last issue brought the actual manœuvres to a close, but the work of the two armies did not end on Boscombe Down.

Hostilities, strictly speaking, ceased when the Commander-in-Chief took up his position at the saluting base, though there yet remained for "Tommy" a goodly share of peaceful work within the manœuvre area—fatigue work such as the soldier is accustomed to denounce with energy worthy of a better cause.

Strange as it may seem, he will cheerfully fall in for a march of some twenty miles which is to terminate with several hours of hard fighting, but warn him for such a duty as the loading or unloading of baggage, and the British soldier forthwith commences to grumble.



"THE POWERS."

In the days of long service, grumbling was the exclusive privilege of the old soldier. No youthful warrior was allowed to avail himself of this means of relieving his feelings. Now, with the new order of things a generation of younger grumblers has sprung into existence, though by no means so well acquainted with the art as their white-haired predecessors. Generally speaking, however, despite his growling, "Atkins" contrives to do thoroughly any species of work for which he is detailed.

When, then, the order was given to strike and pack tents, little time elapsed before the "tented field" had changed its aspect, and everywhere the men of the two armies were to be seen packing their canvas houses in bags of the regulation cut before consigning them to the waggons that were to convey the baggage to the railway station.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

The packing of tents is, as all "old campaigners" know, a task of some difficulty, which must be executed most precisely. Otherwise they would assume such large dimensions that it would be practically impossible to encase them in the bags made for the purpose. According to the packers' ideas, the difficulty results from the carelessness of the ordnance officials, or the original designer of the bags supplied.

The tents packed, there yet remained to be solved another problem of greater importance—the loading of the waggons, for the space is limited, and the time allowed for loading is seldom long enough to permit of any trifling. Everything is packed away as tightly as possible, and the waggons move off in solemn procession.

It may be that, just as they have left the camping ground, Sergeant Jones discovers that the camp kettles of his company have through some accident been left behind, but it is too late to rectify the mistake, and the sergeant is left to devise some means of conveying his kitchen utensils to the railway station.

As may easily be imagined, on the conclusion of the manœuvres the roads within the area were crowded with troops and waggons. In fact, the scenes very closely resembled those described before the "war" began, but



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

FAREWELL TO THE PLAIN.

there was a vast difference in the appearance of the men as they marched to the stations *en route* for home. Almost without exception the rank and file showed a marked improvement.

Three weeks on Salisbury Plain had clearly improved the physique of all ranks, and we cannot be surprised if their



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS AT WORK.

spirits also rose when they realised that, for the time being at least, they had ceased to be "dwellers in tents," and were once more on their way to the barrack-room, with all its advantages and disadvantages. Chief among the former, as compared



"SOLDIERS THREE."

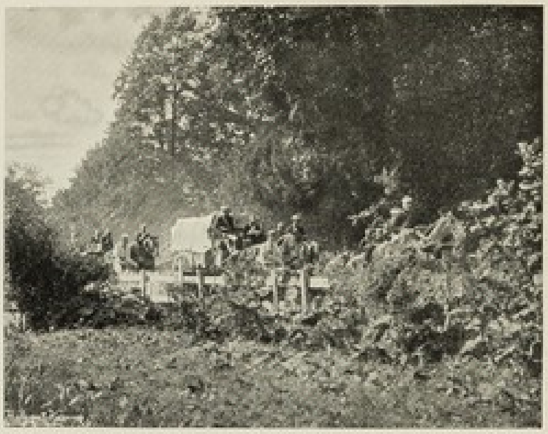
with the sealed pattern bell-tent, is doubtless the floor space at the soldier's disposal.

The "Joey" after a year or two on board ship acquires the art of economising space, but to be deprived of his "cot," his rifle-rack, and his shelves is a bereavement which "Tommy" cannot well bring himself to regard dispassionately.

The manner in which the arrangements for the troop trains were made reflects much credit both on staff officers and



OFF TO THE STATION.



LEAVING THE THEATRE OF WAR.

railway officials. There was little loss of time in entraining; nor was the ordinary traffic seriously interrupted. One of the accompanying illustrations shows a battalion drawn up at the station before entraining. Each carriage is marked with



THE LAST DRINK IN WILTSHIRE.

a special number, and the men of the battalion are "told off" accordingly, so that there can be no doubt as to what carriage each man is to enter on the order being given. All the movements connected with the departure of the troops from Salisbury Plain were, in fact, carried out in that business-like manner that has characterised the whole campaign as far as the work of the troops has been concerned. From the



JUST OFF.

Special Army Order published by the Commander-in-Chief on September 9, it would appear that the operations were carried out successfully. In it he records his sense of the skill shown by the generals, and the care and attention paid by all officers to the welfare of their comrades in the ranks.

That their behaviour has been appreciated by the inhabitants of the manœuvre area is manifest, because not a day has passed without residents of all degrees offering the soldiers kindness and hospitality. In short, we may well feel proud of the behaviour of our Army during the manœuvres of 1898.

Back from Khartoum.

GORDON avenged, and the Union Jack and the Crescent and Star flying side by side above Khartoum, the British portion of Kitchener's magnificent force is by now back at Cairo and on its way homeward, and a few farewell snap-shots



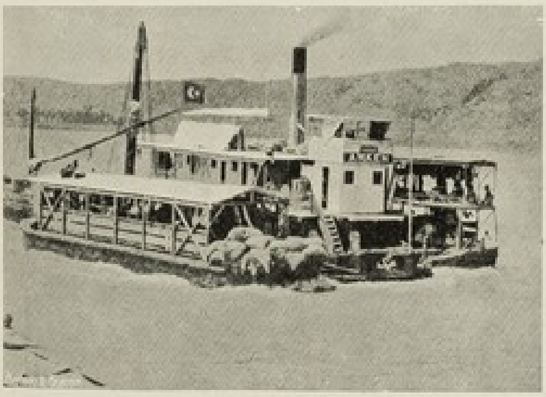
GENERAL HUNTER.

before and during the break up of the force are here shown. One of our large pictures shows us the band of one of the



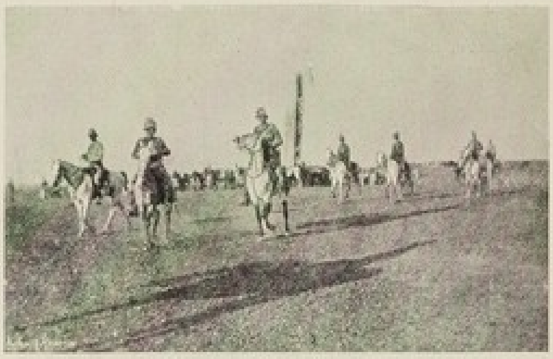
THE RAIL-HEAD AT ATBARA.

smartest of the six smart Soudanese battalions—the 12th Soudanese, the senior battalion of Maxwell's Brigade, which



A BIG TOW.

so distinguished itself in the repulse of the Dervish attack on the right flank during the battle of Omdurman. From Khartoum to Cairo is now not a long jump. Steamer and rail now lap the distance, and various scenes on the journey



GENERAL GATACRE AND STAFF.

are illustrated. The large picture shows troops disembarking, while two smaller ones illustrate gun-boat work. In one the



MACDONALD'S BRIGADE.

method by which the barges are towed is shown, and in another we see the officers on board hailing a station on shore through



A HALT IN THE DESERT.

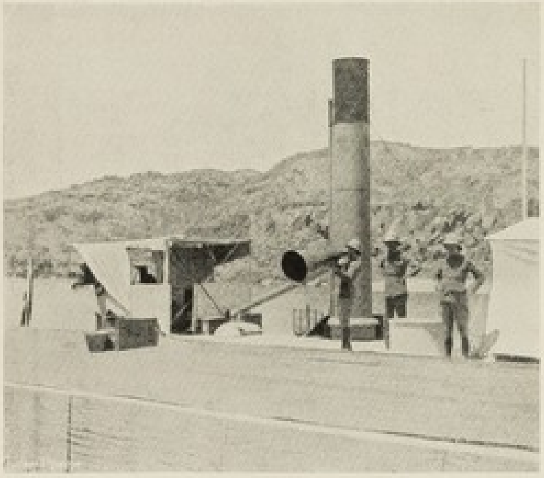
the medium of that mighty speaking trumpet known as the megaphone. More interesting perhaps, however, are the illustrations of the regiments that actually shared in the great fight at Omdurman. The one of the Camerons on the



Photos, by an Officer at the Front. Copyright.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

march is specially interesting, for it was this fine battalion, together with the Seaforth Highlanders, that suffered the heaviest loss amongst the British Brigade. Of Macdonald's Brigade, the Egyptian Brigade, which, with Maxwell's, suffered most and had the hardest fighting, is also shown on the march, the snap-shot being taken from the back of a camel, whose nose, it will be seen, is well in evidence in the right



USING THE MEGAPHONE.

foreground of the picture. The British Army boasts no abler or more gallant officer than Brigadier-General Macdonald, who by dint of sheer merit has won his way from the lowest rung of the military ladder, the rank of private, to the position he now occupies. Interesting also is the illustration of a "Gippy" battalion, with its European officers accompanying it, while the view of a halt in the desert depicts very vividly the surroundings and the kind of country amidst which the troops were operating.

Two of the remaining illustrations show General Gatacre and his staff, and General Hunter, the Sirdar's principal subordinates. General Gatacre commanded the British Brigade at the Atbara, and was general-in-chief of the two brigades which formed the British portion of the force that aided in the downfall of the Khalifa and hoisted the "Great Union" in Khartoum. This is

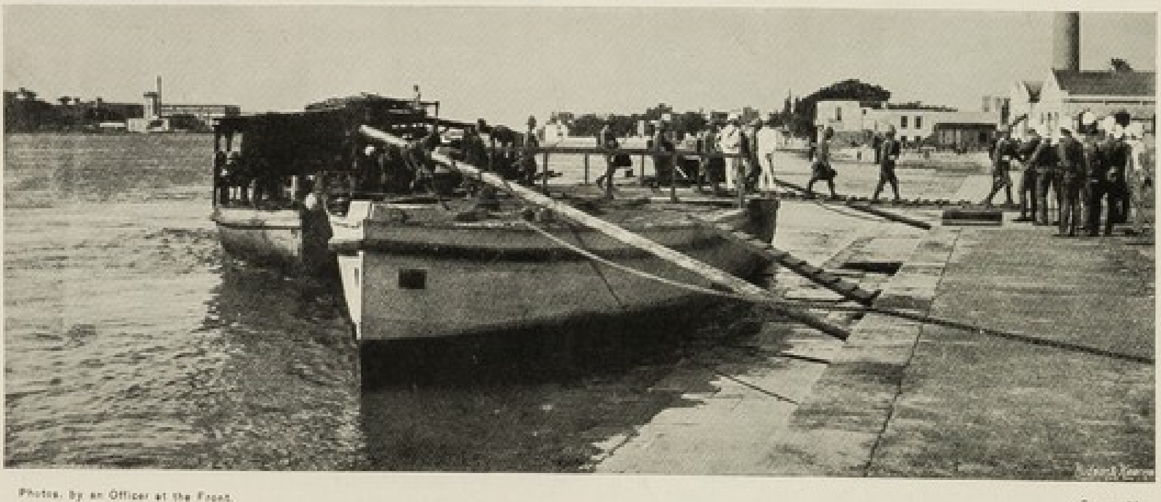


A "GIPPY" BATTALION ON THE MARCH.

not, however, his only claim to distinction. General Hunter, who commanded the four Egyptian Brigades, has been connected with the Egyptian armies for nearly twenty years, and has seen everything in the way of Nile fighting since the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884-85. Finally, another of our illustrations shows a group of officers at the railway siding at Atbara, from whence the rail-head is now being pushed forward to Khartoum.

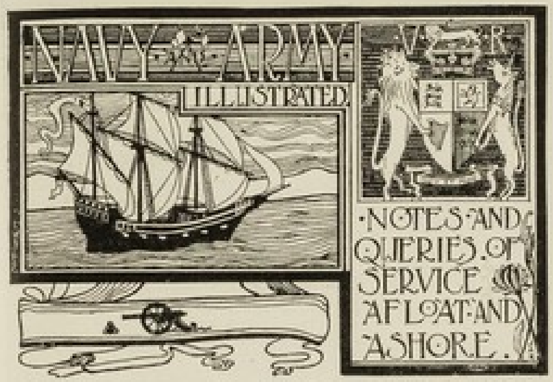


THE BAND OF THE 12th SOUDANESE.



Photos. by an Officer at the Front. Copyright.

CAIRO ONCE MORE.



⁎ *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

° ° ° °

A VERY high authority has said that the Royal Engineers are friends in need, "imparting to the other arms the spirit of skilled military ingenuity." That this may be the better done, the Army is annually represented at Chatham by several classes of officers and men who are candidates for positions requiring a knowledge of engineering. Such a class attending the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, in order to qualify as assistant-instructors to their regiments, we have reproduced as very typical of its kind. The building in the background is the Memorial Arch, erected by the corps of Royal Engineers to the memory of their comrades who died in the Russian War. A more interesting spot could not have been selected, and it would be difficult to bring together an equal number of men from any other walk of life with an appearance at once so smart, intelligent, and trustworthy. In the class shown in our picture there are non-commissioned officers from fifty-three regiments of infantry, and they have all been recommended as specially fit for their duties. The various courses of instruction last from twenty days to three months. *(See page 47.)*

° ° ° °

GUNS are known in the Navy under a triple form of classification; either by the weight of the piece in tons, the calibre or diameter of the bore (the bore being the inside of the barrel), or by the weight of the shot fired. The two former styles of classification are employed for heavy ordnance; the third for the smaller varieties of guns, particularly quick-firers, below the 4·7-in. quick-firer. Thus, our big breech-loading guns, which weigh variously 110 tons, 67 tons, 46 tons, 29 tons, 22 tons, and so on, are called indifferently 110-ton or 16¼-in. guns, 67-ton or 13½-in. guns, 46-ton or 12-in. guns, 29-ton or 10-in. guns, 22-ton or 9·2-in. guns. The weight of the shot fired by these weapons, respectively 1,800-lb., 1,250-lb., 850-lb., 500-lb., 380-lb., is not quoted. The two larger quick-firers, the 6-in. calibre, 7-ton weight quick-firer, firing a 100-lb. shot, and the 4·7-in. calibre, 2-ton weight quick-firer, firing a 45-lb. shot, are usually called the 6-in. and the 4·7-in. gun; their weight not being mentioned. The 4-in. calibre, 26-cwt. gun, firing a 25-lb. shot, and the lesser quick-firers, the 3-in. calibre, 12-cwt. gun, firing a 12-lb. shot, and the 2¼-in. calibre, 4-cwt gun, firing a 3-lb. shot, are invariably spoken of, without reference to the calibre or the weight of the gun respectively, according to the shot they fire, as 25-pounders, 12-pounders, 3-pounders.

° ° ° °

THE "fusil," from which weapon several of our most renowned corps derive their cognomen, was a weapon of French invention. Smaller and handier than the musket, it had a flint lock instead of being fired by a burning match, and did not require to rest. The first Fusilier regiment in France, dating from 1671, was subsequently converted into Artillery. Our first Fusiliers were also raised to guard artillery. To secure themselves against the attack of cavalry, Fusiliers carried with them the material for quickly erecting a formidable *chevaux de frise*, the material comprising short pikes and spars through which they could be thrust. On the march each soldier carried one of these short pikes, and two, in turns, carried the spar for building up the *chevaux de frise*. Of the present Fusilier regiments the Royal Fusiliers and the Royal Scots Fusiliers have always been Fusilier regiments. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers earned the distinction for their glorious services in Marlborough's campaigns. The Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers were so made as a recognition of their glorious record in the first half of this century. The Royal Dublin Fusiliers and Royal Munster Fusiliers became Fusiliers for many good services in India. Finally the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Lancashire Fusiliers derive the title from militia battalions affiliated to them on the organisation of the Territorial System.

° ° ° °

A REGULARLY-ESTABLISHED canteen on board a line-of-battle ship is a large and flourishing establishment, which often rolls over an income of many hundreds a year. It is simply the purveyor of luxuries to the crew, instead of the obsolete, and too often extortionate, bum-boat which formerly took its place. By luxuries I mean things that the blue-jacket now considers as almost necessaries, such as sardines, butter, cheese, cigarettes, and innumerable other articles besides, by the profit made on retailing which a very considerable sum is realised each year. It is never forgotten, or, at all events, it never ought to be forgotten, that this money is the property of the men, to be by them expended in the way that they shall choose. It is usually divided between the messes at Christmas time, devoted to subscriptions to various charitable funds, and occasionally a little finds its way, I believe, to the commander, who promptly expends it on paint.

° ° ° °

"Z. A."—You are right with regard to Ushant. The Island of Ushant, sorrowfully remembered in many English homes, is well known to mariners of all nations. It stands like an outpost on the north-west corner of France, and holds a light to the toilers of the sea who enter and leave the Channel. It also keeps an eye on the approaches to the harbour of Brest, where there are a large Naval establishment and a first-class fortress. On this important island the Government has decided to build fortifications, as owing to its strategic position it would be a temptation to any Power that might be at war with France, and in its present state it would not be difficult to take. It is to be immediately fortified with three modern batteries connected by a railway, and armed with heavy guns, so that in future it will not be readily available for hostile purposes. Lord Howe was victorious in these waters 104 years ago.

° ° ° °

THERE is a curious custom prevailing among the coasting vessels belonging to the smaller ports in the West Country, particularly in the Bristol Channel, namely, that of painting a blue stripe round the ship should the owner or any of the crew die; usually but little money is spent on the vessels, as, owing to the introduction of small coasting steamers, "freight" now runs very low. However poor the owners may be, should such a death occur, if a vessel boasts a white, yellow, or other coloured stripe, it is at once painted out and a blue one substituted. There may have been some reason for it, but the origin of the custom appears to be lost. It may be said here, that while the counties of Devon and Cornwall provide, and always have provided, a greater number of men and boys for the Navy than any other counties in England, they do not come from the small ports; towns where the male inhabitants are almost all sailors send but a very small number to the Navy; both men and boys prefer to sail in the coasting vessels employed in the coal and clay trades, the usual reason given being that "Us don't like the discipline." Noticeably is this the case at Appledore, where there are more sailors in proportion to the number of inhabitants than in any other place in the world.

° ° ° °

IN our issue for August 27 we asked for information, for a correspondent, regarding a song, "Here's to the Last who Dies," and when it was written. In reply to this, we have had letters from several correspondents, one of whom has been kind enough to send us a copy of the song, which is a rather gruesome one, but it is evidently the song which our correspondent is enquiring about, although the title is different. It was written by an English officer in India, Captain Darling, who afterwards died out there from cholera, and is published in the "Scottish Students' Song Book." One of our correspondents mentions that he, with other students, sung it at Heidelberg University in 1860:—

"SONG WRITTEN AND SUNG BY A PARTY OF BRITISH OFFICERS DYING OF THE PLAGUE IN ONE OF THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

"We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo to our laughter
'Twould not seem that the dead were there.
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we have left to prize,
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And one to the next who dies.

"Who dreads to the dead returning,
Who shrinks from that sable shore
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the souls will be no more?
So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

"There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath,
And 'tis thus that the warmth of feeling
Turns ice in the grasp of death.
So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

"There is many a head that is aching,
There is many a cheek that is sunk,
There is many a heart that is breaking
Must burn with the wine we have drunk.
So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

"There is no time for repentance,
'Tis folly to yield to despair,
When a shudder may finish a sentence,
Or death put an end to a prayer.
So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

"Time was when we frowned on others,
We thought we were wiser then;
But now let us all be brothers,
For we never may meet again.
So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

"But a truce to this mournful story,
For death is a distant friend;
So here's to a life of glory,
And a laurel to crown each end.
So stand to your glasses steady," etc.

° ° ° °

I MUCH regret that a mistake occurred in connection with the pictures of the "Mars" in our issue for September 17. Messrs. Russell were put down as being the photographers of the group of officers reproduced as a frontispiece, and also of an illustration entitled "Might Personified." These excellent photographs should have been attributed to Messrs. Symonds, of Portsmouth.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

The prologue has opened with the birth of Ariadne on board a ship of the same name—and after which she has been christened—during the siege of Cartagena under Admiral Vernon. Her father, Captain Thorne, was killed during the action, and the narrative of her earlier days is now continued, followed by the opening of the story proper.

PROLOGUE (*continued*).

TWO years before this narrative begins, however, and when Ariadne was sixteen, there fell upon her the greatest blow that can befall any of us—a blow that, when it strikes a young girl in her swift blossoming from maidenhood to womanhood, is doubly cruel. Mrs. Thorne died of an internal disorder with which she had been for some time afflicted, and the girl was left alone, or almost alone, in the world. She had a relative, it was true, an uncle of her late father's, one General Thorne; but he was a very old man—so old, indeed, that he could talk of Eugene's campaign against the Turks, and speak of that great soldier as one whom he had seen in boyhood; while also he boasted that he had formed one of the guard of honour which had accompanied the present King, George II., now grown old, to his coronation. He dwelt at, and owned, an estate spoken of generally as "Fanshawe Manor," which lay five miles or so on the London side of Portsmouth; an estate which would at his death come, with a very considerable fortune, to Ariadne herself; a fortune and an estate which would have come to her eventually from her father had he not been slain at Cartagena, even without his making that will which his chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Glew, had so impressed on him to do, although it was unnecessary; would come to her, since no heir male existed to deprive her of it or to step in between her and it.

Also she had a friend, a true and steadfast friend, one who loved her as, next to her mother, no other woman could have loved her. A hard, rugged woman, this friend, with a deep voice and corrugated face, yet possessing within her bosom a heart of gold; the woman who had assisted at her birth—Mrs. Pottle, now growing old.

"Ah!" this good creature would moan sometimes as she sat by her fireside, either in her own room in the house at Gosport, or, later, in her parlour at the lodge at Fanshawe Manor, which she came to occupy. "Ah! if Ariannie," as she pronounced the loved one's name, "was not left to me, mine would be a weary lot. Pottle, he's gone; he done his duty, but he's gone; at Anson's victory off Finisterre, it were. And as to all my children—oh!" she would exclaim, "there! I can't abide to dwell on them. Oh! my children," whereon—because old customs grow on us and are hard to shake off—the brave sailor-woman would endeavour to console herself with something from a black bottle.

But she was true as steel to "her little child," as she called Ariadne, true and loving as her honest English heart, as any honest English heart, could be. She had not attended to all the child's wants since the black day off Cartagena in '41; had not nursed and attended to Ariadne for years, nor told her—in company with her own little ones—of fierce and turbulent sea-fights and land-fights, without becoming a foster-mother to her. So now she accompanied the girl, clad in her deep mourning and weeping sorrowfully for her loss, and also for having to quit the little house where she had lived so happily, for the great one where she did not know whether she would be happy or not. Accompanied Ariadne, sitting by her side in the coach and calling her "deary" and "dear heart," and bidding her cheer up, because the General—"although he hadn't the luck to be an admiral"—was reported to be kind and good.

"Also," she would say more than once, "remember that, as the lawyer told you, you go to what is your inheritance. It will be all your'n, and you will rule over it like a young queen until some day you love one who will rule over you."

And, practically, that was what Ariadne did do after a few short months; she did rule over the house for her great-uncle, as, ere long, she was to rule over it for herself. General Thorne was now helpless with old age, and was glad to know that already the girl was in the home which must so soon be hers; that she was there to bring sunlight into the great vast house which, through the Fanshawes, had by inter-marriage come into the possession of the Thornes.

As Mrs. Pottle had said, she ruled it like a young queen, graciously and kindly, making herself beloved all around the place, yet not forgotten by those old sailors amongst whom her earliest days had been passed. Ruled it until now, when this history opens, and when Ariadne Thorne had become a toast in the county, and when many gentlemen of various degrees aspired to win both her hand and her love. When, too, others aspired to win that hand, not so much because they desired to also obtain her love, as, in its stead, the possession of Fanshawe Manor and the hundred thousand guineas which was reported to be her fortune

CHAPTER I.

THE LION AND THE JACKAL.

SEVENTEEN years have passed since the child who was to bear the name of that ship of war, the "Ariadne," in which she was born, had come into the world—upon the very day and at almost the very hour when her father had left it. Seventeen years!—full of storm and strife and battles, of thrones in danger; of one throne—that of England—almost lost to its holder by the invasion of him to whom it by birth belonged. Full of storm and strife and battle by land and sea; of Dettingen won and Fontenoy lost, of India coming nearer to our grasp and America imperceptibly receding from it. Full, too, of changes in many ways, especially in our own land. Of growing alteration in that old mother speech of ours which had become welded, by time and mixture of race, into the superb and sonorous diction of the English Bible and of Shakespeare, and which found its last exponent in the great Defoe, but was now sinking into a jargon in which gentlemen and ladies spoke in a mincing and affected manner that was but a poor substitute for the grammar which, if they had ever known it, they had now forgotten. Gentlemen and ladies who should have been scholars, but who did not know the difference between "was" and "were" nor "is" and "are," nor the proper pronunciation of the vowel "e."

Changes, too, of clothes, of habits, customs and morality. Scarlet and blue cloth taking the place of russet or peach-coloured satin; French dishes and kickshaws in the place of the honest beef and mutton which had made us "eat like wolves and fight like devils"; and with the dancing-master manners of Chesterfield and his imitators superseding the grace and dignity of earlier days. Also the rogue was now a crafty, scheming knave who feared public opinion as much as he feared the Lord Chief Justice and his subordinates, and commenced at this time to think as much of his respectability as of his neck; whereby, though both were scoundrels, he was an infinitely less interesting vagabond than his predecessor

had been who revelled in his crimes, drank to the health of his friend, the gallows, and went drunk to Tyburn, damning and cursing the populace who cheered him, and jeering at the parson who sat in the cart by his side.

Two things, however, God be praised! were still in existence in this England of ours, namely, masculine courage and feminine virtue; and against them neither the vagabond nor the knave had any more chance than they had ever had or will ever have. When the latter succeeded they did so because their victims were either fools or wantons, and when they failed, as often enough was the case, if they did not find the gallows they found the cart-tail, or what to them, if they belonged to the upper classes, was often quite as bad—contempt and ridicule.

* * * * * * *

Seventeen years had passed, consequently the world had arrived at the year of our Lord 1758, and Beau Bufton sat in his lodgings in the Haymarket one June afternoon. In front of him, because he was a beau, there stood three wigs upon blocks, one black, the other brown, a third one golden, and upon each his eye glanced with considerable complacency. A complacency which, however, was somewhat marred because of the recollection that none were paid for, and, as far as Algernon Bufton knew, were not likely to be so just yet. Which fact would not, perhaps, have been particularly painful to him except for one other, namely, that his credit was running short and his creditors beginning to pester him. Nevertheless, he smiled approvingly upon them; not because they themselves were splendid, and would be costly—if ever paid for!—but because he considered that they would become him vastly.

"It was the golden one I wore," he muttered to himself now, "when first I won her young and virgin heart at the Wells. Ay! the golden one. I do remember very well. I assumed it because it matched the blue frock and the green silk waistcoat trimmed with gold, and the black breeches of velour. Ah! well, I will wear it again."

Then his eye, which was a dark, full one, fell upon a number of fans nailed against the wall, in the midst of which, spread out and open, was one that seemed to possess the place of honour. We know those fans because our grandmothers' grandmothers (when we had any) left them behind when they departed for a better world than this. We know the carved ivory sticks, the highly-coloured landscape, the lover kneeling at his mistress's feet, with ever one amorous arm around her waist—as should be in such happy sylvan scenes!—also we know the blue sky and the sportive woolly sheep, as well as the bird upon the bough, the rivulet and waterfall. Such was the fan like, on which Beau Bufton gazed now, his chin—a long one, causing him to be a man mistrusted of other men—in his hand. Yet more particularly he gazed upon two letters carved into the topmost ivory rib, and lacquered golden; two letters entwined together. The letters "A. T."

"Ah, Ariadne!" he whispered, with emotion, "although you did protest, you let me take it. Ah, Ariadne! In faith you must be mine. Those sweet clear eyes, that supple form, those gentle features, and," he concluded, perhaps a little inconsequently, "the Fanshawe Manor and the hundred thousand guineas. All—all must be mine."

Then he returned to his seat, with again the smirk of fervour on his face, while, still nursing that long chin, he pursued his meditations.

It has been said that that chin made other men mistrust him. Also it may be said, it was of so peculiar a shape as to make people dislike him. In truth, it was a blemish to what otherwise would have been a good-looking face—a long oval face, in which were set the soft dark eyes above mentioned. But this chin, running down to a point (so that some wondered how his barber shaved it, while others said it looked like a sheep's tail stuck on to an ordinary face), spoilt all. It made him look crafty; it seemed to make him lisp a little as he spoke, as though its weight was more than his lower jaw could bear; and it gained him enemies, since it irritated those who regarded it. Also it gave him a cynical appearance, which was not obnoxious to him, as he considered it



"Hast done it, Grainger?"

emphasised the clever things that he flattered himself he was particularly smart at saying. For the rest, he was fairly tall, not badly knit, and as lean as a greyhound.

Thinking of her whom he apostrophised as Ariadne, of her sweet clear eyes and supple form—with the Fanshawe Manor and the hundred thousand guineas not forgotten!—his thoughts lent themselves to other things in connection with her. To a letter he had addressed to her at Fanshawe Manor, this side of Portsmouth—one full of holy vows of admiration and esteem; a letter containing a little scrap of poetry (written for him by a garreteer of Grub Street for half-a-crown); a letter also suggesting that, by great good chance, he would be in the neighbourhood of Havant on a certain evening now close at hand, and that then "his wandering love-led steps" (for so he phrased it) would turn as turns the needle to the pole, towards the avenue of limes where oft Phyllis was known to walk at eve and Philomel to warble. Perhaps, too, the gutter-poet had helped him in this charming composition!

"Ay, so I wrote," he said to himself now. "And so I did. Well! well! Now for the means. I vow they run uncommon short." Whereupon he unlocked a 'scrutoire that stood close to his hand, and thrusting that hand into a drawer, pulled forth a silk purse. A purse full, too, as it seemed by its weight; one well enough filled for any beau to carry, provided always that it was so carried simply to fulfil the wants of the passing hour, and was well backed up by a good sound balance at Sir Mathew Decker's Bank, or at some other. But, should it happen to represent all the available cash that its owner was in possession of as his whole goods, then but a lean and sorry sum.

He turned its contents out upon the table before him, picking out from amongst those contents five great three pound twelve shilling pieces, which he stacked carefully in a little heap by themselves.

"They look well," Beau Bufton said, with that cynical smile which he practised in private, so that it should not fail him when required in public. "They give their possessor an air of sumptuousness. To draw one out 'twixt thumb and finger from a well galllooned waistcoat, and present it to, say, Ariadne's tiring maid, or some scurvy groom, bespeaks wealth and ease. So, so. 'Tis very well."

Then he fell to counting the guineas and half-guineas which, also, he had tumbled out of the silken purse, though, as he did so, his chin seemed to grow longer. "Humph!" he muttered, "seventy-nine guineas in all. Devilish little, I thought there had been more. And, where are more to be gotten? Seventy-nine guineas—— Come in!" he cried, breaking off. "Come in!"—a knock being heard at the door. Yet, even as he did so, he thrust a copy of the *Universal Chronicle* over the little heap, or, rather, endeavoured to do so.

"The chink of money is always agreeable to the ears of the poor," said a man who now entered the room, "especially when those ears have learnt to discriminate 'twixt gold and baser metals. And how does the illustrious Beau Bufton find his health and spirits to-day?"

The new-comer who asked this question was a man of about the same age as the Beau, neither of them being yet thirty, or within a year or so of it; yet, except in point of age, there was no similarity between them, for Bufton's clothes were of the newest and best—as why should they not be, since still the creditors were confiding!—his ruffles and neck-lace were clean and expensive. But with the other man things were mighty different. His coat was cloth, 'tis true, but cloth well worn; his linen and his lace were, say, dingy; and his wig had had never a shilling spent on it at the curlers for many a long day. Also his spadroon stuck out two inches from its leathern scabbard and clinked against a heel that needed sadly the cobbler's aid. All the same, he was a better-looking man than the Beau, in so far that his features were softly turned and much more manly.

"Has't done it?" asked Bufton now, his dark eye roaming over the other's worn garments, and resting with

extreme displeasure on the sight of his visitor's feet, which were lifted with an indifferent air on to a neighbouring chair, across which was thrown a scarlet cloak. "Has't done it, Granger?"

"Ay! ay! She loves you, Algernon, as I do think. The letter is in her hands, and she awaits you in the lime tree avenue. Thursday is the night. Fortunate man!"

"You have rid post-haste back?"

"Post-haste! Ay, in the devil's post-chaise. A lumbering waggon thing from Portsmouth was my steed. A waggon lined with straw; with, for comrades, two of Knowles' sailors, drunk; a demirep; also a Jew who furnishes for the Press-gang. What travelling! What a sumptuous coach! I protest, Algy, you starve your jackal."

"Better fare next time. When we have bagged the luscious plum. Then the jackal shall be starved no longer. Meanwhile, you know——" and here he gave the well-accustomed smile and fingered his chin, so that the man called Granger began to feel his gall arising, and instantly interrupted him, saying:

"No jokes. No bites. Starve me as you will, keep me short of money, but, in the name of God, spare me your wit. My stomach is weak from heavy fasting. I desire no emetics."

"At least you yourself waste no politeness. You do not curb a bitter tongue."

"Better so, nevertheless. Better I cursed and swore, as Knowles' sailors did all through the night, than listened to your emasculated humour. Algernon, my friend, in spite of your having won the love of a great heiress, you will never succeed in life if you fail to recognise that you are not a wit. The fourth-form little boy humour with which you regaled us once at Shrewsbury becomes not London. I do remember that humour with pain. I think you killed your little sister, Lucy, by repeating your schoolboy wit to her, or perhaps you put the finishing stroke to her end by your Cambridge——"

"Be still! Be still!" Beau Bufton exclaimed, wincing as the other mentioned his dead sister's name. In truth he had loved that child, and, thinking himself cynical, had sometimes retailed to her his sallies made both at Shrewsbury and at Clare. And now, to hear that his humour, as he deemed it, had slain her! 'Twas too much. "Be still," he cried, "or I will find some other to do my work—to do——"

"Your dirty work! That's what I do. Because of my infirmities. My fall from the position of a gentleman. Well! I have done it. A. T.—she," and he pointed to the fan which occupied the place of honour, "loves you. If you woo her carefully, and do not weary her with your accursed flabby humour, you may win her. Then—then—why, then—oh! my God!" he exclaimed, breaking off into a strident peal of laughter, "you may be so happy together. So happy. So happy." And again he laughed.

"You have been drinking," Bufton said, fingering his chin still. "Drinking again. Come, tell me once more before you forget. What is the meeting? Where, and when?"

"Have I not said! At the lime tree avenue, leading up to Fanshawe Manor. Eight of the evening is the hour, and Thursday is the day. Win her—fail not to win her; she is yours for the troubie, and then there is the fortune and a large per centum for me."

"I shall not fail."

"I'll make very sure you do not. Remember, if I am a broken man—I—I can break—bah! Threats are unnecessary. Now, I want money."

Saying which he flung the *Universal Chronicle* aside, and then started at the sight of the little heap of gold before him. "What!" he exclaimed. "What! And three pound twelve shilling pieces, too. Gad! no Shoe Lane ordinary for me to-night."

Whereupon he took two of those coins and dropped them into his waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER II.

AN HEIRESS.

THE coach—it was the Self-Defence, which did the journey from the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane to the Globe at Portsmouth in ten hours and a-quarter—had passed Purbrook, and was nearing Fanshawe, which hamlet lay, as all the world knew, or ought to have known, between the former place and Portsdown Hill, which is some five miles from Portsmouth. About which village the new road-book said, amongst other things, "On L., 1, m., Fanshawe Manor, late Mrs. Thorne, wid. Captain Thorne, R.N.; now Miss Ariadne Thorne." So that, as all who read may see, since Cary's Guide is understandable enough, the child born seventeen years ago off Cartagena, in the ship she was named after, was now the owner of an estate. And what else she owned, the conversation recorded earlier between Algernon Bufton and Lewis Granger has perhaps made clear.

The June evening was delicious in its soft summer coolness as, now, the Self-Defence drew near that ancient inn, the Hautboy, retaining on its equally ancient sign-board its old-time spelling of Hautbois; and from the box seat the Beau, who was the only occupant besides the coachman, made ready to descend. A very gallant beau he looked, too, as, throwing off his long light drugget cloak—assumed to fend the dust from his bravery underneath—he displayed his costly attire; attire consisting of his best laced scarlet summer coat, his blue waistcoat, which was a mass of galloon, and his best satin breeches, the whole surmounted by the golden peruke and the muchly-laced three-cornered hat.

"You will be a-staying at the manor then, my lord?" the coachman said now, he deeming that one so fine and brave-seeming as this spark whom he had brought from London could be no other than a lord going courting the heiress of Fanshawe. "I'll go bail the lady is a-looking eagerly for you."

"Not positively at the manor," Beau Bufton replied. "Not positively, as yet. For to-night, at least, at the inn. There is, I should suppose, good accommodation for a gentleman?"

"Ay, there is, my lord; that is, if so be as how one requires not them damned French kickshaws, which they say are now the mode. But if good beef and mutton, a pullet, or—— Bill," he broke off to speak to his mate, the guard, "sound the horn. The O'boy is in sight."

None descended at that old hostelry with the exception of the Beau himself, since, with the addition of one personage inside who was booked for Portsmouth, nobody but the Beau had that day travelled from London. Therefore his own descent took but very little time. A small valise was handed out from the boot, the customary fee of half-a-crown was distributed to guard and coachman, the landlady nodded to (she staring somewhat amazed all the time at Bufton's finery, and more particularly at his chin, which, she told her gossips later, gave her "a mort o' fear"), and the visitor entered the low-roofed passage. Then, as he did so, he felt his sleeve pulled gently by a woman standing in the doorway, who, on having attracted his attention, curtsied two or three times.

"Ha!" he said, glancing at her, and noticing that, though plainly but comfortably dressed, she had a strangely worn and corrugated face, such as those who have led an existence much exposed to the elements often possess. "Ha! It should be the good woman Mr. Granger told me of. Mrs. —Mrs. ——?"

"Pottle, your worship's honour. Miss Ariadne's nurse from the first."

"Ay, Mrs. Pottle. Well, you would speak with me? You have some news?"

"If it pleases your honour. Will your honour step this way?"

It was indeed Mrs. Pottle, one of those women who, in past days, had assisted at Ariadne's birth. Yet, now, with but little of the comeliness left for which she had once been distinguished, the rumbullion, or its substitutes in England, usquebaugh and gin, having done their work. Also time had made her grey, and in some places bald. Otherwise she was not much changed. As for her whilom companion in the "Ariadne," she was gone. She lay now within a common grave at Gibraltar.

"I shall see her to-night?" Beau Bufton asked, somewhat impatiently—eagerly—as he stepped into a side room after her. "She will be there?"

"In truth she will, the pretty thing," the woman answered, roving an eye, and that a somewhat watery one, on him, "in very truth. At eight, in the lime tree avenue. Your worship can find it?"

"Doubtless. I may therefore rely on seeing her?"

"It is to tell you that I'm here. Oh! sir, you will be good to her. She loves you so."

"Tush! What do I seek her for except that." Then he said, "Will she consent, think you, to what I desire—to—to—a speedy marriage?"

"She loves you," Mrs. Pottle replied, a strange gleam in her eye, "while, as for the marriage—well! young, tender as she is, and full of a maiden's fears, she longs for it."

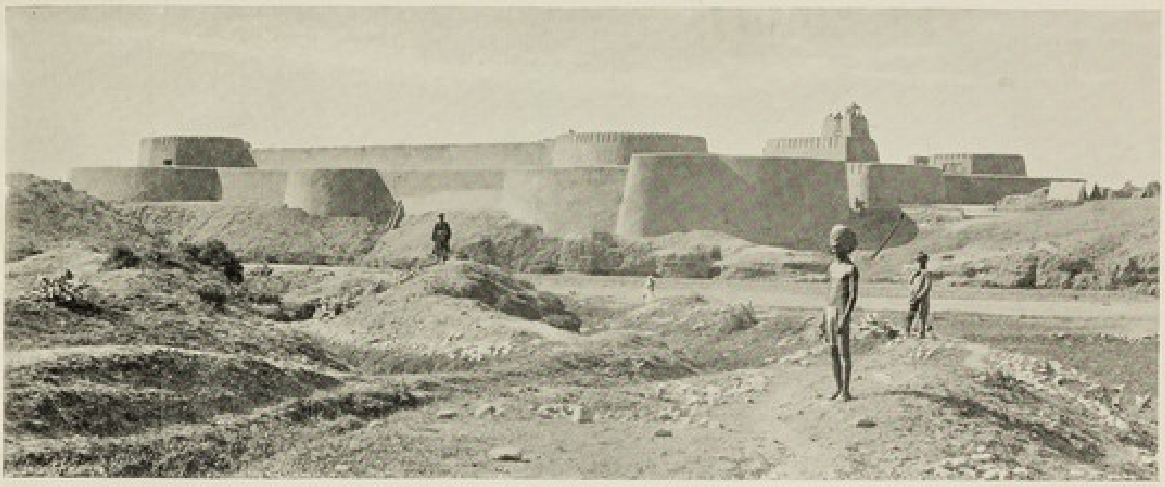
"She shall be gratified," Beau Bufton said, smirking and pulling at his chin so that Mrs. Pottle stared at him, wondering in her own mind if he were trying to pull it off. "I do avow she shall as soon as may be. I will go seek your parson here——"

"Not here," Mrs. Pottle said, laying a finger on his arm, which he noticed had lost the top joint—it had, in truth, been shot off by a spent bullet in an attack made by the "Ariadne" and "Kingston" on five Spanish galleys, the shot coming through the scuttle of a cabin in which she was calmly cooking—"not here. You must do that in London town. She is a maiden averse to talk and gossip. She would not suffer——"

"I will do it where'er she pleases, so that she is mine. Now go, good woman, and tell her I shall be there. I must make a meal first, also remove the dust from off my clothes. Go now."

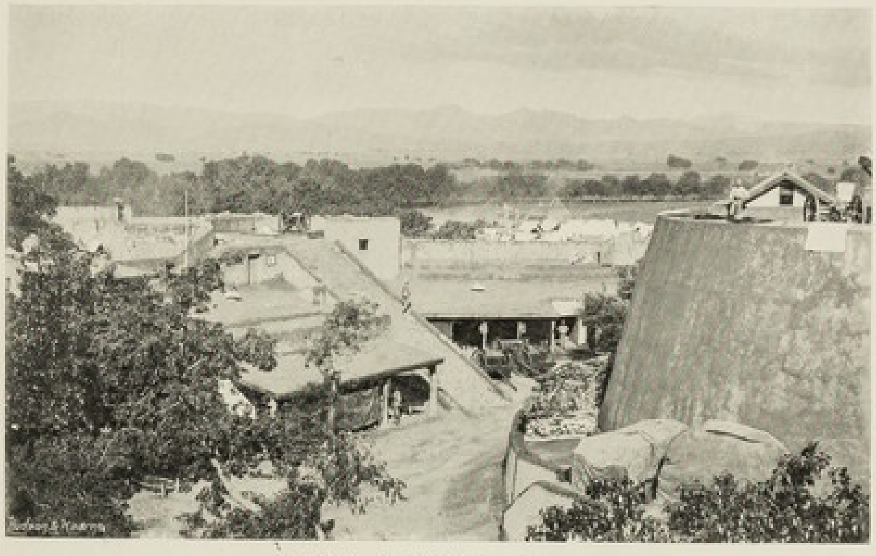
(To be continued.)

Life on the Punjab Frontier.



A FRONTIER OUTPOST.

WHETHER there is or is not going to be more trouble with the tribes on the Punjab Frontier remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain—that even if there is, we intend to be quite ready for it; and though the bulk of the large force which was embodied for the punishment of the refractory Pathan tribes has returned to the various Indian cantonments, yet a sufficient force is still held in readiness on the frontier to show the wily Pathan that we are by no means to be caught napping. Such a force can be at once strengthened to an extent necessary to suppress immediately any threatened *emeute* on the part of the border tribes.



INSIDE A FRONTIER FORT.

The first of our illustrations shows the Bara Fort, and the photograph was taken from across the Bara River looking westward. This is a place whose name will be very familiar to our readers, for it was for some time the head-quarters of General Hammond and the Peshawar Column of the Tirah Field Force.

As will be seen from the illustration, it is a strongly-built fortification, and, properly provisioned and with adequate water supply, could be held against attack from any enemy that was not supplied with heavy artillery, to which extent of civilisation the Pathan has not yet arrived. This is one of the outlying forts which could easily be reinforced from Peshawar. In our next we have a view of the interior of another of our frontier outposts, Fort Shabkadar, which is contiguous to the Mohmund country.



From Photos. by a Military Officer *AT HOME FROM HOME.* Copyright.

From this view it will be seen that the quarters inside are not so bad, and that life within it during the cold weather months would not be quite unendurable, though a summer spent there must be fairly trying. Note how the light field guns, the limbers of which are in the courtyard below, have been mounted on the parapets for defence.

This illustration, moreover, is one of very special

interest, for the background of the picture shows the country over which a very spirited action was fought just twelve months ago. The enemy in enormous numbers were gloriously defeated by a small force comprising two squadrons of the 13th Bengal Lancers, four guns of the 51st Field Battery, two companies of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, and the 20th Punjab Infantry. In this action the 13th Bengal Lancers covered themselves with glory, one squadron by a brilliant charge saving the guns of the artillery, which were being heavily pressed. This regiment—which is one of the finest of the Bengal cavalry—distinguished itself greatly both in the Egyptian War against Arabi, and in the Afghan War of 1878-80.

Our third illustration gives a portrait of General Westmacott, who, if the writer's memory is not at fault, was the genial and energetic road-commandant between Chaman and Candahar after Roberts's defeat of Ayoub. The picture gives an excellent idea of how officers hut themselves when going into quarters for any lengthened period.

Another illustration shows us a view of the camp at Bara. Away to the left, the flag with the red cross denotes the headquarters of the Field Hospital, the tents of which stretch out to the left, or westward. On the extreme right are the lines of a British infantry regiment, while in the foreground are tents occupied by the Transport Department. One of the sleeping figures in the foreground shows excellently how the native completely envelops himself, head and all, in the rough cummle, or native blanket, when taking his siesta.

Another illustration depicts a not at all uncommon scene on service. It represents a camel which has just died in camp from some unknown cause, perhaps from overwork, for a camel usually carries more than any other beast of burden without grumbling.

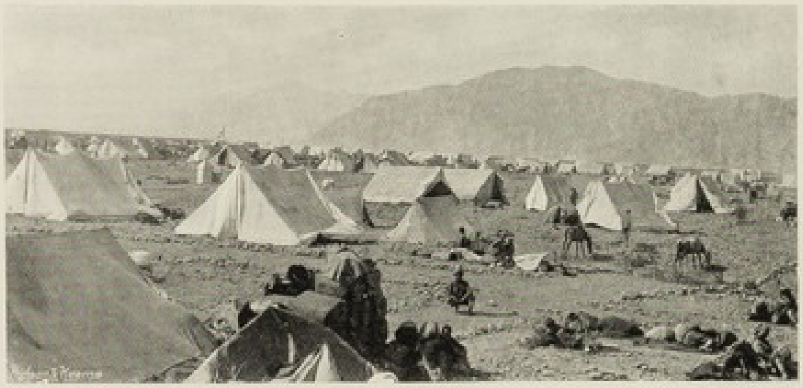
> "Oh the oont, oh the oont, oh the floatin', bloatin' oont,
> The late lamented camel in the water cut 'e lies.
> We keeps a mile behind him, and we keeps a mile in front,
> But he gets into the drinkin'-casks, and then o' course we dies."

Decomposition sets in quickly in this district, and so three of his comrades tow him to such a distance from camp that his disease may be as little as possible injurious to the health of the men in whose service he lost his life. The regulation load for a camel may be taken at five maunds, which is equivalent to 400-lb., and so the carriage for that weight of material has gone. It will easily be seen that a heavy list of casualties amongst the camels would seriously hamper the mobility of the force. Either a large proportion of stores would have to be left behind, or else the remaining animals would have to be proportionately overloaded.

Our fourth illustration is an excellent portrait of His Highness Abdur Rahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, who has been such a loyal ally to us throughout all these frontier troubles. The result of the first Afghan War was that the country was occupied by British troops, but a national revolt broke out, and we then abandoned the place to its native rulers. The second Afghan War resulted in our annexation of the chief passes between the Ameer's country and India. Placed on the throne by us after the last Afghan War, Abdur Rahman has realised that the best interests of his dynasty and country lie in close and loyal alliance with the governing power in India. Besides organising a regular army of some 60,000 men, composed of excellent fighting material, he has also started a factory and arsenal, and turns out his own guns, rifles, and ammunition.



LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AMEER.



IN A FRONTIER CAMP.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. Copyright

THE LATE LAMENTED.



Photo. A. Honey. Copyright.

A CLASS AT THE SCHOOL OF MILITARY ENGINEERING, CHATHAM, REPRESENTING FIFTY-THREE REGIMENTS.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

A FRENCH BATHING PARADE.

THE French soldier works hard, and puts plenty of vigour into his performances on the road, the parade ground, and in the field. He also plays hard, and perhaps nothing gives him more delight than a bathing parade. The series of photographs which are reproduced herewith give a good idea of the bathing parade of a French battalion, and they are of the greater interest because the place where they



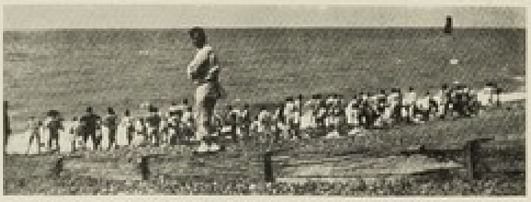
"STAND EASY"—ADMIRING THE NURSEMAID.

were taken is one of the best for bathing that France possesses—Dieppe, described, let us hope for the honour of a great nation erroneously, as the Brighton of France.



Photos. Walter Wood. Copyright.

PREPARING FOR THE SWIM.



PLUNGING IN.

Only a small proportion of the soldiers of France can enjoy this healthy recreation, and the battalion represented may consider itself lucky in being able to take the exercise in the sea, which falls to its lot pretty often just now, when the summer is at its best. The men parade at the barracks, and march thence to the shore. They wear the dingy white clothing in which, during the hot weather, all their work is done; and this, with the blue cap which greatly resembles the English soldier's field-service cap, gives them an appearance closely resembling that of residents in penal establishments in our own land. The men bathe by companies, and



Photos. Walter Wood. Copyright.

AFTER THE SWIM—BUYING HOT ROLLS.

the exercise is very admirably carried out, no time being lost, and no hitch occurring. While the first company is in the water, a second is undressing, and a third is in readiness to march up when those who have bathed have got clear of the beach. The first illustration depicts a company in waiting, the second the operation of dressing, a very simple one, most of the men not troubling to dry themselves, except in the most superficial manner. A third represents the men going into the water, and the fourth soldiers buying rolls after the bath, which has given them a keen appetite. It will be observed that the French Thomas Atkins is quite as susceptible to female charms as the English soldier. Notice in the first picture the close attention which is being paid to a passing nursemaid, who is quite conscious of the sensation she is causing.

A TORPEDO-BOAT IN DIFFICULTIES.

[FROM A CAPE CORRESPONDENT.]

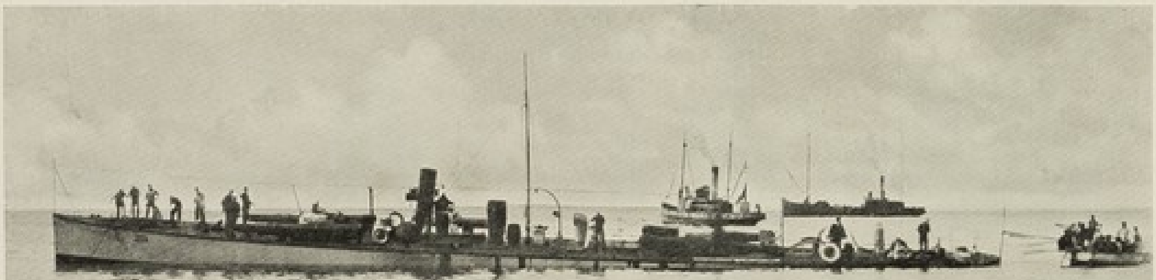


Photo. H. Macbeth. Copyright.

THE torpedo-boat here shown came to grief in Kalk Bay, about four miles from Simon's Bay, the Naval station at the Cape. She was running, engaged in the usual routine for instruction of stokers, and when close in shore she struck a reef. The steam trawlers shown in the picture came to her assistance, and she was got off the rock; but so rapid was the influx of water into the boiler and engine-rooms, between which the injury was sustained, that she had to be beached to prevent her foundering. Whether she will ever be fit for service again is a question, as she is an old boat, one of a batch built by Thornycroft at Chiswick as far back as 1886.

THE
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Photo. D'Arcy. Copyright.

THE RIGHT HON. FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., K.P., ETC.,

MOUNTED ON HIS ARAB CHARGER, VONOLEL

(*See next Page.*)

THOSE who last year enjoyed the privilege of witnessing the Jubilee procession must have been struck by the appearance of the venerable charger that carried the ever-popular Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Even had Lord Roberts himself been absent, there was sufficient in the uncommon spectacle of a charger wearing medals to arrest the attention of the onlookers. In a sense Vonolel is almost as great a soldier as Lord Roberts himself, for the horse has participated in the chief victories of his gallant rider. Of "Bobs" we need here say nothing, his attainments are well known to our readers, but a few words on the doings of Vonolel may not be out of place.

He is a typical well-bred Arab charger, and was bought from Abdul Rahman, an Arab horse-dealer in Bombay, in March, 1877. He was then a four-year-old, and took his name from a famous Lushai chief. In those days an iron-grey, Vonolel has now grown white in the service of the Queen-Empress.

He accompanied Lord Roberts through the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, and was present at Peiwar Kotal and the capture of Cabul. In the famous march from Cabul to Candahar he acquitted himself with honour, and had he been a human being would no doubt have been "mentioned in despatches"; but though this honour was not conferred on the faithful steed, he received, by special permission of the Queen, "the Afghan medal with four clasps and the Cabul—Candahar star." These decorations, of which no doubt Vonolel is very proud, are worn on the breastplate on grand occasions, and it is related that a lady who was present at the Jubilee procession, not knowing the history of the charger, was heard to ask if the Field-Marshal had so many decorations that he was obliged to make his horse carry them.



Photo. Copyright.
LORD ROBERTS' WHITE ARAB.

Vonolel has been practically all over India with his chief, and came to England in 1893. Lord Roberts is very much attached to the noble animal, and it is only on ceremonial occasions that he is called upon to carry his veteran master. "Bobs" takes the greatest interest in the old horse's health and general welfare, and Vonolel reciprocates this attention, and evinces much pleasure whenever he gets a chance of seeing the man he carried from Cabul to Candahar.

The Wexford Militia (The Royal Irish).



Photo. Copyright. *THE BAND OF THE WEXFORD MILITIA.* H. & K.

THIS picture represents the band of the 3rd Battalion the Royal Irish Regiment, formerly the Wexford Militia. It is unnecessary to inform the public how excellent are the work and conduct of the Irish Militia, for admirable specimens have of late been repeatedly seen on English soil, by many thousands of interested spectators. Higher praise need not be given to the Wexford Battalion than to say that it worthily forms a part of the distinguished "18th, The Royal Irish," that has fought through the centuries from Blenheim to Tel-el-Kebir and the Nile. It is well known that a good band is a great power, both in recruiting and in maintaining the smartness and military spirit of a corps, and we congratulate the honorary colonel, Lord Templemore, Colonel Morgan, and the other officers on possessing the one which is here reproduced.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

IT will be generally conceded that everything understood by the words "officer and gentleman" is well represented in this group of officers belonging to the 2nd Battalion the Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers). Lieutenant-Colonel John Reeves, commanding the battalion, sits in the centre of the group. He entered the Army in 1874, is a graduate of the Staff College, and served in the Soudan Expedition of 1884, in which several of his brother officers took part. The new colours, recently presented by Her Majesty to the 2nd Battalion, are shown in our picture, and will doubtless be carried with honour in the future, as the old colours were in the past. The battalion is stationed at Colchester, and, as is to be expected from a corps so distinguished in the field, its conduct is excellent. The regimental roll of honours is a long one, extending from "Monte Video" to "Tel-el-Kebir."



Photo. Wyrall. *OFFICERS WITH NEW AND OLD COLOURS.* Copyright.

A Morning with the von Gersdorf Regiment.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]



CIVILIANS we are, though one of our number—he to whom we owe our invitation this morning—won the Iron Cross with the Rifles of the Guard in the Great War, nearly thirty years ago. It is seven o'clock on a bright August morning, and our little group is waiting outside the village of Dornholzhausen.

Down the dusty street tramps a company of the 80th Regiment—a regiment with a history. Before 1866 they were Foot Guards of the Electors of Hesse, now they stand in the German Army List as the Hessian Fusilier Regiment "von Gersdorf"—for they bear the name of a general mortally wounded at Sedan, and the Empress Frederick is their honorary colonel. Next week, on the other side of the Taunus, will take place the "Gefechtsmessiges Schiessen"—which may be translated as "field firing, at fixed and movable targets, and unknown distances"—so Captain Eben has brought out his company for some preliminary coaching. Very fit and workman-like they look, and very soldier-like their captain. The "idea of operations" is simple. An enemy threatening Homburg has been repulsed, but a battery of artillery protected by a company of infantry is still in front of us.

After a preliminary attack on the battery, which, with the aid of an imaginary flanking company, we are supposed to have dislodged with heavy loss, we have to try conclusions with the infantry escorting it.

Far away to our front lies the long line of targets, each representing the head and shoulders of an imaginary foe. The men extend to right and left, and the attack by alternate rushes of half-companies begins, each rush being covered by a hot fire from the rear half-company. The best shots are called upon to judge the distance, and, after each volley, the sergeants go down the line and closely question each man as to the object he fired at, and if the answer is not satisfactory, the man is ordered to aim again, and this time the sergeant himself looks down the sights.

Very early in his training the German soldier is taught the importance of each single cartridge; in peace it costs money, in war it may mean a man's life.

The captain gives no word of command, a wave of his hand conveying the order to advance. The men on either side of the half-company commander have been watching his every movement, and quickly communicate the order to their leader, who springs to his feet and rushes on, followed by the sergeants. Then the rest of the company jump up, and the line, supple in its loose strength, goes onward at the double. But woebetide that half-company whose line of advance is faulty, whose guides cause it to over-lap the rear half-company, thus masking part of the latter's fire.

But now we assume our fire is telling, and the number of speaking rifles among those recumbent figures yonder is growing fewer. But there is yet, we suppose, some fight left in them—the range is



TAKING SHELTER.



DOUBLING TO THE FRONT.



Photos. Roth. OPENING FIRE. Copyright.



LIEUT. von TROTT.

now but 400 metres; so the next rush is made literally on hands and knees, and considering the difficulty of that mode of progression—try it, gentle reader, in linen trousers in heavy marching order over rough ground, carrying a rifle—it is a quick rush too. At 150 metres the rifles must be growing hot, for the order is "schnell-feuer," and "schnell" indeed it is. Then, with a loud cheer, the whole company charges home, that the bayonet may finish what the bullet has left undone. It is amazingly



THE ENEMY RETREATS.



THE FINAL RUSH.



Photos. Roth. RETURNING TO BARRACKS. Copyright



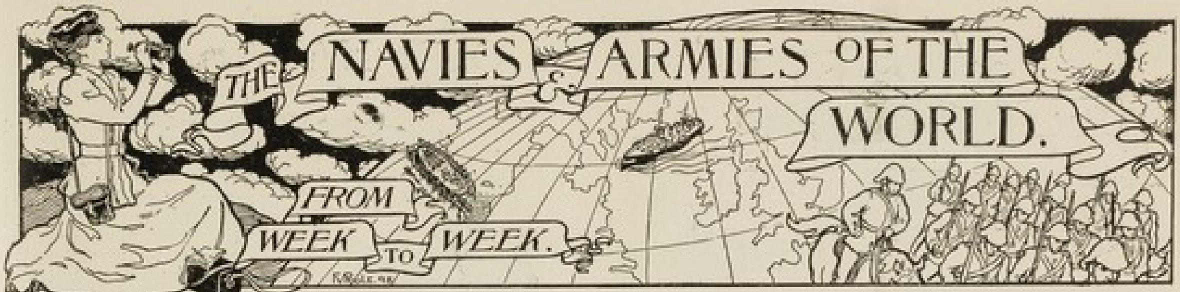
LIEUTENANT PENRICH.

like school. Captain Eben, on his charger—all German captains are mounted—is the head-master, the officers and sergeants are the teachers, the privates are the scholars. Very seriously do they all take it, there is no shirking or inattention; the masters are eager to teach, the pupils no less eager to learn.

Arms are piled, Captain Eben rides up, and the officers and non-commissioned officers form a semi-circle round him, while he trenchantly criticises each mistake his keen eye has noted. But what he says is the private concern of No. 11 Company, and shall not be written here. Presently they march off, and the woods resound to the deep-chested marching song beloved of the German soldier. So we, too, seek Homburg and breakfast.

So, day after day, goes on the unceasing work, necessary to keep in working order the mightiest fighting machine ever forged by man. We Britons thank God that we are not as other nations, that we have no conscription, looking on it as a burden too heavy to be borne. But the Teutonic colossus wears his armour easily enough, nor does it hinder him in the race for industrial supremacy, as our manufacturers know to their cost. Two years' service for the proletariat, one year's service for those whose education enables them to pass a certain examination; this is the blood-tax that modern Germany takes from her sons.

"You English," said a highly-placed German official to the present writer, "will be involved one day in a great European war, you will be simply crushed, and *then* you will adopt conscription." Well for us if between that prophecy and its otherwise too certain fulfilment there is always an adequate British Fleet.



WHAT can sound more strange than that able men of great experience in public affairs should ever have considered it an open question whether a Naval officer ought not to be a gentleman. Yet they did. We know from Pepys that Sir William Coventry, who was secretary to the Duke of York when he entered into effective possession of his post of Lord High Admiral, had a scheme for making a corps of Naval officers who should be gentlemen by birth, and so putting the sea service on a level with the land. It did not come to very much, and, indeed, before many years were over, Sir William Coventry had retired to his estate, and had washed his hands of public life. The expression is more than a figure of speech when one is speaking of an honest man whose ill-luck put him into the Court of Charles II. There was a good deal to wash off after working in that element. Thirty years later the question had not been settled, and was again being debated in the "Rough Draught of a New Model at Sea," attributed, on no very definite external evidence, to Sir William's nephew, Sir George Savile, the famous Marquess of Halifax of the Revolution. The tract, which had been reprinted on several occasions, has just been included by Mr. H. C. Foxcroft in his "Life and Letters" of the Marquess (Longmans, Green, and Co.). There is much obscurity in the history of the tract. From internal evidence it would seem to have been first written about 1664, and it is perhaps only a fragment of a larger work of a political character. It was published anonymously in 1694, when the "miscarriages of the Navy" were the cause of much discussion in and out of Parliament, and when the old feud between the Gentlemen and the Tarpaulins, which began in Elizabeth's reign, was still very much alive,

* * * *

IT is somewhat disappointing to a reader who, misled by its title, looks to it for a scheme of "Naval reorganisation," which is the modern equivalent for "new model." The author writes mostly about politics in the thoughtful, balanced style we should look for in the statesman who was nicknamed the Trimmer, because he never would go into extremes on any side. He touches on the Navy only to assert its paramount importance for Englishmen, and to discuss this one point of the social position of the officers. "The first article," he says, "of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believeth in the sea, etc.; without that there needeth no general council to pronounce him incapable of salvation." That sentence in itself, by the way, is enough to justify the attribution of the tract to Halifax. One is rather surprised at first to find how much there was "in the present controversy between the gentlemen and the tarpaulins." It is well to keep in mind that by "gentleman" Halifax meant one who "had a scutcheon," and who in France, and the Continent at large, would have been called "noble." If the Navy, he held, were wholly officered by gentlemen, it would probably become an instrument of despotic power; if by tarpaulins alone, it would lean to a commonwealth, *i.e.*, a Republic; so that a mixture of gentlemen and tarpaulins suited best with our mixed monarchy. All this sounds somewhat fantastic, but the meaning of it, which really was substantial, is made clear by this passage which I quote, though it is somewhat long.

* * * *

"IT is possible the men of Wapping may think they are injured by giving them any partners in the dominion of the sea; they may take it unkindly to be jostled in their own element by men of such a different education that they may be said to be of another species; they will be apt to think it a usurpation upon them; and, notwithstanding the instances there are against them, and which give a kind of prescription on the other side, they will not easily acquiesce in what they conceive to be a hardship to them. But I shall in a good measure reconcile myself to them by what follows—viz., the gentlemen shall not be capable of bearing office at sea except they be tarpaulins too; that is to say, except they are so trained up by a continued habit of living at sea, that they may have a right of being admitted free denizens of Wapping. Upon this dependeth the whole matter, and, indeed, here lieth the difficulty, because the gentlemen brought up under the connivance of a looser discipline, and of an easier admittance, will take it heavily to be reduced within the fetters of such a new model; and I conclude they will be so extremely adverse to that which they will call an unreasonable yoke upon them, that their original consent is never to be expected. But if it appeareth to be convenient, and, which is more, that it is necessary for the preservation of the whole, that it should be so, the Government must be called in aid to suppress these first boilings of discontent; the rules must be imposed with such authority, and the execution of them must be so well supported, that by degrees their impatience will be subdued, and they will concur in an establishment to which they will every day be more reconciled. They will find it will take away the objections, which are now thrown upon them, of setting up for masters without ever having been apprentices; or, at least, without having served out their time."

* * * *

IN fact, at the very end of the seventeenth century it was still necessary to repeat Cromwell's angry protest against the gentleman who was nothing else, but who thought that his scutcheon entitled him to begin by commanding. When it is put that way, we have no difficulty in realising the "present controversy between the gentlemen and the tarpaulins." Happily the ideas of Halifax were applied, and if we look for the reasons why the British Navy was always so much better than the French in the eighteenth century, one of them certainly is that the "boilings of discontent" of the owners of scutcheons, when called upon to learn their business, were much more firmly dealt with on the whole here than on the other side of the Channel.

* * * *

ONE of the most striking things of our time, though one of the most quiet, is the change which is coming over the position of France in the world. Her population is stationary, while her neighbours are increasing, which by itself must have the effect of reducing her from her old place of power; and that is not all. Her shipping is diminishing. The *Yacht*, of September 24, gives some figures, which it quotes with a very natural anxiety. Since 1886 there has been a fall of 1 per cent. in the tonnage of her merchant shipping. This may not seem very much, but the fall is seen to be very serious when we see what is happening around her. In the same period, according to the *Yacht*, the tonnage of British merchant shipping has increased by 53 per cent., of Germany by 107 per cent., of Italy by 68 per cent., while even Spain has risen by 30 per cent. There is probably some inaccuracy here. The increase of German shipping is incredible, and the figure is probably explained by some oversight in making up the accounts. But there is no doubt that, while other nations have seen their merchant shipping grow, the French has slightly diminished. Even if it had not actually fallen it would be relatively smaller. A nation is important by the proportion which its resources bear to its neighbours'. Now it is certain that France is of less importance among maritime nations than she was. Her flag has disappeared from the Far East and the Pacific. Soon Holland will send more ships through the Suez Canal than she does. The *Yacht* casts about for explanations of this unfortunate state of things. It hits on some which strike us as highly dubious—as for instance that English dockyard companies differentiate unfairly against French ships, a charge for which we would like to see the evidence. The real solution of the mystery would seem to be elsewhere—and chiefly in the want of a bulky outward freight. The *Yacht*, too, points out that French ship-building energy is almost wholly devoted to making war-ships. Merchant vessels built in France cost from 60 to 100 per cent. more than in England, so that even allowing for the bounty on tonnage given by the French Government, it does not pay the owner to get vessels at home. Meanwhile, France is as busy in grasping at colonies as ever, and as unable to make them pay when she has them. How long will all this go on? Constantly increasing armaments by land and sea, with a population and shipping which tend to decrease, and not to grow, and colonies which are a loss, ought, one would think, to end by spelling bankruptcy some day.

* * * *

IT looks by no means impossible that the United States may have a great deal of trouble with their patriot friends in the Philippines, and before long too. Senator Hanna, of Ohio, has been holding forth on the subject in a very confident tone. But his utterances must not be taken too seriously. The Senator is probably, indeed he is certainly, right in saying that Spain will have no voice in the matter. She has gone to war and has been beaten hopelessly. It is unlikely that she will fight again, and if she does she will assuredly be beaten again. But the Senator would seem to take Aguinaldo a good deal too lightly. There are signs in his speech of the belief which humorists have attributed to Americans, namely, that the solar system revolves subject "to the constitution of these States." He seems to take it for granted that they have only to say they mean to take the Philippines and that they will get them. Dutch and English experience goes to show that this is an error. If the natives are inclined to try for independence, some considerable toil, military and administrative, will have to be endured before the archipelago is settled. On general grounds of probability one would not expect that the Filipinos will be in a hurry to put themselves under a new master. According to Reuter's agent they have no such intention. Aguinaldo has proclaimed his independence already, and has made some rather sarcastic references to his American friends. "Our friends the Americans," he says, "came here for the purpose of demonstrating the generosity and the grandeur of their government, and to assist in the release of our people from slavery, without annexing our territory, thereby setting a good example to the world." Well, so they did, by circumstances, and "our friends the Americans" are not likely to leave Aguinaldo and friends to carry on for themselves. But will Aguinaldo and friends be prepared to look at things in the same light? Probably not, and if not, then the Americans will have a good deal of trouble. It is one thing to knock a very ill-prepared Spanish squadron to pieces, and to reduce a fortress where your enemy is collected to be shot at or starved out, and quite another to conduct campaigns in tropical forests against natives who are acclimatised and well practised in bush fighting. This last is very wearing work, and only to be brought to a successful conclusion by pegging away for years. It must be remembered that the Spaniards have not prepared the way for their successors by making roads or opening the country in any way. They have never held more than the fringe of the islands. What they have done is this—they have taught large numbers of the Filipinos who were in arms against them the elements of drill, and have shown them what to do with a breech-loading rifle. If now Aguinaldo is inclined to make a fight, he has much in his favour —a climate which is fatal to white men, a defensible country, and abundant means of obtaining arms and cartridges. It would tax the United States to blockade the coast of Luzon, and unless this is done the Filipinos will never want for what they can pay for. With good troops, a good civil administration, and by playing one native leader off against another, the Americans can win—but not in a day, and not by merely asserting their will in words.

DAVID HANNAY.



FROM the somewhat serious, but always interesting and instructive, volumes to the perusal of which I have lately endeavoured to attract you, I turn to-day to some few things of a lighter character. Those who do not know the delightful volumes of Théophile Gautier, have now an opportunity of making acquaintance with one of the best, "Capitaine Fracasse," in a very successful translation by Ellen Murray Beam (Duckworth, 5s.). The name of the lady is new to me, and I think the volume may have had a Transatlantic origin, but that does not detract from the very pleasant character of the rendering. Nothing is more aggravating than to find the poetry of a masterpiece translated into the prose of a wooden, stupid style. Therefore I am glad to say that you may read "Captain Fracasse" as if it were an original. The charming and melancholy picture of the mouldering château of Sigognac, in the desolate region of the Landes in far-away Gascony, with its youthful seigneur living in the shadow of his ancestors, is completely fascinating. You feel that romance belongs to such a spot, and that from its decay some bright flowers must spring. And, lo! the tawdry chariot of Thespis brings the beneficent goddess, Isabelle. How the strolling players lead De Sigognac in their company, what strange adventures he meets with, of his duel with the Duc de Vallombreuse, of unexpected *dénouements*, and curious happenings, you learn in the most delightful of easy and leisurely narratives. The style would do justice to Le Sage; the subject would have fascinated Scott. You are straightway transported back to the France of Louis XIII., and feel the reality of the striking pictures of rural life and of the stately scenes in which the *grands seigneurs* and *belles dames* move in their great châteaux. The fatal dyspepsia of the old cat, Beelzebub, leading to the discovery of a chest of gold when they dig his grave, and thereby restoring the fortunes of De Sigognac as he brings home his bride, is rather a cheap literary device perhaps, but you forgive the artifice for the abundant success of the beautiful story.

When the lovely Isabelle adjusts a little black *mouche* near the corner of her pretty mouth you know that she is taking the course adopted in her times to enhance her beauty. It is a bygone mode, and we have other devices now. What they are I have been learning in a little volume entitled "Aids to Health and Beauty," by "Miranda" (Newnes, 1s.). It implies no derogation from the charms of the lady readers of this paper if I say they will be greatly interested in this little book. Dare I add that they will gain by its maxims, as Isabelle by the *mouche?* I spoke of devices, but these are not well described by that name, for "Miranda" aims no further than to assist Nature. She is the friend and counsellor of many in the pages of *Woman's Life*, and how good and practical is her advice not a few ladies know. It is, of course, a truism to say that the skin generally, and the hands, neck, lips, and teeth are subject to deleterious influences, and that meagreness or excessive *embonpoint* mar the lines of many an otherwise graceful figure. This being so, it is a logical corollary that good influences can be set up. This is what "Miranda" aims to do. There is a floating and uncertain knowledge abroad of useful recipes and healthful practices, but I am sure it must be extremely advantageous to find them collected in this sensible volume.

A truce, however, to gossip! I should have liked to find space to tell you of some other new volumes, but I must defer this, and turn brief attention to a few October magazines. While we have still in lively recollection the brilliant charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman, Mr. Fitchett appears in the *Cornhill* with timely "Fights for the Flag," his events being Scarlett's charge and the charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimea. He gives stirring narratives of deeds which will be held in enduring remembrance. I have been interested also in some "Bismarckiana," by the Baron de Malortie, showing the arch schemer at his secret work, and by two "Relics of '98," describing the last days of Lord Edward and the siege of Killala. No one must omit to read, in *Macmillan*, Mr. A. E. Bonser's account of the extraordinary bravery and courage displayed by Private Hook, V.C., in defending the hospital at Rorke's Drift. It is just one of those narratives that make the blood run quicker, and cause us to feel proud we are Britons. There is an extremely interesting article in *Chambers' Journal* on "Promotion in the United States' Navy," which goes far to explain the excellent qualities displayed by the personnel in the recent war. The author, Mr. Duncan Cumming, has studied the subject at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and is able to say that there never was a time when places below the rank of commissioned officer were so attractive to native Americans as now. The bluejackets are a well-paid, well-fed class, and the self-respecting enlisted man is rarely made to feel that anyone looks down upon him. Mr. Cumming shows, in fact, that vast changes for the better have taken place in the constitution of the ships' companies.

The American magazines are, of course, a good deal occupied with naval, military, and political subjects at the present time, but I can now only refer to the *Century*, in which Professor Worcester attacks the "Knotty Problems of the Philippines"—want of communications, transport and labour, and severity of climate. The problems he pronounces to be neither few nor simple, but richly deserving solution. The same number turns attention to the life of old Cuba and the blockade of the Confederacy—most interesting—and has a splendidly-illustrated article on the work of the famous military artist, Detaille. It would have been interesting to extract passages from the paper last-named, but this is impossible, and, indeed, the article itself must be read, and the pictures seen, to be enjoyed.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers are requested when sending books for review to address them direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

OUR NAVAL GUNS.

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM, R.N.



THE details which are published from time to time concerning the armaments of our modern war-ships convey but little meaning to the general public, who are unacquainted with the significance of the technical terms employed in describing them, and frequent questions are consequently propounded on the subject. It is intended, therefore, to give here a brief description of our Naval guns, in language intelligible to the general reader, together with a simple explanation of the terms which are made use of in comparing their powers, etc.

The construction of the guns, which has been described in some former numbers, cannot be entered into now, but it will be convenient, in the first instance, to go briefly into the question of the power of guns, and the reasons for adopting breech-loaders in preference to muzzle-loaders.

The primary object is to impart as high a velocity as possible to the shell; and this cannot be attained except with a long gun. Now a very long muzzle-loader is extremely cumbrous; it has to be run back a great distance to get at the muzzle, and consequently takes up an undue amount of space. It involves far more time and labour in loading, and the crew must of necessity be very much exposed in the operation. For these two reasons alone, then—rapidity of fire and protection of the crew—a breech-loader is preferable. Furthermore, as the shell, in the case of a muzzle-loader, must in loading be rammed down the whole length of the bore, it is obvious that it must be made to fit loosely in the gun, which involves waste of force, and damage to the gun by the tremendous rush of the expanding gases past the shell when the gun is fired. With a breech-loader, on the other hand, the soft metal projections, which must in either case be attached to the shell, in order that they may enter the spiral grooves in the gun, and impart the necessary spin to make it travel point first, can be so arranged that the shell is really too large for the gun, until the force of the explosion causes the grooves to cut into the bands of soft metal, and the shell is driven out like a tight cork.

A long gun is necessary in order to develop the full force of the charge; in other words, you must give the powder time to burn. This sounds strange, as the discharge of a gun is, to all intents and purposes, instantaneous; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that there are slow-burning and quick-burning powders, and if a slow-burning powder is fired from a short gun, some portions of it will be blown out unconsumed, while a quick-burning powder in any gun gives poor results as regards velocity, and brings a far greater strain on the gun. In short, the shell must be shoved, not struck. If you apply your foot to a heavy arm-chair on casters, and give it a vigorous push, it will travel halfway across the room; but if you simply kick it violently, it will scarcely move, though you will certainly hurt your toe.

There are several different kinds of powder in use, but cordite, which is not in a granular form, resembling more nearly a bundle of sticks of liquorice, is superseding most of them, being far more powerful, weight for weight. The artilleryman's ideal explosive is that which develops its full force after the shell has made a start, and follows it up with ever-increasing energy to the muzzle, and he gets as near it as he can.

The importance of obtaining a high velocity in the projectile will be realised from the fact that the force of the blow struck varies as the square of the velocity; in other words, a shell travelling at 2,000-ft. per second will deliver a blow four times as hard as if it were travelling at 1,000-ft. per second; and if its speed were 4,000-ft., the blow would be sixteen times as hard.

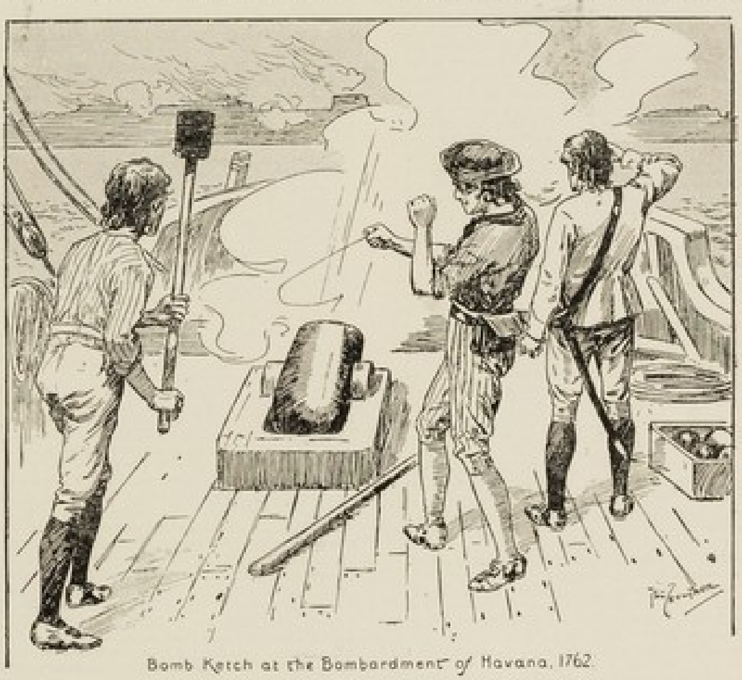
The force of the blow delivered may be expressed in two ways, either in terms of the thickness of solid iron which the shell would penetrate, or in "foot-tons." For the benefit of those who may not understand this term, it should be explained that a "foot-ton" is the force required to raise one ton one foot in one second. Given the weight of the shell and its velocity—which latter can be ascertained by a very pretty scientific contrivance—a simple calculation gives the

"energy," or "stored-up force," at the moment; and in the case of a big gun it runs into a goodly row of figures.

We may now proceed to enumerate the guns in use in the Navy, commencing with the heavy breech-loaders, which are usually referred to by their actual weight, irrespective of any of the mountings, etc. The heaviest is the 111-ton gun; it is 43-ft. long, and the bore is 16¼-in. in diameter—big enough for an ordinary man to crawl into. It throws a shell of 1,800-lb. weight, or more than three-quarters of a ton, with a charge of 960-lb. of powder, and a velocity on leaving the muzzle of 2,087-ft. per second, the corresponding "energy" being no less than 54,690 foot-tons; pretty nearly equivalent to the force required to raise four of our largest battle-ships 1-ft. in one second, or one of them 4-ft.! This sounds paradoxical; and of course it must not be imagined that, if the gun could be fired under the bottom of the "Majestic" in dry dock, it would actually lift her 4-ft. in one second, or in any number of seconds, but the figures constitute a perfectly correct statement of the equivalent force stored up at the moment in the projectile; and it is equal to the perforation of 38-in. of iron. Only two of our battle-ships are armed with this gun, and no more will be made, as it has certain defects which render it insufficiently effective for its cost.

The next in order is the 67-ton gun, of 13½-in. diameter of bore, and 36-ft. in length, throwing a shell of 1,250-lb. weight with a charge of 630-lb., and capable of piercing 33-in. of iron. This gun is mounted in fourteen of our battle-ships, but, like the 111-ton, is now considered obsolete.

We come next to the gun with which all our new battle-ships are being armed, and which is a very powerful one for its size. This is the 46-ton gun, of 12-in. diameter in the bore, and 37-ft. in length—longer, it will be observed, than the 67-ton gun—throwing a shell of 850-lb. weight with a charge of 167½-lb. of cordite—formerly nearly 300-lb. of powder—and equal in penetration to the 111-ton gun. This gun has superseded the 45-ton 12-in. gun, which is far less powerful, and is only mounted in five vessels. It is interesting to note that the "energy" of the shell fired from the 46-ton gun is equal to 738 foot-tons per ton weight of gun, while that of the 111-ton and 67-ton guns represents only 494 and 526 respectively; 40 foot-tons are realised per pound weight of shell, against 30 and 28 in the larger guns, and over 100 foot-tons per pound weight of powder, compared with 57 and 56 in the others. Probably with the cordite charge the comparison would be still more in favour of the newer gun. These figures demonstrate conclusively the advantage gained by arming a ship with this gun, as she can strike an equal or harder blow, with greater economy of weights and storage room, besides being able to fire more rapidly.



Bomb Ketch at the Bombardment of Havana, 1762.

Coming down the scale, the next is the 29-ton gun, with 10-in. diameter of bore, and 28-ft. in length, firing a shell of 500-lb. weight with a charge of 252-lb., and a penetration of over 26-in. of iron. Three of our more modern battle-ships are armed with this gun, and it has also been substituted for muzzle-loaders in some of our turret ships of older construction.

All the guns hitherto mentioned are reserved for battle-ships; we now come to the heaviest gun mounted in cruisers, the 22-ton gun, with 9·2-in. diameter of bore, 25-ft. 9-in. in length, throwing a shell of 380-lb. weight with a charge of 166-lb., and a penetration of over 24-in. of iron. This gun is mounted in over twenty of our first-class cruisers, and has also been substituted for muzzle-loaders in some of the older broadside and turret ships.

The last of what are termed heavy guns s the 15-ton gun, of 8-in. diameter in the bore, and 21·2-ft. in length, throwing a shell of 210-lb. weight with a charge of 118-lb., and a penetration of nearly 23-in. of iron. Very few of these guns are in use; the "Bellerophon," an old broadside ship, is now armed with them, and two Indian defence turret ships also have them.

The heavy guns are, as has been stated, usually referred to as "ton" guns, but some of the smaller ones among them are also, somewhat capriciously, described as "inch" guns, in terms of the diameter of the bore.

The guns now to be described are invariably named after the diameter of the bore, and not by their weight. These are the quick-firing guns, usually referred to under the single letter "Q," and they form the auxiliary armament of all battle-ships and large cruisers, and the main armament of smaller cruisers, gun-boats, torpedo-destroyers, etc.

The largest "Q" gun at present in use is the 6-in., of 7 tons weight, 17-ft. in length, throwing a shell of 100-lb. weight with a charge of 13¼-lb. of cordite, and said to be equal to the penetration of 19-in. of iron. It is certainly a very powerful gun for its size, and the same may be said of the smaller ones, the 4·7-in., 4-in., and 3-in., sometimes alluded to as the 12-pounder.

The great point about these guns is, as their name implies, that by means of special mountings and cartridges they are capable of being fired with great rapidity, discharging as many as ten or twelve, or even more rounds within the minute; whereas it would be smart work to get off two rounds in the same time with a heavy gun, and impossible in the largest sizes; though extraordinarily good times have occasionally been made, with a well-trained crew and everything going straight except, perhaps, the shell, for good marksmanship is scarcely compatible with undue haste.

There are yet smaller Q guns, and these are known by the weight of their projectiles, the 6-pounder and 3-pounder. There are two kinds of each, the Hotchkiss and Nordenfelt, differing in their mechanism, but designed with the same end in view—to pour a hail of small shell into the enemy's torpedo-boats, or to pepper any of his men who may be exposed.

We must not forget those important auxiliaries, the machine-guns, of which there are several kinds in use. These are the Nordenfelt, of 1-in. bore, in two varieties, four-barrelled and two-barrelled, and ·45-in. bore, five-barrelled; the Gardner, ·45-in. bore, one, two, and five barrelled; the Gatling, ·65-in. and ·45-in., both ten-barrelled; and lastly the Maxim, ·45-in. bore, a very ingenious and deadly little weapon, which, once started, will go on firing away automatically as long as it is kept supplied with cartridges, held on a long strip of canvas. A larger variety is being tried, and a smaller one, to take the same ammunition as the Service rifle, is in contemplation.

No mention has been made of the smaller sizes of breech-loading guns other than Q guns, though there are a good number still afloat in our older vessels; but they are being superseded as quickly as possible by Q guns, and, where feasible, are being converted into the latter. They comprise 6-in., 5-in., 4-in., 20-pounder and 12-pounder guns, but space does not admit of describing them in detail. They are not nearly as powerful as the corresponding sizes of Q guns, the shell having a much lower velocity, which, as we have seen, is a vital point. A large number of old vessels are, unfortunately, still armed with muzzle-loaders, some of very large size, but of absurdly small power compared with their successors. The "Inflexible's" huge 80-ton guns, for instance, are not equal in power to the 46-ton gun by a good margin, and the smaller sizes are proportionately inefficient, for the simple reason, as our readers will now readily conclude, that the velocity of the projectile is very low, from 1,300-ft. to 1,500-ft. per second, while the newer guns range from 1,900 to 2,400, and no doubt we shall soon exceed these figures; some of our neighbours have already done so, and if we do not hurry up we shall be left behind for lack of velocity



*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

* * * *

THE system of military examinations in foreign languages is not a very old one, having been introduced into the home Army thirteen or fourteen years ago. Before that date there were examinations in Eastern languages, Persian, Arabic, and various Indian dialects, and also in Russian, which might be passed, with pecuniary profit, by officers on Indian service. These were, and are still, classed as Lower Standard, Higher Standard, and Higher Proficiency tests, the rewards in some instances running into thousands of rupees. But no systematic attempt was made to examine officers of the regular Army at home in European languages until about 1885, when the present system was instituted and rapidly became popular. Before that time a young officer on joining was merely asked by the adjutant what modern languages he knew, and his reply was duly entered in his "Record of Service" without further remark. As a matter of course every youngster declared himself to have a knowledge of French, while in all probability the utmost extent of his achievement in that direction was the capacity to read a French novel. It is even on record that one Scottish officer demanded that he should be duly credited with a knowledge of Gaelic, though it would be difficult to define the exact circumstances in which his proficiency in that tongue would have been useful in a military sense.

* * * *

OCTOBER 11 will be the anniversary of a very famous fight in our Naval annals, the famous ship-duel which 152 years ago won for the Royal Navy the "Mars" man-of-war, from which the present battle-ship "Mars," of the Channel Squadron, directly inherits the name. Here is the fine old ballad which our forefathers of the time made and sung in honour of the event. It will be interesting and appropriate to introduce it here to those of my readers who may not know it:—

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE "NOTTINGHAM" AND THE "MARS."
(October 11, 1746.)

Come all ye jolly seamen, a tough old Tar I am,
I'll sing ye of a fight, my boys, fought in the "Nottingham."
'Twas by a brisk young captain, Phil Saumarez was his name,
Bis. And he was bent, with bold intent, old England's foes to tame.

On the 5th day of October our anchor we did weigh,
And from Old Plymouth Sound, my boys, we shaped our course away.
Along the coast of Ireland, our orders were to go,
Bis. The seas to cruise, and none refuse, but boldly fight the foe.

We had not been out many days, before we chanc'd to spy
A sail, all to the westward, which drew to us full nigh.
She hail'd us loud in French, my boys, and asked from whence we came.
Bis. "From Plymouth Sound we've just come round, and the 'Nottingham's' our name."

"Are you a man-of-war?" they said, "or a privateer may be?"
"We are a man-of-war," said we, "and that you soon shall see.
So haul up smart your courses, and let your ship lie to.
Bis. If you stand out, or put about, we'll sink you, ship and crew."

The first broadside we let them have, we made the rascals quail:
The next, their yards and topmas'es came rattling down like hail.
We drove them from their quarters, the captain frantic grew,
Bis. He cursed our shot, it came so hot, "*Mille diables! Sacre bleu!*"

We fought them seven glasses, when, to add to all their fears,
The shout was raised for "Boarders!" and we gave three ringing cheers.
Down came her flag; we took her—her name it was the "Mars."
The French be d——d! they ne'er can stand and fight with British Tars,
The French be d——d! they ne'er can stand and fight with British Tars.

* * * *

THE answer to "T. A. X." is Yes. The Swiss Government is taking account of gymnastic and military instruction among the schools of the country. A special report has been published on the subject, and the opinion is gaining ground that elementary military and gymnastic training for the young should be obligatory. All men in the Swiss Republic are liable to serve in the Army, but they are not all equally fit to do so. Many of them, although of normal stature, not only show no military aptitude, but are undeveloped in body, limb, and wind. This is unfair to those who can at once take their places creditably in the ranks, and it is an increasing evil, as proved by the latest returns, which show a falling off in the numbers under instruction. The doctrine seems sound that if men are bound to defend their country they are likewise bound to prepare themselves for that duty, and the preliminary training and exercise can never be done at a better time, or with better effect, than in schooldays.

* * * *

THE names that the Admiralty has appointed for the first two to be taken in hand of the big armoured cruisers of this year's programme, "Bacchante" and "Euryalus," will be of considerable interest to the Navy. The two are an excellent selection. "Bacchante" first came on the list by capture in 1803, when a French 24-gun corvette of that name was taken after a long chase in the Channel by the British "Endymion." Under the British flag the little "Bacchante" distinguished herself brilliantly in the West Indies, and then, in 1811, she gave place to a British-built "Bacchante" of thirty-eight guns. This ship made a splendid name for herself in the closing years of the Great War, under the command of Nelson's favourite midshipman, the ever dashing Sir William Hoste, who took command of the "Bacchante" after Lissa. Our Naval annals do not contain finer exploits than those of the "Bacchante" in the Adriatic—dashing boat fights; cutting-out affairs; raids on French shore batteries and signal stations; bombarding and storming coast forts; landing parties for soldier work on shore. The career of the "Bacchante" between 1811 and 1815 reads like a romance. Hoste's old "Bacchante" went to the ship-knacker in the fifties, and immediately her place was taken by the 50-gun screw frigate "Bacchante" launched at Portsmouth in 1859. That ship's successor was the "Bacchante" broken up a few months ago, in which the Duke of York and the late Duke of Clarence served as cadets and midshipmen, and made their memorable cruise twenty years ago. Thus the future "Bacchante" will be the fifth of her name.

* * * *

THE name "Euryalus" in the Royal Navy is of exactly the same age as the name "Bacchante." In June, 1803, just three weeks before our first "Bacchante" was captured, our first "Euryalus," a 36-gun frigate, was launched from Adam's famous old ship-building yard at Buckler's Hard, in the New Forest. Her first captain was Nelson's intimate friend, the Hon. Henry Blackwood, who, in the "Euryalus," did Nelson such yeoman service as the eyes of the fleet before Trafalgar. Before that, though, Blackwood and the "Euryalus" had done notable work in home waters as one of the cruisers of the Channel Fleet. Blackwood's successor was Captain the Hon. G. H. L. Dundas, with whom the "Euryalus" served, first under Collingwood off Cadiz, then in the Baltic, where her boats did some excellent cutting-out work, then in the Flushing Expedition of 1809, and finally, down to September, 1812, in the Mediterranean, off Toulon. Captain Charles Napier—the celebrated Sir Charles of after years—had the "Euryalus" next, from 1812 to 1815, most of the time with the Toulon Fleet, and with him still further *kudos* was added to the ship's reputation. From Toulon, in 1814, the "Euryalus" went across to America to take part in the coast operations of the "War of 1812," and she again added to her high reputation in the Navy by brilliant service on several occasions, notably in the operations against Alexandria and Baltimore. This, our first "Euryalus," disappeared about 1830. The second was the "Euryalus" of the Russian War, built at Chatham in 1853; a 51-gun screw frigate, and a crack ship of her class. To her succeeded the "Euryalus" of 1877, an iron 16-gun corvette, which was only recently broken up. The last "Euryalus" was a sister to the last "Bacchante," and it is all the more interesting to observe that our next ships of the two names are likewise to be sisters.

* * * *

"VOLUNTEER" asks me how it is that a general officer becomes the "colonel of a regiment." The post of colonel of a regiment is a titular office granted as a special distinction to certain retired officers of particular merit, as the reward of long and exceptional service. As a rule, whenever possible, the authorities allot the appointments to officers who have served with one or other of the battalions of the regiment to which they are colonels. For instance, General Sir George White, V.C., the retiring Commander-in-Chief in India, the colonel of the Gordon Highlanders, is an old regimental officer of the 92nd; General Gregorie, C.B., the recently-appointed colonel of the Royal Irish, is an old officer of the 18th. The colonel does not command the regiment in person, the rank being an honorary one only, but his name appears in the Army List at the head of the regiment, and the appointment brings him in special pay as "colonel's allowance." Princes of the blood, who are colonels of certain *corps d'élite*, come in another category as foreign Sovereigns, such as the Czar, the German Emperor, and the Emperor of Austria, who are "honorary colonels" in our Service.

* * * *

REFERRING to the paragraph, in our issue for September 3, about the oldest volunteer corps, Lieutenant H. Edwards, of the 1st V.B. Welsh Regiment, writes:—"I do not think it is quite correct to call us the 61st in order of precedence, but this, if correct, is certainly not fair. It may be so under the present senseless territorial designations, but before the introduction of this scheme, the company to which I belong was the fifth enrolled in the kingdom, being enrolled on December 9, 1859, and was then known as the Milford Volunteers. After the introduction of the battalion system, we were called the 1st Company Pembrokeshire Volunteers, and on the present system coming into use became A Company 1st V.B. Welsh Regiment."

* * * *

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. HOLDEN, Secretary of the Royal United Service Institution, writes:—"With reference to the note on page 569 in your edition of September 3, will you allow me to point out that Lieutenant H. S. Vaughan, 3rd V.B. Royal West Kent Regiment, is wrong in saying that the feathers worn in the bonnets of Highland regiments were adopted for the first time in Egypt in 1801, under Abercromby, as a shade from the sun. The officers and non-commissioned officers of the Black Watch always wore a small plume of feathers, but after the Seven Years' War, in 1763, the men of the regiment spent a good deal of money in fitting up their bonnets with ostrich feathers. The bonnet then was a flat blue one with a strip of bearskin as a crest, the whole ornamented with ostrich feathers. A study of military history reveals that the Black Watch also wore the feather bonnet, with the red hackle, in the West Indies, five years before the Egyptian Campaign of 1801. Again, I have a picture in my possession of Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth, who was colonel of the 78th Highlanders in 1793-96; he is in the uniform of the 78th, with a feather bonnet. And as he left the regiment in 1796, this is alone evidence of the custom not having originated in 1801."

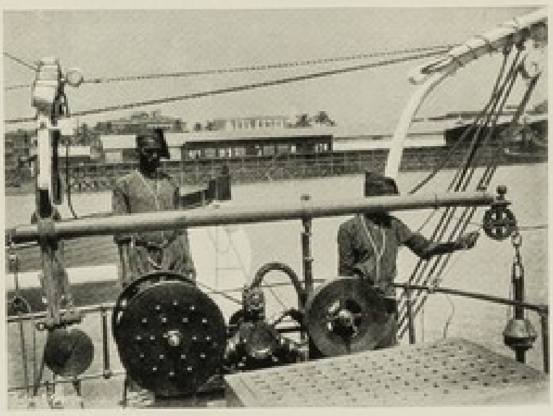
THE EDITOR.

Marine Surveying in India.

[By a Naval Correspondent.]

WHEN they told the Great King that his country seat—Sardis—had been destroyed by the Athenians, he is reported to have asked: "The Athenians! Who are they?" And similarly, if it should be told to the great public that the dangers of the Indian Coast had been dispelled by the Indian Marine Survey, one could imagine the question: "The Marine Surveyors! Who are they?"

There are several ways in which we might enlighten the curious as to the nature of this little-known organisation—the Marine Survey of India. There is the scientific way, beginning *ab initio*, and tracing it through its larval stages in the Agricultural Department (for, following perhaps the railway porter's classification, "cats is dogs, and tortoises is insecks," the Marine Survey was once catalogued with agriculture), until it bursts forth in full imago splendour as part of the Royal Indian Marine in the columns of the Navy List.

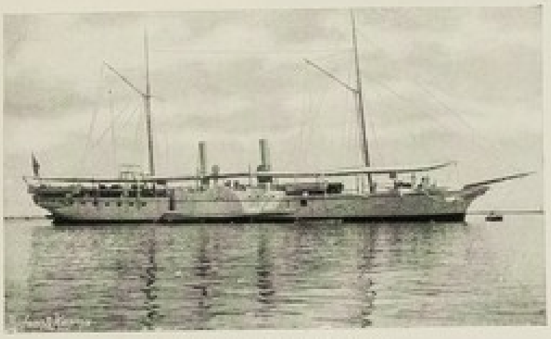


THE SOUNDING MACHINE.

Again, there is the technical way, describing in accurate nautical language the whole mystery of the craft of the marine surveyor or hydrographer. To run through both of these in the expectation of being entertaining would be a monstrous error; but there is a way which, avoiding both the astrology of statistics and the exigencies of the nautical vocabulary, we shall here attempt, even if we do not achieve, a way in which the object is not so much to give a detailed technical account of the Marine Survey as to present a few illustrations of the surveyors at work, and of their surroundings.

The sounding apparatus on board the Marine Surveying steamer "Investigator" is probably as good as that of any surveying ship afloat, and a short description may gratify the general reader. There are three parts to be considered—the sounding tube, the sounding wire, and the machinery for paying out and for reeling in again.

Beginning, if the Hibernicism be pardoned, with the last, this consists of a large drum on which the sounding wire is reeled, and a wheel over which the wire plays. By an arrangement of cogs and a dial plate the length of wire paid out is continuously registered. The engine is attached, when required, to both drum and wheel for heaving in. Of the wire there is not much to be said; it is simply steel wire so fine that thousands of fathoms can be reeled on a drum not much more than 2-ft. in diameter. The sounding tube seen hanging on the end of the wire consists of a hollow brass cylinder, which, when it reaches the bottom, sticks in like a cheese-taster's gouge and fills with the mud into which it sinks. It is carried down by a heavy weight, which detaches automatically on reaching bottom, and thus relieves tension for heaving in.



THE "INVESTIGATOR."



LEADSMAN IN CHAINS.

Besides a deep-sea sounding machine of this class, our surveying ships carry James's submarine sentry, which automatically gives notice of approaching land; and which, when hunting for shoals, very often, like a certain well-advertised remedy, touches the spot, whereas it would otherwise be missed. Our merchant vessels mostly carry Sir William Thomson's machine, but many now prefer James's.

Our next illustration shows the Indian Marine steamer "Investigator," a comfortable paddle-wheel steamer of 515 tons, particularly well suited to the work. She was built of teak throughout at Bombay Dockyard, and forms the home of the surveyors.

The grand old Lascar depicted in the next picture as about to take a cast with the hand lead, formed one of the crew for about fifteen years. The boy standing behind hauls in the line for him after each cast.

Besides occasionally trawling and dredging in deep waters for the glorification of the Calcutta Museum, to which all specimens obtained are sent, the trawl is often used in shallow waters in the dinner hour and at other intervals of rest, when the hum of work ceases for a while and the ship drifts lazily,



From Photos. LOWERING THE TRAWL. By a Naval Officer.



TAKING ANGLES AND PLOTTING.



THE LASCARS AT DINNER.



From Photos. by a Naval Officer. *DREDGING ENGINE AND REEL.* Copyright.

dragging the net over the bottom. Our illustration shows the trawl, suspended from a derrick over the bows, about to be lowered to the water. The vessel steams astern until the tail of the net trails out on the surface; a toggle is then slipped, and the trawl sinks, while the stern movement of the ship ensures the trawling rope sinking clear of the net. The natural history collections which are sent to the museum at Calcutta have accumulated faster than they can be worked out, and some arrangement should be made for their disposal to other museums prepared to classify them. The deep-sea fishes and the crustaceans are very remarkable. A naturalist is borne by the "Investigator," and his chief duty is to induce the officer in command to dedicate some of the ship's time to zoological research. Surgeon-Naturalist A. Alcock, M.B., carried out this duty for several years from 1888, and has since had the post of Curator to the Calcutta Museum. The "Investigator" is at present under charge of Commander J. H.



Photo. Debenham. Copyright.

CAPTAIN A. CARPENTER, R.N.

Heming, R.N., and he has some six Indian Marine officers under him. A view of the poop is given herewith, showing the officers taking angles and plotting work while some of the crew are at moderate depth sounding.

The crew of the ship and of the detached boat party, also belonging to the survey, are nearly all Lascars from the vicinity of Karwar, on the Bombay Coast. They are right good fellows, and never tire of work. An illustration is given showing them assembled at dinner round the rice bowls. "Fingers were made before forks" is well exemplified here, but, to their credit be it said, the fingers are well washed both before and after use.

Our next illustration shows the dredging engine and reel at work. At the side of the dredge reel a Lascar is bringing to the endless rope which is employed in moderate depth sounding. It was during the years 1883-89, whilst the survey was under Commander Alfred Carpenter, R.N., D.S.O., that these useful machines were fitted up on board. It was in 1885 that Captain Carpenter and his staff piloted the war flotilla to Mandalay so expeditiously that resistance was reduced to a minimum.

The Marine Survey of India is doing good and useful work, and is a valuable branch of Her Majesty's Indian Marine.

A Naval Rifle Range in the Far West.

THE Naval authorities on the Pacific station, as elsewhere, have been confronted in recent years with the difficulty of finding a site suitable for practice with the long-range modern rifle, which sends an accidental ricochet or a careless high shot singing away into the distance, with problematical results as regards anyone who may chance to be within five or six thousand yards.

As it is necessary that bluejackets should have rifle practice, the assistance of the Dominion Government was invoked, with the result that a piece of land, rejoicing in the name of Goose Spit, and admirably suited for the purpose, was granted in Vancouver Island, opposite the village of Comox.

Having obtained the land, the admiral was not going to wait for the Navy Estimates before he got his range fitted up, so he set his gunnery lieutenant and bluejackets to work, and they speedily got things into shape, as shown in our illustrations. The peaceful little picture of the road sloping down to the sea, with trees on either hand, and the sunshine streaming across, gives a good idea of the general aspect of the country; through the gap in the trees the "Imperieuse," the flag-ship on the station, may be seen lying quietly at anchor.



IN THE MARKERS' BUTT.

The mess hut was not built by the flag-ship's men, that and the pier being granted by the Admiralty. It is a neat-looking hut, and the verandah is inviting on a hot day; it is evidently "stand easy" time, and the men are sitting about on the grass.

In another picture a party of markers are standing by



Photo. Jones, Esquimault. Copyright.

A BIT OF THE VILLAGE OF COMOX.

the canvas targets, which can be raised and lowered at pleasure. At a little distance may be noticed, on rising ground, the danger-signal station, where a red flag is always kept flying during practice.

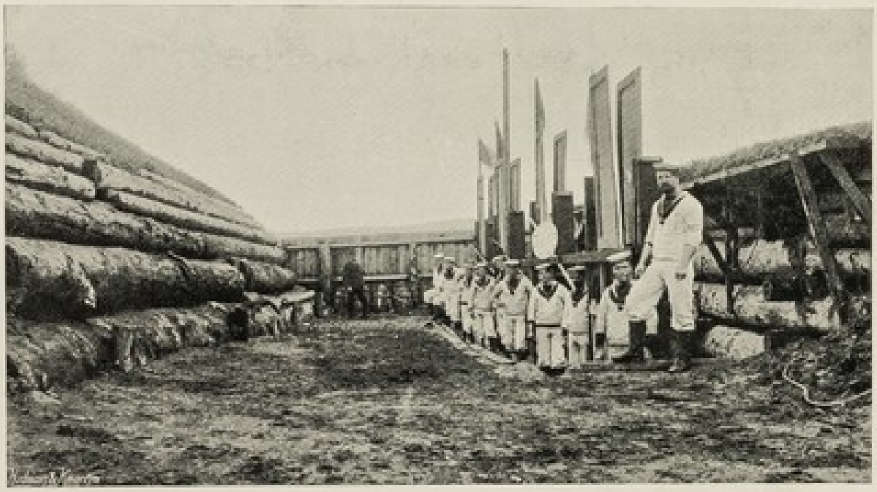
The picture of the stop butt behind the targets is interesting as showing the labour involved in this part of the work. The huge pieces of timber which form the base were dragged, by a process known as "parbuckling," from the beach, where they were lying about. This mound is calculated to contain some 10,000 tons of material, and it may be safely predicted that no bullet will ever get through it, though some erratic ones may get round or over it.

A good idea of the general aspect of the stop butt is given in the picture taken at the 200-yds. firing-point; the markers' butt is at the base, and the targets are worked and hits signalled in the sort of trench between. On this occasion, it will be noticed, the men are trying their skill upon two dummies, the other targets being lowered out of sight. The large figures in front are to distinguish the targets which are hoisted over them, so that each man may know clearly what target he is to fire at. It may appear strange, but it is astonishing how easy it is to fire at the wrong target, even in spite of the numbers.

The rifle range at Comox has become quite a favourite resort for officers and men. Golf and football are played there, and cricket is in prospect; the roads are good for "biking," which has become quite a recognised amusement for Jack nowadays; and the men find acquaintances in the neighbouring ranches with whom they can talk about the "old country." Scarcity of water is the only drawback, but this will no doubt be remedied.



THE MESS HUT AND RECREATION GROUNDS.



THE MARKERS' TRENCH AT THE STOP BUTT.



Photos. Jones, Esquimault. Copyright.

PRACTICE AT TWO HUNDRED YARDS.

Omdurman and Khartoum.

[FROM A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.]

En route for Alexandria.

JUST a few hurried lines to accompany some photographs, which I am glad to be able to send you, of the big battle with the Dervishes, and of some interesting scenes and sights in Omdurman and Khartoum. Of course I know that all the papers for some time to come will be full of detailed descriptions of the fighting at all its stages, and so I shall not attempt to send you anything like a connected narrative. But a few disjointed notes will serve to illustrate the pictures and to occupy some, not many, odd moments of leisure on the return journey to Alexandria.

I expect there will not be a single reader of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED who, by the time this reaches you, has not gathered that the battle of Omdurman consisted of two repulsed Dervish attacks and a final slaughter, the first attack being mainly sustained by the British Division on the left, the



GENERAL GATACRE.

second by Macdonald's Soudanese Brigade on the right. The British Division, to which, as your readers will probably guess from my photographs, I belonged, received the first onset of the Khalifa's army in position behind a thorn zareba. I send you two pictures, one showing us as we awaited the attack, and another giving the scene after the repulse. In the latter you will see a quantity of the paper in which ammunition is packed lying about. We certainly used a good deal, but there was very little wasted. The destructiveness of our fire was something awful, the Dervishes, although they pressed on with splendid gallantry and persistence, being simply shrivelled up by it at about 700-yds. Captain Caldecott, of the Royal Warwickshires, fell at this stage, and there were a goodish few other British casualties, but nothing to what



AWAITING THE DERVISH ATTACK.

there would have been had not our fire stopped them so soon and so completely. Another "battle picture" shows the Royal Warwickshires resting—what a welcome rest it was, too!—outside Omdurman.

The picture of General Gatacre, commanding the British Division, will, I am sure, be looked at with very general interest. Of course, as having charge of a whole division, which, moreover, acted chiefly on the defensive, he had not the same chance of exhibiting his personal gallantry and capacity for leading men as he had at the Atbara, but he has been very much in evidence throughout the whole campaign, and is immensely popular. The work he got out of us all was something extraordinary, and he is, quite good-naturedly, known as "General Backacher" in consequence. But, however much he hustles others, he certainly never spares himself.

I don't think I need say anything about the group of



AFTER THE FIRST ATTACK.

Dervish prisoners beyond mentioning casually how sorry we all are that the Khalifa is not among the "spoils of victory." For the Dervish crowd in general one cannot help feeling some sort of admiration. They did fight so splendidly, and with a "go" and method quite outside the courage of despair. But that brute of a Khalifa—well, I only hope that the camelry will catch him, and "take it out" of him for having caused the death of so many brave men, his own as well as ours.

The pictures of Omdurman and Khartoum, I think, explain themselves. To my mind the Mahdi's tomb and the Khalifa's harem have a poor sort of interest compared with the relics of



RESTING AFTER THE BATTLE.

Gordon in Khartoum. I wish I could put on paper some of the thoughts which must have come into all our minds as we wandered through these memorials of one of England's greatest sons. Of course Khartoum is, practically speaking, in ruins, but one can see that, although never such a conglomeration of dwelling-places as that fetid Omdurman, it was quite a big city, and must have been a most difficult place to defend for ten months against a determined enemy. The memorial service for General Gordon you will have had fully described in the papers. Its impressiveness was something more than a thing to be remembered. With those present I am sure it will always be as much a memory as the battle itself.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

SOME DERVISH PRISONERS.

Omdurman and Khartoum.



From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

1. The Mahdi's Tomb. 2. Interior of Mahdi's Tomb. 3. Wall round Khalifa's Harem. 4. Palace Gateway, Khartoum—where the Dervishes first entered after the fall of Khartoum in 1885. 5. General View of Khartoum. 6. The British and Egyptian flags floating over Khartoum. 7. The Courtyard of Gordon's Palace. 8. Outside Government House—where Gordon was massacred. 9. Interior of Gordon's Palace. 10. The Memorial Service for General Gordon—the soldiers leaning on their arms reversed. 11. Courtyard of Gordon's Palace—a different aspect.

Back from Khartoum.



OF all the various phases of a serious campaign, the return from the seat of war is certainly not the least interesting, whatever may have been the result of the actual fighting. It is quite possible, too, for the homeward journey of troops who have won a very glorious victory to be accompanied by as many casualties and as many discomforts as if the force were still moving through an enemy's country, and were still actively opposed by a hostile army. Too often, even in our own military annals, have faulty organisation, inadequate medical arrangements, unsuitable clothing, and bad food, caused genuine and widespread sufferings among our soldiers on their march home after some notable and hard-won battle. But nowadays we have changed all that, and in the withdrawal of the troops after a latter-day campaign, such as that which has just culminated in the recapture of Khartoum, we see the same careful attention to detail, the same thoughtful provision for those on the sick list, as characterised every stage of the forward movement. This is very much as it should be, for British soldiers are much too valuable to be recklessly sacrificed where a little forethought and attention would bring them back to us safe and sound.



Photo. Lekegian & Co. AID TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED. Copyright.



From a Photo. by a Naval Officer. THE "MAYFLOWER." Copyright.

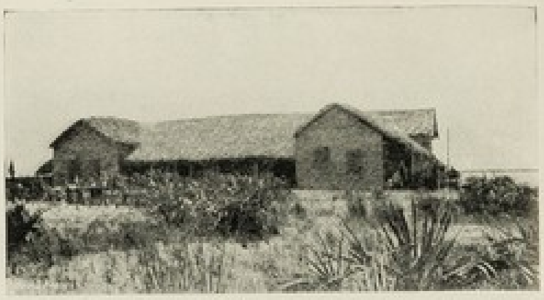
Coming back from Khartoum, the British troops formerly with the Sirdar have certainly profited by all that has been thought out and done for them by Sir H. Kitchener himself, by their own commanding officers, and by a useful organisation known as the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War. The efforts made by the latter have been sensibly concentrated on the task of bringing the sick and wounded down from Assouan in a specially-fitted "hospital ship," the "Mayflower," thus saving them the serious discomforts of the railway journey between Assouan and Cairo, 600 miles of heat, dust, and other disagreeables. The "Mayflower" is a converted pleasure vessel, and at a pinch will hold seventy-two patients. On September 15 she left Assouan for Cairo



Photo. Lekegian & Co. COSSACK POST, EGYPTIAN CAVALRY. Copyright.



RIFLE BRIGADE MESS TENT.



A NATIVE STRAW HUT.

with twenty-eight wounded and twenty-four sick. In the portrait group of officers and nurses which we reproduce, the back row is taken up by non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Seated on chairs are Major Cowan, R.A.M.C., in charge of the "Mayflower," Colonel J. S. Young, the National Aid Society's Commissioner, and Sister Geddes, N.A.S. Seated on the deck are Sister Gibson, N.A.S., Lieutenant Ross, R.A.M.C., and Sister Burke, N.A.S.

Our remaining pictures give lively representations of various scenes to be met with on the return journey. The Cossack Post of Egyptian Cavalry is doubtless a last glimpse of the force still left at the front, and serves to remind us of the splendid service done by the "Gippy" horse during the advance and the battle of Omdurman. A little more "dragoonified," perhaps, than the old typical Cossack, these fine fellows are a notable creation out of material at one time deemed doubtful, and any British officer might be proud to command men not only so well equipped, but also so genuinely efficient and devoted to their leaders and their work.

The illustration of the mess tent of the 2nd Rifle Brigade reminds us that this battalion has already started for Crete, a pleasant illustration of the demands sometimes made on the uncomplaining—contrariwise, always most willing—British Army. —First to Khartoum, then back to Alexandria, and then off to Crete, where all the ugly things that happen are mere incidents compared to what *might* happen almost any day—this is "good going" for the inside of a month.



FIELD TELEGRAPH POST.

The native straw hut and the telegraph pole may not, of themselves, be objects of extreme sublimity or picturesqueness. But they are unmistakable object lessons, the one of happier times for tribes who a few weeks ago could not reckon on keeping a straw roof above their heads, the other of the improved means of communication, which a modern army is not content with establishing at its leisure, but lays down as it goes along. Further, we have two lively pictures showing the embarkation of the troops on a stern-wheel steamer and barges, one illustration showing the big boat bows on, the other giving a glimpse of its rather ungainly but remarkably effective propelling arrangements. The campaign has brought out very clearly the value of the old stern-wheel system for Nile navigation.

The remaining two pictures are very distinctly of the home-coming order. One shows what would seem to be a rear guard marching into Alexandria, the other the main body of the 1st Royal Warwickshires on their way to Ras-el-Tin, a name which recalls the rising of Arabi and Sir Beauchamp Seymour's famous bombardment.

The Royal Warwicks were the first of the British troops to return to Alexandria, and deserved to be, for they have not only taken part in the battle of Omdurman, losing one of their officers, Captain Caldecott, but had also distinguished themselves greatly in the defeat of Mahmud at the battle of Atbara on Good Friday.

They remain at Alexandria for the present, pending transfer to the Indian Establishment in course of relief.



Photos. by An Officer at the Front.

EMBARKING TROOPS FOR HOME.



Photos. by An Officer at the Front.

A STERN-WHEELER.



Photo. E. Barker. Copyright.

THE FIRST TO RETURN.



Photo. E. Barker. Copyright.

ROYAL WARWICKS MARCHING INTO ALEXANDRIA.



SYNOPSIS.

The story, which has opened with the birth of Ariadne Thorne at the siege of Cartagena, is now continued in England. Ariadne is the owner of a considerable fortune and a country seat near Portsmouth, and to this seat Beau Bufton—a fortune hunter—is on his way, he being desirous of arranging a surreptitious marriage with Ariadne. The most important character in the narrative, Lewis Granger, has also previously made his appearance, and the next most important one, Sir Geoffrey Barry, a captain in the Royal Navy, is shortly about to do so.

CHAPTER II. *(continued.)*

"THERE was a promise," Mrs. Pottle said, with an appearance of hesitation, of modesty, which sat strangely on her rough face. "The gentleman, your friend, he give a promise of reward——"

"Curse me!" replied the Beau; "you waiting-women, you go-betweens, are all alike. Damme! I know there was a promise of five hundred guineas. But—when we leave the church—when all is over. Do you think I have such a sum on me now?"

"Not now, dear gentleman. Oh! no. Not now. But a little earnest. A little——"

"How much?" asked Bufton, looking at her and recognising that here was a cormorant who did nothing for nothing. "How much?"

"A little. Just a little. A trifle. Ten guineas will not hurt a pretty man like you."

"Five," said Bufton. "Five, now. Five." Then, seeing a strange look in Mrs. Pottle's eyes, which his wonderful knowledge of human nature, whereupon he so congratulated himself, did not assist him in fathoming, he said, "Well, ten, then. Here," and slowly drawing forth some loose guineas from his waistcoat, he put them in her open palm.

"A noble gentleman," said Mrs. Pottle, pocketing them in an instant, "a real gentleman. Now, sir, I go. To-night," she repeated, "in the lime avenue, at eight," and so withdrew.

Yet, doubtless because of the rough life she had led for years, her gratitude evaporated swiftly the moment she was outside the door of the room and had closed it on him; also her face assumed an expression strangely unlike that which it had worn when she thanked him for his gift.

"Curse you," she muttered to herself. "Curse you. May joy go with you," and she shook her fist and mumbled to herself.

Two hours later Beau Bufton had entered the long lime avenue, and was making his way up it to where the lady of his heart was to await him. He had added somewhat to his appearance, smart as it had been before—had combed and dusted his peruke, perfumed his hands and lace, and supplemented his other adornments with a new sword, which he had brought down from London wrapped in silver paper. Now it lay against his thigh, its ivory handle decorated with a gold sword knot, and once, as the Beau came to a portion of the avenue where it was almost dark, so thickly did the trees interlace overhead, he told himself he had done wisely to bring it. Ariadne might have other admirers, country clowns, 'tis true, yet fellows who, nevertheless, were capable of feeling pangs of jealousy at the sight of so aristocratic a wooer as he. And—and—he thought they might attack him with clubs, or even with plebeian fists—when—well—damme! —he would run them through. A little blood-letting—the reputation of being a swordsman—would not hurt him. To win an heiress after having slain a yokel lover would make him—well! perhaps even make him the more sought after. Therefore he went on, wishing, however, that his Ariadne had not selected a part of the avenue so distant from the main road, and so near to her house; and then—then—he knew she was there, had kept the appointed meeting.

A girl came towards him from beneath the trees, shyly, almost hesitatingly, while over her fair hair she had drawn a riding hood. And a moment later Beau Bufton had taken her hand and was impressing kisses on it, and muttering phrases such as were in use in the highest London circles, and, consequently, must be irresistible to this provincial heiress.

"I am enraptured," he murmured now, "that one so fair should deign to receive her admirer. Ah, madam, if you but knew how my thoughts have dwelt on you since at the Wells you let me claim you——"

"And stole my fan, bad man. Ah, sir, you should not have trifled thus——"

"Love, madam, knows no law. But—but—fair Ariadne —almost had I said fair and chaste Diana—may I not gaze once more in rapture on those lovely orbs, those features ever present in my memory? Will you not remove your hood?"

With no more than a brief assumption of coyness, the fair one did as her gallant desired, showing a mass of light hair beneath the hood, and, beneath that, a pair of bright eyes which glistened in the evening dusk. Also a fresh red-and-white complexion, the whole being a very satisfactory proof of the benefits of country air and living, as opposed to what an earlier poet had rapturously spoken of as "the stench of the London flambeaux."

"Ah! I protest," Beau Bufton exclaimed now, as the maiden yielded to his request, and displayed her loveliness, "once more I tremble at the sight of those charms which won my heart at Tunbridge. Ariadne, you know by my letters all that I desire—all I wish. To call you mine. To be your husband. You cannot doubt my love."

"So soon?" she said. "Oh, fie! Not yet—not for years, I vow. I am too young."

"Young! Is the heart ever too young for love? And, Ariadne, dearest one, now is the time. I protest I cannot wait."

"But there are my guardians, the lawyers. What will they say?"

"What can they say? I am of ancient family, sweet one, allied to some of the most distinguished houses in the land. They can make no dissent."

"If 'tis to be done," the girl said, "it must not be here. Oh! I could not. Instead, in London. We go to London two weeks hence. Yet—yet—I fear," and she gazed up into his face with a look of alarm that fascinated him. For now he knew that the hundred thousand guineas were almost in his grasp.

Yet as those sweet eyes met his, also they disturbed him.

"Where," he muttered, "where, dearest, have I seen such orbs as those before? Or was't in my dreams of them? Those lovely orbs."

"I do not know," she answered. "How can I say? I have wandered little away from this old country home of mine; and at Tunbridge was the first time I have ever been in the gay world. Ah, Algernon, you will be good to me?"

"Your life shall ever be my choicest care. My most precious treasure. Dearest, may I not put up the banns to-morrow, when I return to London?"

"You will love me always?"

"Always and ever."

Then she slid her hand coyly into his, and told him it should be as he desired.

"Now," she whispered, "you must away. Sunday

se'nnight we leave for Cowley Street in Lambeth. You will not, Algernon, desire a great wedding? Let it be private; none there but Mrs. Pottle, my faithful nurse. Say that it shall be so, my own."

"It shall be ever as you wish, sweet one," Beau Bufton answered, while as he did so he laughed in his sleeve. Mrs. Pottle, her faithful nurse! The woman who had done more to bring this about through his jackal's, through Lewis Granger's, machinations than anyone else; the woman who was to have five hundred guineas for so bringing it about (unless he could in any way manage to avoid the payment of the money); the woman who, that very night, had had ten guineas from him.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, "Mrs. Pottle, your faithful nurse, on your side; Lewis Granger, my hireling, on mine." And as he mentioned the latter's name he reflected that here was another who would have to be hoodwinked out of the guerdon he had stipulated for—out of five thousand guineas. Verily, a vast number of those guineas would drunken, ruined Lewis Granger get, when once Ariadne's fortune was in his hands. A vast number!

"Farewell, then," the girl said now. "Farewell, my beloved. Oh! do not deceive me, do not take advantage of my innocence and inexperience. Say you will not."

"Dear heart," he murmured, "who could deceive thee?" "A girl," he added to himself, "who has a hundred thousand guineas and a Hampshire manor. Who could do so?"

They parted now, she clinging to him tenderly before going, and whispering in his ear that 99, Cowley Street, Lambeth, was where she would be a week from Sunday next, and that then she would be all his, and meanwhile she would write often; parted, she going up the avenue towards where the house stood, and he standing looking after her, feeling his chin and, with a contemptuous smile, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

CHAPTER III.

"A Country Clod."

It was now almost dark—yet not quite so, it being the period when the days are longest—and for some little time the Beau stood gazing after the retreating figure of his captured heiress. Then he turned slowly and began to retrace his steps to the Hautbois, where he intended to snatch a few hours' rest ere the up coach, which left the Globe at Portsmouth at five o'clock in the morning, should pass.



"'I am enraptured,' he murmured."

Perhaps never had Algernon Bufton been in a more agreeable frame of mind than he was at this present time. Everything was, he told himself, very well with him. A ruined spendthrift; a man who, seven years ago, had inherited a substantial fortune, and in the passage of those seven years had managed to squander it; the chance had come to him of winning this girl, whom, in his mind, he considered to be little better than a fool.

He had thought so at first when he made her acquaintance at a public ball at Tunbridge, he having gone there heiress hunting and with a list in his pocket of all the young ladies who were known to be either the possessors of large fortunes or the heiresses thereof; and he still thought her a fool after this evening's interview. That she should have fallen violently in love with him did not of course stamp her as one, since, in spite of his unfortunate chin, he deemed himself not only attractive, but irresistible. Yet a fool she undoubtedly was to throw herself away on a man about whom she had made no enquiries, as he knew she could not have made, and to be willing to marry him in the surreptitious, or, as he termed it, "hole in the corner," manner that she was about to do.

"If I were a scoundrel," he mused to himself with extreme complacency, "who was pursuing this girl with some other object than that of obtaining possession of her fortune, how I might hoodwink her! Granger, if kept sober till midday, could play the parson sufficiently well to throw dust in her eyes. But not in such a case as this should it be done. No. No, my beauteous Ariadne. Not in such a case as this. You shall be tied up devilish tight, so tight that never shall you escape your bonds with Algernon Bufton; so tight that my demise alone shall cancel them. You are not one of the pretty helpless fools whom villains deceive.

"A fine property, too," he mused, casting a dark eye around, "a fine property. The trees alone would sell for something if cut down. Yet—yet—we must not come to that. An avenue gives ever an imposing—— Hist! what is this? Some country clown, by the way he sings to himself. Perhaps a rival."

Whereon, true to himself, Beau Bufton assumed a haughty, indifferent air as he strode along, and drew down his lips to the well-known Bufton sneer, as he considered it.

The person of whom he spoke, and who was quite visible in the evening gloaming, was now drawing near, and Bufton decided that he had guessed aright when he imagined him to be a country clown. A country squire, perhaps; but no more.

This person's face, he could observe, was an extremely good-looking one, though marvellously brown and sunburnt —probably, the Beau thought, from common country pursuits —a handsome English face from which looked forth two bright blue eyes. Also he was tall and well set, though perhaps his figure was not exhibited to its best advantage owing to a rolling gait. In his apparel he showed that he was a gentleman, his coat of blue cloth being of the best, while his lace, although not costly, was that which a person of position might wear. By his side he carried a sword which evoked the deepest disdain from Bufton, since it was but a common whinyard in a black leather case, and boasting only a brass handle and hilt. For the rest, he was a young man of the Beau's own age.

As they drew close to each other in the twilight, this young man fixed those blue eyes with an extremely keen glance on Bufton's face; a glance so penetrating that the other, whose nose was in the air, and whose chin was stuck out in front of him, knew well enough that he was being scanned from head to foot. Then, before he could progress more than another step or so, he was startled by hearing the new comer address him:

"My friend," that person said, "have you not lost your way? Or are you not aware that this is private ground, the property of Miss Thorne?" For a moment the Beau could scarcely believe his ears. To be addressed as "his friend" by a person of this description! A country clod, and in a plain blue coat!

"My good fellow," he said, with now his choicest sneer, "is it not possible that the lady you mention may occasionally receive visitors other than the rural inhabitants of this neighbourhood?"

"Extremely possible," the new comer replied, "since she deigns to receive me, who am not of this neighbourhood. But since I happen to have a very strong and tender interest in Miss Thorne, may I make so bold as to ask if you have been received as a visitor by her to-night?"

It was perhaps, as it happened at this juncture, a little unfortunate that Bufton had never accepted his friend Granger's estimate of him as a more just one than that which he had long since formed of himself. For the latter, in "coarse and ruffianly language," as the Beau termed it, always took great delight in telling him that he didn't know himself. "You are not as clever as you think, my friend," he would say again and again; "you are not astute, and, indeed, without my assistance you would be but a sorry knave. Also, your absurd belief in your powers of ridicule, the use of which is always the mark of either an envious person or a fool, will some day get you into trouble. I wish you could be more intelligent." Which advice was, however,

entirely thrown away on Bufton, who was a man strong in his own conceit. And, perhaps, after all he had a right to be so, since he had undoubtedly perpetrated many knavish tricks very successfully during his career.

And now his folly and his idea of his own importance ran away with him; while at the same time the reticence on which he prided himself—and truly so in unimportant matters, though he could blab freely on matters that should be kept secret—was shown to be the useless thing it was.

"Young man," he said, "you forget yourself, allow yourself an unpardonable licence when you state that you have a strong and tender interest in Miss Thorne. Such a thing is impossible in one of your condition—indeed, in anyone—now!"

"Why, you scurvy dog!" the other answered, approaching him—and now his blue eyes blazed indignantly, while his brown face seemed to assume a deeper hue—"you dare to speak thus to me—you jackanapes. Begone from off this place at once, ere I kick you down the avenue. Who are you, you bedizened mountebank, who dares put his foot here? Begone I say, at once."

That calmness is the mark of the truly great had long been an axiom of Beau Bufton; also he was aware that those who possess such terrible powers of ridicule and contempt as were his, must never stoop to bandy words with others—since, thereby, even a clown might find a loophole for retaliation. Nor did he forget those axioms now, even though his blood boiled at being addressed as he had just been. But, on the other hand, none could be allowed to address such remarks to him—especially not he who had the monstrous temerity to state that he had a strong and tender interest in Miss Thorne. In Miss Thorne—the girl who not a quarter of an hour ago had promised to be his wife in a fortnight—the girl who had a hundred thousand guineas portion.

"My good man," he said, "you carry a sort of weapon at your side."

"Ay, I do. A good one too."

"Draw it then. I must teach you a lesson. I presume you are of some standing; that I may cross swords with you. You may be perhaps considered a gentleman——"

"At least I have the gentleman's trick of knowing how to use a small sword. Come, let us make an attempt. Lug out. Come."

Not being wanting in personal courage, feeling very sure, too, that Renoud had taught him all that there was to be learnt at the fence school in Marylebone, the Beau drew forth from its scabbard the bright new blade which, for the first time, he had hung by his side to-night, and put himself upon his guard. Yet he could have wished that his calm and dignified manner had more favourably impressed his antagonist; that he had not drawn his own common-looking blade with such an easy air. It was, he thought, an air far too self-confident for a yokel to assume. However, there was a lesson to be taught, and he must teach it.

"You have ventured to state," he said, "that you have a tender interest in Miss Thorne. If you will withdraw those words——"

"Curse you!" the other said, furiously. "You dare to mention her name again. Have at you!" and in a moment their swords were crossed.

Then Beau Bufton knew that he could not possibly be dealing with a gentleman. For his opponent seemed utterly oblivious of every form and method of recognised attack and defence, and, what was more, parried every one of his choicest thrusts—even Renoud's low quarte, which was thought so well of; while he also had the gross vulgarity to parry a sweet flanconnade with his left hand. Also the fellow had made him positively warm! Nevertheless, he seemed to know more than was desirable, since he had an accursed acquaintance with the old *contretemps*, or *coup fourré*, which was a dangerous knowledge for one's antagonist to possess.

In truth, Bufton began to think (although scarcely could it be possible that Heaven ever would permit such an outrage) that this provincial was very likely to stretch him ere long upon the soft grass beneath his feet. A thing that, if ever known, must load his memory with eternal disgrace—he a beau, a *maître des escrimeurs* to be laid low by such a one. It must not be. He must try the *botte coupée*. He did try it—and it failed! Also, to make matters worse, his bucolic adversary laughed at him.

"Come," that adversary said, "this will not do. You are not a coward, it seems, therefore I will spare you. Only, henceforth, venture no more in this place." Whereon, as he spoke, he disarmed Beau Bufton with a heavy parry, and a moment later held that gentleman's sword in his left hand.

"Now," he said, while on his face there came a good-humoured expression which made him look surprisingly handsome, though, indeed, there was little enough light left for the other to observe it by, "now be off. And, here, take your sword; it is a pretty weapon. Only, for the future, wear it for ornament, not use. Away with you."

"Curse you!" said the Beau, snarling at him. "I'll be at evens with you yet. If what I think is true, we shall meet again."

"Very likely," replied the other, "but it must not be here. I suspect you of having been courting one of the maids; next time go round to the offices—there you will not be interrupted," and in a moment he had walked swiftly away up the avenue.

Humiliated as the Beau was by his defeat, at the hands of such a fellow!—doubly humiliated, too, by that insulting suggestion that he, a gentleman, should have been lurking about after one of Ariadne's maid-servants, he had the good sense to hold his tongue and to let the victor—for such, in truth, the other was—depart without further words. Yet, even after his defeat at that other's hands, he could still find some reflections to comfort him.

"Since," he said to himself, as now he went down the avenue on his road back to the inn, "the fellow is evidently on his way to visit her, he must be some local rustic who imagines that she favours him. Favours him! Oh! ye gods. Him! And not a quarter of an hour ere he came along she was promising to be mine—my wife—her head upon my shoulder—kissing me. Nay, I think she did not kiss me; in the hurry of our parting that sweet ceremony was forgotten. Ha! very well. When next he observes me, in this avenue, perhaps—it may be so!—he will see me riding up it as the owner, and the owner also of my Ariadne's guineas. Ah! my rural friend," he murmured, "I can forgive your insolence very well."

Whereon, comforted by these reflections, he strode forward to the Hautbois, intent on obtaining some rest ere the coach should pass in the early morning.

His host and also his hostess were sitting outside the porch of the inn as he drew near it, the summer evening being so warm and balmy, while the old thatched house, over which the honeysuckle and woodbine twined, was close and stuffy inside; and, as now he drew near, both rose with the antique ceremony of such persons, and bowed and curtsied.

"Your worship has paid a visit to Mistress Thorne?" the man asked enquiringly, supposing that for no other purpose could a gentleman have come down from London by the coach, only to return by it the next morning.

"Yes, to Mistress Thorne," the Beau answered. "Yet, my friends," he said, "it is a visit which I wish not discussed. It was on business—a matter of business of some import. I pray you to keep silence on the matter."

"For," he continued to himself, "I would not have that country calf know that he has a rival in the field. Thus, when he learns that Ariadne is mine, his despair will be greater. Thus, too, I shall have my revenge."

"I will say nothing, your worship," the man said, while his wife echoed his words. "Nothing. Doubtless Miss Thorne has much business to transact."

"Always—always," replied the Beau.

"And did your worship see Sir Geoffrey going up to the house? He must have passed that way almost as you returned."

"Sir Geoffrey!" Bufton exclaimed. "Sir Geoffrey! What Sir Geoffrey, pray?" and as he spoke he felt, he knew not why, that he was turning somewhat white. Fortunately, however, the darkness which was now around all prevented that whiteness from being seen.

"Sir Geoffrey Barry," the man replied. "I thought your worship would have known him. He is of the county, and one of His Majesty's sea captains. And he awaits only the command of a ship-of-war to—to——"

"To what?"

"To espouse Mistress Thorne!"

Later that night, if the worthy landlord could have but seen into the small, low-ceilinged room in which Beau Bufton was installed, he would perhaps have thought that his guest was a madman, or at least had partaken too freely of the contents of a silver flask by his side, for he laughed and chuckled to himself again and again; also he snapped his fingers more than once in a manner which seemed to testify exuberant delight.

"To espouse Mistress Thorne," he repeated continually, as now he proceeded to divest himself of his clothes, knowing that it was necessary he should obtain some few hours' rest. "To espouse Mistress Thorne. Oh, gad! It is too much!" Yet, also, it would seem as though there was a sinister side to his humour as well, since occasionally, amidst all his hilarity, he would exclaim:

"Curse him! Curse him! He *is* a gentleman, it would seem, and he outraged me not only by his jeers and derisions, but also by having got the better of me in the encounter. So be it! A fortnight hence, my friend, and I shall have had my full retaliation. Ah! Sir Geoffrey Barry, you do not know yet with whom you have to deal! 'One of the maids,' indeed!"

(To be continued.)

A NOVELIST OF PRESS-GANG DAYS.

("The Old Sailor.")

By JAMES BAKER, Author of "John Westacott," "The Gleaming Dawn," etc., etc.

WHAT a world of the past it is that these old letters and documents and books lying before me open up. A world that to the present generation is as unknown as the world of Osiris, whose tomb has just been unearthed at Thebes.

"The Old Sailor" rivalled Captain Marryat in his day, but he wrote of the sailor, whilst Marryat wrote of the officer. A breezy, rollicking, jovial world, full of hard knocks and hand-to-hand fights, but also of tender pathos and open-hearted charity.

Why the language even is a dead tongue. What officer would address a midshipman of to-day, if there was one, in this style: "As soon as you have done adjusting your lee-boards and bowsed all taut, take this young gentleman round the ship"? But there is a briny, racy vigour about the stories that makes the enigmatical phrases even have a pleasant savour of the sea and the glorious old wooden walls of England.

Although "The Old Sailor" was a voluminous writer, very little is actually known to the world of his life; but there lies now before me a bundle of letters from himself and from his son and from some famous in their day in the world of literature, that with his works, give a full insight into his literary life.

He wrote of the sea from actual experience. He knew a ship and her power, every rope fell into its place in his mind's eye, and one had to "know the ropes"—there were ropes to remember, in those days.

Brought up at Deptford in sight of all the shipping that sailed down the broad Thames, his home with his father, who for fifty years was a dissenting minister at Deptford, became irksome to him, and, like many another lad, the sea dragged him from his home.



Portrait of M. H. Barker ("The Old Sailor"), done by Mrs. E. Duncan, wife of E. Duncan, water-colour artist, and daughter of W. Huggins, marine painter to His Majesty William IV. It was drawn at the Trafalgar Tavern, Greenwich, on an occasion when Barker had taken Mr. and Mrs. Duncan to Greenwich to give them a whitebait dinner, August 20, 1844.

His first experience, at sixteen, was in an Indiaman, but he afterwards got into the Royal Navy, and served in the "Swan" cutter and "Investigator" surveying vessel, and afterwards was promoted to be acting-master of the gun-brig "Flamer." It was whilst he was master of this craft that he met and fell in love with her who was to be his wife.

But his command of the "Flamer" was given up, and we next find him in command of a schooner bearing letters of marque and carrying despatches under Lord Keith. Such a task, at such a period—for it was in the year 1813, when a ship had either to show fight or a swift pair of heels, or keel—proved the reliability of "*The* Old Sailor" and the trust bestowed on him.

Then came 1815, and, hey presto! the war is over; no more exciting chases or swift runs through the enemy, and the "Old Sailor" becomes the young journalist. How it was he obtained the berth the letters do not prove, but for a time he edited the *Demerara Gazette*, and his experience in the West Indies comes out in many of his stories. "Daddy Davy the Negro" starts with the quotation from Sterne, "A negro has a soul an' please your honour," and this gives a key to much of the old sailor's work—warm universal charity to suffering humanity. His story of the slave ship, in "Greenwich Hospital," gives a terrible picture of the horrors seen on board such a craft.

But Demerara did not hold Mathew Henry Barker, our old sailor, long, for a letter lies before me, dated June 11, 1823, headed



Private to editor," and addressed to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. It commences, "An old sailor is labouring under pecuniary and other embarrassments, but he would rather earn his biscuit than get it for nothing," and he asked for work on the *Gazette*, and Mr. Jerdan, the famous editor, gave it to him.

[So runs "The Old Sailor's" life according to the memoir in the *Literary Gazette* of July 18, 1846; but his son on reading this assures me that the work on the *Literary Gazette* came first, and the publication of "Greenwich Hospital" in the *Gazette* in 1824-25, then the Demerara experience—1825-27—and in 1828 the Nottingham editorship, continuing until 1841, when again he was in London.]

A whole budget of letters full of interesting bits of the literary life of the period follows his introduction to literary work, and soon book succeeds book. One of his first works was a booklet for children called "The History of Little Henry." It is dated 1816, just after the close of the war, and was published at Dover. It is rhymed couplets, commencing:

> "With jacket green, a nice frilled shirt so neat,
> A fine black hat, and shoes that fit his feet."

What a delightful contrast this very good little child's book to "Greenwich Hospital," that was published in quarto form and illustrated by "George," as the letters always refer to the illustrator, leaving out the "Cruikshank." This brought him fame and established him as a bluff and humorous sea story-teller. Then came "Land and Sea Tales," "Tough Yarns," "Topsail Sheets Blocks"—three novels of three-decker dimensions—"Hamilton King," "Naval Club," and "Victory," and about half-a dozen other books, besides such trifles as a "Naval Keepsake" and many a snatch of verse and prose in the annuals.

Just a touch of his quality from the "Press Gang." An English frigate is in the Channel on the look-out for Johnny Crapaud:

"'Pon deck there,' shouted the man at the masthead. 'Halloo,' replied the first lieutenant. 'A sail on the starboard bow, sir.' 'Port, lad, port.' 'Port it is, sir,' says I. The lieutenant ran forward with his glass. 'Meet her, boy, meet her. Steady.' 'Steady,' says I again. He applied his glass to his eye. 'What is she, Mr. ——?' inquired the captain. 'By the length of her legs, sir, I should take her to be one of our own class, only heavier.' 'Beat to quarters, and see all clear for action.' 'Ay, ay, sir. Drummer, blow up a tune upon your sheep's-skin fiddle that they may hear you at the Land's End.' 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Shall I show them the buntin'?' enquired the officer. 'If you please.' 'Hoist the colours abaft. Maintop there, take the turns out of the coach-whip.' The decks were cleared, the stoppers clapp'd upon the topsail sheets, the yards slung, the guns cast loose, when the boatswain roared out from the forecastle, 'There it goes, sir. Try junk in you-know' (*Tria juncta in uno*)—'red, white, and blue. Trail that gun forward, you lubber, and elevate her breech.' 'A French frigate,' cried the lieutenant, rubbing his hands in ecstasy. 'Now, my boys, for wooden clogs for your sweethearts.' 'All ready with your guns,' said the gunner, casting his eye along the sight. 'Speak to him, Bounce, and ask the news.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the old tar as he applied the match to the priming. 'I'll whisper a word in his ear.'"



"The Old Sailor."



Geo. Cruikshank Nov. 10th 1876

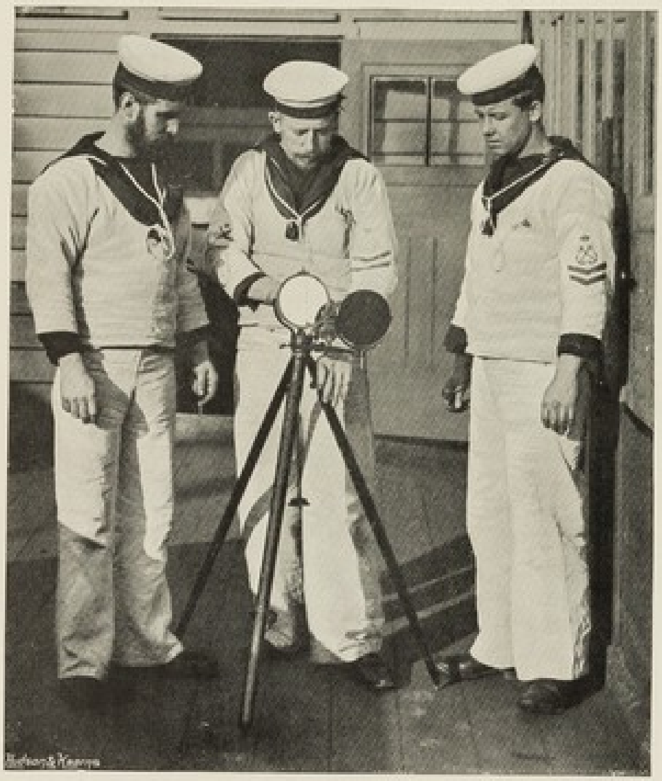
Does not the whole scene play vividly before the eye? What a contrast to blowing up the enemy by observation. Just a glass sweeping the entrance to a harbour, the glass comes in line with a mine, and the enemy is blown into space.

But we must steer ahead and give a glimpse of the later years of the old sailor. He left London in 1828 to be editor of the *Nottingham Mercury*, a position he held for thirteen years, and in its columns he had to record the sad death of his fourth son, of the H.E.I.C. steam frigate "Atalanta." Another son, Henry, commanded the "Staffa AE1." A card lies before me stating she will receive freight or passengers, and near it this cutting from a newspaper: "The 'Staffa,' Barker, sailed from Sierra Leone on the 8th of October for London and has not since then been heard of." Such are glimpses into "The Old Sailor's" life, he who gave so much merriment to thousands.

In May, 1843, we find him asking "Dear Thirlwall" to a party, and writing to "Dear Duncan" and the Howitts, being a moving spirit in literary society, and writing continually for such papers as the *Literary Gazette* and the *Pictorial Times*, and other publications, not only as "The Old Sailor," but under the pseudonyms of "Father Ambrose" and the "Wanderer." Amongst other work he edited a "Life of Nelson" for a publisher who wanted to *borrow* his name, a bit of fraud he refused to allow, without rewriting the best part of the book.

His letters and work are a rare glimpse into a bygone life. On October 14, 1845, he writes on black-edged paper he has been terribly unable to put pen to paper, and asking for time to complete a story. It was the beginning of the end, for on June 29, 1846, he died, aged 56. It is but a glimpse I have given of his life and work, but a chat with his son brought that life vividly before me. The son is now a hale, hearty octogenarian, who, like his father, led a roving sea life as a youngster, but at his father's death Lord John Russell secured him a position in the Customs, and he looks good for another twenty years to spin yarns of a bygone sea life, gleaned from his father's books and his own experience. "The Old Sailor's" work still lives, for "Tough Yarns" was issued the other day in one of the popular "Famous Books" series.

The Torpedo School of the Navy—The "Vernon."—II.



HELIOGRAPH INSTRUCTION ON THE POOP OF THE "VERNON."

SINCE the Torpedo School was started in 1873, under the wing of the Gunnery School, and subsequently on an independent career, in 1876, it has grown at a rapid pace. This growth is chiefly to be attributed to the inventive genius of the age, the development of the Whitehead torpedo, to which we intend to refer in a subsequent article, being of itself phenomenal.

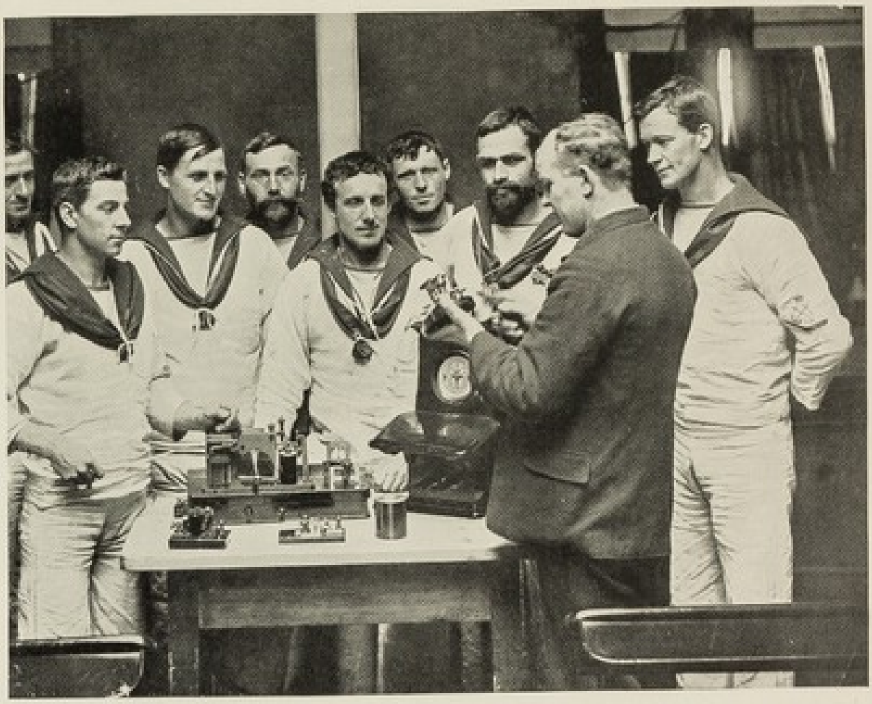
In 1876 a little craft called the "Lightning" was attached to the "Vernon" as an experimental torpedo-boat. Since that date something like 200 torpedo-boats of all sizes have been built, and 100 large-sized torpedo-boats, called destroyers, because their *raison d'être* is to destroy torpedo-boats, have been added to the Navy. In any case, they are all craft whose existence was dictated solely for using or combating the deadly mobile torpedo, and the men who handle them receive a large measure of their training in the Torpedo School. That magnificent body of men, the torpedo coxswains of the Navy, are a distinctive product of the school, so also are the torpedo instructors, who carry with them a technical training matching, if not superior to, that of any body of skilled artificers in the country. Two hundred torpedo-boats is something which would tax any human brain to find suitable names for, and the Admiralty with wise foresight disregarded the precedent of the "Lightning" and resorted to prosaic numbers. Now that the destroyers are entering on their second century, the Admiralty must regret that the facile numbers were not introduced in their case as well. Casting the eye along torpedo-boat No. 25, past the torpedo-tubes in the bow to beyond the funnels, we see a queer-looking erection standing nearly as high as the funnels. This is the electric search-light, and it tells a tale of marvellous progress. It also tells a tale of the influence of the schools in the Navy. In bygone times it used generally to be due to the initiative of the mercantile marine that new notions were tried afloat, such as the diet of lime juice, the use of steam-engines, chain cables, etc. Now it is all the other way. The Navy, under the initiation of the Torpedo School, was perfecting the electric system of ship lighting well before the mercantile marine began to take it up, and it has for some years past been applying electricity to the working of heavy weights, while the mercantile marine has scarcely attempted to try the system. What is this search-light which is suggesting all this retrospect to us? On board ship it is a powerful light, giving an illumination equal to that of 25,000 candles, or a splitting headache if one



Photos. C. Cozens. *A CLASS OF OFFICERS.* Copyright.

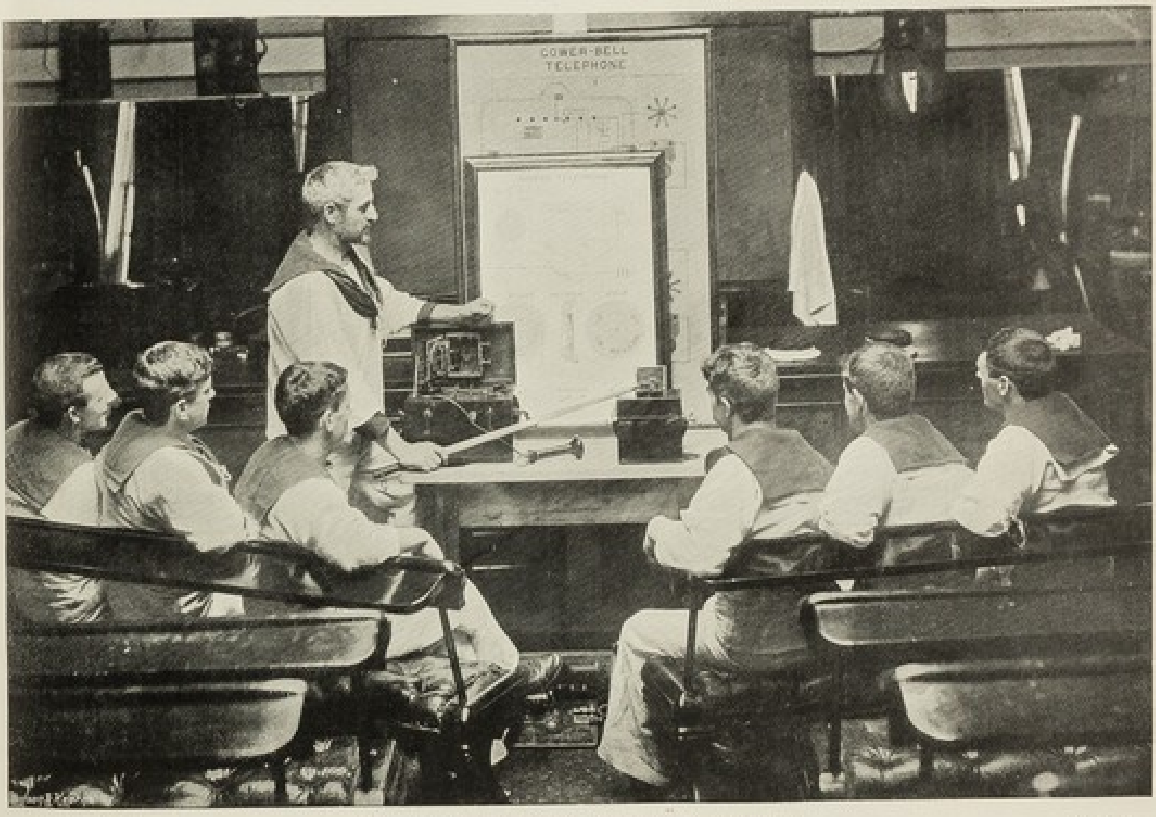
looks into the light, except through coloured glasses. Its use is to illuminate a target at night so that guns may be brought to bear.

Now every ship and sea-going torpedo-boat carries one or more of these search-lights, while the cruisers and battle-ships are lighted from top to bottom by electric light, the passages inside the ship being lined with long rows of wires for the purpose of distributing the electricity from the dynamos, of which there are at least three in every battle-ship. What a tale of progress we find here again in connection with these same dynamos, of which we can find one if we dive down below in No. 25 in some obscure corner, where there certainly is not room to swing the proverbial cat. To avoid such a hot corner in this weather, we can content ourselves with looking at the illustration of a staff officer instructing three officers in the testing of a dynamo. As they have got as far as testing to see that it is in order, they have already heard all about its use, how it is driven by a steam-engine or power derived from coal, and how the mechanical energy of the steam-engine is turned by the dynamo into electrical energy, much as the heat energy of the coal was turned into the mechanical energy of the steam-engine. They have been told how advantageous this system of electric lighting is to the taxpayer, since the steam is always "up," as the phrase is, for the purpose of condensing the salt water of the sea into fresh drinking water, and may just as well be utilised for ship lighting at the same time. Finally they have been taken from one dynamo to another and shown the improvement since the Torpedo School started to paddle its own canoe in 1876, when the officers were trying a dynamo experimentally for the first time, to see if they could be used in the Navy.

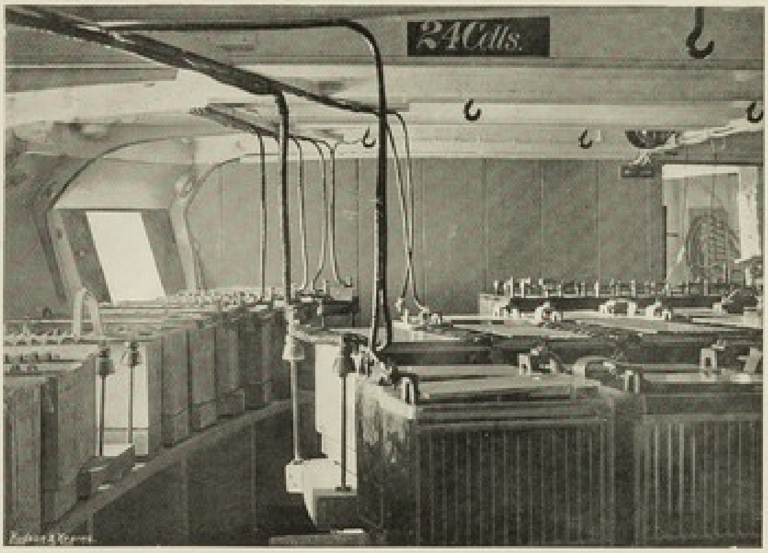


INSTRUCTOR EXPLAINING TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS.

The accumulators or secondary cells, of which we give another illustration, are still in this experimental stage, and a rich field lies before the inventor who can adapt them for use in the Navy. In the "Vernon" they can make them very useful, but the "Vernon" is not a sea-going ship subject to a fickle element, and saving of weight and room is not of such importance as in a battle-ship.

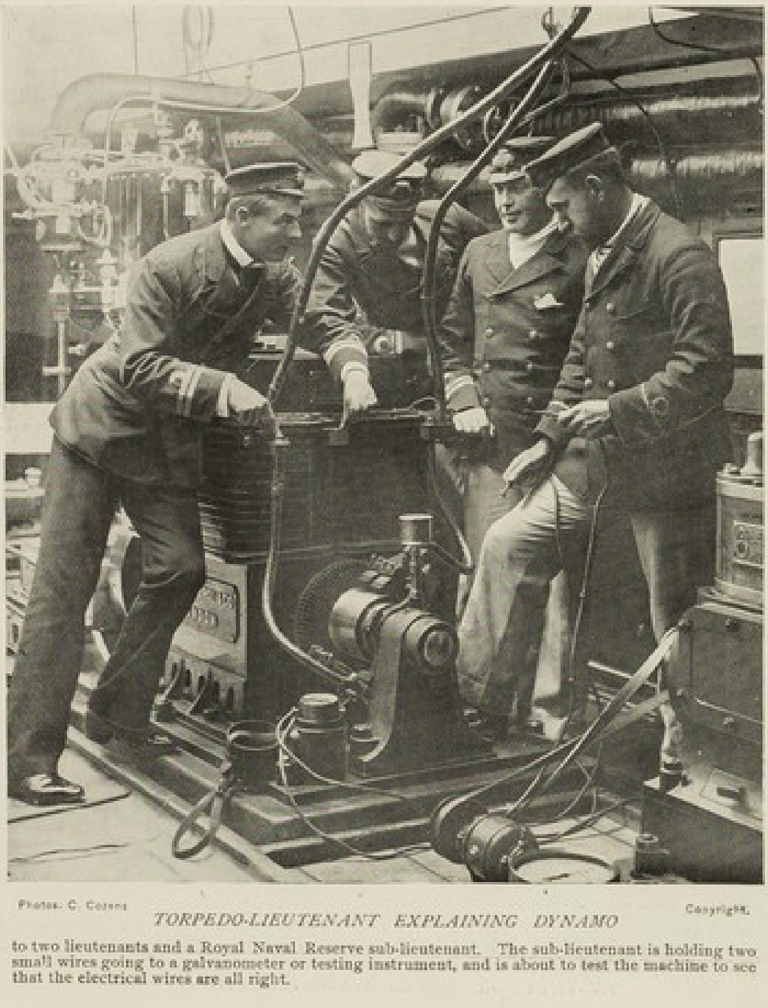


Photos. C. Cozens. *INSTRUCTOR EXPLAINING TELEPHONE.* Copyright.



A PART OF THE SECONDARY BATTERY ROOM.

These batteries are for the storage of electricity until it is wanted. If the reader pays a visit to this room he will notice a strong sulphur smell, due to the sulphuric acid in which the lead plates are immersed. When electricity is driven into the cells, two sets of plates in each cell become of different composition, and when electricity is taken out the plates become similar again. The first process is called charging, the second discharging. Any number of cells may go to form a battery. The convenience of the arrangement will be seen when it is said that the cells can be charged during the working hours of the men, and then only one man kept up at night while the lights are working from the cells.



Photos. C. Cozens — Copyright.

TORPEDO-LIEUTENANT EXPLAINING DYNAMO

to two lieutenants and a Royal Naval Reserve sub-lieutenant. The sub-lieutenant is holding two small wires going to a galvanometer or testing instrument, and is about to test the machine to see that the electrical wires are all right.

When we use a dynamo, we take out the electricity and use it immediately it is made. With accumulator cells we can store the electricity until we want it. In popular language, we may say that the coal fire in the furnace heats the water in the boiler, making steam, which drives the engine and the dynamo. The dynamo makes the electricity, and drives it through the thick wires we see in the illustration of the dynamo, just as a pump would drive water through a pipe. These wires conduct the electricity to the accumulators, which store it up until it is wanted, just as a tank may be said to store up water.

We have not yet said anything of the telephone, the telegraph, the electric firing of guns, mines, and torpedoes, etc., growths most of which the Torpedo School may be said to have planted in the Navy and fostered into successful application. One of our illustrations shows an instructor explaining the Service telephone to a class. As will be seen, it is in two boxes, one containing the bell for calling up, and the other the talking and listening apparatus.

The instructor has doubtless just been telling the class, before going into details, that to suit Service conditions the apparatus has to be capable of being easily handled and, therefore, compact and light, and that it has to stand boat work, and consequently exposure to sea-spray. For instance, supposing a harbour is being "mined," the officers at the mining station from which they are fired may be some thousands of yards away, and yet must be in communication; so telephones are joined to one of the mining cables, as they are called, or wires which carry the electricity to fire the mines, and conversation is carried on through this wire. The instructor will later on tell how, by repeated trials, the "Vernon's" staff have reduced the size and weight of the apparatus and placed it in a single box. Why then is he engaged in teaching the obsolete form? The answer is, because, with a touching regard for the taxpayer's pocket, old instruments are never withdrawn until the stock is exhausted, so that in dozens of cases our Jacks of all trades have to be Jacks of all marks, learning all the various forms of the same torpedo or instrument, from Mark 1 to mark something else, with perhaps a couple of stars added to denote fresh modifications. Going into another room we find an instructor explaining telegraph instruments, and if we venture on the poop we find an instructor explaining the heliograph, a visual system of signalling by mirrors more used in the Army than in the Navy.

It is chiefly for this reason that the Navy teaches it, as in combined expeditions constant communication is necessary between the admiral and the general. Our readers will remember that in the Chino-Japanese War the telegraph wire was kept going on one occasion, throughout a combined attack, from the general to the Japanese flag-ship, which was under way.

Our group illustration is of a class consisting of a number of officers on full or half-pay, or officers on the retired list who have volunteered to serve if war breaks out. The reader will surely extend his sympathies to the right-hand officer sitting down, as he gazes pensively at the "Vernon's" Bible, "The Torpedo Drill Book," and seems to be wondering if he will ever get outside its contents.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. VII.—No. 89.] *SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1898.*



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CAPTAIN W. H. B. GRAHAM, COMMANDER R. H. ANSTRUTHER, AND LIEUTENANT F. G. BIRD.

(See next Page.)

On Board the "Diadem."



THE TORPEDO STAFF, WITH SOME OF THEIR IMPLEMENTS.

THE "Diadem," as our readers are probably aware, is one of our first-class cruisers. She was launched some two years ago on the Clyde, and is now attached to the Channel Squadron. She is of 11,000 tons displacement, carries an armament of sixteen 6-in., fourteen 12-pounder, and twelve 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and steams over 20 knots. She is one of four sister vessels, fitted with the new water-tube boilers, and has an imposing row of four funnels.

Captain W. H. B. Graham, who commands this fine vessel, and whose portrait, with those of his principal executive officers, appears in the frontispiece, served during the Egyptian War of 1882, and in the Eastern Soudan in 1884, when he was landed with the Naval Brigade, and mentioned in despatches, both Naval and Military; and he subsequently accompanied Admiral Sir W. Hewett on his mission to King John of Abyssinia. He wears the Egyptian medal, with clasp for Suakin, and the Khedive's bronze star.

The illustration above shows the torpedo staff seated amidst a medley of curious-looking scientific instruments, used in the instalment and testing of electrical gear, the firing of mines, etc.; in the centre is the polished and wicked-looking head of a Whitehead torpedo, a cluster of eight incandescent electric lights lying beside it.

Captain Graham and his large staff of officers form an excellent group, numbering nearly forty of all ranks, with widely-differing degrees of experience and responsibility, from the light-hearted midshipman, with the white patch on his collar, upwards.

Another picture shows a very familiar incident—a small midshipman reporting some signal to the officer of the watch. Every signal as it is taken in is written on the slate by the signalman, and taken at once to the officer in charge of the deck, who immediately reports it to the captain, or deputes a subordinate to do so if it be inadvisable for him to leave the deck. The signals may, of course, vary from the merest triviality, such as an invitation to dine with the admiral, to an



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THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.



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REPORTING A SIGNAL TO THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH.

order of the most weighty import, involving the instant raising of steam or weighing of anchors for some important cruise; but they are all reported with the same stolid and deferential demeanour. Another youngster, it will be noted, has arrived from the other side of the deck with some report of a different nature: "Twelve o'clock, sir," perhaps, a piece of intelligence which his superior at once transmits to the captain, and receives the time-honoured and autocratic command to "make it so"; for the sun is not acknowledged to have passed the meridian without the sanction of the senior Naval officer present.

The gunnery staff are not of less importance than the torpedo experts; they may indeed, as yet, be reckoned as having the precedence, until the Naval battles of the future, or the advance of science, demonstrate the contrary. Torpedo officers have certainly been heard to allude to their brothers of the guns as the "bow and arrow lot," but this is, to say the least of it, premature. The gunnery lieutenant, the gunner, the armourer, and some seamen gunners are here clustered about some of the minor implements of their department—a Maxim gun, a magazine rifle, a hydraulic jack for lifting gun carriages for repair, etc., and also a pair of ash fencing sticks and wire masks, used in practical lessons in the gentle art of swordsmanship. Note the strip of canvas hanging down from the Maxim; it is loaded with cartridges, which the deadly little weapon will continue to discharge on its own account as long as it is kept supplied with strips.

We could not get on very long without the signal staff, who are here represented with a fine array of lanterns, small signalling flags, and spy-glasses. The large lantern is the invention, with some modern improvements, of Admiral—then Lieutenant—P. H. Colomb, well known as an authority upon Naval tactics, etc. One of the men is armed with a sewing machine, with which to execute repairs upon flags, etc.

The excellent and comfortable arrangements of the sick bay are well shown in the last illustration.



THE GUNNERY STAFF—REPRESENTING THE "MAILED FIST."

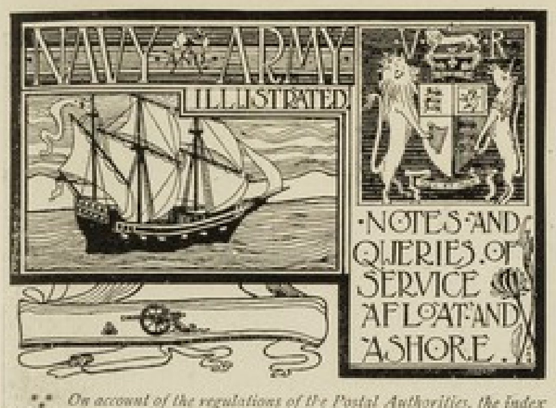


THE SIGNAL STAFF—THE EYES OF THE VESSEL.



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THE CARE OF THE SICK.



*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

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"MONTREAL SUBSCRIBER."—You may enlist in the Army Ordnance Corps between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five if physically fit. If you are serving in a regiment of cavalry or battalion of infantry you may be transferred to the corps. Clerks are mentioned in the regulations as being eligible. To be transferred to the Army Ordnance Corps a man must have at least one year's service, a good character, be not under 5-ft. 5-in., and 34-in. round the chest. He must be unmarried, be under thirty years of age, and able to read and write. All candidates undergo a probation for a period not exceeding three months. During this time they are retained on the strength of their original corps. If the transfer is confirmed, the confirmation takes effect from the termination of probation. A non-commissioned officer who volunteers to be transferred must revert to private before leaving his regiment on probation. The chances of promotion for an educated man are good, but it would depend on your fitness whether or not you reached the rank of conductor.

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"W. G. A." writes: "What is the origin of the river-side churches on the Thames flying the white ensign, and of the belief that they have a right to do so?" As a matter of fact the churches flying the white ensign are not confined to the shores of the Thames, but are to be found in many parts of the kingdom. Any person can hoist that, or any other Naval flag, with impunity on shore, as the Navy has no jurisdiction there. It is, therefore, a right possessed by all and sundry, and exercised by very many, but it is doubtless more in evidence within measurable distance of the sea, and in churches attended by officers and men of the Royal Navy. Should any of my readers be able to quote chapter and verse by way of special authority for hoisting a white ensign on a church, I shall be very glad to hear from him. It is, of course, natural that a flag bearing St. George's Cross should be hoisted on a church in England, but I know of no rule on the subject.

° ° ° °

"BEWILDERED."—I am not surprised. Military terms are as incomprehensible to the general reader as English is to the typical French learner. The extended application of the words "corps," "division," and "brigade," is of itself confusing enough, but confusion is worse confounded by "brigade-division," and by such expressions as "divisional cavalry." A brigade-division consists of three batteries of artillery, commanded by a lieutenant-colonel. Divisional cavalry is not cavalry belonging to a division of the same arm, but cavalry attached to an infantry division. For the benefit of those who read the reports of our grand manœuvres it may be stated that an army corps is composed of three infantry divisions, in addition to other components; that an infantry division is two infantry brigades, with cavalry, artillery, etc.; and that an infantry brigade is four battalions, with a machine gun section, an Army Service Corps company, and a bearer company.

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A CORRESPONDENT takes exception to the name "Bulwark" being given to the new battle-ship which is to be built at Devonport after the "Implacable" is launched. The name is of historic interest to a certain extent. Our first "Bulwark" was so named by Lord Sandwich in 1780, when a ship was laid down as a 74-gun ship at Plymouth. The "Bulwark," though, in which name the "vessel" was registered in the Navy List, was never launched, and after being some years on the stocks was pulled to pieces. This was precisely the fate that, curiously enough, befel another "Bulwark," the third ship of the name, a 91-gun ship. The "Bulwark" similarly entered by that name in the Navy List was laid down at Chatham Dockyard in 1859, and well advanced on the stocks, when orders came to stop work on her. It was proposed to alter her, and make an ironclad of her, as was done to the old "Lord Warden" and "Royal Oak." But somehow or other nothing at all was done in the case of the "Bulwark," and after remaining high and dry for many years, the unlaunched man-of-war was taken to pieces, and her materials used up otherwise.

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THE one "Bulwark" that did hoist the pennant was the second ship to receive the name, a 74 laid down at Portsmouth in 1804, and launched in 1807. She served with Collingwood in the Mediterranean between 1807 and 1810, then flew Sir Philip Durham's flag with the squadron blockading Rochefort and the Bay of Biscay in 1811, and finally took part in the various operations off the American Coast in the war of 1812. She was broken up in 1826. The present boys' training-ship at Devonport, the "Impregnable," after bearing the name "Howe" (under which she was launched in 1860) from 1880 to 1887 (after the laying down of our present battle-ship "Howe"), bore the name "Bulwark." She gave up that name in 1887, on being named "Impregnable" and assuming her present rôle.

IN connection with the proposed visit of the United States Fleet, it is interesting to recall that when Admiral Farragut visited Malta in the "Franklin," in 1868, the following printed verses were distributed among the sailors of his flag-ship on the same day as they arrived:

"FRATERNAL GREETING.

"Ho, brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of 'heart of oak,'
That wouldn't warp, or swerve, or stir
From what I thought or spoke.
And you, a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind, and true,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton, too.

"I know your heart, an honest heart,
I know your mind and will,
A greyhound ever on the start,
To run for honour still.
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
And stout to see it done,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one.

"'God save the Queen' delights you still,
And 'British Grenadiers';
The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,
And catch you by the ears.
And we—Oh, hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And 'Yankee Doodle' too!

"What more, I touch not holier things,
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or Heavenly kith or kin.
As friend with friend, and man with man,
O let our hearts be thus—
As David's love to Jonathan
Be Jonathan's to us!"

° ° ° °

THE wearing of "mufti" by military officers when off duty, instead of uniform, is a custom that came in during the thirties of the present century, owing, it is said, to the foolish irritation that then possessed the lower orders in England, at the instance, to a great extent, of political agitators in Parliament and outside, against the standing Army as an institution. In consequence, the Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief at Whitehall, to keep things quiet, and the Army as much out of evidence as possible in the circumstances, directed that all officers should wear plain clothes when not on duty, and from that time onwards the custom has grown, and hardened into an established rule of the Service, until nowadays to see an officer in uniform when not on duty is almost a phenomenon. The saving to an officer's pocket, for uniforms cost a lot of money, by the present-day usage is another matter.

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"T. M."—At Trafalgar all our ships flew the white ensign, irrespective of the fact that half of them, those of the Lee Division, were under Collingwood, a Vice-Admiral of the Blue. The same white ensign under which Trafalgar was fought is the universal ensign of the Royal Navy to-day. It was moreover the colour under which Jervis's fleet fought at St. Vincent, though one of the rear-admirals, Parker, was Rear-Admiral of the Red and Jervis himself Admiral of the Blue. It was also worn by all the squadron at the battle of the Nile, although Nelson himself was at the time a Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

° ° ° °

"GENTLEMAN RANKER."—For recruiting purposes, the cavalry is divided into Household Cavalry, corps of Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars. A recruit may join the Household Cavalry, or any of the corps, but he cannot ensure joining a special regiment, although should he express a preference he will usually be sent to the regiment he selects. It is impossible to say in what regiment there is the greatest number of gentleman rankers; not even the War Office could inform you. The branch of the Royal Artillery wearing "W" on the shoulder-strap is the Western Division. Drafts are sent to cavalry regiments abroad as required from the corps at home to which the regiments belong. The cavalry depôt in its old capacity has ceased to exist. I cannot undertake here to give the strength of the various cavalry regiments at home and abroad. The annual official report published by authority will furnish the particulars.

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A YOUNG Naval Reserve man, aged about twenty, just returned from six months' training in the Channel Fleet, being asked how he liked it, answered, very much, except for one thing, that was, he had been hungry the whole time; there had not been a day during which he could not have eaten "two men's allowance of food." He liked the ship, the accommodation, the drill, discipline, also the officers and men. Some of the boys, he said, found that there was more washing, and that they had to keep themselves and their clothes tidier, than they had been accustomed to; but that they soon got used to. The dinner was good and sufficient, but "supper" (what a misnomer!) at 4.30 p.m., consisting of a basin of tea and some dry biscuits, and breakfast at 6.45, nothing but a basin of cocoa and dry biscuit, appeared to him and others as simply starvation diet; it must be remembered that a first and morning, or middle watch, has to be kept every night by these men. It is often said how well the men look who belong to a man-of-war. Yes, but anyone who watches the long string of men waiting their turn outside the canteen door will see them pass on loaded with bread, cake, butter, jam, sardines, figs, etc., all of which the men have to pay for out of their own money. Of course no one expects the Admiralty to provide all these articles, but it is the general opinion that an extra ration is required for breakfast and supper. Almost every description of food is nowadays provided, packed in tins, and taken to sea privately. A correspondent wonders why the Admiralty does not issue cheese, marmalade, figs, or other nutritious articles; the issue of flour and raisins should be increased. It is an odd thing that sailors always call raisins figs; the reason wherefore is not known.

THE EDITOR.



THE HOME-COMING OF THE GUARDS.

THE return home of the Grenadier Guards was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm such as has not been witnessed in London for a great many years.

The "Dilwara" transport arrived at Southampton last Thursday morning, and the troops were immediately entrained for London, which they reached soon after mid-day. The journey from Waterloo Station to Wellington Barracks was one triumphal march, and thousands lined the streets to welcome the returning troops from the Soudan. The men looked bronzed and weather-worn, but thoroughly fit, and many touching scenes were witnessed as they were recognised by their friends and relatives. Our illustration shows the men leaving the declivity at Waterloo Station leading to York Road.

The "Niobe" and the "Virginius."

By an Interested Observer.

AN interesting story, of special interest now that Santiago de Cuba has fallen into American hands, is that of the "Virginius." This vessel, on October 23, 1873, left Kingston, Jamaica, ostensibly bound for Port Limon in Costa Rica, for which place she had been advertised to leave with passengers, being cleared in due form by the United States' consul.

The "Virginius" carried 155 people, of whom 103 were passengers, while the remaining 52 included the crew and certain poorer passengers engaged as crew to work their passage to Port Limon. Among the 155 were 32 British subjects and 14 citizens of the United States. The remainder were principally Cubans, and four of them were chiefs of the Cuban Rebellion. The steamer was commanded by Captain Fry, formerly of the United States' Navy.

Shortly after leaving port it was announced on board that the ship had sprung a leak, and her course was directed to Hayti, where it was intended to embark arms and ammunition. This done, she left her anchorage on October 30, and steered for the Cuban coast, much to the dismay of the British and other passengers, who desired to go to Costa Rica, and had taken their passages for that purpose. They were naturally astounded to find that the vessel was to be at once engaged in the service of the Cuban Rebellion.

On the afternoon of October 31, the "Virginius," when eighteen or twenty miles off the coast of Cuba, was chased by the Spanish man-of-war "Tornado," whose commander, without any international right to do so, captured her the same night while proceeding on the high seas to Jamaica, and took her into Santiago. There all on board the "Virginius" were declared to be pirates, their property was taken from them, and the crew were sent on board the Spanish gun-boats to await trial by Naval court-martial. The passengers were thrown into prison on shore.

Brigadier-General Don Juan Nepomuceno Burriel y Lynch was at the time Governor of the district of Cuba, of which Santiago is the capital. His first step was to prevent any telegraphic information being sent by the United States' Consul, who protested against the capture and the impending trials. Fortunately, as General Burriel considered, Santiago was cut off for a time from its superior authority at the Havana, as well as from Spain and all Europe, by the interruption of telegraphic communication with the western end of the island. General Jovellar, then Captain-General of Cuba, and Señor Castelar, head of the Republican Government in Spain, both stated afterwards that they had received no information of the proceedings at Santiago until it was too late to interfere. General Burriel, on his own part, had mendaciously affirmed to his interlocutors all through that he was acting under the orders of superior authority.

On November 4 the captured insurgent chiefs were shot, and this news reached Jamaica next day. On November 6 further telegrams from Santiago stated that thirty-seven of the crew of the "Virginius," half of them British subjects, and mostly innocent cooks, stewards, servants, and firemen, were also condemned to death. Sir John Peter Grant, Governor of Jamaica, and Commodore de Horsey, commanding the West Indies division, at once telegraphed strong protests against these summary and bloodthirsty proceedings, and the "Niobe," Commander Sir Lambton Loraine, was despatched by the commodore the same night to Santiago to stop them.

The protests just mentioned, together with the prospects of a man-of-war's interference, had no other effect than to cause General Burriel to hurry on his summary court, and to execute its sentences with all rapidity. The Naval court-martial sat through the night of November 6, and on the morning of the 7th the thirty-seven captives, among them Captain Fry, with eight other Americans and nineteen other British subjects, were sent from the Spanish men-of-war to the gaol, sentenced to death. Their Consuls were denied access to them, but it was asserted that the Spanish priests seized the opportunity to assail the faith of all among the condemned not belonging to their own communion. The Archbishop of Santiago, indeed, wrote shortly afterwards to Burriel a jubilant communication, boasting of conversions pretended to have been made among the condemned, and heaping insult upon the Protestant religion.

At 4 p.m. they were marched from the gaol, bound with cords, to the common slaughter-house of the town, and there ranged in line, and on their knees facing the wall they were shot amid the exultant shouts of the crowd. So clumsily was the execution performed, that, although four soldiers were detailed to each victim and ordered to pour their fire into his back at close quarters, seven minutes of struggling and butchery were counted by a spectator before the last man was completely despatched.

On the following morning, November 8, at 7 a.m., twelve of the more prominent Cuban prisoners were shot in a similar manner.

At 9.30 a.m. the "Niobe" arrived and cast anchor. Her commander at once went on shore and, accompanied by Mr. Theodore Brooks, the British Acting Vice-Consul, presented himself at the Government House and demanded a cessation of the executions. He was passionately answered by General Burriel that the prisoners were in the power of Spain, and that any more of them sentenced to death would infallibly be shot. Written arguments, impeaching the legality of his proceedings, were next addressed to the Governor by the commander, but the general replied that he would not tolerate any interference and would give no guarantee. All, indeed, that could be obtained from him was permission for Sir Lambton Loraine and the Acting Vice-Consul to visit the prison, with liberty there to see and question in open court such of the accused as were of their own nationality. The commander of the "Niobe" thereupon gave notice to the general that the shedding of more blood would be the signal for him to sink the Spanish men-of-war, of which there were six present in the harbour. The cruiser cleared for action, and prepared to carry out the threats.

Nothing was heard of executions after this, and the general now consented to refer to General Jovellar, the Captain-General of Cuba. But for this check on his vindictive intentions, it is probable that of the remaining prisoners fifty-seven would have been shot, and forty-five (being youths and boys) sent to penal servitude. All are now free.

The citizens of Santiago, ultra-patriots all, had been eagerly looking forward to their Governor prolonging the executions through several days. "No hay carne fresca esta mañana?" (Is there no fresh meat this morning?) they would say. In the written language of the commander of the "Tornado," their "enthusiasm was turned into frenzy." Meanwhile the British commander, attended by the Acting Vice-Consul and two Spanish magistrates, examined in the Hall of Justice of the gaol the prisoners claiming to be British subjects.

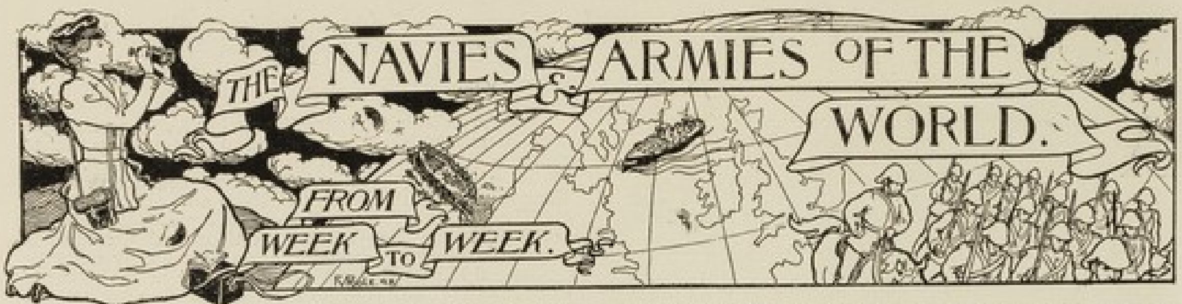
In course of time the circumstances became known in Europe and America, and on November 15 (a week after the last executions) a telegram reached Santiago de Cuba to announce that Great Britain had notified Spain that her Government and all concerned would be held responsible for any further executions of British subjects.

Up to this time Great Britain alone of the foreign Powers had been represented in Santiago, and the foreign consulates were without instructions. On November 13 two of the six Spaniards were despatched to escort the "Virginius" to Havana, and on December 3 an attempt to clandestinely remove the prisoners, who had been shipped in a gun vessel outside the harbour, was foiled by the "Niobe," which chased her to Havana and there made a successful demand for the vessel's return with the prisoners to Santiago. On December 15 the "Virginius" was handed over to the Americans, and on the 18th the surviving prisoners were delivered up to the captain of the United States' corvette "Junata."

The "Virginius" herself sank off the American coast while being towed from Bahia Honda to New York. In response to the demands of the British Government, a national recognition by Spain of the wrong done was made and compensation paid to the families of the British subjects executed. The United States demanded the trial of General Burriel, but this was not conceded, and after a time he was appointed to another important post. He eventually died in January, 1878.

The "Niobe" had no history to speak of after the "Virginius" affair. She was sent to Bermuda on yellow fever becoming alarming at Port Royal, and there her commander received a post captain's position, commission dated January 22, 1874, being relieved in command by Commander David Boyle, now the Earl of Glasgow. The ship was ultimately wrecked on the Miguelon Islands, owing to the incorrectness of the chart, and those on board were acquitted of any blame.

The "Niobe" was a peculiar type of ship, for she possessed a wooden ram of the swan-neck kind, filled in with dead wood, and having a collision bulkhead behind it. Although a wood-built ship, she was generally taken by foreigners for a small ironclad, being exactly of the shape of one, both bow and stern, and carrying a poop as well as top-gallant forecastle and long iron lower masts. The "Vestal" and "Daphne" were like her, and the "Danae" and "Eclipse" were slightly larger additions of the same design. That Sir Lambton Loraine would have carried out his threat there can be no question, and had he done so, there can be no doubt as to what would have been the result.



THE coming visit of the German Emperor to Jerusalem has, not unnaturally, set some of his subjects hunting up the records of previous voyages of German Sovereigns to the Holy Land. It is easy enough to find mention of those among them who went on the crusades, from the Emperors Conrad and Frederick Barbarossa downwards. But William II. is not going on a crusade, but as the friend, or as some will have it, even as the protector, of the Grand Turk himself. It is not so easy to find examples of that kind of journey in early times. Yet Lieutenant "zur See" von Ratzmer has discovered one in the "Chronicle of Pomerania," written by Thomas Kantzow, and published in 1835 by Professor Bohmer. He has summarised it in the *Marine Rundschau*. The Prince whose voyage is there recorded was Bogislaw X., "one of the last and greatest of the house of Swantibors," Dukes of Pomerania. The names show that they were Slavonic, not German, in origin, and the great house of Swantibors is, as Carlyle would have said, fallen very dark for us. Yet Duke Bogislaw X. was plainly a considerable man, a mighty hunter before the Lord, and tenderly remembered by his subjects because the forty years of his reign were "the golden days" of Pomerania in which there was no war. His voyage to the Holy Land, which began in 1496 and was completed in the following year, is interesting now as an example of the old sea life. The Duke, who started on the feast of Saint Lucy the Virgin in the autumn of 1496, made his way slowly to Venice, visiting the Emperor Maximilian at Innsbruck on the road, and plainly not hurrying himself. At Venice he was hospitably entertained by the Doge and the Magnificos, who knew him to be the friend of the Emperor, and were therefore anxious to have his good word.

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AT Venice he made the arrangements for his voyage by sea to Jaffa. They are a curious mixture of the ancient and the very modern. Duke Bogislaw applied to the "Serene Republic" for ships, and it assigned him several galleys, for which presumably he had to pay. Then he made a contract with a "patron." The patron is nowadays, and all round the Mediterranean, the title of the skipper of a fishing boat or coaster. Then he was a species of a very superior courier who was authorised by the Republic, but paid by the pilgrim. He entered into a bond to be responsible for the safety of his charge. In the case of so great a man as the Duke of Pomerania the Senate seem to have thought it proper to give very special instructions to the patron, who, one sees, was a kind of official, or semi-official, "Cook's Tourist Agency." This turned out very well for Duke Bogislaw. The pilgrim took ship on the first Sunday after Trinity, but did not set sail for two days, on June 1, 1497, nine months or so after he left Pomerania. His little squadron went down the Adriatic in a very leisurely fashion, anchoring every night at "Parenga, Pola, Zura, Lesna, Corzuea, Ragusa, Corfu, and so forth," all down the Dalmatian and Illyrian Coast. The weather was very hot, and the travellers from the North of Europe suffered acutely. But they soon had occasion to find that there were worse dangers than the sun on the way to the Holy Land. At Moron they were attacked by "two great ships, two subtile galleys, and five fustes," carrying, as it was supposed, no less than a thousand piratical Turks. Now the patron was called upon to show his quality as a "personal conductor" of pilgrims. He first tried to get off by artful management, telling the Duke and his company to hide below, and hoisting the Lion of St. Mark, the much-dreaded banner of Venice, in hopes that the pirates would be awed and let them pass.

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BUT the unspeakable Turks were determined to see how things were, and attacked with guns, and also bows and arrows. The Venetian skippers did their best to ram the enemy, but the pirates were too active for them. They avoided the shock, and meanwhile they swept the decks of the Christians. Duke Bogislaw and his followers were in very sore straits. On horseback, and on dry land, they would have known what to do, but in the circumstances they were "all at sea" in every sense of the phrase. Besides, they had no weapons except their swords, and were forced to use their bedding as shields. The Duke was wounded in the hand, and there were several killed and wounded among his followers. At last it became clear that fighting was impossible, and the Duke saw a dismal prospect of being carried into captivity. But the patron came to the rescue. The pirates were prepared to let the galleys go and to content themselves with taking out the pilgrims. To this, however, the patron would not listen. He declared that if they took the Duke they must take him also. This seems to have given pause to the pirates. It was not wholesome in those days to carry things too far with the Lion of St. Mark. So in the end, and probably because the pirates feared the consequences of angering the Republic too much—perhaps, also, after some private pecuniary transaction which the Pomeranian chronicler does not think it necessary to mention—the pilgrims went on their way in the same leisurely fashion as before. Stopping at Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus, they reached Jaffa on August 5, two months and four days after leaving Venice. The visit to Jerusalem passed off quietly, and the Duke returned unmolested. At Venice he was entertained with a kind of theatrical performance in which he was represented as scattering the pirates by the terror of his single arm, to his great gratification. The whole journey out and home, from and to Pomerania, cost him 1,768 ducats—very well-spent money, no doubt. At any rate, it was better employed in that way than in hiring mercenaries to pillage his neighbours, according to the then prevailing custom of dukes.

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OF course history never repeats itself, and we must not say that it does; but it is astonishing how much the events of one generation are like those of another. For instance, about a hundred and fifty years ago, or little more, the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi were the scenes of something very like this occupation of Fashoda by Major Marchand. Look, for instance, at what was happening then, and what is taking place now on the Nile. Then French explorers were coming along those rivers behind our plantations, and were setting up claims to possession. They possessed really nothing. This or the other Major Marchand of the time, very daring and ingenious fellows, started from Canada in the north, or Louisiana in the south (but mostly from the first), and made his voyage. Wherever he went he marked the country down on the map for France. It is impossible not to admire the pluck and ingenuity of these men. Neither need one refuse to praise the ingenuity of the diplomatists who made use of their discoveries. The French Ministers of the King were not less clever than those of the Republic in making out plausible paper cases when they wanted to claim dominion. Then, as now, expeditions went out with no other purpose than to put a spoke in the wheel of British enterprise. When we complained, the French official people put on an air of injured innocence, and wondered at our quarrelsome spirit. Then, as now, it was all hollow on the French side. Canada was inhabited by some fifty thousand settlers and religious people of one sort or another. Louisiana was a still smaller affair. Meanwhile the British plantations had a growing population of a million and more. But though they could make no use of what they had, the French were unceasing in their efforts to enclose more. The end of it all was the Seven Years' War. To-day the same process is at work in Africa. The French colonies are a beggarly display of empty boxes. Yet they have the modern representatives of Champlain and La Salle, who are doing exactly the same sort of thing in Africa. The motive of Major Marchand, and those who sent him out, is simply to bar the road to the English on the Nile, as it was with the daring Frenchmen who endeavoured, by paper occupations and the like, to confine the plantations between the Alleghanies and the sea. Will the end be the same? Surely it must, in one way or the other. We are not so ready to fight as we were then; but, in the long run, where there is real force on one side and not on the other, there can be but one end to the collision of the two. Given a war between France and England, and the end in Africa must be as it was in America.

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THERE is a comparison, in which there are differences and similarities, to be drawn between this French occupation of Fashoda and the famous transactions in and about Fort Duquesne which were among the preliminaries of the Seven Years' War. Then, as now, the sole purpose of the French was to forestall the advance of the English. Our colonies, solidly established between the Alleghanies and the ocean, were beginning to overflow the mountains and spread to the west. The population was already a million and a-half or so. In the French colony of Canada there were some 80,000 people, including ecclesiastics, friars, nuns, and the usual swarm of Government officials. In Louisiana there was a much smaller population, with an even larger proportion of useless elements. Yet the appetite of the French for more territory was insatiable. Their agents came down the Alleghany to the Ohio, and by that river to the Mississippi. They buried plates with claims to dominion engraved on them all along the banks, and by the tributary streams. The purpose, of course, was to get control of the hinterland, as we should now say of the English plantations. It was a very pretty game, and was cleverly planned. If the French power had not been hollow it would have succeeded to perfection. But, the misfortune of the French colonial empire then, as at other times, was that it was all outward show. The English colonies grew steadily in numbers and wealth, and soon began to press against this paper barrier. Excepting the exceptions, this is wonderfully like the situation to-day. French adventurers (using the word in its good sense) of the stamp of Bienville, D'Artaguette, La Salle, and Céloron, who ranged with various fortunes in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, are now shooting out across our road on the Upper Nile. Major Liotard, Lieutenant Mizon, and Major Marchand, are nowise inferior to their predecessors in America. We ought to be the last people in the world to deny them their fair share of praise. Yet all this extension of empire is sham. There is nothing behind these expeditions—and they are undertaken purely to annoy England.

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LET us hope the similarity will end here. Fort Duquesne, which was named not after the famous Admiral, but from the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, who was Governor of Canada, was planted down at the place where the Alleghany and Monongahela join and form the Ohio. Washington's first piece of service was an unsuccessful attempt to turn them out. Then came Braddock's disastrous expedition, which, with the single exception of the repulse of Penn and Venables at San Domingo, is the most disgraceful episode in our military history. Yet poor Braddock need not be remembered altogether unkindly. He was what the French call "a wooden head and leather breeches," a mere martinet, and even a military bully who drank too much. General he was not, nor much of an officer, except in personal courage and smartness in matters of pure drill. But there was a touch of the heroic in his death. As he lay dying of his wounds, and delirious, a few days after the rout, they heard him muttering to himself, "We will do better next time." Perhaps in that indomitable resolution to try again, "and do better next time," lies the explanation of not a little of our success in the world. Braddock was buried in the retreat, and the fugitives trode the ground down so that the Indian allies of the French might not find his body. Yet three years later we did better; for we then took Fort Duquesne, and now Pittsburgh stands where it once stood.

DAVID HANNAY.

Manœuvring with the German Army.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]



THE EMPEROR ISSUING INSTRUCTIONS.

THE German Imperial grand manœuvres took place this year in Westphalia. The scene of operations lay in and around the old historical town of Minden, on the Weser. The quaint old streets, the architecture of many of the buildings dating from the Middle Ages, recall the past, when Minden played an important part in the Thirty Years' War; and at the battle of Minden, in the Seven Years' War, British and Prussian troops fought on the same side. At Hanover, on Sunday, September 4, the day before the manœuvres began, the German Emperor assembled his officers after Divine service was over, and told them to remember how at Waterloo German and British troops had fought alongside one another. At Detmold, near Minden, the Germans have erected a monument to Hermann the Cherusker, and often relate how he led their ancestors to victory, and defeated, in the year nine after the birth of Christ,



THE BALLOON ASCENDING TO OBTAIN INFORMATION.

the Roman legions commanded by Varus. It seems as if the *Geist* of Frederick the Great, which animated and brought to such perfection the manœuvre-training on the fields of Spandau, Potsdam, and Berlin, resulting in the brilliant victories of the Seven Years' War, now had reappeared again, to create an army, an exemplar of the latest improvements and inventions. This historical ground is dear to the Germans,



THE NEW 15 pr. KRUPP GUN.

who delight in discussing past victories and present manœuvres. The actual manœuvre terrain was twenty-four miles broad and thirty-three miles long, intersected by good roads



Copyright.

THE BATTERY IN FRONT OF A VILLAGE.

The guns concealed behind the corn, the limbers and teams hid away in gravel pits and in a lane 30-yds. in rear, behind the houses.

and rivers; hills and woods covered and concealed the manœuvring and disposition of the troops; the river Weser afforded an opportunity of testing the capacity of the commanders in defending and crossing a river.



Photos. F. Tellgmann.

THE COMPANY COVERING THE GUNS.

About 90,000 men were marched, manoeuvred, and bivouacked exactly according to the conditions of war, and were spared none of the privations. How often was heard the remark, "Could anything be more like the real thing!" Before the day's operations began, the general officer commanding generally assembled the senior officers and gave instructions as to what he wished done; these instructions were clear, simple, and to the point. The officers say the Emperor is very clear and explicit and devoid of all confusion when issuing his commands.

It is difficult to describe the enthusiasm of the officers and men when the announcement goes forth that the Emperor commands their side.

The balloon now ascends to reconnoitre; soon the wire is detached from the waggon, and men, seizing hold of the ropes, move across country dragging the balloon at a tremendous rate. I was standing near the first line when the new signal balloon was sent up. I heard a hissing sound of gas, and saw a hose run out of a waggon which had Feld-Luft-Gas in white letters on it; the hose was filling an elongated yellow fold of sail-canvas with gas from iron jars in the waggon. The order to march is given,



WHERE ARE WE?



THE UMPIRE-IN-CHIEF DECIDES WHO WINS.



THE BRIGADIER AND STAFF HOLD A CONSULTATION.

and the balloon is made fast to a coil of steel wire carried in a waggon drawn by six horses, who start off in the required direction carrying the balloon with them. The balloon, after about twenty minutes, is detached from the waggon, when two parties, of six men each, hold on to ropes made fast to it and seem to fly over the ground. The shape of this signal balloon is like a sausage, and there is a large flag attached just below, which is ordinarily used to denote the presence of the general officer commanding; and when operations are finished, or a halt is ordered, a small circular balloon is run up underneath and attached to the signal balloon. The movements of the infantry and artillery are always closely related.

Great interest is attached to the new 15-pounder Krupp gun with which the German batteries are now armed. A battery of six guns can fire thirty-six to thirty-eight rounds in a minute; there is practically no recoil. The battery commander shows great skill in always making use of the features of the ground to conceal, if possible, everything from view and fire; but, although the artillery are always encouraged to be very daring, they are never left without an escort. Once, in the attack on a village, the enemy retired, and the artillery were advanced nearer to the first line,



Photos. F. Tellgmann. Copyright.

THE WELCOME HALT.

on account of the ground in rear impeding their fire; the company acting as escort threw themselves down on the slope in front of the guns at not more than 100-yds.

The attack on a wood is conducted in wonderful order. A section of the leading company moves forward about 150-yds., throwing out scouts on all sides. The wood is searched, careful connection being maintained between every detached party and the companies in rear by connecting files; if the wood be thick, and the undergrowth impede the movements, the company moves in file, on as broad a front as possible, often in parallel lines—the principle is always carried out of keeping as close up together as possible; and the section commanders take care that the men of their section keep together. Directly the further edge of the wood is reached, the officers fix at once their position on the map, and the brigadier and staff are often in consultation.



THE EMPRESS ACKNOWLEDGES THE SALUTE.



THE EMPEROR AT THE HEAD OF HIS UHLANS.



Photos. F. Tellgmann. Copyright.

THE BALLOON DESCENDS.

It is interesting to watch the decision of the umpires. A side which we all think is having the best of it is suddenly ordered to retire, because away on the hills, on one flank, several batteries of artillery are enfilading the advancing and apparently victorious troops, and behind that wood, which we think unoccupied, are 3,000 infantry, not more than 400-yds. from the guns.

Great is the delight of the men when at about noon the bugles sound the welcome halt, for some have been marching and manœuvring since two o'clock in the morning, carrying 56-lb., and will have to march for another four or five hours before they reach the bivouac. The balloon descending usually denotes that the day's work is over. The march past takes place with a precision worthy of the days of Frederick the Great; the infantry go by with the Prussian high step. Amidst the cheers of the onlookers the Emperor places himself at the head of Königs Uhlan Regiment, which he leads past the Empress, who rises in the carriage and bows to his salute.

The day before the actual manœuvres began, the Emperor held a grand review. All the troops were in their gala dress, the infantry wearing white duck trousers. There is no prettier sight than a bivouac. The men of a Kaporalshaft—generally consisting of twenty—join hands in a circle; then they dig a trench around the circle which they have formed by joining hands, and the earth is thrown towards the centre, so as to form a mound about two feet high; this mound is flattened, and wood placed perpendicularly on the top and inclining inwards; paper and twigs are placed underneath, and the whole is soon in a blaze.

Whilst this has been going on, the brown canvas sheet which every soldier carries for his tent has been unrolled from around the knapsack, and, supported by three little poles, is attached to other sheets, and made into any form, to a height

of 3-ft. Straw is thrown inside, and the side nearest the fire is left open. The men assemble around their fires, and one man out of each Kaporalshaft sings a song or recites. The flames from the burning fires in every direction light up the faces and figures of the men; perhaps the band plays a lively tune, and some of the men can even dance; the sutler's cart with beer, schnapps, and eatables arrives, and the men seem as happy as possible. At Bad Oeynhausen, the Westphalian health resort, I witnessed a most impressive musical rehearsal for the reception of the German Emperor, by 1,800 musicians drawn from the regiments forming the troops taking part in the manœuvres. The town was gaily beflagged; along and on either side of the picturesque narrow streets, forests of Venetian masts were erected, with firs encircling halfway up, crowned by armorial designs, and surmounted by fluttering flags and banners; one passed under triumphal arches with loyal inscriptions at nearly every hundred yards. The good people of Oeynhausen, with that love of music which seems to be born with nearly every German, collected together hours before the appointed time, and occupied every avenue of approach and coign of vantage. At intervals of one hour up to 3 p.m. a train arrived packed with sightseers; by 4.30 p.m. the musicians had assembled at the railway station, and covered the ground in front and on either side of the entrance. The dark blue dress of the infantry showed up, and contrasted with the brilliant cavalry uniforms. The dense crowd in the street, and the many onlookers from the windows and balconies, waited patiently for the cavalry officer in light blue with the waving fair moustache to give the signal to begin; he at last started the whole away to the tune of a slow march. As the two battalions of musicians slowly wended their way down the avenue from the station to the prettiest little public park imaginable, only two bands played. The avenue is one of several leading into a square, in the centre of which was drawn up a cavalry band, whose trumpets heralded the arrival of the massed bands.

On a platform in the centre stands the conductor, a serious middle-aged man with long brown whiskers streaked with grey. His keen, observant eyes, looking from under the peak of his dark blue German forage cap, seem to let nothing pass unnoticed. In front of the conductor, each borne high in the air by a bandsman, is the *Schellenbaum* of each regiment, whose big bell, furbished and lit up by the sun, is flanked by red and white drooping plumes, hanging down from a bright silver crescent and crowned by the black Imperial eagle of Germany, which with outspread wings seems to hover above the crowd below.

The senior drum-major, on a glance from the conductor, starts off the drums; at first only one tap of the drum is heard from far away at the further end of the avenue; the roll gradually increases until the thunder of hundreds of performers vibrates along the beautiful alley under the trees, at last to die away as it began to a single beat of the drum; then the trumpets of the cavalry ring out the notes of a soldier's hymn, to be taken up by the bugles and clarionets.

There is nothing harsh or discordant as the waves of music roll down the avenues; the eagle perched on the *Schellenbaum* seems to flutter back against the torrent of music which sweeps past. Distinctly above all are heard the silver notes of the Glockenspiel, which seem to be calling to church. The performance concludes with the combined playing of the bugles and drums.



THE EMPEROR INSPECTING THE INFANTRY THE DAY BEFORE THE MANŒUVRES.



THE EMPEROR SALUTING THE COLOURS.



Photos. F. Tellgmann. Copyright.

RESTING IN FRONT OF THE BIVOUAC FIRES.

The Return of the Guards.

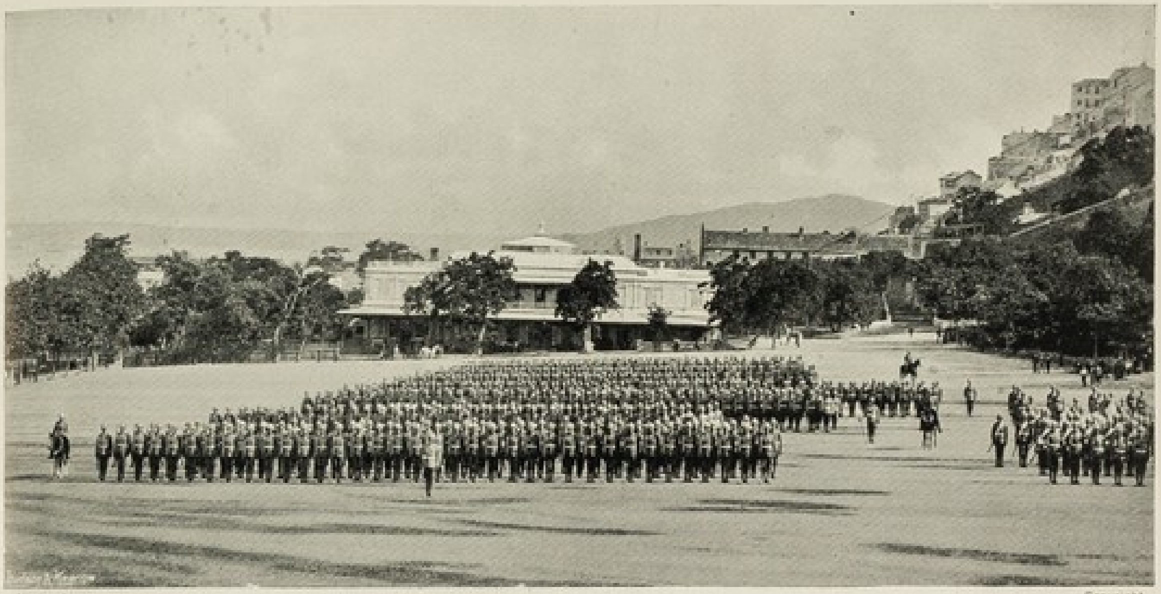


Photo. A. . zeyone. Copyright.

THE 1st GRENADIERS ON PARADE AT GIBRALTAR.

IT is not difficult to understand the genuine interest which the British public has taken in the home-coming of the Grenadiers from the Soudan. Apart from their peculiar functions in regard to Her Majesty's person, the Guards are looked upon by the man in the street, especially if the street happens to be a London one, with a sense of positive proprietorship, which in a manner is akin, and yet, perhaps, a little superior, to the feeling which is inspired, or ought to be inspired, in its own county by a territorial battalion. It is a pleasant reflection that these splendid *corps d'élite* are as it were, the common property of the nation, to a greater extent, and in a closer relationship, than must necessarily be the case with county corps. This feeling is happily accentuated by

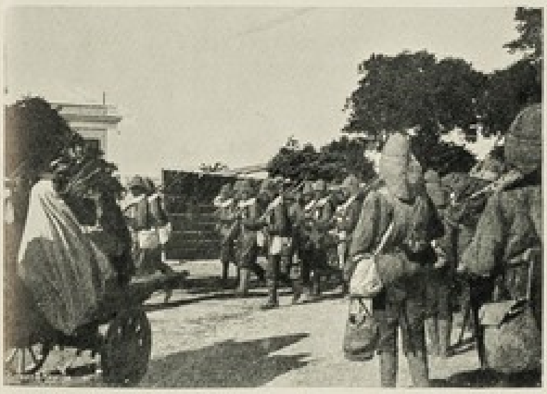


Photo. E. Barker. Copyright

MARCHING THROUGH ALEXANDRIA.

the bearing of the Guards themselves, which in camp or quarters has always been as near perfection as human nature will allow. The behaviour of these grand troops in the midst of all the manifold temptations of a metropolis that loves them is quite exemplary; and when one thinks of the trouble they might give if they were, as Mrs. Gamp would say, "so dispoged," it is easier to appreciate the general excellence of their demeanour.

As for their conduct in the field, that needs no detailed illustration. Debarred from taking part in any but exceptional campaigns, the Guards have still left their glorious mark upon the battles of Marlborough and Wellington, have fought nobly at Dettingen and in the Crimea, and in recent times have distinguished themselves at Tel-el-Kebir. In the Soudan the Grenadiers have nobly maintained the reputation of the Household Troops for not only discipline, but a soldierly determination to be habitually conspicuous for strenuous endeavour on the line of march, and steady gallantry in the field of battle. From Cairo to Khartoum there has been no finer exhibition of consistent *esprit de corps* than that displayed throughout by the 1st Grenadier Guards. Our illustrations represent the battalion paraded at Gibraltar before leaving



Photo. . . . . Copyright

THE INSPECTION BY MAJOR-GEN. HENDERSON.



Photo. E. Barker. Copyright.

ON THE WAY TO MUSTAPHA CAMP.

for the front, and also at three stages of its march through Alexandria on the return journey. In one of these Major-General Henderson, commanding at Alexandria, is shown inspecting the battalion.

The Protection of the Grand Harbour at Malta.



PREPARATIONS FOR CLOSING THE HARBOUR.

THE device of placing huge spars or chains across the mouth of a harbour to prevent the entrance of the enemy is of ancient date, and nowadays it is very important that dangerous small craft should be deterred from getting into a harbour, such as that at Malta, and destroying ships or dock gates, etc. As spars have been proved to be unreliable, it being possible for a fast pinnace or torpedo-boat to jump them, some experiments have been tried with two very strong wire hawsers, which may be seen in the second illustration stretched across, and supported at intervals by pontoons and gun-boats, which latter would of course also make it hot for the enemy with their small-arm fire. The first illustration shows the preparations in progress. In order to test the arrangements thoroughly, Admiral Lloyd caused the harbour to be actually closed, as in war time. Means of exit and entrance for our own vessels would of course be provided for.



Photos. R. Ellis. Copyright.

THE GRAND HARBOUR CLOSED.

A Naval Sailing Regatta.

THE inevitable march of science has deprived the Navy of one great source of wholesome rivalry, and the display of skill and smartness which won the admiration of friends and foes; we can no longer race our war-ships under sail, or out-manœuvre the enemy by superior skill in handling spars and canvas.

Our ships must still have boats, however, and a large proportion of them rowing and sailing boats, hence boat-sailing remains with us, and gives rise to keen competition in every squadron, which the admirals and captains do well to stimulate and encourage by every possible means.



Photo. J. King-Salter. Copyright.

START OF CUTTERS, WITH SERVICE RIG.

An annual regatta has now become an institution in most of our squadrons, and is looked forward to and prepared for with much eagerness. The material available consists of the following classes of boats: Launches, measuring from 38-ft. to 42-ft. in length; pinnaces and barges, from 28-ft. to 36-ft.; cutters, from 24-ft. to 30-ft.; galleys and gigs, from 25-ft. to 32-ft.; jolly boats, from 18-ft. to 20-ft.; and dingeys, which are little stumpy boats, usually rowed by a couple of lads. All these boats are provided with sails of regulation pattern, varying according to the size and build of the boat; but in sailing regattas there are always some races in which fancy rigs are permitted, and the officers exercise their ingenuity in utilising the Service sails or devising others, so as to increase the spread of canvas and the weatherly

qualities of their craft. One of our pictures shows a whaler—that is, a gig of 27-ft. or 28-ft. in length, with her stern shaped like her bow—rigged according to the fancy of the officer who is sailing her. This is a very good rig, giving a much larger spread of canvas than the Service sail, and much easier to handle. Indeed, two men could easily work



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A 27-ft. WHALER, WITH FANCY RIG.

her, though, as will be noted, she carries her full crew of five men, this being usually a *sine quâ non* in the regatta regulations, and affording also a ready means of "trimming" the boat, by shifting a man or two, so as to make her sail as



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A WINNER OF MANY EVENTS.

kindly as possible. In the next illustration the same boat may be seen flying her "racing flags," the little string of six tiny trophies indicating that she has won as many races. Preceding these we have the start of a race for launches, with Service rigs only, consisting of a large gaff mainsail without a boom, and a three-cornered foresail or jib. A liberal interpretation is, however, permitted, inasmuch that anything which is part of the Service equipment may be utilised; hence the officer of the white-bottomed boat, having a fair wind, has hoisted the boat's awning as a "spinnaker"—not a very elegant sail, but good for a fair wind. A long boat-hook may also be used to keep the mainsail distended, as a sort of improvised boom.

In the race for cutters with Service rig there is a great display of awnings, that of the boat on the right being very conspicuous. The cutters are the working boats of a ship, and there is usually the keenest rivalry among them. A boat which is very fast under oars is by no means necessarily so under sail; and so the "cock of the station," with her smart racing crew, may have her colours lowered when it comes to sailing.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A 36-ft. PINNACE, CUTTER RIGGED.

Two other pictures give very good views of a 36-ft. pinnace, elaborately rigged like a yacht. The bow view in the second one makes a pretty picture; but it should be remarked this is a very fair weather rig for a boat of this build,

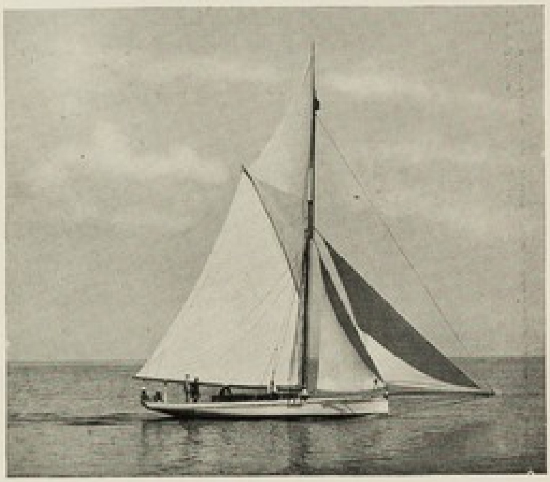


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

AN OUTSIDER.

unless it is permitted to increase her stability with a deep extra keel, etc., and should the day turn out squally, disaster may ensue in the way of a capsize—not an uncommon incident in these regattas, but rarely attended by any worse results than a ducking.

The cutter on the next page, with a fancy rig, is not



Photo. J. King-Salter Copyright.

START OF LAUNCHES, WITH SERVICE RIG.

very pretty or yacht-like in appearance, but if well ballasted and skilfully handled she should be a very hard one to beat.

The admiral's galley in the next picture is a very long boat, and somewhat difficult to handle under certain circumstances, but with the rig shown she would be extremely fast with a beam wind, and a good safe boat, standing well out of the water. This rig was fitted by Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour when in command in the Mediterranean, Sir Michael being a very keen and skilful boat sailer.

Our readers will readily discern that one picture does not represent a ship's boat, but a *bonâ fide* yacht, against which no man-of-war's boat would have a chance. At Malta, however, a race for such craft is sometimes included in the Naval regatta, when they are owned by Naval officials. This one looks like a flyer, her sharp lines presenting a great contrast with the launches, though the latter would probably exceed her in length.

A fleet regatta is an event which is eagerly looked forward to by the men of the fleet on any station, and it is then that all the various craft mentioned are brought into use.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
A BAD ONE TO BEAT.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
THE ADMIRAL'S FANCY.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
VERY PRETTY FAIR WEATHER SAILING.

The Navy and the Outbreak in Crete.

DURING the fanatical outbreak at Candia on September 6, one of the "Hazard's" boats, under command of Sub-Lieutenant E. H. M. Nicholson, reached the port under a heavy fire, losing one life. This landing party was sent ashore for the purpose of guarding the rear of the Bureau of Tithes in the Custom House at Candia.

A signal was made to the "Hazard" asking for medical assistance, whereupon her commander, Lieutenant Vaughan Lewes, D.S.O., with Dr. Maillard and his sick bay man and five bluejackets, went off in a gig. They ran the gauntlet of the port, having two killed and three wounded.

The commander had a graze on the head; and Dr. Maillard, waiting to assist one of the mortally-wounded bluejackets, had his clothes shot through in at least a dozen places, but escaped marvellously without a scratch.

The wounded, of whom there were seventy, were taken on board the "Turquoise," where Dr. Maillard was single handed, and underwent a hard night's work. An officer of the "Astræa," describing the incident, says the doctor "should get the Victoria Cross."

Sub-Lieutenant Nicholson on this occasion displayed great bravery, but luckily escaped with nothing more serious than the sole of his boot shot off. Lieutenant-Commander Lewes was stunned and knocked down by a spent bullet.



SURG. W. J. MAILLARD, M.D., R.N.



Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.
SUB.-LIEUT. E. H. M. NICHOLSON, R.N.

Literary News and Books to be Read.

"FUGIT IRREPARABILE TEMPUS!" cry the publishers with the Mantuan bard, and thereupon with cautious haste they begin their Christmas outpouring while summer scarce has flown. They hear the crackle of the logs when the corn has but lately yellowed for the sickle. They are spurred onward in the race by the rivalry of time, but they are seeking to gladden the Christmases of our kindred beyond the sea. For this we would forgive them all, did they not provide us with abundant interest beside; and we wonder no more if belated guide-books to summer sands make strange acquaintance upon our table with the winter guests we look for in our homes. Probably a score of books intended as Christmas gift books have been issued within a fortnight—such volumes as "Yule Logs," edited by G. A. Henty, being Longmans' "Christmas Annual," and containing stories by such tried friends of readers as Mr. Bloundelle-Burton (well known, indeed, to readers of this paper), Colonel Percy Groves, and Harry Collingwood; as Clark Russell's "Romance of a Midshipman," of which I shall have something to say; and as "At Sea Under Drake," which is also before me. But, apart from literature of this sort, the late season has been prolific of interest. There is that marvellous Bismarck revelation of pliant Dr. Moritz Busch, which Macmillans have published, with its extraordinary picture of the Iron Chancellor *in camera*, Bismarck *intime*, pulling the journalistic strings until the sheets of the Fatherland dance at his will, confounding the public, hitting "sums in the eye," assaulting kings and emperors, deluding potentates, and doing all to accomplish the Bismarckian patriotic, or often personal, will. It is a breaking of idols, to which I may yet recur, for the iconoclast is a most interesting man, and his idol the strangest and most fascinating of all. The same publishers have issued Rudyard Kipling's "Day's Work"—a very full one. Then Longmans have just brought out the "Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve," the active worker, far-sighted foreign political writer, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, by Professor Laughton. Blackwood is upon the scene with Mr. Steevens's "With Kitchener to Khartoum," a series of brilliant pen-pictures of the Sirdar's progress.

* * * *

But I shall pause in my catalogue, and draw your attention to a book of singular interest, and of much practical value, that may appeal, moreover, especially to the readers of this paper. It is Colonel H. D. Hutchinson's "Campaign in Tirah, 1897-1898" (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.). Now Colonel Hutchinson is Director of Military Education in India, and the author of several remarkable essays touching events of military history. The reader will soon discover that he has the brain of a keen thinker, and the pen of a ready writer. He will not touch questions of larger policy, but he leaves upon the mind no doubt as to what some of his opinions really are. He does not attribute our late troubles with the Orakzais and Afridis merely to the exhortations of a "Mad Mulla" and a few enthusiasts of the green flag, but, in my opinion, he does very clearly show "what they killed each other for." The Ameer would have liked the semi-independent tribes to remain as a buffer, and did not love the Boundary Agreement. He knew, and the tribes knew, that, whether we will or not, our advance means absorption and domination. Our officers surveying, and our fortified places and lines of boundary-posts appearing, were the evidences of loss of independence. These were practical matters. Then the "Mad Fakir" in Swat and the Hadda Mulla were there to inflame, and the Ameer, who had but lately called himself the "Light of Union and Faith," and the "King of Islam," and who, evidently in the view of Colonel Hutchinson, was *particeps criminis*, called the Mullas together; and soon the border was in a blaze from the Malakhand to the Kurram. It was our policy, in short, good or bad, that caused the rising, and we ought not to have been surprised by it.

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Of the actual fighting, Colonel Hutchinson writes brilliantly. His letters to the *Times* were the best sent regularly from the seat of war, and they are embodied in the volume, with many additions and links. The arduous nature of the campaign, the extraordinary difficulties of the country, the colossal work of transport, and all the hardships of that mountain warfare, are most ably depicted, and the fine generalship, the excellent qualities of officers and men, the hardihood, cheerfulness, endurance, dogged courage and splendid dash, are all described in masterful fashion, while the incidents receive from Colonel Hutchinson's hand that dramatic grouping and finish which make them thoroughly good reading. There are lessons to be learned, too. We must never forget that, however they have procured them, the tribesmen are now well armed with the Martini-Henry, have apparently an inexhaustible supply of ammunition, are among the best marksmen in the world, and have, many of them, been trained by ourselves, and are therefore fully acquainted with our methods of warfare. In fact, Urdu and other versions of our regulations were found among their abandoned baggage. We must change also our fatuous policy of training men on the plains of India in regular formations for the work of fighting among mountains and ravines. The most graphic part of the book is, perhaps, the account of the action at Dargai. Thus we have gallant Colonel Mathias, no longer in his first youth, breasting the height with the "Gay Gordons," and Colour-Sergeant Mackie alongside. "Stiff climb, eh, Mackie?" exclaims the colonel. "Not quite—so young—as I was—you know." "Never mind, sir!" replies the sergeant, giving his commanding officer a slap of genuine admiration on the back, almost knocking the remaining wind out of him. "Never mind, sir! Ye're gaun verra strong for an auld man!" This is emphatically a book to be read, and its maps, and to some extent its illustrations, add much to its value.

* * * *

I mentioned Mr. Clark Russell's "Romance of a Midshipman" (Fisher Unwin, 6s.). There is fascination in the book for boys, and for girls, too, I am sure. Not quite so soon as is usual with this writer do we get to sea, and find ourselves driven along by the freshening breeze, until our scuttles take the flash of the brine, and the green radiance of the sea lights our cabin. Life in a French seaport, excellent fooling about the grotesque misfortunes of one Count Pomade, a narrative of school life, and an ignominious running away, and then of more school life, occupy nearly half the book. It is capital filling for the volume, which might otherwise have been meagre. When Mr. Clark Russell does at last get his young midshipman to sea, as the fates happily will it, with the girl he loves, he revels in his picturesque description and powerful grasp of incident. A strange episode, indeed, with grim attractiveness fills one chapter, and a blood-thirsty quarrel another. All the characters are good, though their lineaments are familiar. One boy, "a dreamer of dreams," who goes to sea, says one, "to learn how to write romances," is evidently a reflection, as it were, of Mr. Russell himself. But I am not going to tell the story. Let every boy who longs for romance, and for vivid pictures of life at sea, read it. The author's hand has its old cunning. See how skilfully he labels his chapters, and what abundant suggestion of good things is covered by the titles, "The Shipwreck," "The Open Boat," "Marooned," "The 'Nathaniel Hawthorne,'" and "Home." No healthy youth can resist the spell.

* * * *

Mr. Charles H. Eden is somewhat like Mr. Clark Russell in his management of his story, "At Sea Under Drake" (Skeffington, 6s.). The hero does not go to sea until he has traversed a good number of horrors, gathered, I think, out of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." "To a Reformed Church and death to all Papists and Spaniards!" with a deep-voiced "Amen!" from Drake, is the downright sentiment of Part I. We are not even spared the fires of Smithfield, and the odour of roasting flesh seems to be in the air until we get away with the "Pasha" and "Swan" for the Spanish Main. Then there is abundance to occupy the reader's attention, and avidity to go forward seizes him. The episodes of Nombre de Dios make picturesque material, and Mr. Eden seems to have read up his history with some care. But, of course, he is not writing history. Who could be a dispassionate critic in Drake's company, and would the boy care for the legal aspects of the operations, or even for the hidden purposes of the monopoly-breakers calmly analysed? What is wanted in such a story is a dramatic succession of events, with a vigorous hero as a leading figure, and strong characters grouped about him. These Mr. Eden gives, and he has thrown in just sufficient of an element of romance. The dialogue is good, with sufficient of the archaic to give necessary colour to the story, and the general grouping of characters and incidents is satisfactory. Hence for boys, particularly boys of the West Country, whom the religious fury of bygone days, cast in lurid form, does not repel, and who rejoice in stories of bold adventure and marvellous exploits at sea, the book must have many attractions. The illustrations are reasonably good.

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It is rather late, but certainly in this case not too late, to refer to an October magazine, for that magazine is the *Artist*, certainly the freshest and most inspiring of all art periodicals. It is alive and helpful. A delightful sketch, hitherto unpublished, by Randolph Caldecott, a sprightly-illustrated article on American women, "English Art through French Glasses," "A Visit to Kelmscott"—these and many other picturesque articles are among the contents. This is the organ of the schools.

* * * *

Are we to have a Bismarck boom? Although the "chief" gave full powers to Busch, he lied on occasion to his "little archer," and made him generally a tool, meanwhile taking pains to write his own memoirs in serious fashion to set himself right with posterity. The German publishers have two volumes ready—I believe there will be four in all—and their emissaries have been over here. One English firm offered, for English and American rights, £10,000, and the bidding rose to several thousands more, but it never approached the £20,000 expected. Publishers will have to be wary in this matter, for the pulse of the English people has not been properly felt on the Bismarck matter. The Germans hope to see the book out in an English form next month.

* * * *

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, one of our most prolific, earnest, and vigorous writers of historical fiction, thoroughly capable of throwing himself and his readers into the period and circumstances he describes, has given a great deal of thought to his new romance, "The Scourge of God" (Clarke), which deals with the troubles of the Camisards after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

* * * *

Messrs. Cassell are bringing out a timely volume on "The Far East," by Mr. Arthur Diosy, secretary of the Japan Society. Another volume throwing important light upon current politics, soon forthcoming, is Mr. Harold Bindloss's "In the Niger Country" (Blackwood).

* * * *

Readers of this paper will look forward with a good deal of interest to the appearance of Captain Eardley-Wilmot's life of Vice-Admiral Lord Lyons, largely from the Duke of Norfolk's papers, which Messrs. Sampson Low have in the press. The Admiral's life was remarkably full of interest. Another Naval biography promised early, by Messrs. Methuen, is Admiral Colomb's life of the late Admiral Sir Cooper Key, which should throw a great deal of light upon the origin and growth of the new Navy. The same publishers promise several other books, and have issued during the week, in two handsome volumes, Sven Hedin's "Through Asia," one of the most important of the books of travel that have lately appeared.

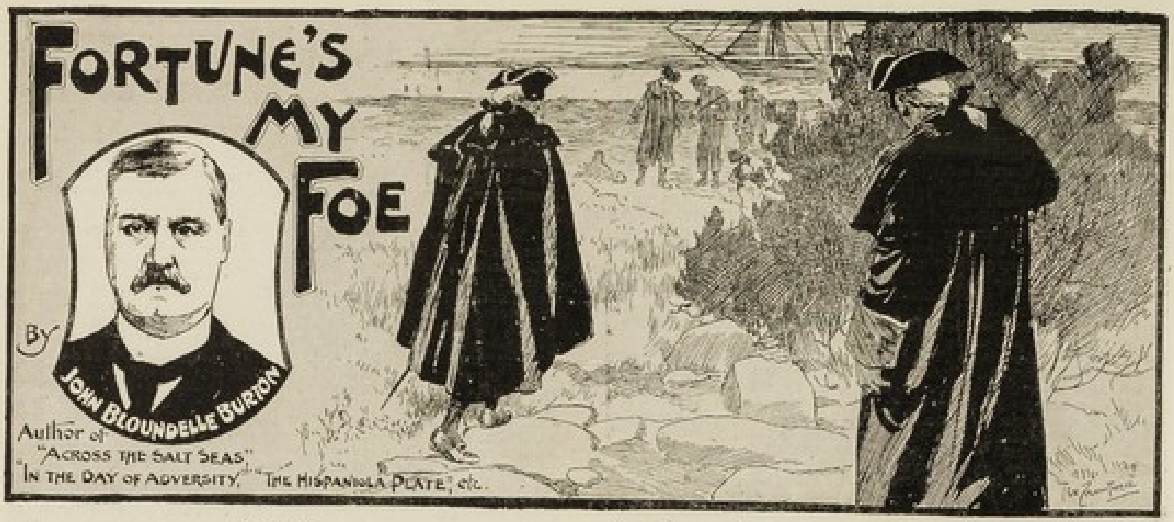
* * * *

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's "On the Face of the Waters" established her reputation as a writer of great power, possessing a singular grasp of the facts of Indian history and of the conditions of the country. She has since been less successful, but Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish a new novel from her hand, dealing with Indian life, which will be read with much curiosity. The same publisher announces a new story by Stephen Crane, author of the "Red Badge of Courage," that book which was so impressive in its psychological analysis and strong realism.

* * * *

It is welcome news that Mr. Edward Arnold will soon issue a "Frank Lockwood Sketch-book." That genial gentleman, who never made an enemy, and on whom the sun of happiness seemed perpetually to shine, had a fund of good humour, and, like Thackeray, a clever pencil. Lady Lockwood has placed her lamented husband's sketch-books at the publisher's disposal. From the same house I hear of a story by a new writer, W. D. Lightfall, entitled "The False Chevalier, or the Lifeguard of Marie Antoinette," and of a volume upon Newcastle-on-Tyne, its municipal origin and growth. The Tyne is a Stygian river, but one of the most interesting in the country; and Newcastle, though black, is comely to those who regard the vast importance of its productive energy to the welfare of the country. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who was born seventeen years before the story commences, on board a vessel called the "Ariadne" at the siege of Cartagena, is at the present moment living on an estate she has inherited near Portsmouth, as well as a large fortune. It is understood in the county that she and Sir Geoffrey Barry, a captain in the Royal Navy, are engaged to one another, which is the case. Sir Geoffrey, coming to visit her one evening at dusk, encounters, however, Beau Bufton in the avenue of her estate, and, after a bloodless duel arising from Bufton's statement that he is the intimate friend of Miss Thorne, drives him away.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ah! what a little Time to Love is lent,
Yet half that Time is in unkindness spent."

AS Sir Geoffrey proceeded up the avenue, at the end of which stood Fanshawe Manor—an ancient house that for years had belonged to a family bearing the same name as itself, and had then passed into the hands of that family's kinsmen, the Thornes—he looked ahead of him, expecting to see the light dress of Ariadne on the verandah; the spot where, whenever she knew he was coming from Portsmouth to visit her, she placed herself.

But to-night, very much to his disappointment—also to his astonishment—she was not there. This disconcerted him a little, since it was the first time that he had ever known her to be absent from that point of observation. The first time! and this on the evening when, of all other evenings, he had encountered that grimacing, pranked-up fop who had spoken as though, forsooth, he had some intimate knowledge of her and her doings. What did it mean? he asked himself in consequence. What? Was it possible that she, his modest, winsome Ariadne, in whose eyes truth shone, in whose every accent truth was proclaimed, could be—a—a coquette! Was it possible, too, that she, who knew that he was riding from Portsmouth on that very evening to pass an hour with her, had been wiling away the previous hour with that fellow—that creature whom he believed was what they called, in their London jargon, a macaroni—a swaggerer—a beau!

If so—but no! He could never believe that!

He had resolved at first, after quitting his unknown antagonist, that he would tell Ariadne all, and make her laugh at his description of the man, especially at the encounter they had had, and its result; but, now—would it not be best to say nothing whatever on the subject—to see, instead, what she would say to him? Surely the stranger must have been there to visit her, and equally surely, if such were the case, she would tell him all about it.

So he went on towards the house, yet with, he knew not why, his feelings a little dashed—his heart a little sore, in spite of his certainty in Ariadne's truth and honour.

These two had known each other almost from boy and girl, and from that time, notwithstanding he was ten years older than she, had loved each other, the love not being, however, spoken of openly until a year or so ago. They had known each other from the time when his father, the late Sir Geoffrey Barry, had returned to his mortgaged, encumbered estate near Alverstoke, "a battered and shattered man," as he had frankly, and without shame, described himself to be.

"Foregad!" the late baronet used to say, he never having ceased to use the quaint expressions of his earlier days of fifty years ago; those days of Queen Anne and the first George, which now seemed so far off, when he had wassailled and drunk deep at Locket's, Pontack's, and Rummer's, amidst such company as Vanbrugh, Nokes, and gentle George Farquhar. "Foregad, what would you have? Why should I not be battered, broken? I'fags, I have laced myself with claret all my days, and done other things as well, equally dashing to one's constitution. Wherefore, behold the result. A broken, ruined old man; a beggar, where once I owned every acre I could see from my blue saloon window. And with nothing to leave poor little Geoff—nothing. Not a stiver!"

And then, when he spoke of the boy, he would almost weep; nor was he able to find consolation until his old butler (who served him now without wage) said that he thought, "he was not sure, but still he thought there might be yet a bottle or so of the yellow seal in the cellar," which, when found, revived his drooping spirits so much that soon he would be singing snatches of songs he should have forgotten, warbling "Ianthe the Lovely" in a cracked and quavering voice, or other snatches from "Charming Creature," and by midnight would go reeling and staggering to bed. In one way, this was a bad example for his son; in another, it proved a good one; for the boy grew up hating and despising such habits as those of his father, and contemning the sight of an old man who had outlived all his dissolute companions yet had never outlived their dissolute ways. Also, he grew up resolved that his life should be a different one from that. He did not know the French proverb, "*Autres temps, autres mœurs,*" but he felt it, and he resolved to put it into action. Wherefore, when the old satyr, the man of so many unclean memories, sometimes maundered on over his second bottle of yellow seal about the miserable remnants of a fortune once so substantial which would be all he could possibly leave behind, Geoffrey would turn almost fiercely on him and say:

"Enough, sir, enough. The past is past, and cannot be undone. Suffice it that I have a calling, an honourable profession; am a sailor. I want nothing more. Yet, since our calling—mine—is one in which in these days interest is of greater value than merit, and a friend at Court of more use than courage and determination, if you have any interest, use it on my behalf. There must be some amongst your old boon companions still alive who will lend a helping hand, even though only in memory of the Iphigenias and Roxanas amongst whom you all revelled once."

This was not, perhaps, a dutiful speech, nor one which a son should very willingly make to a father, yet, in the circumstances, it was pardonable enough; and, at least, the old baronet did not resent it, as how, indeed, could he, remembering the ruin he had brought upon himself and his son after him?

That he acted upon the hint was, however, probable; most probable, too, that he brought influence to bear upon some of those admirals and captains whose seamanship had never been as great as their social power and influence (for it was the latter, as often as not, which made admirals and captains in those days). At any rate, the young man rose fast, and shifted from ship to ship, serving at one time as lieutenant in some great vessel of war, at another in command of a bomb ketch, and next of a third rate, and then woke up one day to learn that he was a captain, though without a ship. He was getting on, he told himself; he was wiping out the disorders caused by his now dead father's life; the name of Sir Geoffrey Barry should lose its tarnish, should be borne once more with honour.

And all the time he was in love with a child, a girl with whom he had often played, a sailor's daughter; the child of a man whose memory was honoured and esteemed. This was the softer side, the idyllic portion of his life; this—his love

for Ariadne Thorne; an idyll that had only one drawback to its perfection—the fact that she was rich, and he, although now one of the King's captains, was poor. How, therefore, should they wed?

Yet love sometimes ran smoothly in those brave, sweet old days; a man of rank who followed an honourable calling, whose prospects were good, might hope to win an even richer woman than Ariadne was, especially when she loved him. And if his girl did not love him, then—then! there was no truth in womankind; no truth in whispered words, in glances, and, later, in vows and protestations. For, a year before the time which had now arrived when he was drawing close to the house in which she dwelt, Ariadne told him that she loved him, and had loved him always; that she would be his wife the moment that he asked her.

Even as he thought upon all this, he saw her appear on the verandah; he caught a glance of her white summer dress, and could see that she was fastening some lace about her throat; also, saw she perceived him, for now she took her handkerchief and waved it to him, and then, leaning forward with both hands upon the balcony-rail, watched his approach. And a moment later, descending to the path beneath, she came towards him.

It was dark now, or almost so—dark enough, at least, to prevent them from doing more than recognise each other's forms; but—for lovers—that is enough. And Geoffrey Barry, putting now her hand within his arm, led her back to the verandah from which she had descended.

"For the first time," he said, after a tender greeting, "for the first time, sweet, you were not in your accustomed place. Almost I began to fear you might be unwell. Lovers are difficult to satisfy, you know, and that which they have grown used to expect——"

"I had to change my dress," Ariadne said, glancing up at him. "I wore a darker one but lately, and it got torn. Otherwise I should not have failed." Then she asked, as now they entered the great saloon to which a domestic had by this time brought a large branch candelabra in which were a dozen white wax candles, "How is it you have come so late? What is there to do at Portsmouth that should keep you from me?"



"You have had a visitor," he said

"Much. You know, sweetheart, that I have gotten a ship. No great affair at present—a small frigate, a capture; yet the time is coming. France itches for another great defeat; she is never satisfied! Soon it will come. And then, my Ariadne——Ah!" he said, breaking off, "ah! I see you have already been taking the air to-night," and he directed her eyes to a dark hood lying on a table close by. "Did you get your dress torn in the bushes of the park?"

"No," she said. "No. I have not been out since the afternoon. But if I go with you part-way down the avenue, the hood will be necessary. The dews are heavy sometimes on these summer nights," and she lifted her soft eyes to his.

"You have had a visitor," he said, as now he took a place by her side on a vast couch in the saloon. "A person——"

"I have had no visitor here to-day, Geoffrey," she said, interrupting him. "Why should you suppose that?"

"No one to see you?"

"No one. Why do you ask?" And now upon her face there came a blush, a deeper colour than before.

"I met," he said, "a man who, without doubt, hinted that he had been to see you."

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed.

"Impossible, perhaps, that he saw you. Undoubtedly possible, however, that I saw him—and—and—conversed with him. A gallant spark too, if rich clothes and gauds make a man such. A gentleman pranked out in London fashion, scarlet coat, yellow peruke, and such things. One who might be a rich man, if, too, such things mean wealth."

"Geoffrey!" the girl cried, and now he saw that she had turned very white. "I cannot understand. And—and—you conversed with him. What, then, did he say?"

"He said," her lover continued, "on my asking him if he had not lost his way, if he had not wandered by accident into private property, that it was possible you might receive other visitors sometimes than the rural inhabitants of this place."

"Oh!" Ariadne exclaimed. "It is impossible! Impossible! He must have been some stranger, some man who had been drinking——"

"He had not been drinking," Geoffrey answered with quiet emphasis.

"Who then could he have been?" she asked now, while he saw that she was still very white, whiter even than before. Also he felt certain that her hands were trembling. "Could he be lurking here with a view to entering the house at night?"

"Not in that apparel."

"Then seeking one of the maids. Perhaps 'twas that. There are evil men everywhere, men of rank and wealth, who——Oh!" she exclaimed, "I will summon Mrs. Pottle"; and so speaking, she went towards the bell-pull and rang it.

"Has Mrs. Pottle gone to her room yet?" she asked the servant who answered the summons. "If not, bid her come here." And on receiving an answer to the effect that Mrs. Pottle was in the housekeeper's room, she repeated her order.

Then, a moment or so later, the heavy footfall of Ariadne's old nurse was heard outside the door, and Ariadne, going towards it, went out into the passage to speak with her. It would, however, have been best that she should have bidden the woman come in and tell her story before Sir Geoffrey Barry, since, thereby, he would better have believed in his mistress's good faith; for now this action on her part, this going outside to converse with her principal servant, her confidante, seemed a strange one on the girl's part, and, alas! also, he heard a word, a few whispered words, that confirmed his worst suspicions. He heard her say, the door not being quite closed to, "Then he has seen him." He heard the words clearly, in spite of their being uttered in that whisper. Heard them, and made up his mind at once as to what his future course must be.

A moment later Ariadne came back, and still she was pale, and, he thought, trembling as she advanced towards him.

"None of the maids," she said, "have left the house this evening to Mrs. Pottle's knowledge. Therefore this man——"

"Ariadne," he interrupted, and she thought how handsome he looked as he stood there before her, the lights from the candelabra illuminating his face, "Ariadne, let us say no more on the matter. There is no need. I will go now——"

"Now! So soon! Oh, God! Geoffrey!" regarding his face, "you do not believe me! Instead, you believe that I have met—seen—this man. Is that it?"

For answer he looked at her—once; yet said nothing.

What could he say, he asked himself, having heard those words?

"You do not believe me," she insisted. "Speak, then; say so in as many words, Sir Geoffrey Barry. I command you!" And now, slim girl as she was, and only as yet on the threshold of womanhood, she stood before him as calm and full of dignity as though her years were far riper.

Though she were an actress, he told himself, at least she was a good one!

"Say it," she repeated; "let there be no misunderstanding. Say that you do not believe me!"

"You forgot," he answered at last, his eyes upon the floor, "to close that door when you spoke to your woman. And I heard your words—'that I had seen him!'"

"Ah!" And now the girl gave a cry of despair, her dignity and her defiance leaving her in a moment, while, as she uttered that cry, she sank prostrate on to the couch where but a little while before they had sat together. "You heard them!"

"Yes. I heard them."

"And you suspect that this man, this stranger, is my lover? Mine! The lover of the woman who is your affianced wife!"

"What can I suspect, Heaven help me! Since you deny all. Since you will tell me nothing."

CHAPTER V.

The Happy Man.

A FORTNIGHT had passed; the wedding of Beau Bufton was at hand—it was to be on the next day—and he was celebrating what he called his last night of freedom right royally. Indeed, he had been celebrating it the whole of that preceding day most royally, wandering about from chocolate house to chocolate house, where he did not drink always of that succulent but sober beverage; inviting a few of his choice companions to his rooms to supper, visiting his tradespeople and telling them that ere long now every bill should be paid and, indeed, obtaining loans from more than one of them on the strength of his forthcoming wedding with an heiress. One thing, however, he had carefully kept quiet, namely, the information as to who and what his heiress was, and where she came from. It was well, indeed, that he had obtained these loans, since his already lean purse had suffered considerably through the inroads made on it by two people, one of whom was Mrs. Pottle, now in town at Lambeth, with her charge, and the other Lewis Granger, who haunted him like a spectre. Of the two, the former was perhaps the worst harpy, the most intolerable blood-sucker, as on each occasion when she had seen him she had demanded money from him, and would listen to no denial.

"Five 'undred guineas," she said to him on the first meeting, which was under the shadow of the great Abbey, she being there to hand him a note and to explain why she could not convoy him to Cowley Street; "five 'undred guineas to come to me in a day or so now, and you won't give me a paltry twenty. Fie, Mr. Bufton! Shame on you! And me doing all, and putting you in the way of marryin' such a sweet young thing. Fie, Mr. Bufton!"

Whereon, at last, by wheedling and cajolery, and also by threats that even now it was not too late for her to break off this marriage and to keep the "sweet young thing" out of his way, she had gained her object and obtained her request—a request only to be reiterated and insisted on the next time she saw him.

"But," exclaimed the Beau, "it is to come off the sum—off the five hundred guineas! You will remember that, Mrs. Pottle!" Though, even as he made the remark, he told himself that each of these handfuls of guineas was in truth a gift, since there would never be any five hundred guineas to find its way into her pockets. Quite a wasted gift.

"Ah," groaned Mrs. Pottle. "Um! Off the five 'undred. That aint noble. That aint royal. Howsomdever, if it must be, it must." After which she shuffled a letter into his hand and bade him read it. Which he did—in rapture!

"Oh, my beloved one," it ran, the handwriting being, he noticed, beautifully clear and legible, as indeed all young ladies' handwriting was in those days, "I am here at last in London, ready to be your bride. Yet ever have I trembled night and day with fear and apprehension lest aught should arise to prevent our arrival. My guardians would not at first decide to let me set out for London, because the season was almost past; also because I have been ailing. Ay! in very truth, almost have I been dead, owing to a terrible scene which arose betwixt me and one other, the man whom you attacked so nobly, as I have since heard, in the avenue; for, my beloved, that man desired my hand, you must know—he was unlike you, my unselfish hero! and was a fortune-hunter, and his reproaches were terrible when he learnt that we had met. But now he is gone to his horrid ship; now I can be wholly yours. Oh! my dear one, how I desire that you might come here to our town house so that I could see you, embrace you; but, alas! none must ever know till *it* is done. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pottle and I will sally forth, and we will meet to arrange all. Bid me but to come, and I will fly to you. Confide in her; she will be true. Now, no more, from your ever fond and trusting—A. T."

And "A. T." had sallied forth, as she had said, under the charge of the astute Mrs. Pottle; the lovers had met, and planned all; now, to-morrow, Beau Bufton would clasp his beloved one, his heiress, in his arms.

"Tell us," said Granger this evening, as he—clad in a brand-new suit, a new wig, and clean fresh lace—sat at the Beau's table, "tell us. Let us know what is to be. My friends," he said, addressing two or three dissolute-looking young men, all fashionably dressed, who also sat, or rather lolled, at the repast, "we have a task, the task of duty, friendship, to perform to-morrow early. Tell us, or rather tell them, since I know very well, what is to be done."

"Well, brave boys," exclaimed the Beau, beaming on them, as who would not beam who on the morrow was to marry a hundred thousand guineas, "this is the plan: We wed to-morrow at Keith's Chapel, in May Fair, at eleven. I would that it had been earlier, but Keith's clerk says his reverence's deputy, Keith being now in Newgate, is never to be depended on before that hour, he not having slept off the effects of—well, of over-night."

"Keith's Chapel!" exclaimed one of the guests, who himself appeared as though he would not have slept off the effects of the present night much before the hour that had been mentioned. "Why, I protest, 'twas there James, Duke of Hamilton, married Miss Gunning a few years ago. You will be in the fashion, Beau."

"Ay! 'tis so," exclaimed Granger. "We are nothing if not fashionable."

"Yet," said a more elderly, graver man than the first speaker, "are you very sure that thus you will be by law united? Has not a Marriage Act passed forbidding such things?"

"Such an Act has passed," Bufton replied, "but there are doubts as to its being able to break the holy tie, Keith being a licensed clergyman still permitted by the Archbishop to issue the licence on a crown stamp, and to give a certificate. But, even were it not so," and now Beau Bufton bestowed that smile of his upon his guests which always caused Granger to desire to strike him, "the ceremony may serve, illegal though it should be; for if it is so, at least it will have given me sufficient possession of my young heiress to make another and more binding one necessary; while who, do you imagine, would be willing to marry my adorable Ariadne Thorne afterwards? In truth, she could belong to none but me."

"Ariadne Thorne!" exclaimed the youngest member of the company present, who now spoke for the first time during the present conversation, and causing his exclamation to be heard above the shrill peal of nervous laughter emitted by Lewis Granger at the Beau's exposition. "Ariadne Thorne! Can there be two of that name?"

"I devoutly hope not," remarked the Beau, fingering his chin and looking himself a little nervous, the company thought, "or else I have caged the wrong bird. What Ariadne Thorne do you know of, then, Dallas?"

"One who is a rich heiress, even as you say your future bride is. One who is the owner of Fanshawe Manor, in Hampshire, and is beloved by Sir Geoffrey Barry."

"'Tis she!" Bufton said with his most hateful chuckle. "'Tis she. And Dallas, my dear, I have won her from him. She never loved him, and she is mine."

"I had thought she did," the young man named Dallas muttered. "In solemn truth, I thought she did. So, too, thought all the county. He is a brave, handsome fellow."

"Handsome is as handsome does!" exclaimed Granger, who had scowled somewhat at this conversation, and now seemed very desirous of putting an end to it; "while as for bravery—well! ask the Beau if Sir Geoffrey Barry was very brave in the avenue of Fanshawe Manor two weeks ago."

"I had to give him a lesson in the use of the small sword, to—in fine—chastise him," Bufton said. "I was there with Ariadne, and—and—well, he drew off."

"He drew off! Permitted you to chastise him! Him! Geoffrey Barry! The county, to which I myself belong, would scarce deem it possible."

"Yet," replied Bufton, with what he considered his choicest tone of contempt, "I have told you that it is so."

"Also," said Dallas, "you have told me that Ariadne Thorne was with you, while we know that she and you wed to-morrow. Naturally, your word is to me sacred. Yet—I speak it not in offence—it would be hard to convince all who know either Sir Geoffrey Barry or Ariadne Thorne that such things could be." After which he became strangely silent, the more so, perhaps, because now Lewis Granger bestirred himself to circulate the bottles, filling each man's glass again and again with wine, calling of toasts, singing himself snatches of songs, and generally egging on the company to hilarious behaviour.

(To be continued.)

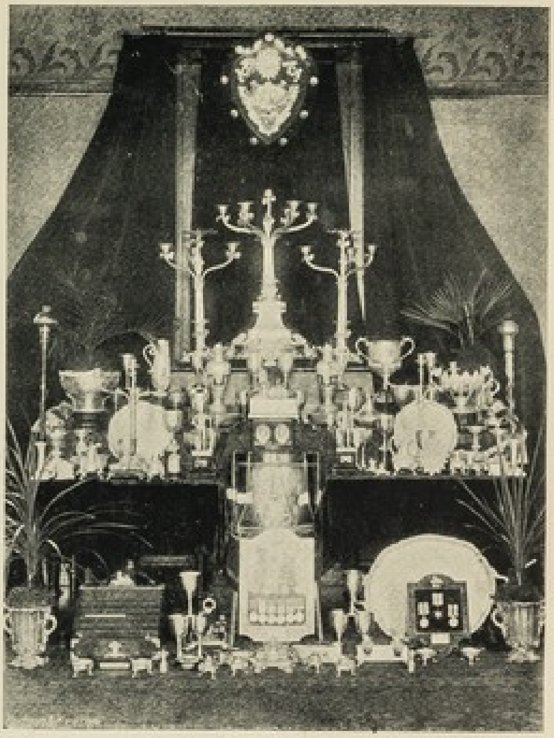
The South Lancashire Regiment.

As the Royal Scots, now ranking as the premier battalion of the British Army, were imported from France, after the Restoration in 1660, to form the seed-germ and nucleus of the standing Army of Charles II., which in turn developed into that of Queen Anne and Marlborough, so the 1st Battalion of what is now the South Lancashires enjoys the distinction of having been the first regiment of foot that was added to the Army after the accession of the House of Brunswick. It was raised in 1717, and named the 40th Regiment of the Line. Before another century had elapsed it had borne itself so bravely and well as to be called "The Fighting



THE REGIMENTAL DRUMMERS.

Fortieth," and also the "Excellors"—a pun on its numerical designation, "XL-ers." It might as well have been dubbed the "Excelsiors," from the way in which, like Longfellow's lyric hero, it had ever gone upward and onward with its



THE REGIMENTAL PLATE.

banners in front of it. On these banners there gradually came to be inscribed no fewer than twenty battle honours, which had been gained in almost every part of the world, from Niagara to New Zealand, from Sebastopol to Salamanca, among the thirsty sands of Egypt and under the blazing suns of India, before the walls of Ghuznee and the battlements of Cabul, and under victorious Wellington from Talavera to Toulouse.

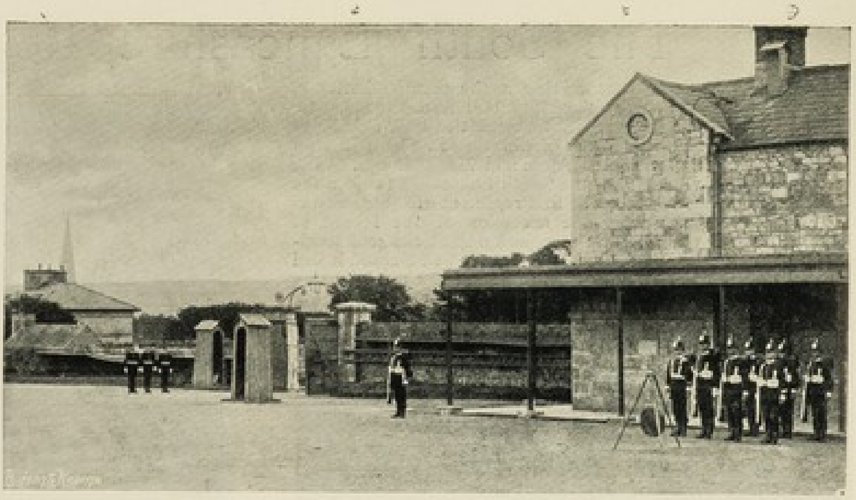
When, in 1881, in pursuance of Mr. Cardwell's scheme for the territorialisation of our fighting forces, and the linking of our battalions, a "marriage of convenience" was enforced upon the old "Fighting Fortieth" and the 82nd—which now



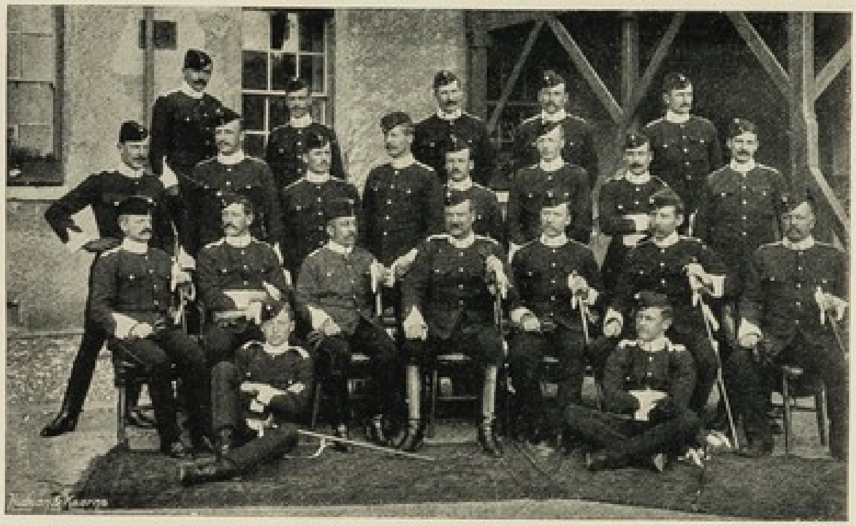
Photos. Jules David. Copyright.

THE SOUTH LANCASHIRE'S CYCLISTS PREPARING FOR A RIDE.

together form the South Lancashire Regiment—the battle honours of the two battalions were blended on their colours in one common blazonry. But still the "Excellors" retained the dominant note of doughtiness. Into the new regimental formation the 82nd brought with it ten honours to add to the twenty of the 40th; but it so happened that seven of those honours were identical; that is to say, that both the battalions had already stood shoulder to shoulder on several battle-fields of the Peninsula—Vimiera, Roleia, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthez, the Pyrenees, etc. The accompanying illustrations show the present state of the battalion, as well as convey the main details of its history. First we have a big drummer and side drummer in review order, with a tiger-skin on the former suggestive of Ghuznee and Cabul. Then the magnificent array of plate and trophies in the officers' mess—including two silver statuettes of the "Excellors" in the uniform and equipment of 1742 and of 1751—forms an abundant embodiment to the eye of the fact that the South Lancashires have won more than their fair share of victories in the field of sport as well as on the field of battle. That they also keep quite abreast of the times in all that relates to the development of the art of war is proved by the group of cyclists, who owe their origin to the starting of a cycle club by the battalion in 1895. Perhaps the most interesting of our illustrations is that of the ante-room in the officers' mess (at Fermoy, where the battalion is at present stationed). On the left of the picture are the present colours carried by the battalion—though, under the new rules, they will be no longer taken into action, but left at the base; while between them, in frames, are remnants of the old colours which were saved from the fire that occurred in the mess in 1891. A silver model of the Sphinx—for the battalion reaped special distinction with Abercromby in Egypt—forms a centre ornament on the mantel-piece, on either side being the silver statuettes aforesaid. Above the Sphinx is a case of medals given for campaigns in which the regiment took part, including a V.C., a Peninsular medal with twelve clasps, and a special medal struck to commemorate the gallant stand made by the "Fighting Fortieth" in the American War of 1777 at Germantown. On the extreme right of the picture is a valuable old coloured print by Willermin, representing the battle of Alexandria, which proved a Sedan to the "invincible" battalions of Napoleon, and purged Egypt completely of its French invaders.



"GUARD TURN OUT."



THE OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.



Photos. Jules David. THE OFFICERS' MESS AND ANTE-ROOM. Copyright.



ARMOURERS AND BLACKSMITHS AT WORK.

On the walls, moreover, are pictures of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, each with an autograph signature. Between the pictures are two drum-majors' staffs, one of which is a trophy of great interest. It has massive silver mountings, and formerly belonged to the 65th Regiment of French Infantry (Grenadiers), from which it was captured by the 40th during the Peninsular War. A drum over the door was taken at Maharajpore in 1843. A shield between the windows is the Inter-Company Football Challenge Shield, below it being miniature portraits of former officers.

How smartly the men of the battalion can turn out will be seen from the illustration showing the guard at the entrance to the new barracks, Fermoy; and by what a capable-looking corps of gentlemen the old 40th is commanded, must be apparent from the group of officers, with Lieutenant-Colonel W. McCarthy O'Leary at their head, who form the subject of another of our illustrations. Colonel O'Leary has spent all his time in the regiment, first serving in the 2nd Battalion (old 82nd), and then passing over to the command of the 1st. The shoeing of a regimental transport horse at the armourer's shows what a gritty race of men are those "Lancashire Lads," and this impression is only deepened by the whole battalion on parade in company column—a battalion which is weighted with the prestige of such an honourable past as must imbue it with no ordinary incentive to live up to its fighting reputation in the future.



Photos. Jos. David. Copyright.

A REVIEW OF THE REGIMENT.

Under Canvas with the West of Scotland Artillery.

THE West of Scotland Artillery recently vacated the militia camp at Buddon, where they had been living under canvas for about a month, deepening their complexions by a life of exposure to strong sun and sharp east wind, and undergoing a training in the duties of an encampment and the work of active service. How they have profited by their stay in camp is evidenced by the encomiums passed upon the regiment the other day by Colonel Wood, R.A., Leith, who, after a searching examination extending over two days, complimented the commanding officer, Colonel John Younger, not only upon the physique, health, and smartness of his men, but upon every detail of their equipment, the arrangements of the camp, its fine sanitary condition, and the general air of cleanliness and tidiness which pervaded its every department. A few words as to their origin and history will not be out of place here.



A GROUP OF THE OFFICERS.

The "117th, or Argyll and Bute Regiment of Militia," was raised over a century ago, but of the circumstances of its enrolment, and of its early history, no records now remain. June, 1803, is the earliest date recorded in connection with the regiment. The earliest printed record of the regiment, now at headquarters, is a copy of the Standing Orders, dated September 16, 1812—when the regiment was under the command of Lord George Campbell, afterwards seventh Duke of Argyll. It is not known at what date the change of number took place from 117th, in 1797, to 43rd, in 1812, but it may be mentioned that some of the officers' mess property still bears the old numerals CXVII.



THE NON-COMMISSIGNED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

The regiment, converted into a rifle corps, remained at Oban until the close of the Russian War in 1855, and it was disembodied on June 17, 1856.

Two years later the regular course of annual trainings commenced, and continues to the present time. In 1861, the regiment was converted into an artillery corps, and was styled the "Argyll and Bute Artillery." The difficulty of raising sufficient recruits in the wild and scattered counties of Argyll and Bute led to an extension of the recruiting area by the addition of Lanark and Renfrew. The old title of the regiment thus became unsuitable, and on November 7, 1895, it was announced that "Her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the Argyll and Bute Artillery being in future designated the West of Scotland Artillery."



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GUN PRACTICE IN CAMP.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 90.] *SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22nd, 1898.*



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ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, HIS FLAG-CAPTAIN, FLAG-LIEUTENANT, AND SECRETARY.

(See next Page.)

The "Victory" Since Trafalgar.

YESTERDAY was the ninety-third anniversary of Trafalgar, and the "Victory" as usual decorated her mast-heads, yard-arms, and bowsprit end with wreaths of laurel, while within board the old ship was in like manner made to



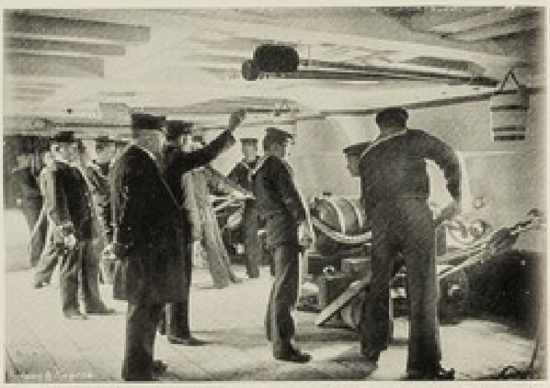
SEMAPHORE AND SINGLE-STICK INSTRUCTION.

assume a festive appearance in honour of the day. The custom is traditionally dated from October, 1824, in which year the "Victory" first became flag-ship at Portsmouth. Of this,



BOYS LEARNING TO KNOT AND SPLICE.

though, there is no record, the first mention of any Trafalgar Day decoration of the "Victory" being in October, 1840. Were



HOW THEY MANNED THE GUNS AT TRAFALGAR.

Nelson to rise from the dead and see the "Victory" as she is, he could not recognise her. Externally she is painted differently from what she was in 1805, and with white streaks instead of yellow, whilst her bows and stern have been completely altered. The old "beak-head" bow of Nelson's time, with square-headed forecastle and deep curving head rails, has given place to a light modern built up round bow. The old-fashioned deep, double-tiered stern galleries, in the upper one of which Nelson spent some minutes on the morning of Trafalgar watching his rear ships coming up, have gone, and are replaced by a modern glassed-in close stern. These reconstructions probably took place between 1814 and 1816, when the "Victory" was for two years in dock at Portsmouth, and had upwards of £50,000 spent on her; but, strangely, neither at the Admiralty nor anywhere else does a scrap of paper exist to show what was done to the "Victory" for the money. Within board the alterations are many. The "Victory's" heavy masts and spars have been replaced by a light frigate rig, while the waist, at the forward end of the quarter-deck, has been planked over altogether, and made flush from end to end. The bulwarks and the sides of the



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NELSON'S DINING-ROOM, WHERE COURTS-MARTIAL ARE NOW HELD.

ship within are now everywhere clean white, whereas in Nelson's time the painting on the upper deck was dull green, and below blood-red; according to the old Naval usage from the times of Blake and Monk. The only means, indeed, by which Nelson might recognise the "Victory" of to-day is her figure-head. That is a reproduction on a reduced scale of the figure-head that the ship wore at Trafalgar. A sketch made of the "Victory's" figure-head at Spithead in 1805, when she was waiting there to go round to the Thames with Nelson's body on board, helps to prove the fact, and to disprove the extraordinary story, which somehow has become a popular belief, that the "Victory's" figure-head at Trafalgar comprised two giant figures of a sailor and a marine supporting the Royal arms. This last queer effigy, indeed, actually



Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

IN THE COCKPIT OF THE "VICTORY."

figured on the prow of the model "Victory" at the Naval Exhibition seven years ago, as may be remembered. One of our illustrations shows the present Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, whose admiral's flag now flies as Nelson's did in the "Victory," and his flag-captain (shown on the right of the group), Captain F. C. B. Bridgeman, who fills the place of Nelson's Hardy. Another shows what is now the courts-martial room, the apartment which was Nelson's cabin and living quarters on board. Other pictures show some of the boys to whom the "Victory," in addition to her duties as flag-ship, serves as a training depôt ship, variously employed learning details of their calling, one of these giving an idea of how the men stood at their guns in Nelson's time. Finally we picture the ever-sacred spot where Nelson breathed his last.

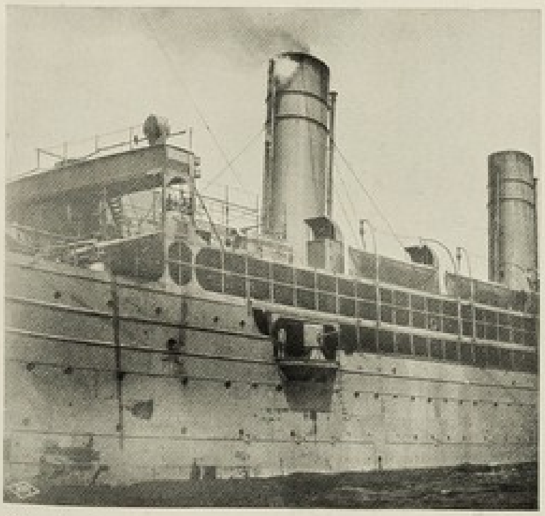
The U.S. Auxiliary Cruiser "St. Paul."

OUR readers will not fail to be interested in these pictures of the American liner "St. Paul." It will be remembered that this vessel, with the "St. Louis," "Paris," and "New York," all belonging to the International Navigation Company, was taken up by the American Government



PRACTICE WITH ONE OF THE 5-IN. QUICK-FIRERS.

as an auxiliary cruiser at the outbreak of hostilities with Spain, and as such she is depicted. It would be a mistake



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

TWO OF THE "ST. PAUL'S" GUNS.

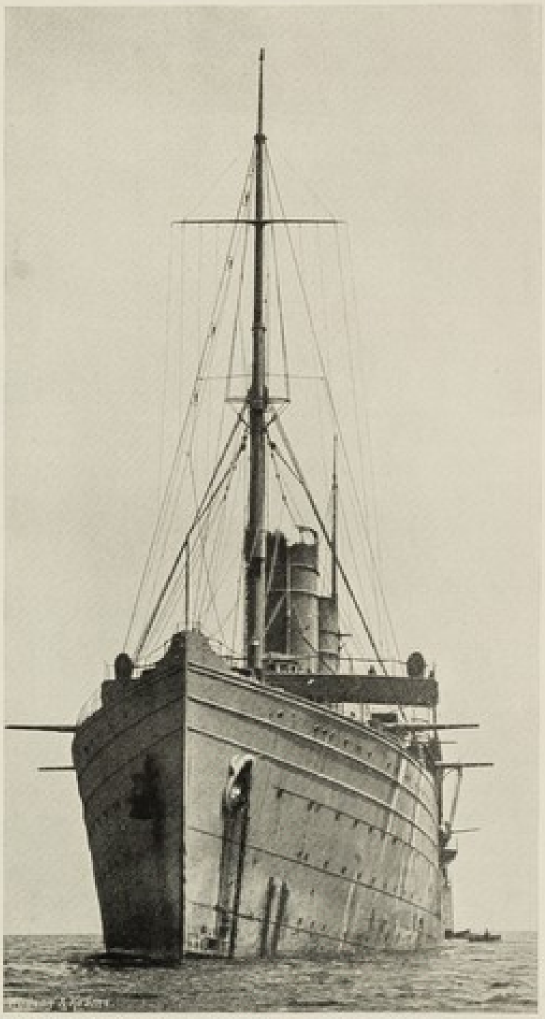


Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

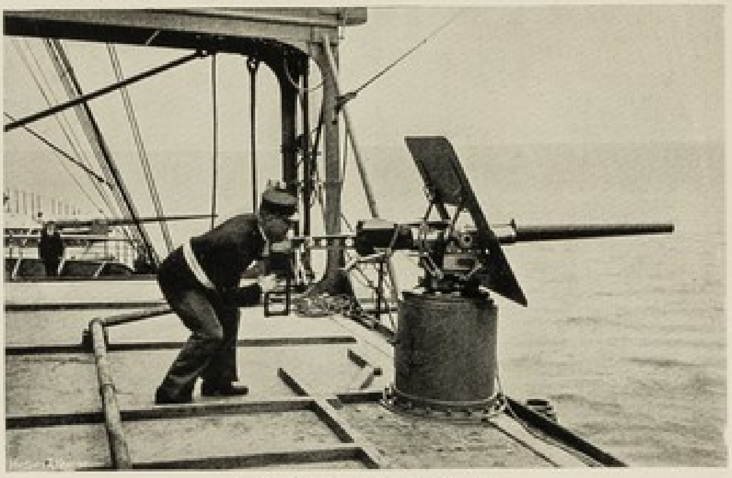
WAITING TO BE DISMANTLED.

to assign an important fighting rôle to ocean greyhounds, but there can be no doubt that, as the eyes of a fleet, they are capable of most excellent work. The Americans, at any rate, think they have rarely spent money so well as in temporarily

retaining and fitting as cruisers these splendid vessels, and it is satisfactory to know that the managers of the American Line are well pleased with their part of the transaction.

The "St. Paul" was built at Philadelphia in 1895, and is a vessel of 11,692 tons gross, 535-ft. long, with 63-ft. beam, and engines of 18,000 horse-power, giving a speed of 22·5 knots. She was despatched, on receipt of telegraphic instructions, to Messrs. Cramp's yard, and her passenger fittings were removed. She was then completely adapted for her warlike mission, and received an armament of eight 5·5-in. and several 6-pounder quick-firers. The changes made in her were greater than in the other vessels, but they were carried out with celerity. Captain Sigsbee, of the unfortunate "Maine," destroyed in Havana Harbour, was placed in command, and the master of the ship remained as navigating officer. This was the course adopted in the case of all four vessels. About 1,000 officers, engineers, and men were taken over with the ships, and their ranks and ratings confirmed in the Naval Service during the time of their employment. The work of training was efficiently carried out under Naval officers, and the "St. Paul" left for her duties.

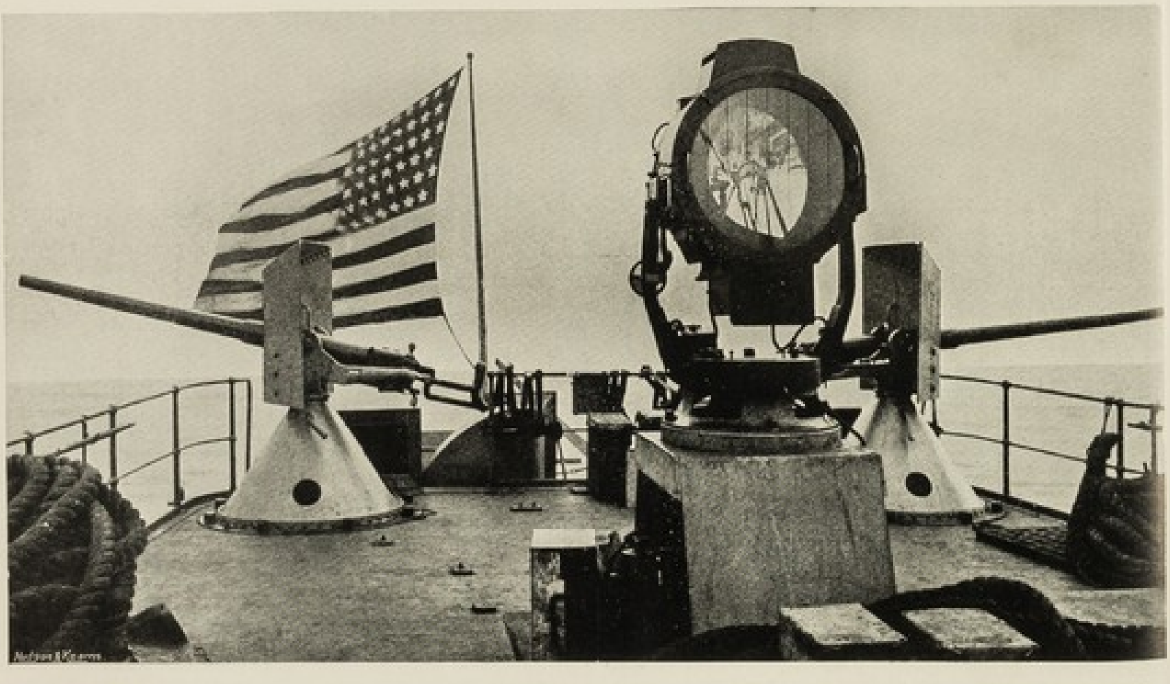
The four vessels were too few to discover Admiral Cervera during his Westward passage, but the "St. Paul" witnessed his entry into Santiago Bay. During the war she was employed in scouting and blockading, and had one severe brush with the enemy. The destroyer "Terror," which the Spanish Admiral was obliged to leave behind at Martinique, made no disastrous attempt to join him, as was reported in glowing terms, but ran to San Juan, Porto Rico. Thence, early in June, she sallied forth to attack the "St. Paul," but was discovered, and so severely dealt with by heavy fire, that she ran for shelter in much distress, and has had to be thoroughly repaired. She has returned to Spain, while her erewhile adversary, having been of conspicuous use throughout the war, was sent, at its conclusion, to have her saloons and ante-rooms refitted for passenger service. The work was accomplished very rapidly, and she left New York on October 19, and has just arrived at Southampton, where she will be placed in dry dock—a very excellent example of the kind of vessel best fitted for service as an armed auxiliary.



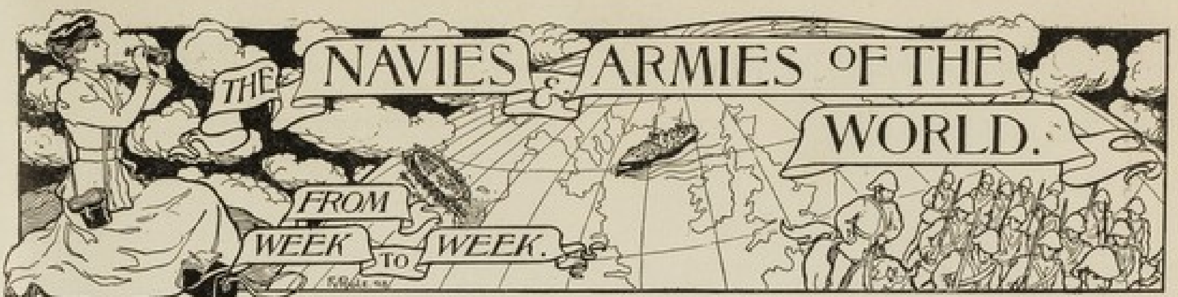
KEEPING HIS HAND IN



OFF A HOSTILE PORT.



Photos. Copyright. "OLD GLORY" WELL DEFENDED. H. & K.



POOR M. Lockroy is learning by painful experience how much easier it is to criticise others than to do work yourself with which other people cannot find fault. As there are always reasons why we should be interested in the doings of the French Navy and its condition, it is not superfluous to look a little at what is being charged against the Minister of Marine. As M. Lockroy is, perhaps, as complete an example of the "Naval expert" as could well be found here, it is even rather amusing to see him at work. This is not, by the way, M. Lockroy's first experience of Naval administration, but he has never been able to "let himself go" so freely as at present. His energy does not always impress his countrymen with a feeling of gravity. The other day a caricaturist drew a thumb-nail sketch of two sailors on the bridge of a ship. One of them says to the other, "So we are off again." "Yes," is the answer, "this comes of having a Minister who wants to finish his education." More serious critics complain that M. Lockroy is making sweeping changes with all the confidence of one whose education is over already, and that they are not only not for the better, but are absolutely inconsistent with the ideas which he was never tired of advocating when he was in opposition. The *Journal des Debats*, which is always attentive to Naval matters, and writes of them very ably, has given him a severe dressing in an article, headed "Incoherences," of the 13th of this month. It points out, with what appears to be great force and truth, that when he was only criticising his predecessors he was never tired of insisting that the object of the Minister of Marine ought always to be to keep the greatest possible number of vessels ready for action at once. Yet now he is Minister, his first measure has been to disorganise the squadrons in Europe, and to diminish the number of vessels in full commission.

* * * *

FIRST he has ordered a "hands across and change partners" between the Channel and the Mediterranean, which has broken up squadrons accustomed to act together, and has therefore (or so the *Debats* believes) lost the fruits of much practice. But that is not all. He has reduced the number of battle-ships immediately ready for service in the Mediterranean from nine to six, without making any compensating addition to the squadron in the Channel. The smaller ironclads taken from Brest, and replaced by three great ships deducted from the Mediterranean squadron, have been put in the reserve, and therefore there is a diminution in the total force actually ready for sea. Add to this that M. Lockroy has taken measures to break up the training squadron, and it does seem that the Naval expert let loose at the Admiralty is a terrible person—for the French. It is surely a sign that they are living under an evil star, that this should be happening to their Navy just now. A man of bold original ideas might surely find better things to do with the French Navy than this. The weakness of the French position in a Naval war has always largely arisen from the fact that the Iberian Peninsula lies between their squadrons of the ocean and the Mediterranean. Hence concentration is very difficult for them, and hence also in very large measure their constant efforts throughout the eighteenth century, and in the revolutionary epoch, to secure Spain as an ally in every war with England, in spite of the notorious inefficiency of her Fleet. Tourville was compelled to fight at hopeless odds in "La Hogue," or "Barfleur," because Chateaurenault, who was to have joined him from the Mediterranean, failed to keep touch. In 1759 the effort of the French Government to concentrate a great force in the Channel, in order to cover an invasion of England, was made of no effect because Boscawen defeated La Clue on the South Coast of Portugal. The moral of it all for them is, one thinks, that their sensible course would be to unite their two squadrons into one fleet, with its headquarters at Brest or Toulon, as the case might be. In that way at any rate they would minimise the risk of being taken in detail—though, of course, so long as the British Navy is twice as numerous as theirs, they could never be sure of not being outnumbered at a given point. Still, it is one of the many shrewd sayings of the Spaniards (on which they never act) that of evils one should take the least. As it is, the French arrange to increase the danger that they will be beaten in detail, and to give us the advantage of operating on interior lines from Gibraltar.

* * * *

ONE would not give the French good advice if there were the slightest chance they would take it. But there is not. On the contrary, the mere fact that an Englishman recommends a certain course is with most Frenchmen a reason for not taking it—they being much in the frame of mind of the Irishman's pig, which could only be made to go forward by being pulled back. M. Lockroy has not only been criticised in the decent style of the *Debats*, he has been subjected to attack in a very different fashion by *La Libre Parole*. This anti-Semitic paper is said on good authority to have a circulation of 250,000, and must be presumed to have some influence. Its responsible editor, M. Edouard Drumont, is one of the most able, if also one of the worst-blooded, men in France. Now this paper has just attacked M. Lockroy, on whom it pours the most incredible Billingsgate for being engaged in an enormous swindle. It asserts that his plan to make a military harbour at Rashgoon is only a great Jew fraud. Certain Hebrew friends of his, says *La Libre Parole*, have bought the land there dirt cheap, and want to sell it to the French Government at an enormous profit. M. Lockroy, say these honourable journalists, is in the plot with his Jew friends. And this is not all. Next to Jew, the most violent term of abuse Frenchmen of this party can use is Protestant. They are always informing their countrymen that Protestant England is working through a Jewish syndicate for the ruin of France. *La Libre Parole* quotes an ex-Admiralty official, who declares that the want of a port of refuge on the African coast has been known for forty years: "But as our Navy has always been in the hands of the Protestants, who manage it for the benefit of England, their religious fatherland, nothing has been done of late years." One wonders how people who can believe such things are not in the humane seclusion of a lunatic asylum. Probably those who write the poisonous trash know its value, but they think that others will take it as good coin. And this, besides showing to what abominations a French public man is subject, is an ominous sign of the times.

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IT is a pleasure to those of us who remember that, if France has commonly been our enemy, she has been a gallant and splendid enemy whom it was a glory to defeat, to see that she can still produce better than political "Naval experts" and rabid gutter journalists. The capture of Samory is a creditable piece of work; and he is a curious, not uninteresting, and, though a thorough ruffian, rather pathetic figure. We do not perhaps sufficiently realise that we are now seeing the last manifestation of what has played a great part in the world in its time—namely, martial and aggressive Mohammedanism. It is making its final stand on the soil of Africa. England has smashed one of its efforts at Khartoum. France has beaten down another by destroying Samory. Time was when such a man as he would have had a great career to run. At any period from the ninth to the twelfth centuries he would probably have founded a considerable monarchy in North-Western Africa, and have passed over to Spain to carry on the unceasing war of the Crescent and the Cross, and to die as Commander of the Faithful at Seville—the capital of the later Moorish dynasties, as Córdova was the capital of the earlier Arab Khalifas. As it is, after thirty years of slave-hunting, and sixteen years of fighting with the French, he ends as a captive to the Unbeliever. He has not even had the satisfaction of falling before a coalition of Christian princes, as his like did in past centuries at the Navas de Tolosa and the Rio Salado. He has been worried out of existence by handfuls of "marsouins," as they call the Infanterie de la Marine, and by tirailleurs Senégalais. Of course he was a bloodthirsty tyrant, according to our ideas, but his people, no doubt, thought him a great lord. The Paris papers have been collecting stories about him—not all to his discredit. He had one mark of the higher kind of Mohammedan leader that had a gentlemanly contempt for showy dress, and went about in plain white. One of these tales has even a touch of a certain grim and not inhuman humour. It seems that after a long struggle and many savage fights he took prisoner a certain enemy of his named Ibrahim, an old man who had once done him some kindness. Samory did not wish to kill his former benefactor, but it was necessary for him to let the world see clearly that he was victorious. So he hit upon an ingenious device. He spared Ibraham's life on the condition that the old man would continually repeat prayers for his—Samory's—success in the world. For years the conquered chief was seen in the camp of his conqueror, for ever going over his rosary (which Mohammedans carry as well as Roman Catholics) and saying prayers, all of which were understood to go to the account of Samory.

* * * *

LOCAL patriotism is a fine thing, no doubt, but it can surely be carried to rather wild extremes. That is about what one feels inclined to say after reading the speech of Sir A. P. Macdonnell at the dinner given to him on Saturday, and the ensuing speech of Lord Russell of Killowen. Both made great play with the number of Irishmen who have done great things for the Empire. Yet it is amusing to look at the names they quote, and see how few of them are really Irish. Lord Russell's own, by the way, is common to Ireland, England, and Scotland. One of the murderers of Archbishop Shairp near St. Andrews, in the reign of Charles II., was a Fifeshire farmer named Russell. Of the names Sir A. P. Macdonnell quoted, not one is originally Irish. Lord Wolseley, Sir David Barbour, Lord Roberts, Lord Lansdowne, Sir George White, all come of stocks originally English or Scotch. He might have added Sir Richard Meade, and with greater justification, for that family is of very ancient standing in Ireland. The limit is reached when Sir Herbert Kitchener—or perhaps one ought to say Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—is claimed as an Irishman. He was born there, and Thackeray was born at Calcutta, but both are Englishmen all the same. The sober fact is, that if a great proportion of prominent servants has come from Ireland it has also come from those stocks of fighting and adventurous Englishmen and Scotchmen who went there to push their fortunes. Like breeds like, and a daring, enterprising stock produces men of its own kidney. That is about the true moral to be drawn from Sir A. P. Macdonnell's speech, and from Lord Russell of Killowen's. Ireland has certainly sent a very large proportion of first-rate officers into the Navy and the Army, but it is because there has been an invading class there, which lived for generations sword in hand, and had the turn for fighting bred into its very bones. The claim of Ireland to Sir H. Kitchener is all but absurd. But, after all, these local distinctions have very little meaning after centuries of war and emigration to and fro; we are so thoroughly well mixed that there is no real difference of race left. The very pride of Irishmen in the Duke of Wellington and so many other Irishmen shows as much. Patriots may hold forth about the Saxon oppressor, but when one of the oppressors, so-called, which these men were and are in race, does anything brilliant, Ireland is ready enough to claim him for her own.

DAVID HANNAY.

Regimental Badges.



THE "grenade" is the generic badge of all Fusilier regiments, and is also worn by the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers. It is, moreover, the special colour badge of one corps, and in this case it is a war honour. The corps enjoying this unique distinction is the Grenadier Guards, which in 1815 was made a grenadier regiment as a reward for its gallantry at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. One of our illustrations shows the badge of the nine Fusilier regiments as worn on the ornaments of their racoon-skin caps and on buttons. The oldest, as Fusiliers, of these nine regiments are the Royal and the Royal Scots, raised in 1685 and 1689 respectively, which have been Fusilier regiments ever since their inception. Of great antiquity is the Tudor or "Union" rose of the Royal Fusiliers. It was a favourite badge of Queen Elizabeth, and as such became the device of the Trained Bands of the London Guilds. From this source the corps probably derives it. This grand old Tudor badge was assumed by Henry VII. after Bosworth:

> "And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
> We will unite the white rose with the red:—
> Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
> That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!"

The badge is common to several corps, one a Fusilier regiment which will be alluded to later on, but in the case of the Royal Fusiliers, the badge is differentiated by the rose being surrounded by the Garter and motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Raised in 1685, at the period of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, it is probable that the device was then adopted, for the two senior companies were old independent companies which had for long garrisoned the Tower of London, and very probably had a direct connection with the Trained Bands. The Royal Scots Fusiliers have the distinction of displaying the Royal Arms on the cap grenade, but their more unique distinction is the "thistle and crown," as shown on the button, a distinction they share with the Cameron Highlanders. This corps is also one of those infantry regiments who display the Royal cypher and crown as a colour badge. Next in order of seniority come the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. This regiment has as colour badges all the distinguishing insignia of the Heir Apparent and the Principality from which he derives his title. These are the "plume" and motto "Ich Dien," the "rising sun," and the "red dragon." The first-named is either a battle trophy, acquired by the Black Prince by right of conquest over the King of Bohemia at Crecy, or else a badge inherited by the hero of Crecy and Poictiers from his mother Philippa, daughter of William, Count of Holland and Hainault. The "rising sun" is one of the badges of Edward III., and the "red dragon" is the old emblem of Cadwallader. In the case of the Royal Welsh the badges are distinctly war honours, for they earned them by their services with the force with which Marlborough swept the French out of the Netherlands in the opening decade of the eighteenth century. Another regiment which can claim the "plume" badge as a war honour is the Royal Irish Fusiliers, whose 1st Battalion, the old 87th, greatly distinguished itself at Barrosa, and as a reward was directed to display the "plume" as a colour badge, and style itself the "Prince of Wales's Own Irish." Another unique badge of this fine regiment (whose first title is "The Princess Victoria's") is the coronet and cypher of that Princess—to-day Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. This regiment commemorated the Diamond Jubilee by a trooping of the colours, at which parade were in evidence three stands of colours dating from 1833, 1866, and 1889, and all presented by the living and reigning monarch; in truth, a most unique military ceremonial. The most prized badge is the "eagle and laurel" wreath over the numeral "8," as depicted in our illustration. I have already mentioned that the 87th covered themselves with glory at Barrosa, and in that fierce struggle Sergeant Patrick Masterson, during one of the charges made by the regiment, captured the Eagle of the 8th French Light Infantry. This is the oldest eagle badge in the Service, the other two, worn by the "Royals" and "Greys," having been won at Waterloo. The Royal Irish were made "Fusiliers" in 1827, and have well earned the distinction. The next corps in order of seniority as Fusiliers is one of the oldest and most distinguished in the Service, the "Fighting Fifth," now known as the Northumberland Fusiliers. Like the Royal Fusiliers, one of the colour badges of this corps is the "Union" rose. When the Tudor rose grew to be a national badge, it was always displayed as what is heraldically termed "slipped," *i.e.*, stalked, and in this form it is displayed by this corps, a distinction they share with the Royal Warwickshire. The badges are different, however, for the latter ensign their rose with the crown only, while that of the Fusiliers is ensigned with the Royal crest. These two corps represent six regiments known as the "Holland Regiments," which were taken into the Dutch service in 1673. They returned to England with William III., and were incorporated into the British Army as the 5th and 6th Foot. Presumably the badge of these Holland Regiments was the



English rose—not an unlikely one to be assumed by English troops in a foreign service—and this historical emblem has always been borne as a colour badge by the two fine old corps that now represent them. Originally an Irish regiment, raised by Daniel O'Brien, Viscount Clare, the "Fighting Fifth" was soon after its formation handed over to an Englishman, Sir John Fenwick, and then, becoming Anglicised, it adopted the "St. George and Dragon" badge, with the motto "Quo fata vocant," as depicted in our illustration. The origin of the Fifth becoming Fusiliers is also a story of great interest. In 1762, this corps distinguished itself greatly at the battle of Wilhelmstahl, where it led the centre column under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Not only did the regiment capture a French standard, but held also at the close of the fight twice as many prisoners as the regiment had men on the field. A much-prized third colour was always borne at the head of the regiment with the drums, and tradition asserted it was in memory of Wilhelmstahl. When at Gibraltar, about 1832, this much-prized colour was destroyed by fire, and an application to replace it was made, but officially refused. William IV., however, to compensate the regiment for the loss of its distinction, made them Fusiliers. The Northumberland is the only corps that enrols Wilhelmstahl amongst its battle honours.

Those two fine old regiments, the Royal Munster and Royal Dublin, are conspicuous amongst the Fusilier regiments as the only ones that display territorial badges. The four battalions of which they are composed were before the Mutiny the four senior battalions of the Company's service, and, as the roll of battle honours on their colours testifies, they have behind them an unequalled record of hard fighting in the East. The territorial insignia worn by the two corps are respectively the "Badge of the Province of Munster" (three gold crowns on a field azure)—originally the ancient

arms of Ireland after the invasion of 1172—and the arms of the City of Dublin (on a field azure, three silver castles "flammant proper"). Both these insignia were adopted when the two regiments were territorially localised in 1881. Both regiments display the Indian badges, commemorative of long and continuous service in the greatest of our dependencies, the one where the hardest fighting has been seen, and the most glorious results produced. The Munsters rest content with the "Royal tiger," without any legend, though every one of the twenty-two battle honours they enscroll is Indian, and comprise such legends as "Plassey," "Buxar," and "Bhurtpore." Mayhap some day the authorities may see fit to couple with the badge the legend "Delhi," where both battalions fought. That renowned old corps, the Dublin Fusiliers, boasts both badges, and is the only regiment in the Service that does so. With the "elephant" they couple the legends "Carnatic" and "Mysore," and with the "tiger" the legends "Plassey" and "Buxar." The old 101st, the 1st Battalion of the Munsters, were made "Fusiliers" for their gallantry in the first Sikh War, they having previously been made "Light Infantry" on their return from Cabul in 1840. The 2nd Battalion (old 104th) were made "Fusiliers" after the second Sikh War for a similar reason. The 1st Dublin (old 102nd) were made "Fusiliers" in 1843, while the 2nd Battalion (old 103rd) earned the distinction in the same manner and at the same time as did the 104th. Both the remaining Fusilier corps became such in 1807, on the introduction of the Territorial System. The sole badge of the Lancashire is the "Sphinx and wreath," the origin of which



I have given in a former article. It is a pity that the "Lancashire rose" is not one of the regimental badges, for it would be in consonance with the regimental custom of decking their caps with roses on August 1, in commemoration of the gallant behaviour of the corps at the great battle of Minden, fought in 1759. Finally, the proud badge of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers is the "Castle of Inniskilling with St. George's colours flying." This honour they share with the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and these two regiments, together with the 5th Lancers (which, however, became Royal Irish, and took the "Harp and Crown" badge), represent the forces which made such a gallant defence of Enniskillen, and were afterwards taken into "pay and entertainment by William III." This corps also boasts the "White Horse of Hanover" and "Sphinx" badges, and it is interesting to note that they derive the distinction of being a "Fusilier" regiment from one of their militia battalions, the old Royal Tyrone Fusiliers.

Nelson's Watchdog Before Trafalgar.

By Edward Fraser.

EXCELLENT in every way is the First Lord of the Admiralty's choice of the name "Euryalus" for the new armoured cruiser to be built by Messrs. Vickers and Maxim at Barrow-in-Furness. Next after the "Victory's" name hardly another British war-ship name comes so prominently forward in the story of Nelson's last campaign.

First, the "Euryalus," with the "Iris" frigate in company, sighted Villeneuve's fleet two days after leaving Ferrol, and made the discovery that the enemy were bound south. Then, after joining Collingwood off Cadiz, the "Euryalus" carried the information home to Nelson and the Admiralty.

Next, in the opening scene of the final act of the Trafalgar drama, after accompanying the "Victory" to Cadiz, when Nelson took over the command, Blackwood in the "Euryalus" received the special charge to watch the enemy—a duty performed with a smartness never excelled. During the three weeks before the battle, the "Euryalus" kept within four miles of the harbour mouth, signalling daily to the admiral along a chain of repeating ships between the "Euryalus" and the main fleet. He had his reward.

At three on the afternoon of October 18, from the deck of the "Euryalus," Blackwood suddenly saw the Franco-Spanish ships in harbour begin signalling actively to one another. Just before dark Blackwood saw the enemy making lamp and flare signals, a new experience that kept the "Euryalus" people more on the *qui vive* than ever.

At daylight on October 19 the fleet in Cadiz were seen with topgallant yards across, several ships with topsails at the masthead. These, the northernmost, were already getting under way. Blackwood at once signalled to his nearest consort, the "Phœbe" frigate, to pass the word to the British fleet that the enemy were coming out. By eight o'clock nine of the enemy were out, and of those inside, all, except a Spanish rear-admiral and another liner, had their topsails hoisted.

The "Weasel" sloop, stationed to watch the coast to the southward, was signalled on that to proceed to Gibraltar and Tetuan to recall Admiral Louis's squadron. At this time, however, the wind, which had been light since dawn, fell dead calm, with the result that the ships not yet out of Cadiz Bay could not stir, while the nine first out let go anchor. This continued until evening, the "Euryalus" reporting every hour to Nelson. By nightfall twelve of the enemy were out, and now the "Euryalus" stood in within two miles of the enemy to watch during the night. From hour to hour she reported their positions, signalling with rockets and blue lights.

Towards morning on October 20 the wind freshened, and now the remainder of the Franco-Spanish fleet were able to work out. They were all out by nine, and heading for the Straits, their van attempting to cut off the "Sirius," the nearest British ship on that side. They fired at her, but she got away. At this time, twenty-two ships of Nelson's fleet were sighted to westward from the "Euryalus's" masthead, and to them Blackwood signalled that the full strength of the enemy—thirty-three of the line—were at sea. At ten o'clock the weather came on thick, and it began to blow, with the result that for the next three hours the "Euryalus" lost sight of the enemy. Just before one it cleared, and the enemy were seen again, still standing south and under low sail. Blackwood, signalling to the "Sirius" to watch the enemy, now went himself to report directly to Nelson, and telegraphed to the "Victory," "The enemy appear determined to push to westward." Nelson received the news with the remark, "*That* they shall not do if it be in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them!" He replied with the telegraph signal, "I rely on you keeping sight of the enemy"—with which final charge the "Euryalus" returned to her post. During all the fateful night of October 20 she kept the closest watch, remaining abeam of the enemy, not more than two miles off, burning blue lights every hour, with occasional signal guns when the enemy tacked. The lights of the British fleet showed to the south-west, while the enemy were so close that, as Blackwood put it, "their sterns looked like a well-lighted street." The vigil was over next morning, and the "Euryalus's" task done, with Villeneuve in sight of Nelson and on the lee bow.

"For the two days," says the late Admiral Sir Hercules Robinson (father of Lord Rosmead), a midshipman in the "Euryalus," "there was not a movement that we did not communicate, till I thought that Blackwood, who gave the orders, and Bruce our signal mid and Soper our signal man, who executed them, must have died of it. And when we had brought our two fleets fairly together, we took our place between the lines of lights—as a cab might in Regent Street—the watch was called, and Blackwood turned in quietly to wait for the morning."

Literary News and Books to be Read.

THE theme to-day shall be mostly of books of Naval character, not professional books, but volumes intended for that genial being, the "general reader." It is not the least of the signs of the times that books of this class issue in numbers from the press. We remember very well the years when it was not so—when the odd volumes which made their sparse appearance were the study merely of retired officers and of some few politicians. But the times have marched, indeed, and what was once caviare to the general is now a frequent delicacy for the crowd. "The American Navy, its Ships and their Achievements," by Charles Morris (Hutchinson), has, as you will guess, an American origin. It was published, in fact, not long ago across the herring pond by the J. B. Lippincott Company. None the less, I commend it heartily to English readers. They will welcome it, perhaps, the more for its strong national flavour, and in these days we are reminded so often that blood is thicker than water, and there does exist such a large measure of practical sympathy between the countries, that everything concerning America and Americans has interest for us. Mr. Morris says truly that to-day the United States' Navy stands strongly in evidence, but he goes further to remark that "there is nothing else which fills so large a space in the world's eye." Alas! the interests of to-day are forgotten to-morrow. In the hurly-burly of politics, so many vital matters rise to the surface—victories in the Soudan, rushes from diverse points upon Fashoda, convulsions in China, massacres in Crete, Anglo-German agreements, military scandals in France—that Santiago and San Juan, Daiquiri and Guantanamo, Cavite and Manila are half slipping out of our memories. Mr. Morris wrote in the full tide of the war. The breeze of popular interest filled his sail, and wafted his book to well-deserved popularity. Particularly good are the illustrations, well selected, and printed with the care which is characteristic of the American printing press.

* * * *

The book opens with an historical survey. I shall make one protest. Admiral Graves's bombardment of Falmouth, Maine, was not a "dastardly step of revenge." It was the natural punishment for piratical acts, or an act, if you will, of civil war, and Graves, though a hot-headed seaman, not remarkable for calm judgment, cannot fairly be blamed. Mr. Morris writes with abundant enthusiasm of the achievements of Paul Jones, and of the American captains of the war of 1812. He gives a good account of the fighting with the French and the Moors, and makes a very stirring story of the burning of the lost frigate "Philadelphia" in the harbour of Tripoli by Decatur. The Mexican War, the Navy in the Civil War, and more recent events, pass before us in a rapid survey. Then Mr. Morris turns to the creation of the modern Navy, which is the most useful part of his book. I have not anywhere seen the matter dealt with so well in concise form as applied to the American Fleet. The evolution of the ironclad and the steady development of the modern war-ship in its various forms, the American monitor type, the new battle-ships—proclaimed to be superior to ours, though I would point out that the type has lately been changed, and that the speed is low—the cruisers, and all the smaller classes—these matters severally are capably dealt with. The account of the personnel is less satisfactory, because it leaves us in the dark as to the engineers, and has nothing to say about the men. The book concludes with chapters on armour and armament, mines and fortifications, and a glance at foreign Navies. In short, Mr. Morris has succeeded in giving a very creditable bird's-eye view of the American Navy and its achievements. In this country, where not much is known in many circles upon the subject, such a book seemed necessary, and I am glad to recommend it in such pleasant and convenient form.

* * * *

Now I take up "A Gun-Room Ditty Box," by G. Stewart Bowles, "lately a sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's Fleet," but who dates his introductory note from Trinity College, Cambridge (Cassell). Mr. Bowles has had but a brief experience of the Fleet, but there is vigorous freshness in his gun-room stories and ditties, and in the boisterous character of some of his yarns. Although dedicated "to the gun-rooms of the Fleet," such a book will interest, divert, and amuse very many. It will give civilians a good idea of what the young officers of the Navy are like—their high spirits, love of fun, professional zeal, and patriotic ardour—and has many a kindly glance at the lower deck. Lord Charles Beresford has contributed a preface, in which he says that the dweller in large towns or the country-side feels the magic of the sea charm as much as the man who spends his life in studying the surface of the oceans. Mr. Bowles has felt the breath of the sea upon his cheek, and the poetry of its ceaseless swell in his heart, and his breezy and cheery style is the result. His story of "Borley" depicts the "Britannia" to the life, and displays fine insight into the character of boys, besides showing right appreciation of the system of training with its early responsibilities, "all the more valuable because the sap and juices of life are still alive." Here Lord Charles Beresford makes a moral reflection. If we recognise promotion by selection as right up to the prime of life, why do we abandon it just when, in some men, the mental or bodily vigour begins to fail? Then in "Below There!" Mr. Bowles gives a capital account of the work of the engine-room. It is admirably told with unmistakable literary power. "Under this pleasant restfulness and silence there lurks a life—far down and hidden in the depths below, but still a life—compared mechanically to which the life of man is but the life of a slug to a race-horse—a tearing, thrilling, throbbing energy, which, in its monster strength, nearly spoils imagination. Slumbering in each of these steel leviathans lies the pent-up energy of all the cavalry in India, with mules and stores thrown in; and not disposed, like the rush of an army, loosely or in ragged parts, not spread in helpless units over hopeless miles, not open to panic or capable of fear, but certain, clean and absolute—vast contained, applied."

* * * *

I wonder if, when he wrote this, Mr. Bowles had read "McAndrew's Hymn." Is he the

"Man like Rabbie Burns,
To sing the song o' steam"?

If Rudyard Kipling had not written, I say with certainty that Mr. Bowles would not have written—not, I mean, as he has done. There is the Kipling touch in some of the chanties, and I say this without a thought of disparagement. The victory of the "Excellent's" bluejackets in the wrestling at the Royal Military Tournament gives occasion for a capital ditty of "The Naval Mounted 'Orse." I like, too, very much, "A Ward-room Litany." Still better is "Raggies." Now it may interest you to know that "raggy" is lower-deckese for "chum," because of bluejacket friends sharing their cleaning rags between them. This particular "raggy" had been fatally injured by the ship's propeller. I shall quote a verse that grips:

"Under the wash o' the flag-ship's stern,
Head o' the leadin' line,
Clear o' the stinks an' the sounds o' land,
We lowered 'im down with the guard an' band,
An' I wos the last for to 'old 'is 'and,
Cos 'e wos a raggy o' mine."

It has been a real pleasure to notice this book; yet it has, perhaps, more of promise than fulfilment. I hope Mr. Bowles will write more. He has the sympathetic insight, the true sense of humour, the grasp of character, and the literary power, from which much may be expected.

* * * *

There are a few minor books and some matters to which I wish to draw attention. One of the former is a revised and enlarged edition of "Notable Shipwrecks" (Cassell, 1s.). Now the story of disaster is terrible, but its tale of heroism inspiring, and its lessons are fruitful. It would have been worth while to recall to public memory the tremendous storm of 1707, in which the "Association" (with Sir Cloudesley Shovell) and other ships were lost, but we have here the glorious story of the "Birkenhead" and of many another memorable catastrophe. The "Victoria," the "Drummond Castle," and the "Aden" are not forgotten. Of quite another class are three small books that I like to mention—"The King's Messengers" and "The Shadow of the Cross," by the Rev. William Adams, and "The Combatants," by the Rev. Edward Monroe (Newnes), being three pleasant and well-penned allegories, very suitable for Sunday reading, and most suitable to place in the hands of the young. And again, that it may not be overlooked by those who are interested in these matters, it is well to say that *Cassier's Magazine*, that excellent engineering serial, hailing really from America, contains in its October number an article on "Electrically-driven Shipyard Tools," and a discussion by Captain William H. Jaques, an officer well known in this country, of "Torpedo-boats in Modern Warfare." Captain Jaques has made an exhaustive study of his subject, and comes to the conclusion that the superiority of the gun is evident, and that invisibility must be sought by the torpedo-boat. He would, therefore, cry "Halt!" until more is known of submarine possibilities, of which he has high hopes. His opinion carries weight.

* * * *

The publishing season is to be very rich in biographies. The "Gedanken und Erinnerungen" of Bismarck, to be issued in Germany by Cotta, will be published simultaneously, in their English dress, by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. in London, and Messrs. Harper and Brothers in New York. There will be two volumes, but these will not complete the work. These "thoughts and memories," which have been edited by Professor Horst Kohl, Lothar Bucher's successor, promise to be of extraordinary interest, but they are not likely to be such a revelation of character as is Busch's book. Great sums are named as the price paid for the English and American rights. Mr. Murray, who has but just issued the "Autobiography and Political Correspondence of the Third Duke of Grafton," will shortly publish Sir Mountstewart Grant Duff's "Notes from an Indian Diary"—relating to the Governorship of Madras, 1881-85—and "Haunts and Hobbies of Indian Officials," by Mr. Thornhill, whose "Magistrate in the Indian Mutiny" was so successful. From the same house, after a lapse of seven years, the two concluding volumes of Mr. Stuart Parker's biography of Sir Robert Peel, including letters of great interest from the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, and a host of important people, are to be issued, as well as the second volume of Mr. Prothero's edition of Byron's letters (1811-13). Another biographical volume that should be interesting is Mr. Walter Armstrong's work on Gainsborough, and his place in art, to be published by Mr. Heinemann.

* * * *

Messrs. Blackwood have been busy reprinting Mr. Steevens's lively "With Kitchener to Khartoum." Mr. Bennet Burleigh is also to give us a volume on Khartoum, and I hear that Lieutenants Alford and Sword are about to tell, from a personal point of view, the tale of "The Egyptian Soudan, its Loss and Recovery." That fine biography, "Emin Pasha, His Life and Work," is published opportunely, by Mr. Archibald Constable, and I shall shortly refer to it at length. That adventurous lady, Mrs. Bishop, has written, and Mr. Murray will publish, a book of travel of current political importance—"The Yang-tse Valley and Beyond." She journeyed to the country after her exploration of Korea, and will have a good deal to say about the conditions in Sze-chuan. This is something like a boom in books of travel. Mr. Heinemann announces "Under the African Sun," by Dr. W. J. Ansorge, devoted to Uganda before the Protectorate. The same publisher is about to devote twelve volumes to the geography of the world, illustrating human activity and physical resources in its various regions. Sir Clements Markham and Mr. Mackinder are among the writers.

* * * *

To the Cambridge Historical Series Major Martin Hume, one of the most erudite of historians on Elizabethan and kindred topics, is about to contribute a volume upon the history of Spain from 1479 to 1788, which should be profoundly interesting at the present time.

* * * *

There will, of course, be no dearth of fiction this season. Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Battle of the Strong," just published, has been eagerly looked for (Methuen). Another new book, a sea story, entitled "A Desperate Venture," by Mr. E. F. Knight, the adventurous correspondent of the *Times* (John Milne), is commended by that brilliant author's "Cruise of the Falcon." Messrs. Macmillan are to publish Mr. R. D. Chambers's "Ashes of the Empire," now appearing serially. Mr. John Long, who has just issued Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Father Anthony," has quite a number of novels on his list, by Katharine S. Macquoid, Esmé Stuart, Richard Marsh, and others.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Some Memorials of Nelson.

NINETY-THREE years ago the great battle of Trafalgar was fought, the crowning achievement of Nelson's career, which, in the words of the inscription on the column at Great Yarmouth, he consecrated with a death "mournful to his country, but welcome and honourable to himself."

The "Victory," lying in Portsmouth Harbour, is the best memorial of the battle, and the symbol of all it meant for us—not our protection from invasion only, nor, indeed, that at all, for the blockade had broken the hope of Napoleon already, but the shattering of French maritime power, and



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

THE HOUSE WHERE NELSON'S GARDENER LIVED.

the making possible of the final triumph and the long peace that followed. In her lofty sides and tall masts we have, as it were, the spirit of the old Navy, contrasted happily in the picture with the long lines of the modern cruiser "Eclipse," bespeaking the character of the new. "Thank God, I have done my duty," he said, as he lay dying in the cockpit, and we cannot do better than think of that.

Norfolk is proud of Nelson, who loved to return to the county of his birth. His was a familiar figure at Yarmouth. He landed there on his return from the Mediterranean after the battle of the Nile. It was from Yarmouth that he sailed to the Baltic, and thence that he came from the triumph of Copenhagen. Therefore the Yarmouth column is an interesting memorial. It was erected in 1817, and is a fine Doric column, 144-ft. high, with the figure of Britannia on the top holding a trident and a laurel branch—a landmark for miles around.

For Merton Place, near Wimbledon, "dear Merton," the house in which Nelson lived during his last days ashore, and which he greatly loved, the visitor enquires in vain. The place has changed sadly since the time when he sought retirement there and Lady Hamilton filled the house with gaiety.

We have two pictures, however, which will interest our readers as recalling Nelson at Merton. One illustrates



Photo. Copyright H. & K.

THE FIRST TRAFALGAR MEMORIAL.

the old cottage in which it is supposed his gardener lived, and whererin for many years dwelt an old man, recently dead, who was in the hero's service as a boy. The other is of the Nelson Arms at Merton, which stands near the spot where the lodge of Merton Place was.

The other illustration is of the first of Trafalgar memorials



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

THE "NELSON ARMS," MERTON.

—the ruined arch built too hastily for permanence in Castle Townshend Woods, County Cork, on November 10, 1805, from the design of Captain Joshua Rowley Watson, R.N., who erected it with 1,200 Sea Fencibles, assisted by eight masons, in the space of five hours.



Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR AND THE "VICTORY."

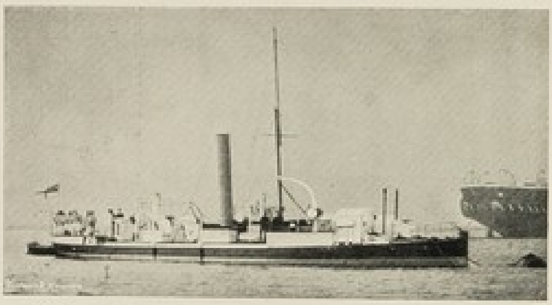


Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

THE YARMOUTH MEMORIAL—Erected 1817.

The Torpedo School of the Navy—The "Vernon."—III.

WE have now said enough to show the varied nature of the work done on board the "Vernon," and how the school has grown. It was very soon found that the school was unable to cope with the demands made upon it by

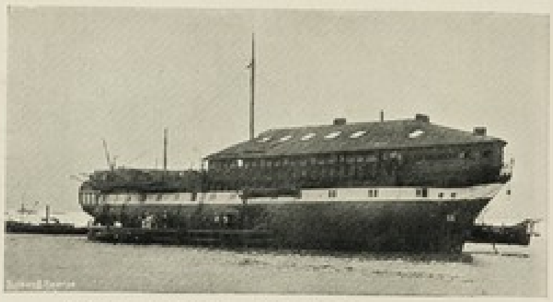


THE "VESUVIUS," TENDER TO THE "VERNON."

Used for many torpedo experiments and drills. The class are standing round a torpedo-tube on the left in the stern of the "Vesuvius." As the torpedo is fired from above water, this would be called an above-water tube. If the torpedo were fired from below the water, the tube would be called a submerged tube. There has been considerable outcry against above-water tubes, the fear being expressed that the explosive in the head of the torpedo would go off when hit by shell fire, and the Admiralty has now decided that the larger ships are to have submerged tubes only.

the Navy. The old "Vernon" was then turned into a separate establishment under the name of "Actæon," from which all the practical work of mining was to be carried out, while the "Donegal" was fitted out as the "Vernon" to carry all the instructional and store rooms. In addition separate schools were formed at Plymouth and Sheerness.

The great majority of pupils going through the school are seamen, and these are generally the best of their grade. They have first to attain a certain standard in the Gunnery School, and if they pass successfully, permission is given for them to go on to the Torpedo School Classes lasting four months are thus formed every month. As there is a scarcity of seamen for the ships, the reader may rely on it that this four months' absence from the sea-going ships is the minimum time in which an adequately-trained man in torpedo work can be obtained. As he comes from the Gunnery School each man has the rating of "S.G.," or seaman gunner, and if he passes the Torpedo School, a "T," representing "torpedo," is added, with a corresponding increase of pay. If the



THE "ACTÆON," FORMERLY "VERNON."

This ship is used for practical torpedo instruction.

examinations are passed brilliantly, a man has the opportunity of going through further instruction for the higher rating of "L.T.O.," or leading torpedo man. After a certain amount of sea experience a man can go through a further course and examination for torpedo instructor. In any case, whatever his rating in torpedo work, every officer and man has to return to the Torpedo School to re-qualify about every three years—a very necessary provision, considering the rapidity with which things change in that time. The highest rank to which a seaman can attain is that of torpedo warrant officer.



Photos. C. Cozens. *THE "VERNON" UNDER SAIL.* Copyright.

Copied from a painting in the ward-room. This ship is the present "Actæon."

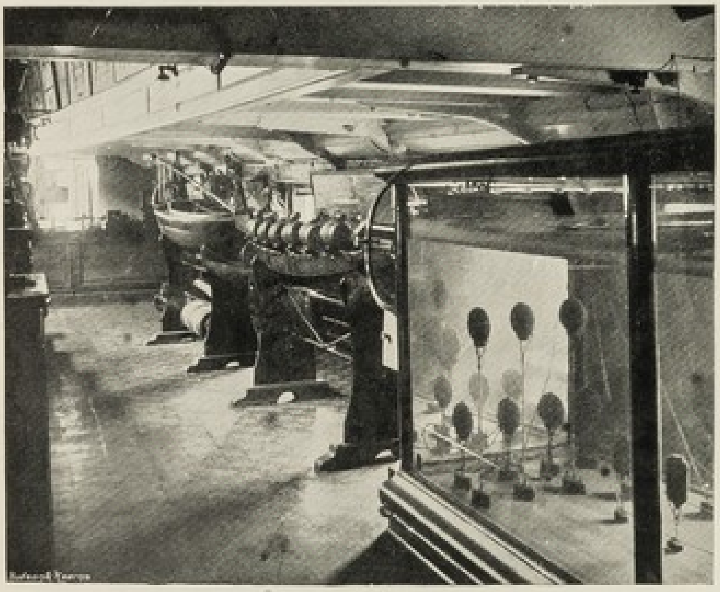


Photo, C. Cozens. Copyright.

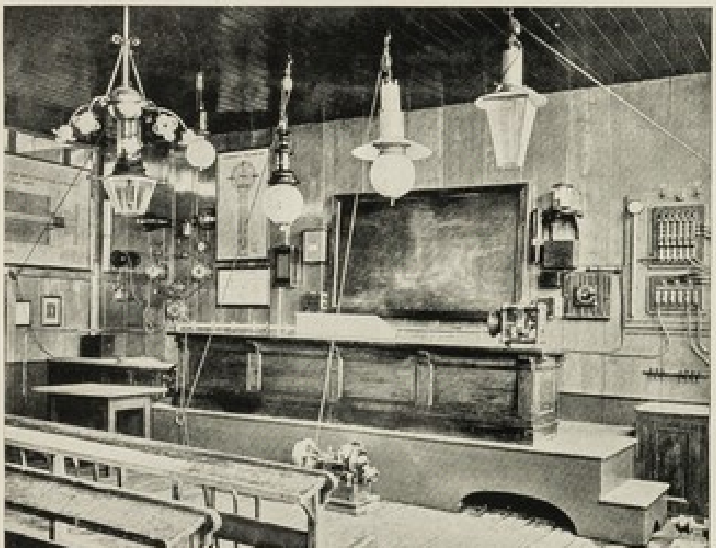
CAPTAIN DURNFORD AND OFFICERS OF THE "VERNON."



THE ARTIFICERS' FACTORY.



LECTURE-ROOM FOR MINING INSTRUCTION.



Photos C. Cozens. Copyright.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT LECTURE-ROOM

styled torpedo gunner or torpedo boatswain, according as he has passed the Gunnery School as a warrant officer or not.

Besides all the various ranks of officers and men whom we have mentioned as going through the school, we find Marine officers, engineer officers, Trinity House officers, and many men from the non-combatant or civil branches of the Navy going through courses. Then, in addition to all the work of instruction, examination, and experimental research that we have touched on, we must note that the officers of the school survey and test most of the torpedo and electrical fittings supplied for the Navy, and test all those fittings in ships which are brought forward for sea service or "commissioned."

It is, however, impossible to cover the whole ground of the work done by the school. Let it suffice to say, in conclusion, that much of the work is voluntary, as, for instance, the study of photography; and that there are capable amateurs on board the "Vernon" can be seen by the illustrations to these articles.

It will also be remembered that the electrical and torpedo programme of the Naval Exhibition was arranged by the "Vernon's" officers and men, who cheerfully recognise the obligation to devote some of their time to helping the taxpayer to learn something about his Navy. Sometimes this duty is a sore trial, though the persistent inventor always finds his method and grievance listened to by the courteous torpedo lieutenant, with help and advice, until patience is exhausted, and the lieutenant ("T."), like his Leyden jar, begins to emit sparks.

The most interesting sight to the visitor on board the "Vernon" is the mining lecture-room, or, as it is generally called, from the fact that the instruction of the torpedo lieutenants and senior officers is carried out there, the senior lecture-room. Here are to be seen models of all kinds, many of which can be worked practically, thus facilitating the explanation.

On the right of the illustration we can see a glass tank with models of buoyant mines moored to the bottom by iron sinkers. They are at different depths, because some have to be fired by the ship running against them, and, obviously, if the ship is to do this, they must not be deeper down than the water the ship draws. These are called contact mines, and as they explode on contact with the ship, they need not have so much explosive in them as the further removed mines, which are fired by observation from the shore, and are therefore called observation mines. These last are placed at a depth of about 50-ft., and are fired by electricity when the ship is nearly over them. In the centre of the illustration is shown a fully-rigged model of a mining-launch ready to drop twelve of these big mines, each weighing over half a ton, with sinkers attached weighing a quarter of a ton. To the left is a model of a steam pinnace, carrying an outrigger torpedo. But the whole room is full of similar little models, giving lessons in all things from optics to physiology. One of the most interesting is the chronograph, by which the visitor's "personal error" can be measured to a minute fraction of a second. Everyone of us has a "personal error," this being the time it takes for an impression to reach the brain, and for the brain to actuate the muscles, as, for instance, when we see a pigeon and pull the trigger of a gun.

If we were in the habit of shooting our own dinners, we might expect to have considerably less "personal error" than if we were to sit down at a knee-hole table to write something to earn dinners. Before long we may expect the "Vernon" to carry out much of its instruction by animated photographs.

The illustration of the artificers' workshop shows a busy little factory. The "C.P.O." (chief petty officer) on the left is engaged upon an instrument.

The Route March of the London Scottish R.V.

"At half-past five's revelly, an' our tents they down must come,
Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em up at 'ome;
But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts—
With Captain Braik and baggage guard a-shovin' at the carts."—KIPLING.



MARCHING BY LOCH LUBNAIG—UP STRATHYRE.

WHILE the gifted author quoted would spurn the final line, it completes the couplet and meets the bill, so to say, of the marching detachment of the "Scottish." Route marching opens up unknown possibilities and experiences to the ordinary camping volunteer, and for that reason alone is to be commended to commanding officers anxious to further the military knowledge of their corps. But the commander of this crack London volunteer regiment had another motive in view, namely, that the march through part of Scotland would bring vividly before the young men of that country the fact that



PITCHING CAMP.



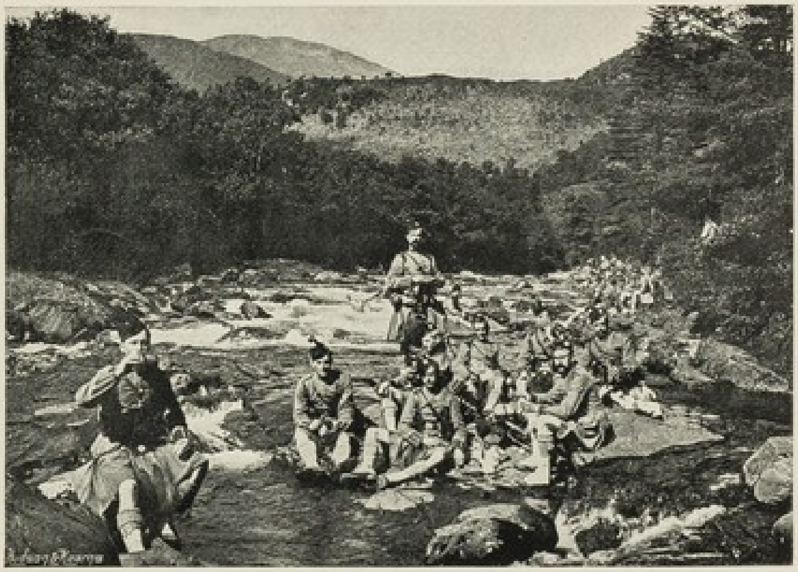
SERVING OUT BLANKETS.

there is in the capital a body of their own countrymen, ready, and even anxious, to extend the hand of fellowship towards them, and afford them the means of feeling at home from home; and however much this feeling may have loomed in the minds of the 300 when they left St. Pancras on that August evening for their "ain countrie," we are certain of the fact that the reception accorded them all along the route, by noble and simple, Corporation and individual, has increased that feeling a thousandfold.

Commercial Glasgow entertained the detachment to breakfast on their arrival, the Fair City provided luncheon, and that right royally, and Edinburgh spread before them a sumptuous dinner on the eve of their return. But still, perhaps, more touching and heart reaching were the kindly help and simple acts of hospitality proffered by villagers, farmers, and cottagers at many places along the line of march, notably at Killin, Ardeonaig, and Ardtalnaig, the whole company being supplied with unlimited milk at the latter place, while many houses were depleted of their weekly baking at the urgent invitation of the kindly people. The route through 123 miles of the most romantic Scottish scenery was viewed in that alternation of climatic mood which one has come to expect in the land of the mountain and the flood; but, both in rain and shine, the work was done, and the ground covered heartily. Though the spirits might sink lower with every mile covered in a steady drizzle or a regular torrent, so much greater was the joy and so much lustier the cheer that greeted the appearance of the glints of sunshine.

The detachment consisted of five companies, and was under command of Captain (now Hon. Major) W. L. L. Grant, with Captain Gore as adjutant, and numbered 288 all told. The organisation and discipline left nothing to be desired, and the whole work, transport and cooking, was undertaken by members of the corps. Captain Whyte deserves praise for his selection of camping grounds, which were in every case ideal.

Arriving at Glasgow on the morning of



Photos. J. W. Eadie. *IN THE PASS OF LENY.* Copyright.

August 6, the first day's march took the column to Drymen, where the Sunday was also spent. Monday opened wet and misty, but the men trudged on over the moor to Aberfoyle, and thence to the Trossachs. The waggons and baggage guard spent some time at the Bailie Nicol Jarvie's historic inn till extra horses could be procured, and even with their aid found some difficulty, as our illustrations show, in negotiating the hill road to Achray, the canteen waggon sinking axle deep in the moss in drawing aside to let a coach pass. The men were now in the midst of historic scenery, and the march by the side of Loch Achray, Loch Vennachar, and round the base of Ben Ledi was enjoyed in splendid weather next day. The long halt was



THE MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE CONDUCTS THE OFFICERS TO LUNCHEON.



WITH THE BAGGAGE GUARD—"ALL ON!!"



THE BAGGAGE GUARD IN DIFFICULTIES—"STUCK."

made in the pass of Leny, where parched tongues and fired feet were cooled in the tumbling waters, and then we were on again by Loch Lubnaig and up Strathyre. The conditions next day were not as favourable, and the men had to face the long march up Glen Ogle in wet overcoats, but after dinner at Ardeonaig all discomfort seemed forgotten, unless in a stray bantering reference to "Scotch mist."

The journey was continued next day by Loch Tay side, and the midday halt made at Taymouth Castle, when the detachment was entertained to luncheon by the Marquess and Marchioness of Breadalbane. Then the march was on to Aberfeldy, where camp was pitched for the night.

Fortunately the weather continued favourable for the rest of the march, at least in the daytime, and the walk to Dunkeld, although not so wild and romantic, was much enjoyed, the men cheering by companies as they passed the Duchess of Atholl, who had come down to welcome Captain Grant and his men. Dunkeld being the last camping ground, the men indulged in some shouldering, Captains Grant, Gore, and Whyte, and afterwards Sergeant Salter, the hard-working *chef*, and Colour-Sergeant Bacon, canteen officer, being chaired round the ground by the men in anything but regimental attire; but a heavy shower sent them under canvas and stopped frolic for the night. An early start was made next morning, as the company equipment had to be packed and handed over to an officer of the ordnance stores, and the column was due at Perth at noon for inspection by General Brickenden; but in spite of their long tramp and the harder roads of civilisation, Captain Grant had his men drawn up at Perth with a minute or two to spare. After inspection the men were entertained at luncheon by Lord Provost Dewar and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert D. Moncrieffe, Bart., and then entrained for Edinburgh. Here General Chapman and Colonel Ciceri of the "Queens," with others, were awaiting the arrival of the Scottish, and conducted them into the city.

Their reception in Edinburgh was a fitting climax to what had proved a veritable triumphal march. So pleased were all at their experience, that, despite memories of rain-sodden clothes, blistered feet, and aching shoulders, there were few, if any, who would not have been willing to repeat the performance after a few days' rest.



Photos. J. W. Eadie. Copyright.

A HALT AT THE BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, ABERFOYLE.

The Portsmouth Engineer Volunteers.

THE 1st Hampshire Royal Engineers (Volunteers), to give them their Army List title, are a highly-efficient and happily-circumstanced corps. The mere fact that the majority of the rank and file are employés at the Portsmouth Dockyard is of itself a singular advantage. Of course it is the aim of all engineer volunteer corps to enrol only such men as have a knowledge of a trade likely to be of useful military application.

With the Portsmouth corps the facilities for obtaining trained artificers as recruits are excellent, and those who, like the writer, have seen the men at drill can testify to their being, in addition, of capital physique, and unmistakably smart and willing.

The corps is under the command of Major F. N. Maude, a retired Royal Engineer officer, of considerable standing and wide experience. Major Maude is well known as a military *littérateur*, and is a practical military engineer of a thoroughly progressive type.

With the Isle of Wight just "over the way," and a useful and interesting hinterland, the Portsmouth Engineers have plenty of scope for their operations, and an excellent choice of sites for their summer camp. In the three pictures accompanying this sketch we see them at Victoria Fort engaged in the construction of rafts, for which there is a regular drill. The military cask-raft is a very simple and efficient structure. The chief materials are ordinary casks, preferably butts, and long beams flattened on one side, which are called "gunnels." Seven casks lashed to two gunnels form a "pier," and two or more cask-piers, connected by "tie-baulks," together with the superstructure for the roadway, form a cask-raft. These rafts are very useful for conveying guns and other heavy stores which cannot be stowed in boats, and, if necessary, several of them can be built separately, and afterwards moved into position and connected to form a bridge.



PORTSMOUTH ENGINEER VOLUNTEERS AT RAFT DRILL.



A COMPLETED CASK-RAFT.

The first of our illustrations contains a portrait group, the most prominent figures in which are Colonel Mascall, the Commanding Royal Engineer of the Southern District, and Major Maude. In all three pictures, which show the construction of rafts at different stages, it will be noted that the men are wearing eminently sensible working hats, a modern innovation for which the British Army ought to be truly thankful.



Photos. C. Aldersiade. Copyright.

PUTTING OUT TO SEA.

In Camp at Yarmouth.

WITHIN the last few years the Volunteer Force as a whole has been vastly improved. Our Citizen Army is gradually being brought into line with the regulars, both as regards drill and discipline, and some corps have already reached a state of excellence which is little short of surprising.

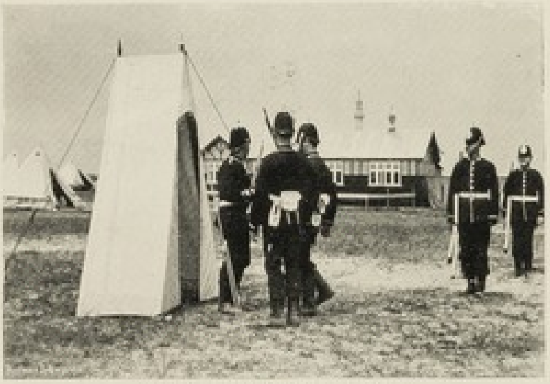
Nothing, perhaps, has taught the Volunteers so much of the ins and outs of military life as the establishment of large camps for at least one week during the year. Battalions of



INSPECTION OF THE BRIGADE.

the auxiliary forces have for some years been formed into brigades of four or more battalions, under an officer of experience, who in many instances has seen service in the Regular Army.

The accompanying illustrations depict scenes in the camp



"SENTRIES, PORT ARMS!"

of the Northern Counties Brigade at Yarmouth this summer. Although the troops from the North had to undertake a long journey before reaching their camping ground, they were fully compensated on their arrival, for there are few places so well suited for military training. In camp a volunteer is



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

AT BUGLE PRACTICE.



CARRYING THE WOUNDED.

taught much that is useful besides drill and manœuvres. Guards have to be posted and sentry duty performed. The sentries are relieved every two hours, and the relief is seen in one of the illustrations. The reliefs are marched round under a non-commissioned officer, who, after he has posted all the



THE ATTACK.

sentries, returns with those relieved to the guard tent. Guard duty may seem an unimportant matter, but the way in which it is performed by the rank and file is a fair index of the regiment's efficiency.

While the combatant troops were being exercised in drill and tactics, the various non-combatant sections of the brigade were not idle. Signallers, for instance, were always to be found "flag-wagging," the bands, buglers, and drummers

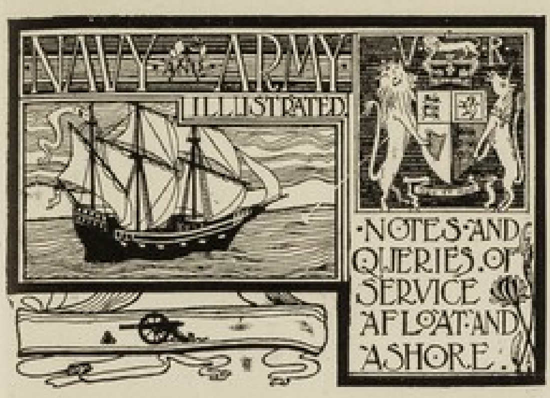


Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

"FLAG-WAGGING."

were continually at practice, and the bearer company was exercised in its important duties.

The regiments that attended camp were the 1st and 2nd V.B. East Lancashire Regiment, and the 2nd V.B. Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, all under the command of Major-General Eccles, as brigadier.



\. *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

* * * *

SATURDAY, October 8, was the last day of the Duke of Connaught's command at Aldershot. Well may the country and the Army be proud of the work done by its Royal Duke during his period of five years' command. A regular and systematic training in route marching was commenced at Aldershot and carried out throughout the whole Army. The Duke has appealed to the sporting instinct of the British officer and soldier by his keen interest and encouragement in every manly exercise which would teach how to endure the hardships of war. Having served, and worked hard, in every branch of the Service, the military training was kept up to and reached a high standard of excellence. But the distinguishing trait of the Duke of Connaught, and which has been characteristic of his whole career, is his sympathetic influence on all who serve with him, which has caused the Duke of Connaught to become one of the most popular commanders the British Army has ever known. At the age of twenty-three he volunteered for active service in Ashanti. In 1882 he commanded, with distinction, the Guards Brigade in Egypt, and should occasion demand active service, the country would find every officer and soldier eager to serve under him.

* * * *

WITH the portrait of the Duke of Connaught are also shown those of his staff, who are in undress uniform, wearing the new staff forage cap, which is almost exactly similar to our Naval cap. The first-named six officers are, in the top row of the illustration, Captain Blunt first, and the other six in the bottom row, Lieutenant-Colonel Parkin coming first. Captain Blunt, R.A., A.D.C., served with the expedition to Ashanti under Sir Francis Scott. Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer served in the expedition to the Soudan in 1884 as adjutant of the 1st Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment; served in the operations in South Africa under Sir Frederick Carrington in 1896. Colonel Wynne, C.B., served in the Jowski Campaign in 1877; served in the Afghan War in 1878-79; was with the Koorum Valley Field Force; served in the Boer War of 1881; served with the Nile Expedition in 1884-85. Colonel Douglas served with the Gordon Highlanders in the Afghan War of 1878-80; accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Candahar; served in the Boer War of 1881; served in the Soudan Campaign of 1884-85. Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson served in the Boer War of 1881; served in the Egyptian War of 1882; served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85; served in the operations in South Africa in 1896; is in possession of the medal of the Royal Humane Society. Captain McNeill served with the expedition to the Soudan in 1885. Colonel Sir A. Mackworth served in the Egyptian War of 1882. Major Bethell served in the Afghan War of 1878-80. *(See illustration on page 120.)*

* * * *

THERE are many expressions used in the Navy, such as "Ribs and Trucks," of which the old meaning has completely disappeared. The phrase, now usually heard in the neighbourhood of the "Beef Block," formerly held a definite meaning; probably it would be a matter of surprise to many Naval people to be told it referred to an arrangement of flat and round pieces of wood, both flat and round pieces having holes in them for the topsail parrals to reeve through, the flat pieces or ribs serving to keep the parrals away from the mast; the round pieces or trucks preserved the rope and let the parrals travel up the mast, in fact having much the same effect as the string of balls often seen attached to the jaws of a cutter's gaff. Another saying that has died out in the Navy is still common enough in the West Indies, and is sufficiently obvious. A Jamaican negro, wishing to obtain a drink for himself and friend, will say, "Massa, George very much wishes to 'soak 's peas,'" evidently meant for "soak his peas." Pork salted and dried peas are still favourite articles of food with the negroes, indeed the planters up in the hills lay in stores of salt pork and peas for the negroes employed on their estates, so fond are the negroes of such a diet.

* * * *

IN reply to "W. R.," who writes from Barry Dock, I can inform him that the puggarees worn by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry during the Egyptian Campaign were red in colour. The regulation Service puggaree for white helmets is white, or khaki if the helmet is khaki-covered, as it is when on service. Abroad, however, many regiments vary the regulation puggaree by distinguishing it with a line of the regimental facing or colour, just as the Navy puggaree has a blue line round the upper edge. I am glad my correspondent has asked me this question, for it draws attention to a very interesting regimental story. One of the devices of the old 46th, the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is the crossed red feathers, a badge won gallantly by the light company of the regiment in a very smart affair of outposts during the war of the American Rebellion. The full story of it my correspondent will find in the number of April 9, in an article therein on "Regimental Badges." As a reminder of their badge, the regiment used to wear a red ball in their shakos, until the adoption of the present service helmet. The red puggaree worn on their helmets is also commemorative of this battle honour. My correspondent is evidently an old soldier, and I am sure was a good soldier, from the way in which he preserves his *esprit de corps* and is proud of old regimental traditions.

* * * *

THE "Sovereign of the Seas," built at Woolwich in 1637, the lavish expenditure on the decoration of which was one of the causes of the outcry against the levy of ship-money, must indeed have been a gorgeous floating palace. In a description given of her by Thomas Heywood to the King it appears that she had "two galleries, all of most curious carved work, and all the sides of the ship carved with trophies of artillery and types of honour as well belonging to sea as land, with symbols appertaining to navigation; also their sacred majesties' badges of honour; arms with several angels holding their letters in compartments, all of which works are gilded over, and no other colour but gold and black. One tree, or oak, made four of the principal beams, which was 44-ft. of strong serviceable timber in length, 3-ft. diameter at the top, and 10-ft. at the stub or bottom. Upon the stem-head, a Cupid or child bridling a lion; upon the bulkhead, right forward, stand six statues in sundry postures; these figures represent Concilium, Cura, Conamen, Vis, Virtue, Victoria. Upon the hamers of the water are four figures, Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Eolus; on the stern Victory, in the midst of a frontispiece; upon the peak-head sitteth King Edgar, on horseback, trampling on seven kings." No wonder that before sending her into action it was found necessary to cut her down a deck, after which she proved a most efficient ship and saw much hard service during the war between England and Holland, until accidentally destroyed by fire while refitting at Chatham in 1696.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT who writes to me from Beersheba, East Griqualand, South Africa, wishes to know where he can procure the words and music of the hymn commencing "Comrades, hark! the call has sounded." I regret that I cannot inform him, but perhaps some of my readers may be able to do so. I should like to know myself, for the last verse has the swing of a battle hymn in it:—

"God of battles, God of England,
Be as thou hast been before;
Guard us as we form and muster,
Lead us as we march to war.
Thus believing, thus achieving,
This our watchword still shall be,
England's sons are faithful soldiers,
True to England, true to Thee."

I am told that the hymn was sung in the British lines before the battle of Waterloo, and was specially composed for the occasion. The former part of the statement may be true, but the latter I am inclined to doubt. There were Brunswickers and Hanoverians amongst the troops under Wellington's command, and the Prussians were our allies, and the song sounds to me very like a translation, adapted for English soldiers, of a German war hymn. Perhaps some of my readers can give my correspondent information on this point.

* * * *

IN these days, when smoking-rooms are fitted in all large-sized men-of-war, and scarcely any restrictions are imposed as to smoking hours, it is interesting to look back to a period when this was by no means the case, and when the Admiralty Regulations indirectly discountenanced smoking. In Admiral Phillimore's "Life of Sir Wiliam Parker" it is related of the period about 1845 "that Sir William Parker held strong opinions on the mischief caused to the young by the frequent use of tobacco. This view was then shared by the Lords of the Admiralty, all the leading Naval officers, and by far the greater part of the English gentry. It was considered objectionable for many reasons, the principal one of which was that it frequently led to drinking. Acting on what he thought most conducive to the public service, Sir William stipulated with those who joined his flag-ship that they should not smoke while under his command; and he exacted a promise to the same effect when he had the opportunity of dispensing promotion. Smoking tobacco has become so fashionable of late years, that many young officers will be astonished to learn that all the Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions previous to 1862 positively forbade any smoking whatever in a ship-of-war, except in the galley. Many captains of well-disciplined ships, looking on this as an unfit place for the resort of officers, considered these orders as tantamount to a prohibition to any officer to smoke on board." I need hardly explain that the galley is the ship's kitchen.

* * * *

"E. C. M."—An Act was passed by the Parliament of Ireland, in 1793, admitting Roman Catholics to the rank of colonel in the Army and to all the inferior grades, but it did not take effect beyond the limits of Ireland. In 1829, the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act was passed, declaring it lawful for any of His Majesty's subjects, professing the Roman Catholic religion, to hold military offices, upon taking the oath of allegiance and supremacy. Foreigners, not being subjects of the British Crown, cannot hold commissions, but, by 44 Geo. III., foreign officers and men were temporarily employed, whether they were Roman Catholics or not, and might serve in *any* regiment during the continuance of the war. Your first and second questions are answered by the foregoing. As to the third, you will be able to draw your own conclusions from the following facts: In the beginning of the century there was not barrack accommodation at Chatham for more than 2,496 men, so that comparatively few regiments could have been represented there by their depôt companies. There was, however, an invalid establishment, in which soldiers sent home from many regiments awaited their discharge.

* * * *

"P. M. B. H."—There are no volunteer battalions attached to any regiments of the Guards. Your idea may have originated in the circumstance that the general officer commanding the Home District is a Guardsman, and has many battalions of volunteers under his command. In point of fact, the commander of the Home District takes, as a rule, a fatherly care of the volunteers, promotes their military education, and affords them all possible opportunities of operating in conjunction with Regular troops. London battalions of volunteers are affiliated in large numbers to some regiments; for instance, the King's Royal Rifle Corps has eleven volunteer battalions, and the Rifle Brigade has nine. You do not say in what capacity it is proposed to join the volunteers, but all information may be obtained at the orderly-room of any volunteer battalion, where also a copy of the regulations regarding admission may be seen.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who was born, seventeen years before this story commences, on board a vessel called the "Ariadne" at the siege of Cartagena, is at the present moment living on an estate she has inherited near Portsmouth, as well as a large fortune. It is understood in the county that she and Sir Geoffrey Barry, a captain in the Royal Navy, are engaged to one another, which is the case. Sir Geoffrey, coming to visit her one evening at dusk, encounters, however, Beau Bufton in the avenue of her estate, and, after a bloodless duel arising from Bufton's statement that he is the intimate friend of Miss Thorne, drives him away. A scene follows between him and Ariadne, she denying that she has seen Bufton, and they part. Meanwhile, Bufton is making every preparation for the marriage, assisted by his friend and creature, Lewis Granger, to take place in Mayfair—Mrs. Pottle, who was present at Ariadne's birth, being the go-between of him and his future wife.

CHAPTER V. *(continued.)*

THUS the time passed, until from St. James's Church hard by there rang out the hour of two, when Granger, who all through the evening had performed the part of master of the ceremonies, suggested that they should break off.

"It is a solemn occasion," he said, with his best air—one which, whatever might have been his past, he was well capable of assuming—"a solemn occasion in which we all take part to-morrow. Let us not, therefore, sit up toping until daybreak, now close at hand. Remember, there is a little feast at the Hercules Pillars directly 'tis concluded; let us reserve ourselves for that. Gentlemen, our dearest friend, the Beau, relies on all your company to-morrow to see him wed his fortune."

"Rather to see him wed a pure and lovely girl," said Dallas, who appeared more sober than some of the company—to, indeed, have become sober, or, at least, grave and thoughtful, during the last hour. "There is not a man under three score in Hampshire who will not envy him when they hear of his *bonnes fortunes*. I shall for a certainty be there."

"And I," each of the others said. Whereon, bidding their host a short adieu, and many pleasant dreams, and cautioning him jokingly not to oversleep himself in the morning, they trooped down the stairs and so away to their respective lodgings.

"Now," said Granger, when all the Beau's visitors were gone but he, "now get you to bed, and be ready betimes to-morrow. Also drink no more. Remember this must not fall through."

"I have drunk nothing—or scarce nothing," Beau Bufton replied. "Am I a fool that I should carouse away my chance of a fortune and an estate when it is in my grasp, when in nine hours—yes, nine hours! think of it, ye gods!—it will be mine."

Then, with his eyes on Granger, and with the point of his chin in his hand, he cried, "You are strangely sober to-night, too, Lewis. I have known the time when these," and he pointed to the half or three-quarter drained flasks of Tokay and champagne which stood about the table, "would have been too much for you to resist. When they would have been on the table, but without a drop in them, and you—you would have been beneath it."

"Do you taunt me with my infirmities!" exclaimed Granger. "Taunt me—your jackal, your tool—with being sober! Have I not also something to induce me to sobriety? Your marriage means much to me. Almost as much as it does to you." And he regarded the other with a strange fixity of gaze.

"Five thousand guineas?" said the Beau, interrogatively. "Humph!"

"Ay—it means—well!—just so. Gad! you see everything. You are a monstrous clever man."

"So, so," said the Beau. "So, so. Anyway, I have brought my pigs to a good market. Eh?"

"You have. In solemn truth, you have. Now, good-night. I shall be with you to-morrow to breakfast early. To bed. To bed." And with a nod he left the room.

It was a wet, warm July night, or rather morning, for the summer dawn was coming as he left the house, yet he seemed in no hurry to seek his own bed, wherever it might happen to be. Instead, he peered up and down the street as though searching for a hackney carriage or chair; but, seeing none, walked fast up the Haymarket until he came to a night house which was still open, and in which were still many dissolute people of both sexes drinking and carousing. Then he called for a dram, and ordering the woman who was waiting to bring pen, paper, and sand, sat down and wrote a short note—a note which, when he had sealed and addressed it to "Lord John Dallas," he dropped into his pocket, after which he paid his reckoning and went forth, finding now a chair and two men waiting for a fare outside.

"Carry me," he said, "to Park Place. Then I shall need you to take me to King Street, Covent Garden. A crown will do your business, eh?"

The men answering that it would, he stepped in, and they went off as fast as the state of semi-drunkenness (in which London chair-men generally were at that time in the morning) would allow, and eventually they reached Park Place, whereon alighting, Lewis Granger walked down the narrow street regardless of the drizzle, until he stood before No. 13, when, taking from his pocket the letter he had written at the night house, he dropped it into the gaping dolphin's mouth in bronze which formed the entrance to the letter-box.

"If Dallas loves his mother, as I have heard tell," he said to himself, "that should do his business, and prevent him from interrupting us to-morrow. Our hymeneal ceremony needs no disturbance—until it is over."

After which he went back to his chair and was conveyed to his own lodgings in King Street. Yet when in them—or rather, in "it," since his abode consisted but of a small, meanly-furnished room on the third floor—he still seemed uninclined for rest, and appeared to be, indeed, more disposed towards meditation and reflection than aught else; while, as food for such reflection, two pieces of paper which he drew from his pocket seemed to furnish it, since he regarded them long and steadily. Each was a bill properly drawn and accepted, yet each was different. For the first, which had written across it the signature "Glastonbury," had also stamped on it in rough, coarse letters, though very plain ones, the word "Counterfeit," while the other was a bill for five thousand guineas, payable to Lewis Granger and signed by Algernon Bufton.

"Yet," muttered Granger to himself, as he regarded the latter, "you are useless; will never be paid. Nevertheless, I will keep you—keep you safe. You may some day become a witness, if not a principal."

After which he laughed softly to himself, and continued to do so until he was in bed.

CHAPTER VI.

"If I possess him, I may be unhappy,
But if I lose him, I am surely so."

Meanwhile a different scene was being enacted in Cowley Street, Lambeth, or, as it was more often termed, Cowley Street, Westminster—a spot now quaint and old, but then almost fresh and new; a street to which, then as now, there would come from the river a wafted scent of new-mown hay (especially in the warm days of harvest time, when windows were open), brought up or down the river in great cumbrous barges for sale in London; a quiet place which was then as peaceful and tranquil as the streets of old country towns are now.

All through the day which preceded that night when Beau Bufton had celebrated his last hours of bachelor freedom, as he had cynically termed the conclusion of his unwedded life, Ariadne Thorne had either sat in the great parlour on the lower floor—a floor raised some three feet or four feet above the level of the road and narrow footway outside—had sat glancing eagerly out of the long windows which faced the walls that enclosed the grounds of the Abbey, or, pacing the spacious room, had given herself up to uneasy thoughts.

"Will he ever come?" she whispered to herself again and again, "or, coming, ever forgive me for what I have done—am about to do? I pray God he may."

Then, almost distraught, she would seize the long bell-rope and summon Mrs. Pottle to her presence, who, entering with a look of strange, hard determination on her strong features, would stand before her mistress ready to answer, for the twentieth time, any questions that might be asked her, and ready also to dispel any doubts which might exist in the girl's perturbed mind.

"He must have received my letter," Ariadne would then say; "must have had it in his hands by yesterday morning at the latest. Must he not, Pottle?"

"In truth he must," her old nurse and attendant from the first would say; "he must indeed, deary."

"And, receiving it, would come. Surely he would come, Rebecca," addressing the woman now, as most often she did, by her Christian name.



"Adieu, Sweetheart!"

"I think so, dear heart; that is, if the frigate aint——"

"Sailed! Oh, my God!" Ariadne cried, "if it has done that! Gone to join Admiral Boscawen's fleet in the West Indies. If it has done that! Then—then my heart is broken."

"P'r'aps, it aint sailed after all. Don't weep, sweet one. P'r'aps it aint. Look at that vane out there on the Abbey. The wind is west—doo west. He won't get out o' the Channel ag'in that, let alone off to the Injies. I remember when we were going in the 'R'yal Suverin'——"

"If he would only come. Only come once—for an hour—half-an-hour—so—so—that I could make all clear to him. Sue to him for pardon and for pity."

"Humph!" Mrs. Pottle exclaimed with a snort, "he aint got so very much to pardon nor to pity, I don't think. Pardon and pity! Hoity-toity! You've writ him, aint you?"

"Ay, indeed I have! Yet I could not tell him all then—could not do so until he stands here before me. Oh! Rebecca, Rebecca, what have I done! What have we done!"

"Done what we oughter. That is, I have; what I agreed to do, if things turn out well. You aint done nothin' as you oughtn't to do, and 'ave been an angel, as you always was. And cheer up, missy, he'll come; I know as how he will."

"I pray God," Ariadne said again, "I pray God he will."

A few days before this conversation took place, the girl, after considerable communing with herself, had despatched a letter addressed to Captain Sir Geoffrey Barry on board H.M.S. "Mignonne," at Portsmouth; a letter cold in tone, it is true, and one in which there was no acknowledgment as well as no denial of her having been false to him, or of her having received a visit from the person whom he had encountered in the lime tree avenue of her estate; for neither, she knew, would weigh anything with him—he would disbelieve her denial; while, on the other hand, her confession that such was the case would prevent him from ever speaking to her again. And she so much desired to see him before to-morrow; also to see him before he sailed, as she had heard he was about to do to join Admiral Boscawen's squadron.

"If you will not see me before you quit England for the West Indies," she wrote, "you will have put away for ever from both of us any prospect of our being aught but strangers. I have been a wicked, weak girl, perhaps, though never have I regarded myself as such until now, and I should have told you all that I had done on the night when you parted from me; then, at least, you would have forgiven me. Now, I ask you, I beseech you, to come to me at once on receipt of this; I implore you, on the strength of the love that has been between us, in memory of the love of our early years. If you will do that, then—then—you shall know all. No action on my part shall be hidden from you."

"Will he come?" she said, "will he come?" And, thinking of the letter she had written, she told herself that he would do so. Surely he would.

Meanwhile, below, Mrs. Pottle was engaged in the homely occupation of sewing, ironing, and other feminine pursuits that are dear to the hearts of women of her class. Upon a huge table were spread out a number of garments such as would befit a young lady who was about to make a clandestine marriage—a marriage which, since it must necessarily be without the accompaniment of a large and fashionable gathering of friends, would be but simple, yet a ceremony in which the bride would, nevertheless, be expected to make a proper appearance. To wit, there was a flowered brocade covered with Italian posies, myrtles, jessamine sprigs, and pinks; also a lace apron and stomacher, more than one fan, and several articles of *lingerie*. And upon another table was an enormous hat such as Gainsborough loved to paint, and which an earlier master, Rembrandt, frequently adorned the pictures of his cavaliers with.

"Fit for any lady to go to the altar in," Mrs. Pottle muttered to herself as she fingered all these things. "Fit even for the Princess 'Melie. And worth money too—good money; will be of use, come what come may. Worth money; that's something; and I've 'ad fifty guineas from Bufton—damn him!—I'll get no more arter he's led his bride to church to-morrow."

Then she walked to a cupboard and, taking out a thick black bottle and a small glass, helped herself to a dram, old customs of her stormy sea-faring life being strong upon her still; and as she drank so she still continued to muse, sitting down near all this finery, and occasionally regarding it.

"P'r'aps, arter all," she murmured, "I done wrong; p'r'aps I oughter not to—to let 'er 'ave him. Yet 'er 'art's on it. 'I will go through with it,' she said last night—only last night—' though the devil stood a-tween him and me. You know from the time I come back from Tunbridge I was set upon it.' And so she 'ave been set upon it. Ah, well! he deserves to 'ave 'er. And now he must 'ave 'er. Well, so be it."

After which, her eye falling again upon the clothes laid out near her, she murmured, "Worth money; that's something."

The house in which she now sat below stairs, while Ariadne Thorne was upstairs in the parlour, was one which the gentry of the county of Hampshire were in the habit of using when in London, it being an instance of the numerous better class of lodgings which were to be obtained in the town at the end of the reign of George II. Also, it was near the House of Commons, and had been handy for General Thorne during the time he sat in that assembly. But now that Parliament was not sitting, and Ariadne had come to London, ostensibly with a view to visiting the mercers and

other furnishers of ladies' necessaries, there were no other occupants of the house but herself and those who had accompanied her.

Presently Mrs. Pottle roused herself from a nap to which she had succumbed—perhaps owing to the heat of the summer day!—and regarded a clock that ticked in the parlour which she used, in common with other ladies' servants and gentlemen's gentlemen, when the house had lodgers.

"Five o'clock," she muttered, "five o'clock, and the Portsmouth coach is doo in the city by now. If Sir Geoffrey's coming, he'll be here now, or soon. His frigate aint started on no voyage, I'll go bail; not with that wind a-blowing. Will he come? Will he? He see that villain Bufton sure enough in the avenue, and he heerd her say to me as 'ow he had seen him. Pity! Pity! Might 'a' spoilt all. Lawk's sakes, what will she tell him when he do see her?"

Again she dozed, sitting in her chair; then, when perhaps she had slumbered peacefully for some quarter of an hour, she sprang to her feet wide awake, for, above, she had heard a hackney coach rumble up to the door, and, a moment later, had also heard the rush of feet across the room, and knew, divined, with woman's instinct, that Ariadne had flown to the window to peer out from behind the heavy curtains and to observe if he for whom she was waiting had come.

In another instant, Mrs. Pottle was running up the narrow stairs from below to open the door in answer to an imperious summons that sounded through the house.

With almost a look of guilt, a half look of terror, on her face, she answered the question of Sir Geoffrey Barry as to whether her mistress was within; she seeing, too, as she glanced at him, that he was very pale—as pale as he who was so bronzed could be—and that on his face was a stern look.

"Your mistress," he said, "has sent for me. I am here in answer to her summons. Where is she?"

"She is 'ere, Sir Jaffray," Mrs. Pottle said, opening the door of the parlour and announcing him. And then those two, who had loved each other so fondly and so long, were alone face to face.

"How lovely she is," Geoffrey thought, observing the sad, pale face of the girl and her soft eyes as they were fixed on him; observing too, however, how one white hand was pressed to her heart as though to still the tumult beneath. "How lovely, and—how false."

"Geoffrey!" Ariadne cried now. "Oh, Geoffrey! you have come to me. I knew you would. Knew it so well. You could not stay away from me," she said, sinking her voice so that the gentle tones of it sounded even more sweet than usual, "when I wanted you to come. Oh, Geoffrey," she sighed.

"Actress!" he said inwardly, his face white—almost, it seemed, drawn. "Actress!" Then cursed himself for being there—for, in solemn truth, being drawn to her against his will; but aloud he said, so coldly that the tone struck like ice to her heart:

"I am here because you desired to see me again; because, too, Heaven help me! you conjured, lured me with those cunning words you wrote in your letter, 'the memory of the love of our early years.' Ay! our *early* love. You did well to speak of that. That, at least, has been."

"And can there be no other? Not when——"

"Not until," he cried, his voice ringing clear through the room, "not until you deal truthfully with me, if ever; not until you answer my question fairly as to that man—that bedizened fop—I encountered in your avenue!"

"What do you ask? What desire to know?"

"That you know as well as I. Yet once again I ask you, did that man come to Fanshawe Manor; was he there by—my God!—by appointment with the Manor's owner, there to see—Ariadne Thorne?"

For a moment the pure clear eyes gazed into his, then they drooped, sought the floor.

"Yes," she whispered, slowly, hesitatingly, "yes, he went there—to see—Ariadne Thorne——"

"Ah!" he cried, "ah! I knew it. Knew it well, from the moment I heard your whispered words to your woman. I knew it. Oh!" and now he, too, lifted his hand towards his heart as though to still it. "Oh! then thus all ends; thus I bid farewell to all our love. It is enough. To-morrow I resign my command——"

"No! no!" she cried, and now she came swiftly towards him. "No! no! To-morrow! Not until to-morrow at least is past—do nothing. Geoffrey! Geoffrey! I love you; fondly, madly! Not to-morrow, of all days! not to-morrow!"

* * * * * * * *

"A long talk," muttered Mrs. Pottle, below stairs, "a long talk," and she glanced at the clock, which now struck seven even as she did so. "A long talk. She must 'a' been telling of 'im all. Ah! poor sweet, I'll go bail she finds it pretty 'ard to do. Yet they're quiet, too. I don't hear no walking about. Surely they aint a-quarrelling—surely"—for now her melodramatic mind, a mind perhaps attuned to such things by her own stormy life, imagined the worst—"he hasn't refused to believe her! hasn't—oh! oh! that's too terrible to think on."

"I'll go up," she whispered to herself a moment later; "I will. I'll find an excuse for busting in upon them. I'm getting the 'orrors what with Sir Jaffray being 'ere and what with thinking of all that's to do to-morrow."

Whereon, slowly she went towards the stairs, and began to creep up them noiselessly; but, when she reached where they turned towards the passage, she paused astonished.

For the door of the parlour opened, and Sir Geoffrey came forth—yet not alone.

By his side was Ariadne, her fair, lovely face radiant with a look of happiness extreme, her hand upon his sleeve. And as they reached the hall door and she put up her other hand to unfasten the latch, Mrs. Pottle saw, with wonder-staring eyes, that he, bending forward now, took that hand and raised it to his lips, kissing it fervently.

Then, ere he went, Ariadne being still behind the half-open door, he did even more, for now he held his arms open before her and drew her into them, and kissed her long and tenderly, after which, murmuring loudly enough for Mrs. Pottle to hear, "Adieu, sweetheart," he went forth into the street.

CHAPTER VII.

The Clandestine Marriage.

"And that it may be better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."

Thus advertised the redoubtable Keith (at this time languishing in Newgate, and represented by deputies), the reverend divine who, by licence, performed more clandestine marriages among the upper classes than any other clergyman had ever done in London. Of course the "scum and offal of the clergy," as Keith had more than once termed his rival practitioners in the Fleet, had, before the passing of the Marriage Act, united together hundreds more couples than he had ever done; but, as he said, "What would you have? They marry drunken sailors to demireps, shopboys to their masters' daughters, who, as often as not, must secure a husband by hook or by crook, and that at once; rich tradesmen's widows to decayed gentlemen, *et id genus omne*. But I, I am a gentleman of ancient family myself, and I will meddle with none but those of my own kidney."

Also, since a certain date, namely, February 27, 1754, Keith had been so puffed up and vainglorious that it seemed as though, henceforth, nothing short of peers and heiresses, or peeresses and handsome young men, were considered by him fit for entanglement in his net; and certain it is that from that date his fees went up. For on that day he had tied together in bonds, never to be loosened—and which were never sought to be loosened—James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, to Elizabeth, second daughter of John Gunning, of Castle Coote, Roscommon, who married *en secondes noces*, John Campbell, fifth Duke of Argyll, and was likewise created a peeress in her own right.

Puffed up, indeed, he so became, that gradually he discontinued his advertisements in the papers, including the above directions, also his charge of a guinea, "inclusive of the licence on a crown stamp and minister's and clerk's fees," and began to squabble and chaffer for three guineas and five guineas, and sometimes even ten, before he would perform his office.

And it was five guineas which by his orders his deputy, Peter Symson, officiating in his stead, had extorted from Beau Bufton when consenting, on the day before the marriage, to put his chapel and his clerk and himself at that gentleman's service the next morning.

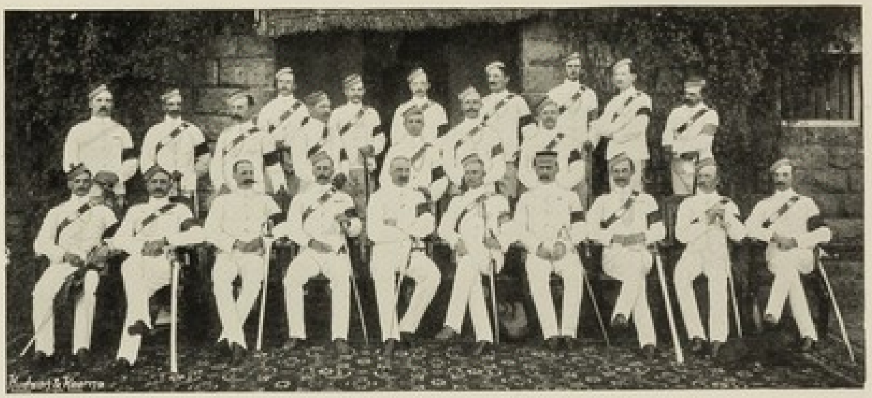
"So long," said Bufton, "as it ties me tight, I care not. That is the needful thing. That there can be no breaking of the tie."

"Be very sure there cannot," said Symson; "very sure. This is no hole-and-corner marriage shop where rakes and libertines can possess themselves of women's persons and properties, and, after having grown tired of their wives, and abused their wealth, can get release. Oh, no! And no tricks can be played here. No marrying under a false name, and claiming exemption thereby; none of that. Your name may not be Algernon Bufton, as you tell me it is, and your lady's name may not be Ariadne Thorne; but, still, that will not serve."

"It will not be required to do so," said Bufton, thrusting out his long chin at the parson and favouring him with his sneer; "we come here to get closely padlocked, not to be tied together with a piece of easily breakable thread."

(To be continued.)

Another Balaclava.



THE OFFICERS OF THE 21st LANCERS.

SINCE at Balaclava the Light Brigade hurled themselves down the valley on the Russian guns, there has been no charge of British cavalry to equal that of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. Lancer regiments somehow always come out on top when it comes to sensational charges.

The 17th—the "Death or Glory" boys—figured prominently in the charge of the Light Brigade. The 9th made more than one fine dash during the last Afghan War. To-day the youngest of Lancer regiments has again beaten—or almost beaten—the record. Omdurman, for obvious reasons, will stand out in our military history as a battle without precedent, and the great incident of it was the charge of the 21st. And it was specially interesting, as the regiment was being "blooded" for the first time, for previous to the Sirdar's brilliant campaign the regiment had seen no service. It was the one corps in the Service that enscrolled on its appointments—Hussars and Lancers carry no colours—not a single battle honour. One was to be gained, and they meant to gain it brilliantly; and they did.



SOME LEADERS IN THE FAMOUS CHARGE AT OMDURMAN.

Their business was to prevent the broken Dervishes from falling back on Omdurman. Cutting off a remnant, they found themselves face to face with some 2,000 concealed in a nullah. Not a second's hesitation, but into and through them they went. The regiment was dying to have its first battle honour with a proper war glow on it, and they got it with a vengeance, for out of the 320 who went into action, they lost one officer and nineteen rank and file killed, and four officers and twenty-one rank and file wounded.

Curiously enough, three of the five officers killed and wounded were attached and did not belong to the regiment. Lieutenant Grenfell, who was killed, belonged to the 12th Lancers, and Lieutenants Molyneux and Brinton, who were wounded, to the "Blues" and 2nd Life Guards.

Our three illustrations show the officers, sergeants, and the polo team of the regiment. In the latter, standing to the left of the cup as you look at the picture, is Lieutenant Pirie, the adjutant, who was, with Lieutenant Nesham, wounded in the charge. The group of sergeants is specially interesting, for out of them two were killed and four severely wounded.

The behaviour of the non-commissioned officers of the 21st in this memorable charge is beyond all praise, and never has it more clearly been proved that "the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man."



Photos, P. Metzker & Co. Copyright.

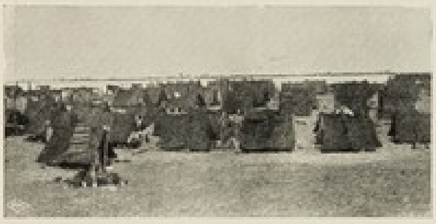
THE SERGEANTS OF THE 21st LANCERS.

Several stories of individual gallantry displayed in this charge are told, and in more than one case non-commissioned officers figure as the heroes. Let us hope that, at any rate, one V.C. has been earned by some of the stalwart heroes depicted in our illustrations. Colonel Martin, who led the charge, was not seeing his first African service, for he served in the Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884-85, and was while so employed in command of a corps of mounted rifles.

On his arrival, last week, at his home at Fareham, he was enthusiastically welcomed by his neighbours.

Omdurman and Khartoum.

[From a Military Correspondent.]



THE CAMP OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.



THE EFFECTS OF A LYDDITE SHELL.



THE SHABLUKA CATARACT



THE TEMPLE OF ABU LEMIS



From Photos. by An Officer at the Front.

FUEL FOR THE "ABU KLEA."

Alexandria.

I SEND you a few more snap-shots taken just before our departure for Alexandria, after having played with success our "last move on the board." As all your readers must know ere this, we carried with us trophies of the campaign, but many of the latter were not destined to reach the shores of "Merry England." The 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, being ordered to Crete, was sent up as quickly as possible in steamers, but the Grenadier Guards (who ere this account reaches you will have arrived in England) were embarked in "gayassas," or native craft provided with sails and navigated by boatmen of the country.

This species of transport is not one which commends itself to Tommy Atkins, and more than ever he must now look upon it as the invention of the Evil One. He may certainly be excused if he condemns all "gayassas," for to their vagaries is due the loss of many relics which the troops were about to carry home.

Yet there still exist in plenty mementoes of a successful campaign. Some may be seen in the accompanying illustrations. That of the wall round the Mahdi's Tomb is particularly interesting. As your readers will observe, a large aperture has been made in it by one of the new Lyddite shells. This wall is 20-ft. high and 6-ft. thick, and the hole made will admit of a man easily passing through it. Another illustration of Omdurman shows the house, somewhat mean in appearance, in which dwelt the Khalifa, who has not up to the time of writing been captured.

The temple of Abu Lemis, with the hieroglyphics and figures carved on its face, is an interesting feature of the higher Nile, while another is the gorge at the entrance to the Shabluka Cataract.

A picture of native life is that of the women of Omdurman, shown in one of the accompanying illustrations drawing water from a well.

The other illustrations will explain themselves, except that I may refer to that of a typical bit of Khartoum, in which are a number of trees and some very high foliage. This picture will serve to show that the Soudan is not, as some people appear to imagine, altogether a desert.



THE KHALIFA'S HOUSE.



DERVISH WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL.



TROOPS DISEMBARKING.



THE 21st LANCERS RETURNING HOME.



From Photos. by An Officer at the Front.

TROPICAL SCENERY NEAR KHARTOUM.

Back from Khartoum.

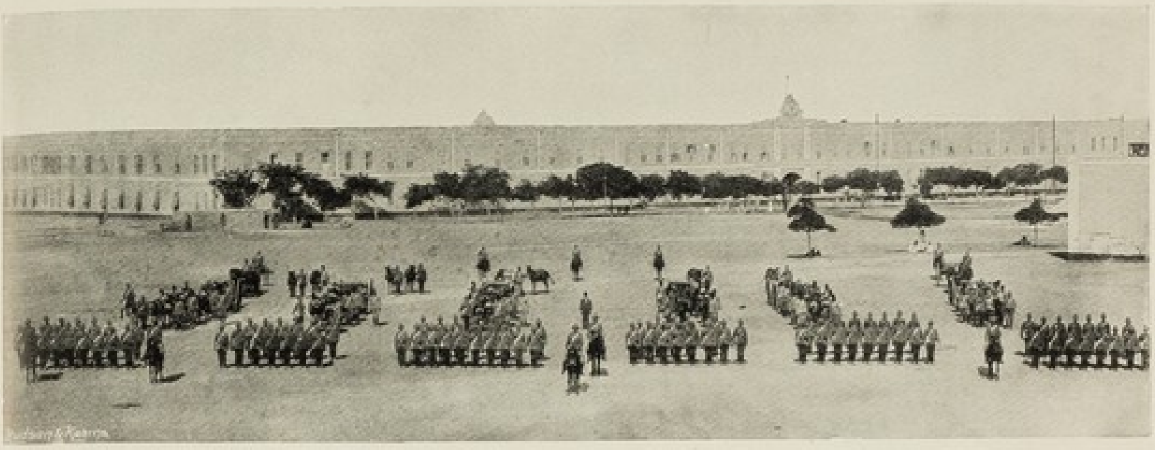


Photo. G. Lekegian & Co. Copyright.

THE 37th FIELD BATTERY ON PARADE.

IT seems but a few days since the Guards landed in Egypt, and already they are again in our midst. That the arrival of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards should have been the signal for an ovation along the whole route from Southampton to London is not surprising, for had they not assisted at the overthrow of the Khalifa and the planting of the Union Jack on the ruined battlements of Khartoum? Nor were the huzzas of the populace the only welcome that awaited the battalion.

At Wellington Barracks the colonel of the regiment—the Duke of Cambridge—awaited their arrival, and addressed them in a few cheering words such as His Royal Highness has ever been wont to employ on similar occasions.

While thus referring in flattering terms to the arrival of the Guards, we must not forget that they had as shipmates a unit of another distinguished regiment—the Royal Artillery. Four months ago the 37th Field Battery left for the front, and they returned to Woolwich on the 6th inst. Here they met with a reception, if anything, more hearty than that which greeted the Guards; for Woolwich is essentially the place where gunners "most do congregate."

The bands of the Royal Artillery and Middlesex Regiment met the battery at the dockyard, where Colonel F. G. Slade, C.B., was also present, and played the sun-burnt gunners to barracks. On their way the men were cheered lustily, and it was in the best of spirits that the returning battery sat down to dinner in the gymnasium. Colonel Slade accorded them a hearty welcome, and complimented them on their behaviour during the campaign.

Colonel Hatton commanded the Grenadier Guards, and Major Elmslie the 37th Field Battery.

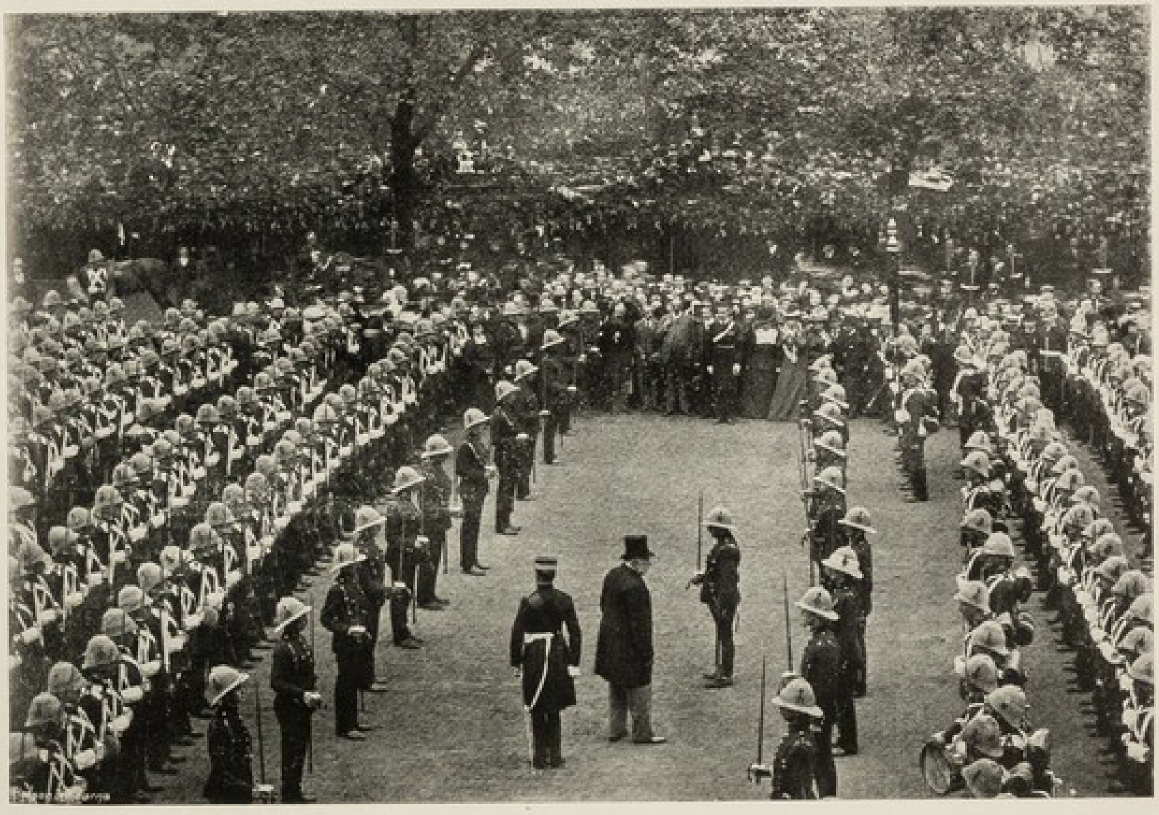


Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

THE GRENADIER GUARDS BEING INSPECTED BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

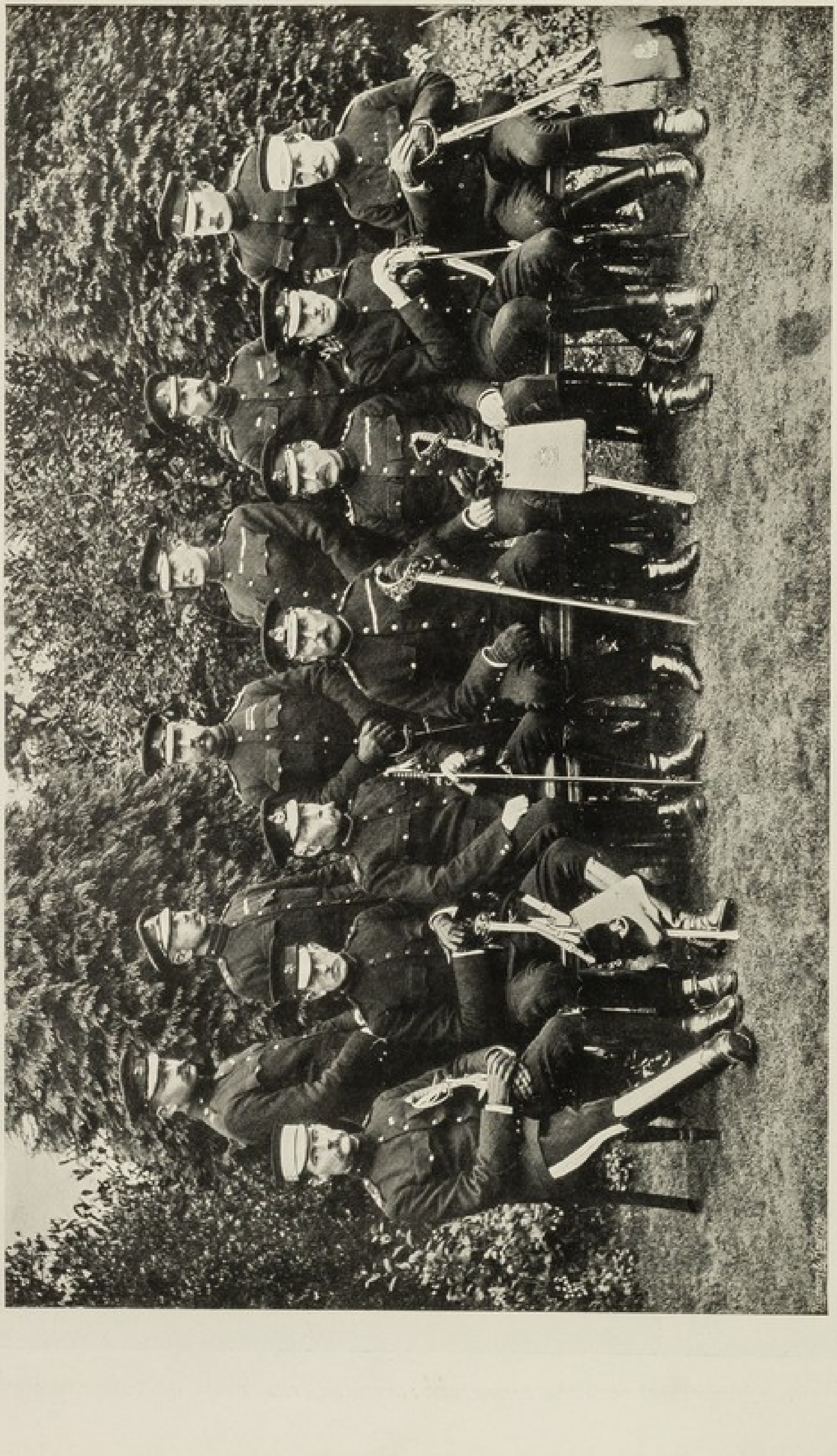


Photo. C. Knight. Copyright.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STAFF, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 91.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1898.



Photo. F. Tellgmann. Copyright.

H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR,

DRESSED IN THE TROPICAL UNIFORM WHICH HE WILL WEAR WHEN VISITING PALESTINE.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

The German Emperor's Visit to Palestine.

THE romantic pilgrimage to the East of the German Emperor is a significant event from many points of view. A German journal claims that this journey is foretold in the Revelation of St. John. The native inhabitants of the cities and towns passed through cannot fail to be impressed with the importance of the German Empire. The brilliancy and number of the imposing suite—amounting to nearly 100—will appeal to the imaginations of their Eastern minds.

The German Emperor is now on his way to Jerusalem to dedicate the new German church called the Church of the Redeemer.

Fifty German noblemen, Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, will proceed to Palestine in order to be present with the German Emperor at the dedication of the Church of the Redeemer. A modern carriage-road over the Mount of Olives is to replace the ancient mule track used by generations of Romans, Moslems, pilgrims, Christian knights, and tourists; along this road David fled from Absalom. The fellaheen of the villages in the neighbourhood are called upon to pay a tax of 8s. a head in order to cover the cost of the making of the new road.

The halo of romance which surrounds the visit of the German Emperor lights up the way, and establishes in Jerusalem a German Protestantism alongside an increased development of German trade and capital. Our pictures show the German Emperor and staff in a tropical uniform, and also the German Emperor in the khaki uniform of our 1st Royal Dragoons, mounted on the Arab horse which accompanies him.

In addition to the pictures of the Emperor, we give one of the introduction of Prince Oscar of Prussia to the officers of the 1st Prussian Foot Guards. All Prussian princes receive their commissions as lieutenants in the 1st Prussian Foot Guards when they complete their tenth year, and the fifth son of the German Emperor and Empress was given his commission this year, when he was introduced to his brother officers, and had to give his first report to his father as his Commander-in-Chief. Prince Oscar of Prussia was born on July 27, 1888, and is to be seen in the foreground of the picture giving his report, while in the background are seen his four elder brothers, the Crown Prince, born on May 6, 1882, Prince Eitel-Fritz, on July 7, 1883, Prince Adalbert, on July 14, 1884, and Prince August-Wilhelm, on January 29, 1887, all the princes wearing the curious old Swedish helmet still in vogue in this particular regiment.



THE EMPEROR AND HIS STAFF.



Photos. F. Jungmann. Copyright.

THE EMPEROR IN THE KHAKI UNIFORM OF OUR 1st ROYALS.



Copyright.

PRINCE OSCAR JOINS THE 1st PRUSSIAN FOOT GUARDS.

On Board a Third-class Cruiser.

[From a Correspondent.]

IN this article I propose to give a short account of a few days recently spent in cruising in one of the new cruisers of the third-class, known in the Navy as the "P," or "Pelorus," class. Of this type of vessel there are no less than eleven, either built or approaching completion, and a few lines descriptive of the type may not be out of place.

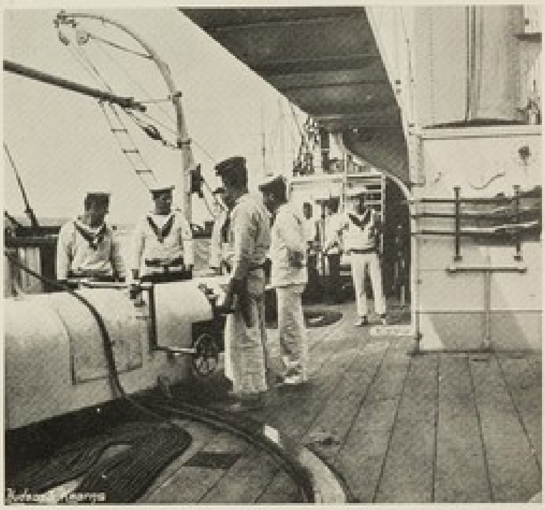
They displace 2,135 tons, carry eight 4-in. and eight 3-pr. quick-firing guns, three Maxims, and two armoured torpedo-tubes, one on each broadside. Their engines, furnished with steam by water-tube boilers, are able to drive them on emergency at 20 knots, and their vitals are protected by a curved steel turtle-back deck running from end to end of the ship; other armour they have none, the guns' crews being solely protected by the shields fitted to the guns. Below the armoured deck there are numerous bulkheads, but no water-tight doors, this arrange-



GETTING OUT THE BOWER ANCHOR.



THE CUTTER SHOVES OFF.



TRAINING AN ARMOURED TORPEDO-TUBE.

ment being similar to that adopted in the construction of torpedo-boat destroyers; so that anyone wishing to go from one compartment to another must first go on deck and then descend again in order to reach his destination.

So far as accommodation is concerned, these little craft are very commodious. The crew have plen y of room on the mess deck, and the officers cannot complain, as they have a good ward-room on the starboard side, and cabins both on the deck and in the flat below. The captain has his quarters right aft, and comfortable they appear to be, though not very roomy, and a bit shaky when the ship is being driven at full speed. So much for a general description of the ship. Now to give my readers some idea of the manner in which all hands put in their time on board her.

On board a man-of-war everything is done according to "routine"; the "routine" board, made out by the executive officer, hangs in a conspicuous position on the quarter-deck where everyone can see it. On this board will be found the hours at which the various drills and duties of every day, both at sea and when in harbour, are to be performed.

I may here confess that almost the first thing that struck me in the routine of a man-of-war was the extraordinary hours set apart for meals. In the ward-room no one had a right to complain at being expected to breakfast at or about eight o'clock, but I had a sneaking sympathy for Jack, who had his breakfast served at a quarter-past five, and who must have been almost getting hungry again when the smell of the bacon or herrings grilling for the ward-room breakfast was wafted to his nostrils.

At twelve, thanks to the sea air, we were all ready for our lunch, as was Jack also for his dinner; this meal certainly was rather earlier than its "opposite number" ashore, but still did not come upon me as a surprise, as did the announcement that afternoon tea was on the table at 3.30. If in harbour, this was also usually the hour at which one of the officers' boats went ashore; and as no first lieutenant likes one of his boats kept waiting, afternoon tea was for that reason, when in harbour, rather a hurried meal. Jack gets his tea at 4.10, and is allowed to smoke till 4.40, soon after which the hands are turned up for evening quarters, when the officer of the day makes his inspection; this over, there is nothing more to be done till bedtime, which in harbour is 9.45, and at sea 9.15.

To return to the ward-room, dinner is usually served at seven o'clock, and in harbour everyone is usually in bed soon after eleven, though there are exceptions on occasion; while



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE NAVIGATING OFFICER TAKES "SIGHTS."

at sea, unless beguiled by a friendly rubber, the majority generally turn in soon after ten.

One of the most dangerous drills is getting out the bower anchor, an evolution which, in one of my photographs, is being anxiously watched by the captain, the first lieutenant, and another officer from the forecastle. The anchor, which is a very massive article, has to be slung underneath a boat and moved to some distance from the ship; the slightest slip or miscalculation might lead to a nasty accident, consequently everyone feels a little glad when the evolution is safely over.

Another of my photographs shows the cutter shoving off



THE FLEET IN LINE AHEAD.

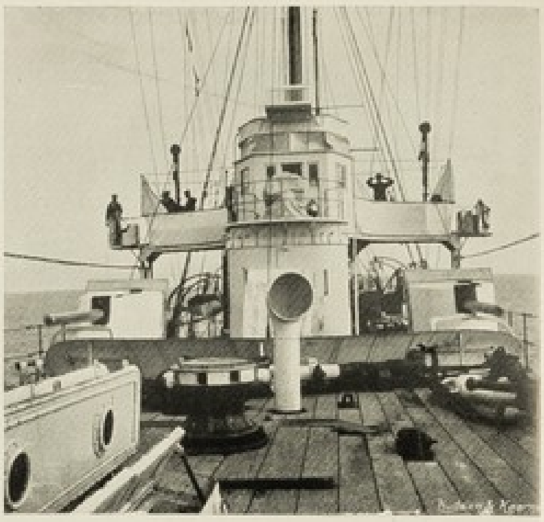
with the fire-engine for land service in her, in obedience to a signal from the flag-ship. As the boats from the different ships arrived, the flag-commander questioned them as to the stores on board, and the boat with a complete roll and a good record for time returned feeling proud; no time was lost in this case in shoving off; in fact, the "sub" had to jump for it, as you see, to get into his place. Another and pretty evolu-



TOUCHING UP THE SHIP'S SIDE.

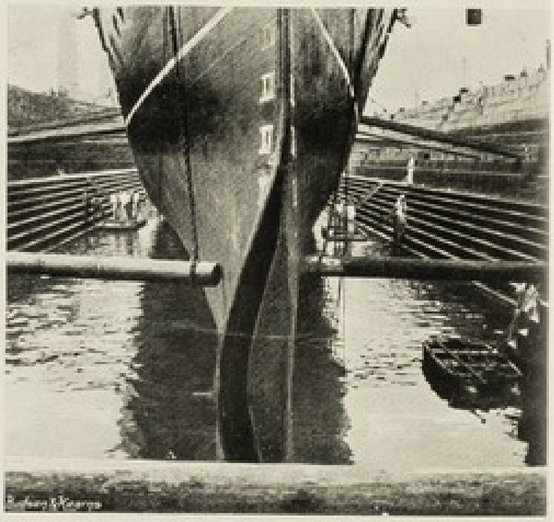
tion is boat sailing, of which I give a picture, and the crews are also regularly exercised at quarters. I "shot" the crew of one of the armoured torpedo-tubes standing ready to train their tube in any direction in which a target may be indicated by the first lieutenant. The navigator taking his "sights" was too good a subject to be lost, though he was very disgusted at being caught with a pipe in his mouth; and another view shows the ships in line ahead altering course, the fleet not looking its best, owing to the smoky North Country coal.

When nothing else is going on on board someone is always busy painting, and I got rather a good "shot"



A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.

at some of the painters touching up our side. I also send a photograph taken from the bow of the ship while under way; on the bridge you see the officer of the watch looking at something through his binoculars, the signalman by the semaphore, and the leadsman in the chains, while on the left



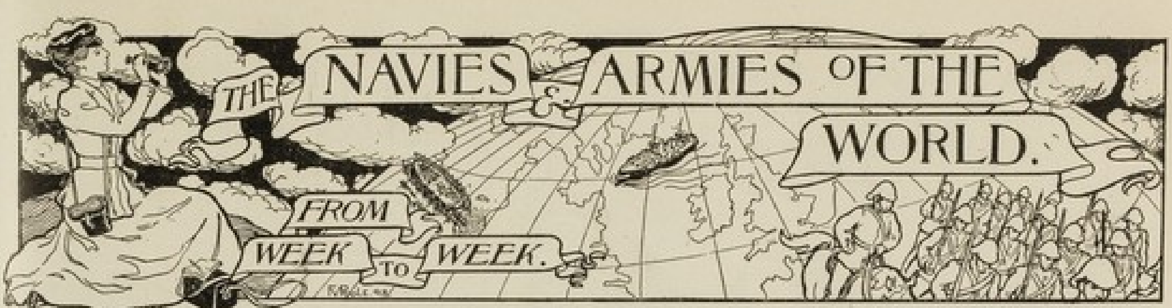
THE RESULT OF A COLLISION.

you see the flags indicating the revolutions at which we are steaming. My last photograph shows our stem, as we lie in dry dock, after being well bumped into by a collier. This gives a good idea of the fineness of the lines on which these vessels are built.



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A PRETTY EVOLUTION.



THE German Army journal, *Deutsche Heeres Zeitung*, of Berlin, has lately been publishing a series of articles in the thoughtful Teutonic style on the psychology of the battle-field. In the long run, the author has not much to say, except that individual courage and mutual confidence are required to make a good Army, which is not new doctrine. But incidentally, and *apropos* of nothing in particular, he observes that at all times France has been familiar with traitors. Some of his examples are very oddly chosen. For instance, he begins his list with Ganelon, who, in the time of Charlemagne, caused the defeat of Roncesvalles. This writer's ideas of what constitutes evidence must be of the strangest. As a matter of mere historic fact, the so-called battle of Roncesvalles was only a skirmish at the rear guard. Charlemagne had marched into Spain against the Arab King of Saragossa, and had not made a very successful business of it. On his way back through the Pyrenees, when the greater part of his army had already passed the mountains, the Basques fell upon the rear guard. A few hundred men were cut off and killed, among whom was "Hruodlandus," Warden of the Marches of Brittany, and several other officers who were engaged with him in covering the passage of the baggage and military train, for they had something of that kind, catapults, etc., even in those times. It was an action of the same kind as Mina's destruction of the great French convoy in the Pass of Arlaban, during the Peninsular War. We are familiar with incidents of the same nature on the North-West Frontier, and among our acquaintance the Afridis and Barukzais. Nothing particular came of it, because the Basques made haste to scatter in every direction with their plunder, and Charlemagne had many other things to attend to. But in after times, and for some mysterious reason, this Hruodlandus, of whom there is no other mention in history, was chosen as the hero of a very famous old French poem, "The Song of Roland." Here his defeat and death are explained by the treason of one Ganelon, who envied him. Ganelon became a sort of typical name for a traitor, but he is about as historical as, say, Rashleigh Osbaldistone, in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Rob Roy."

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Some of the writer's other examples are not much more to the point—and perhaps a list of that kind must always be more or less unfair. Traitors have appeared in all countries, and in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" they were rather exceptionally common with ourselves. Several of her very councillors took the bribes of Philip of Spain, and it would be easy to name not a few Scotchmen and Englishmen who betrayed posts entrusted to them in the Low Countries to the Prince of Parma. All that proves partly that scoundrels appear in all lands, partly that the moral ideas of one generation differ from those of another. But the German author would have been absolutely right if he had said that the belief in the existence of traitors, and in their malignant activity, has been more common and more continuous in France than in almost any other country. All the Southern races make a tacit confession of the falsity of their character by quoting the treason of their leaders as the explanation of their misfortunes, but the French have done this more than others. The *nous sommes trahis* of the war of 1870 is a very old cry with them. Now this is not only a curious fact. It is a very significant one, and indicates a great French weakness. If Napoleon was right, as he assuredly was, in saying that moral force is to physical in war as three is to one, the French would seem to be always liable to be weak just where strength is of the most vital importance. Nations have often made a splendid fight against superior forces, and have even proved finally victorious. Look, for instance, at the superb struggle made by the Dutch first against the Spaniards, and then against the French. But there can come no victory where there is no confidence of man in man. As long as all goes well the fear of treason sleeps, but at the first check up comes the "we are betrayed," and the moment that happens your army begins to fall to pieces of itself.

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Now there never was a time when the French were more clearly liable to this form of "rot." They came out of the war of 1870-71 with the fear of treason, and the belief in its existence, in their very bones. How deeply they were affected by this ruinous tendency to suspect one another has been shown, among other things, by the incredible history of the Dreyfus case. What comes out at every turn of the wretched business is just this—that Frenchmen are all more or less infected with a kind of insane suspicion. Not a few of them are in the condition of persons of unsound mind, who think that they are followed everywhere by mysterious enemies. Then for years past some of the most widely read writers in France have been straining every nerve to persuade their countrymen that their Government is in the hands of traitors. The ridiculous accusation against the Ministry of Marine which I quoted last week is one of hundreds. General Chanoine, for instance, is daily accused of being bribed by the Jews, of being an agent of the German Emperor and so forth. General Zurlinden was treated in precisely the same style when he took the Ministry of War vacated by M. Cavaignac. The journalists who scold in this style are, of course, recognised liars, but they repeat the kind of lies which they suppose are likely to be effective—and out of the mass of mud they throw some will stick. It is known to the soldiers and sailors as well as to others. One has only to think for a little, and to remember how Frenchmen have acted before, to guess pretty accurately how it may all work. It has been instilled into the minds of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen that Captain Dreyfus was a traitor sold to Germany, that all who have worked for the revision of his trial are also traitors corrupted by the Jews, and the German Emperor, and finally they are told that the success of the revisionists so far proves how numerous and how dangerous the traitors are. Suppose, then, that France is at war, and a disaster happens, can anybody believe that this will not work with terrible effect? It would be as rational to suppose that spine disease, or a tendency to consumption, would not be brought out of a man by his being exposed to great hardship.

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It seems, on the face of it, as if the French had chosen a curious time in which to publish an elaborate scheme for classing, and otherwise putting into good order, all the *points d'appui de la flotte*, or, as we say, Naval bases, of which they mean to make use in the next war. Six years is the period they fix within which they propose to complete all the works required to establish these ports. The list is imposing, and is as follows:—Fort de France, in Martinique; Dakar, in Senegal; Cape Saint Jacques, in Cochin China; Port Courbet, in Tonquin; Noumea, in New Caledonia; Diego Suarez, in Madagascar; the Saints, at Guadeloupe; Port Phaeton, in Tahiti; Libreville, on the Congo; and Obock—ten Naval bases in all. It is a lordly-looking scheme, and seems to show that the French Government is preparing to spend no trifling sum of money, since these places will require to be seriously fortified if most of them are not to fall at once before the attacks which could easily be made on them in conceivable circumstances. Neither is the building of forts all. A considerable addition will have to be made to the French Colonial Army—the Infanterie de la Marine, popularly known to its brother soldiers as the *marsouins*, the porpoises—if it is to supply competent garrisons for them all. Neither does one quite see the use of them all. Why, for example, have two *points d'appui de la flotte* so near one another as Fort de France and the Saints? This would surely be a mere scattering of forces. From our point of view more *flotte* and less *points d'appui* would be more business-like. The scheme is in all probability more a sign of the "feverish" activity of M. Lockroy than of anything else. But it is also very characteristic of the French. They never can settle down comfortably to work on their fleet, or the Colonies, without first making a grandiose general scheme—which is rarely carried out. A collection of these plans would make a sad monument of unfulfilled intentions. In Naval and colonial matters the French are like the Emperor Joseph II., of whom Frederick the Great said, that he was for ever trying to reach the X Y Z before he was done with A B C.

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The German writer on the psychology of the battle-field quoted above touches on an old and vexed question, though only in passing. It has often been noted as strange that, in spite of all the improvements in weapons of destruction, the proportion of men killed and wounded in battle tends to diminish. The loss, for instance, in Marlborough's battles and in Frederick's battles was greater on an average than in the Napoleonic wars, and it was higher in them than in 1859, in 1866, or in 1870. Fewer experiments have been made at sea, and yet here the tendency seems to be, if not the same, at least not so much towards a greater destructiveness as one would suppose, looking only to the immensely increased power of the weapons. In the fight near Santiago, for instance, the Americans ought, one would think, to have caused the maximum of loss of life. Yet it seems that of 2,227 men actually on board the Spanish ships, 392 were killed, or just over one in five. Of course the wounded are to be allowed for. Yet even so, the list is not so long as one would expect. Take it altogether, the amount of damage done to life and limb, and the time in which it was done, are not respectively greater or shorter than on select occasions in the old wars. The thirteen minutes of the engagement between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake" saw about as much killing and wounding done in less time, while the first raking broadside fired into the "Santa Ana" by the "Royal Sovereign" at Trafalgar seems to have been far more effective than any single discharge by the American ships. The comparison would be interesting to work out with a due regard to all the circumstances—including the circumstance called human nature.

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Bismarck's letter to General Edwin von Manteuffel in the *Times* of Monday suggests another kind of question. It is this, why should it be dishonourable in a politician who sees war to be inevitable, and believes it to be desirable, to do what a general would be applauded for doing? Bismarck wanted Manteuffel to do something to provoke the Austrian General von Gablenz, and so precipitate the war of 1866. People call that "cynical," and shake their wise heads over Bismarck and his shocking methods. Yet when war has begun, who blames a general who manœuvres to deceive an opponent? Supposing that Manteuffel had been opposed to Gablenz in the field, and had made movements arranged to deceive his opponent into the belief that the Prussian Army was weak when, as a matter of fact, it was strong, or was about to retreat when in reality it was laying an ambush, would it have been thought that he had done anything unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? Certainly not, and yet he would have practised an elaborate deceit. But if this can be done honourably in the war of armies, why not in the war of diplomacy? Surely the thing is right or is wrong, according to whether the end aimed at is wise or is unwise. War may be an evil, but it may be the least of two. When that is the case it may be wise to provoke it, just as it may be judicious to tempt the enemy into an ill-advised attack when once the guns have begun to shoot. The nation which first draws the sword is the aggressor, and stands at a certain disadvantage. Where is the sin of gaining that advantage in the strife of nations?

DAVID HANNAY.

The General Staff of the Army



The Horse Guards – Whitehall.

WHAT is the staff of an army? And what is the necessity for it?

If we take up the monthly Army List, published by authority, we shall see that (in addition to the headquarters staff at the War Office) some thirty-four pages are devoted to the names of officers holding various appointments on the "Staff of the Army" in different commands. Among these are many who, although performing administrative duties in connection with different Army services, are not, strictly speaking, included in the term "general staff"; and as in this article I propose to deal chiefly with the nature and duties of the general staff, we will neglect the remainder for the present.

In its widest military sense, the term "staff" is understood to include any who, acting in administrative capacities, assist in matters of detail the chief under whom they are serving. Thus each regiment of cavalry and battalion of infantry has its "regimental staff," consisting of adjutant and quartermaster, and, in the former case, riding-master in addition. But the term "staff," used in the sense of the general staff of the Army, is defined in the Army Book of the British Empire as designating "the body of officers who act as agents of the generals in command, in caring for and directing the proceedings of the troops, and in the administration of the affairs entrusted to the said commanders."

In the times of Darius and Alexander, and in the Middle Ages, war was a comparatively simple matter. The numbers employed were but few in comparison with the "nations in arms" of to-day. The tactics were simple, as were also the arrangements for feeding the Army, for as a rule they lived on the country, only concentrating to fight, and dispersing again after a battle—the victors for food, the vanquished for safety.

As armies grew, and improvements took place in weapons, necessitating more complicated tactics (because every improvement and invention in military science complicates the art of leading an army), so it became more and more difficult for a commander to attend personally to every detail connected with the arrangement of his army, whether in line of battle, on the march, or in cantonments. Hence the necessity for a staff of officers capable of taking the details of the work, of "caring for and directing the proceedings of the troops" (in the words of our definition), off the shoulders of the general, in order to leave him free to turn his attention to the methods by which he proposes to beat his enemy.

Lord Wolseley, in speaking of the necessity for and the duties of the staff, says: "The staff is to an army what steam is to a locomotive. . . . It is not possible for the most transcendent genius to command an army successfully without able assistance from others in matters of detail. . . . The best example of how helpless an army must be without an efficient staff is that afforded by the army organised at Washington (in 1861) by McClellan, and in a lesser degree by his successors. Many thousands of men were enrolled, splendidly equipped, abundantly fed, provided with all sorts of artillery and engineer material of the most approved pattern and upon the most lavish scale; yet, as a distinguished officer said, it was a huge giant lying prostrate on the ground, who, though powerful in outward appearance, was destitute of bone and muscle, and consequently helpless for action. The bone and muscle required was a good staff to put it properly in motion." ("Soldier's Pocket-Book," pp. 126, 127.)

Duties of the Staff in Peace.

The functions of the general staff of the Army (under the Commander-in-Chief and general officers commanding districts, etc.) during peace time are to collect information regarding the various foreign armies and possible theatres of war, to prepare plans for the mobilisation of our Army in the event of war, and for despatching any force which we might put in the field to the theatre of war, and to assist in carrying out the command, training inspection, and administration of the Army generally in all its details. The collection of military information regarding foreign countries, and for the defence of the Empire, is in the hands of the Intelligence Division of the headquarters staff at the War Office. The remainder of the headquarters staff are engaged in administrative duties in connection with the general supervision of the affairs of the Army, in order to ensure a general uniformity of action by different general officers in command of districts, although those officers are fully responsible for the exercise of command and the administration of all Army services in their own districts, subject only to review of their proceedings subsequently at the War Office.

A general officer commanding a district is assisted by a staff, varying in number according to the importance of the command, but usually consisting (in addition to the general's personal staff) of one or two assistant adjutants-general, two or three deputy-assistant adjutants-general (one usually for instruction), a district inspector of musketry (in India a deputy-assistant adjutant-general), a colonel on the staff commanding Royal Artillery, who is assisted in most cases by a brigade-major or staff-captain Royal Artillery, a colonel on the staff commanding Royal Engineers, a principal medical officer, chief ordnance officer, and district paymaster. The duties of these officers are defined in the Queen's Regulations as "the supervision and control, under the general officer commanding, of all Army services." Excluding what may be termed the technical departmental duties, the remainder are divided into three groups, as follows:—

"A" group, comprising everything connected with discipline, interior economy, and training.

"B" group, comprising clothing and equipment, supply of food, forage, etc., transport movements, and quartering of troops.

"C" group, Engineer services.

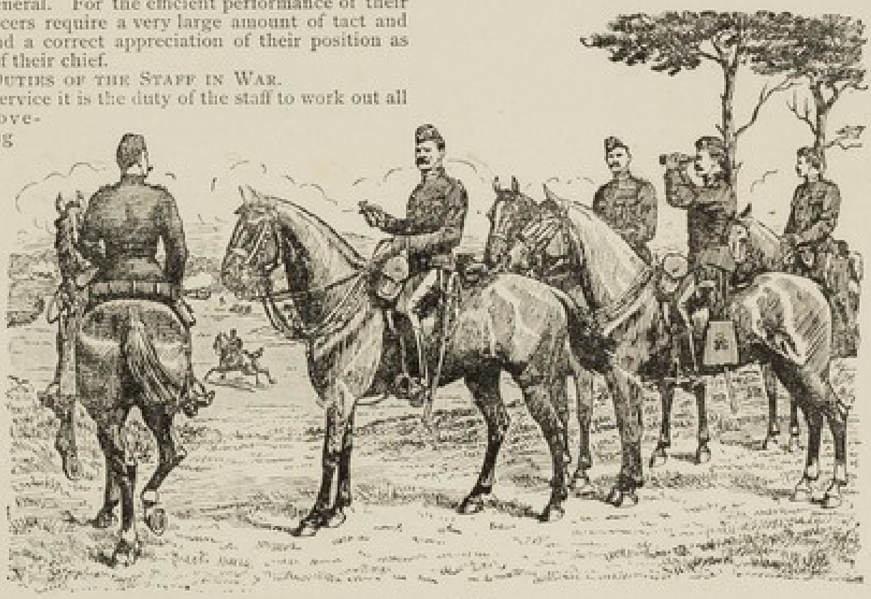
These duties are allotted among the officers of the staff by the general in such a manner as will best ensure their efficient performance, care being taken to group the subjects under heading "A" in the hands of one or more staff officers; and the same with regard to "B" duties. The commanding Royal Engineer attends to those under heading "C." It is laid down that it is inadvisable, when it can be avoided, to mix up the subjects of these three groups as the work of any

one staff officer. The staff officer for instruction is charged with the supervision of all matters in connection with the instruction of officers in the subjects, other than drill and regimental duties, in which they must qualify for promotion, and with the training of both officers and non-commissioned officers in reconnaissance. When not engaged in instructional duties he is available to assist in the general staff duties of the command. The district inspector of musketry (or deputy-assistant adjutant-general for musketry) has charge of the arrangements for the musketry training of the troops, and is the adviser of his general on all musketry questions; on subjects connected with their own departments, and not coming directly under any of the headings previously enumerated, the principal medical officer, the chief ordnance officer, and the district paymaster report direct to the general officer commanding.

It is the customary thing in our Service, in correspondence, for the subordinate to address the staff officer of the officer under whom he is immediately serving. For instance, a regimental officer would address any application which he might have occasion to make to the adjutant of the regiment, by whom the application is laid before the officer commanding. The latter, if he sees fit, and cannot deal with the question himself, forwards it to the staff officer of the officer under whose command he may be, for that officer's decision or recommendation to higher authority again, as the case may be. In communications addressed to officers under command of his chief, a staff officer signs "By order," signifying that he is merely the instrument for conveying the orders of the general. For the efficient performance of their duties, staff officers require a very large amount of tact and good temper, and a correct appreciation of their position as merely agents of their chief.

DUTIES OF THE STAFF IN WAR.

On active service it is the duty of the staff to work out all details of movements, including the arrangements for the supply and quartering of the army, to issue the necessary orders for the march and the combat, to carry out whatever reconnaissances are necessary, to guide the troops, and on the actual field of battle to act as the eyes and ears of the general commanding, and to convey his orders to the various parts of the battlefield. No light task indeed! and one requiring, besides coolness and high courage, unwearied zeal, energy, tact, and good temper. Hardly anything will so soon demoralise an army, or, if the material and previous training be so good that discipline is stronger than demoralising influences, cause greater waste of force, than bad staff-work. An ill-calculated order of march causes innumerable and unnecessary delays and checks, which a little care and foresight will prevent. Alterations in, and countermanding of, orders (arising perhaps from some careless or ignorant oversight) and fussiness, and interference with the functions of executive officers, seriously disturb the confidence, and therefore the fighting capacity, of the troops. On the other hand, the comfort and efficiency of an army whose movements are directed by a competent and highly-trained staff should be assured. Everything should work like a machine, and yet that machine a brain.



Reconnoitring.

This perfection, however, cannot be attained without careful training and uniformity of system; and hence the necessity for an institution like our Staff College. This institution not only gives an officer the opportunity of studying theoretically the higher branches of his profession, but it also trains him in carrying out in a uniform manner the practical part of his work. This is most important, not only as regards the collection and systematic recording of information on which the general may have to base his plans, but also in the actual issue of orders in the field.

On active service, one of the most important of the duties which may fall to the lot of a staff officer of almost any grade is the preparation of orders for marches. The importance of this subject will be apparent when it is remembered that an army is not called upon to fight a battle every day, but that in an active campaign there may be but few days on which it has not to march. The necessity, under these circumstances, of husbanding the strength of the troops and of preserving their morale cannot be too highly appreciated. Orders vary in amount of detail in inverse ratio, as it were, to the rank of the commander under whose instructions they are issued. Those of the commander-in-chief of an army (issued by the chief of the staff) will be brief and general, though definite, but details will be left to the subordinate commanders. In this way endless repetition and interference with the functions and responsibilities of inferior commanders will be avoided.

As in orders during a battle, the *task* is set, but the manner of performing it within certain limits is left to the officer to whom its execution is confided. The chief of the staff of an army, in issuing the orders of his chief for an advance of the army, will, as a rule, merely enumerate generally the intelligence received about the enemy; the general intention of the commanders; zones of movement of the various army corps and their destinations night by night, or as the case may be; and any *special* arrangements for measures of security, supply, etc., or any change of position of army headquarters. The orders by each army corps commander would specify the movements of each division or other independent unit, and those for each division, etc., in like manner would particularise the movements of its brigades and other component parts.

Nothing will wear out the strength of troops more, or be more subversive of discipline, than badly-arranged marches. Among other duties which a staff officer on service may be called upon to perform is that of executing a reconnaissance, either alone, or perhaps with a small party of cavalry. There are no occasions requiring more daring courage and dash, combined with readiness and resource in emergency, coupled with caution when necessary, than these. Full of adventure and danger, they recall the personal element of warfare of the age of chivalry, and surely in no army can there be found better material for this sort of work than in our own, officered as it is by English gentlemen bred up to every kind of manly sport and accustomed to command.

On this subject, Lord Wolseley says: "There are no occasions in life when officers have such opportunities for displaying coolness and intrepid bravery, joined to extreme caution, as when sent out with a troop of cavalry or a few well-mounted men to reconnoitre. . . . He must be most careful to spare his men and horses all unnecessary fatigue. . . . This duty is calculated to give scope for all those virtues of daring gallantry, bold riding, individual prowess, and self-reliance, that we pride ourselves on possessing above all other nations."

From the above incomplete notice it will be seen that a staff officer, in these days, who desires to fit himself for work on the general staff of the Army, must, in order to do so with success, possess many excellent natural characteristics, great industry, a considerable amount of ability, and (the most useful of all) good common-sense. On these as a foundation he must work up to a high standard of professional knowledge, and know how to apply that knowledge.

There is no sitting still with folded hands nowadays. "Forward" must be the motto of the staff, and indeed of every good soldier.

Literary News and Books to be Read.

MEN'S minds were never so greatly turned as at this present time to the affairs of the Egyptian Soudan and to the provinces that once were Egyptian. The vast territories over which Gordon exercised sway are now the object of much speculative enterprise, and the doctrine of the *res nullius* is set up to justify aggression. No book, therefore, ever appeared more opportunely than "Emin Pasha, his Life and Work," compiled from his journals, letters, and notes, and from official documents, by Georg Schweitzer, Emin's kinsman, with an introduction by Dr. Felkin, his best friend (Constable, 2 vols., 32s.). It is impossible for me even to allude to a multitude of points of special interest which I have discovered in this work. For an accurate understanding of the history of the evacuated provinces, and of their character and resources, it is absolutely indispensable. While illustrating the ideas and purposes of a most interesting man, it sheds abundant new light upon circumstances hitherto obscure. The veil is for the first time unrolled from the circumstances of Equatoria, when the rising tide of Mahdism had isolated it from Egypt, and we learn the real reason for Emin's reluctance to be "relieved" by Stanley or anyone else. Herr Schweitzer has had access to a vast body of information for the first time made accessible, though not to the private letters to Dr. Felkin, which enable that gentleman, in his introduction, to controvert some of his views, and particularly to show the genesis of the relief expedition, with the demonstration that it was not chiefly a commercial speculation. It was Emin's view that Stanley wished to compel him to abandon his post, and he had particular reasons for not wishing to go. Upon these matters Herr Schweitzer writes with a strong German bias, and no true appreciation of Mr. Stanley's expedition and Dr. Felkin's admirable introduction is a wholesome corrective. Into these matters, however, I cannot enter. Emin's relations with his "deliverer" were greatly strained, and I shall be surprised if Mr. Stanley does not reply to some of Herr Schweitzer's blunt statements. To those who look for English influence, and not that of Germany, or the Congo State, in Equatoria, there are some things here not very pleasant to read.

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The extreme importance of a railway to Khartoum and beyond is impressed upon the mind by a perusal of this book. About 1879 the White Nile, between Khartoum and Lado, was blocked with vegetable matter for two years and a-half, completely severing Emin's province from its connections. Gordon, knowing the danger of isolation, had projected a road from the Equatorial Province to Kismayu, on the East Coast, pending the building of the railway, which is now at length in hand. Emin, though full of confidence in the future of his government, could not recognise its dependence upon Khartoum. He, too, looked to the coast, and strongly urged that England should take her part. Not until later in his disappointment did he become a German dependent. "If England forsakes us, I must seek in some other direction for support." There had long simmered in Emin's mind the idea of "Sarawaking" his province. If Egypt withdrew, he would rule it after the manner of Rajah Brooke, and he looked for the aid of a syndicate of English commercial men. Here, therefore, was a good reason for his reluctance to be "relieved" or to receive instructions to evacuate the province. The end was melancholy, but I rose from perusing the volumes with a higher sense of Emin's qualities. He had distinct limitations, but he was genuinely enthusiastic and self-sacrificing, and the constant strength of his endeavour and his long trust in England entitle him to our regard. The narrative of his government and his travels, of his political and scientific work, of his hopes for his province, and his intimate knowledge of its resources, is exceedingly interesting, and the book abounds with features of very practical utility. Let these volumes be read attentively, and their many lessons be mastered, for there is yet a world of work for us beyond Khartoum.

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Now I bid you laugh with me at "The Tadpole of an Archangel," or rather at some other stories in the droll volume of Captain W. P. Drury, R.M.L.I. (Simpkin). With the title story, deriving its name from a remark of Victor Hugo's, I was disappointed, but "Pringle's Progress" is rich enough for a volume. How Pringle, in "that bit of a bobbery we had some time since with Venezuela," being first lieutenant of the "Canary," "one of the C class corvettes," contrived to transport his party of bluejackets and marines across the isthmus by hoisting sail on an engineless train, is most humorously told. There were difficulties with the curves bringing the wind, which had been dead aft, on one beam or the other. "Nat'rally the train heeled over to the wind a bit, and for a matter o' three miles or more she run on her lee wheels alone—the weather ones bein' a good two foot above the metals." Then a tunnel had to be negotiated, and the last curve came. "Ready about. Let fly the jib sheet. Jib sheet to wind'ard; now then, you fat-'eaded—who the—what the——!" But the jib sheet had jammed, and "after fifty-nine miles of high-class seamanship," the train came to a standstill in the middle of the curve. There is a great deal else of the same sort in the witty volume, and I defy any man not to laugh at "Under the Hurricane Deck." Captain Drury is a Naval humourist of the first water, and I look for more from his hand.

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The vogue of historical novels is bringing quite a flood of enterprising volumes. There is much you will like in "An Enemy of the King," by Mr. R. N. Stephens (Methuen, 6s.). The characters and their actions have not a convincing fidelity to life, but the book is full of romance and action, arising out of the Court intrigues and brawls of the France of Henri III. The hero is a very gallant Sieur de la Tournoire, a young man first and a Huguenot after, who goes up to Court resolved to make love to some *grande dame*, evoking a passion attended by mystery and danger, "everything to complicate it and raise it to an epic height." What more natural than that, when he first sets eyes on Mlle. d'Arency, he should swear she is the woman he has chosen to be in love with, and that, on the spot, he should declare his passion? The lady is supremely beautiful, and a member of the Queen's "light squadron." Alas! *Bien fol qui s'y fie.* She uses him for a dastardly purpose of assassination, truly a telling story of a fight in the dark, with the flash of steel, the soft resistance, and the spurt of blood. Then comes the help of Marguerite of Valois, the letting down from the window, the flight to Angers and Gascony, and a multitude of adventures by the way, all ending happily with sweet Julie, and a snap-shot of the Marquise de Pirillaume, *née* d'Arency, a fat and painted old lady sitting against a wall. It is a downright story of mystery and adventure, full of thrilling episodes and picturesque scenes, and is written in a very easy and pleasing style.

"The Sultan's Mandate," by C. Olynthus Gregory (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is an historical novel of quite another sort. I cannot hope for it such popularity as may be attained by books like that of Mr. Stephens, but of this I am sure, that those who are interested in its subject will find both instruction and enjoyment in it. The matter truly is painful, for the theme is of Armenian atrocities, and of the iniquities of Zekki Pasha and others in the district of Erzeroum. The author tells us that he nowhere exaggerates, and this I can well believe, but he has shifted localities and given wrong scenes to events—this, I suppose, for the sake of his romance. This may have been a mistake, but it is well written as a story which is more than half a history, and I would much commend it to those who would study the life and the sorrows of Armenians.

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Those who seek to be diverted on a railway journey, or merely to beguile a passing hour, may turn to "Men, Women, and Things," by F. C. Philips (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.). The volume contains about thirty short and eminently readable stories, which, I suppose, have been written with such a purpose. Tortured brains and bleeding hearts, soaring hopes, great renunciations, and consuming despair are all alike absent from them. They have been penned, perhaps, for fair readers. I adjure them, then, to believe that men are not all despicable, and that something of honour, constancy, and loyalty does still remain. Many will be amused by these scenes in the drawing-room, by the vows whispered in the conservatory or uttered on the rectory lawn, and by a series of bright pictures cleverly given in these slight and transient stories. The reader will not ask more from the book.

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"The Early Days of the Nineteenth Century," by William Connor Sydney (Redway, 2 vols. in 1, 18s.), should be quite as attractive as a novel. Just when we approach the threshold of a new century it is extremely interesting to survey the early days of this. What a world of change has passed over us since those times! They were the times of Peterloo massacres, of duelling and pugilism, Gretna Green weddings and smuggling, of tight pantaloons and Hessian tasselled boots, high collars and voluminous neck-cloths, monstrous hats and disappearing queues and pigtails. It is the external aspect of life in town and country that the author surveys. He makes the times live again. Now we are in the company of country louts jeering at actors and alarmed at post-chaises; then we are in the midst of house-breakers and body-snatchers; once more we are in the tawdry surroundings and orange-peel of the theatres of 1820; then, again, we are walking with the macaronis in Bond Street or Pall Mall. I wish the author had known more of Naval and Military costume; but his survey is wide indeed, and he has given us a remarkably interesting book, and one that can be taken up at any time with pleasure and profit.

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The flow of fiction is increasing from a flood to a torrent, and I shall presently find occasion to refer to some notable volumes. Let me say *en passant* that all people are talking of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin"—that extraordinary story of self-revelation, carven, as it were, out of the stuff of elemental emotions, and gripping the reader by the heart-strings—of which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have just issued a third edition. In another field of fiction, that veteran friend of boys, Mr. G. A. Henty, has been busy, and I shall shortly draw your attention to "Under Wellington's Command," "Both Sides of the Border," and "At Aboukir and Acre," which Messrs. Blackie have published from his pen, as also to like books for the winter fireside which Messrs. Seeley and Messrs. Nelson have published. "In the Grip of the Spaniard" and "The Pirate's Gold" reveal the character of such volumes of adventure. The lamented death of Mr. Harold Frederic lends pathetic interest to the publication of his "Gloria Mundi."

* * * *

A volume of very great interest will be published by Messrs. Methuen on November 1. We all remember how gallant Dr. Robertson held out at Gilgit in 1895 until help came. "Chitral, the Story of a Minor Siege," by Sir G. S. Robertson, is a personal narrative of the events, as seen by one of the besieged. The fortitude, courage, and endurance displayed at that time by both besieged and relievers made a brilliant chapter in our frontier warfare, and Sir George Robertson's story promises to be very interesting. It will throw light upon circumstances preceding the outbreak, and upon Ross's disaster in the Koragh defile, the splendid defence of Reshun, and Kelly's famous mountain march.

* * * *

Another frontier volume, promised by Mr. Bowden, is by Major Hobday, of the Royal Artillery, who was deputy-adjutant-assistant-general of the Malakand Field Force, and, of course, saw a great deal of the recent operations. The book will be entitled "Sketches on Service during the Frontier Campaigns of 1897." I understand it is to be a simple narrative of events as they occurred, very profusely illustrated, and with many maps and portraits.

* * * *

Very many who have been deeply interested in "The Memoirs of the Verney Family," which give such a vivid picture of seventeenth century life, will be glad to know that Messrs. Longmans are just publishing the last volume, which will bring us down to the death of Sir Ralph Verney in 1696.

* * * *

Mr. Heinemann, who publishes so many notable books, is adding another in Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," most lavishly illustrated by Francois Thévenot. It will be issued to a select few—to 500, in fact—for the morals of the book are not for the crowd, and the artistic character of the volume is the charm. The same publisher is issuing in tasteful form translations of Gabriele D'Annunzio's novels.

* * * *

Messrs. Blackwood are going to add to their series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers" "Calderon," "Saint Simon," "Cervantes," and "Corneille and Racine." The authors are Mr. E. J. Hasell, Mr. C. M. Collins, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mr. H. M. Trollope. Three topographical volumes devoted to seven Scottish counties are announced by the same firm.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On the Australian Station.

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

THE Australian station is a very long way from home, and though electricity, skilfully adapted to the uses of man, has conquered time, and swift steamers bring us our mails and papers in a small fraction of the time formerly required by the long Cape route in sailing vessels, nothing can get over the hard fact that Naval officers and men out here dwell in what would be termed, in the language of "Alice in Wonderland," "Topsy-turvy-land" as regards the mother island. Our great distance from England is impressed upon us by our June winter and sweltering Christmas, as well as by the huge difference in time, for when we turn out at 6 a.m. in Sydney it wants a few minutes of 8 p.m. on the previous day in London. These things are difficult of realisation by those who have never chased the sun round the world, or heard the word passed on board ship, after a complete circuit of the globe, that "to-morrow is Tuesday as well as to-day," or that "there will be no Wednesday this week."



THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS.

In spite, however, of these discouraging circumstances, the interest at home in our Antipodean possessions is, it need scarcely be said, as keen as that displayed in our other great colonies, and a short "yarn," from a Naval point of view, cannot fail to be acceptable. Large as is Australia itself, the Naval station includes a good deal in addition; New Zealand, New Guinea, Tasmania, and a number of those small islands which are scattered about in such profusion to the eastward, are under the charge of the admiral in command of the Australian station, who has twelve vessels under his orders,



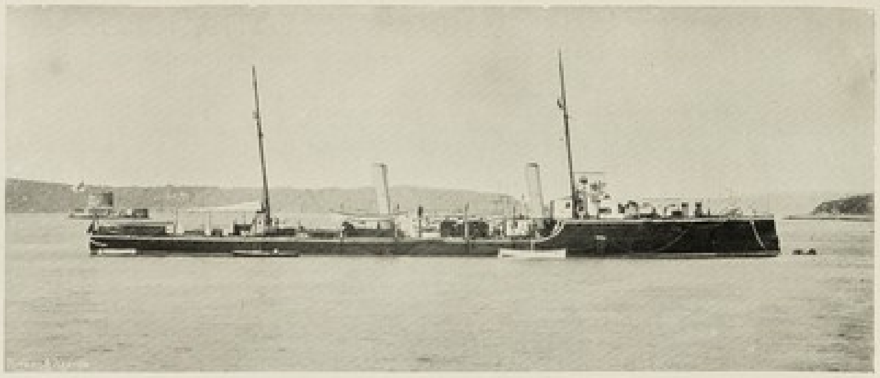
Photos. L. Atkinson. Copyright.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FARM COVE.

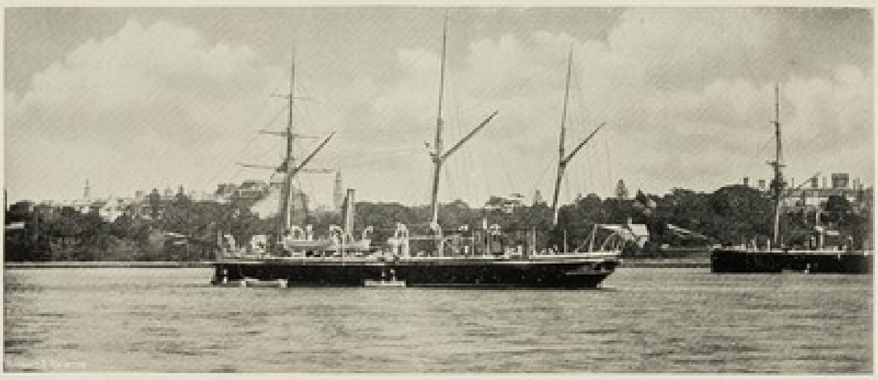
some of which, while they are manned and commanded by men and officers of the Navy, are maintained in great measure by the colonies.

Sydney Harbour is of world-wide renown, as one of the finest natural harbours in existence, and Farm Cove, of which a picture is given, is only one of many inlets from the main harbour, each one eligible for shipping of all classes, and utilised by the Navy or mercantile marine accordingly. Farm Cove is the regular man-of-war anchorage, and is also the historic spot where, on January 26, 1788, the Union Jack was first hoisted, after a space had been cleared to give standing ground for those who took part in the function. On the further side stands Government House, with the flag flying on the tower; and many are the occasions upon which the landing-place has been thronged with boats, landing officers for some entertainment, or bringing off fair visitors to the squadron for an afternoon dance, or other hospitable function.

The admiral is not compelled, when his flag-ship is at Sydney, to spend all his time on board; for here is a picture of the snug residence provided for him, in which he may transact business and communicate with the ships in the harbour by means of the semaphore. Indeed, the admiral in Australia has, as a rule, quite an ideal existence, and, in common with his subordinates, is very generously and hospitably treated. Our present chief is Rear-Admiral Hugo L. Pearson, who hoists his flag in the "Royal Arthur," a first-class cruiser launched in 1891, and armed with one 9·2-in. breech-loading gun, twelve 6-in., twelve 6-pounder, and five 3-pounder quick-firing guns. The other vessels of the



THE GUN-BOAT "KARRAKATTA."



THE GUN-BOAT "GOLDFINCH."



Photos. L. Atkinson. Copyright.

HOBART TOWN, TASMANIA.

squadron are all smaller cruisers or gun-boats.

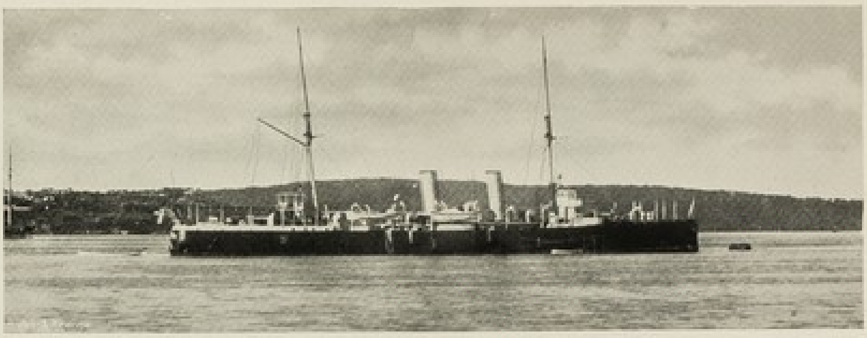
A Naval depôt is, of course, essential, and a picture is here given of this establishment, situated on Garden Island. The dry docks—one 638-ft. and the other 506-ft. in length—are, however, on Cockatoo Island. Alongside the dockyard may be seen the "Orlando," the late flag-ship, with the admiral's flag duly displayed on the foremast; the smaller vessel at her moorings is the "Boomerang," gun-boat for the protection of trade, one of the vessels before alluded to which are maintained by the colonies, and which are distinguished by their queer-sounding and appropriately Australian names. The huge shears, towering high above the "Orlando's" mast-heads, show that provision is not omitted for handling the heaviest weights, and repairs to machinery, etc., can be executed in the depôt.

The use of sails is not altogether obsolete on the station, for they come in very opportunely during a cruise round some of the more distant islands, where coal is not so easily procurable, and speed is not a great object. The "Royalist" is well adapted for this purpose, being supplied with masts and yards of the old type; and the "Goldfinch" in another illustration is a gun-boat with equivalent sailing powers. These two vessels are of "composite" build, that is, they have iron frames with wooden planking; a method of construction which, however, is not now being continued. The Union Jack which the "Royalist" flies on her mizen-mast indicates that she is the "guard-ship" for the current twenty-four hours; that is, her captain is held responsible that all vessels entering the harbour are boarded by an officer, and all details concerning them are reported to the admiral on the following morning. The officer of the guard is a person of some importance during his tenure of office, being permitted to fly a pendant in the boat which conveys him; and in a busy harbour his post, as may well be imagined, is no sinecure.

The picture of the "Wallaroo" gives a good idea of the Australian cruisers for trade protection, the "Katoomba," "Mildura," "Ringarooma," and "Tauranga" being her sister vessels, though all are not now actually in commission. They carry eight 4·7-in. and eight 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and will steam 19 knots. The "Karrakatta," in another picture, is a sister vessel to the "Boomerang," a fast class of gun-boat, and very useful as scouts, or for protecting commerce; they also steam 19 knots.

The total Naval force in commission on the station at present comprises one first-class and seven third-class cruisers, three gun-boats, and one sloop. Captain H. W. S. Gibson is in charge of the Steam Reserve on the station, his ship, the "Katoomba," being attached to the flag-ship as a "tender," technically; that is, she is not in independent commission, and her officers and crew are borne on the flag-ship's books.

The vessels which appear in two other of the illustrations,



THE "WALLAROO."



THE "ROYALIST."

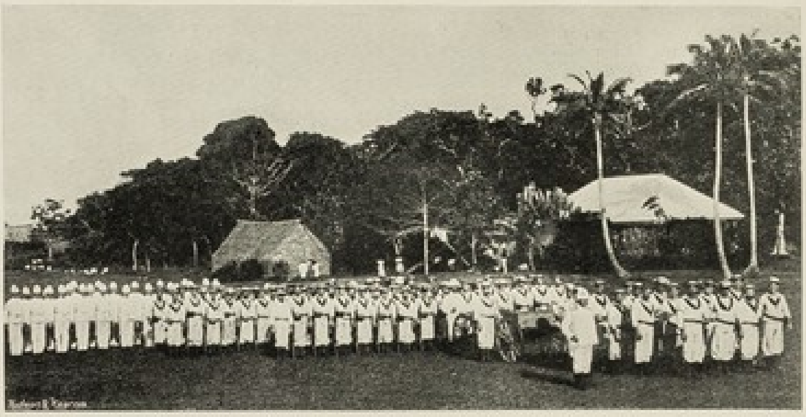


Photos. L. Atkinson. Copyright.

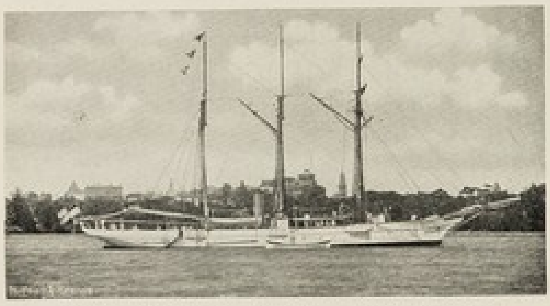
THE NAVAL DEPÔT, GARDEN ISLAND.

the "Waterwitch" and the "Dart," have a sort of independent position, being intended entirely for surveying purposes. Both were formerly private yachts, as would be inferred from their rig and general appearance; the "Waterwitch" was, indeed, formerly the "Lancashire Witch," a fine steam yacht of some notoriety, and she makes a handsome picture.

The ungainly and apparently over-laden boat with its crew of blue-jackets affords good evidence that the practice of submarine mining is not neglected on our station. The purposes for which the counter-mining launch is used, and the method of procedure, have been frequently described, and need not therefore be gone into now. The boat is alongside the Explosives Depôt on Spectacle Island, in Sydney Harbour, an anchorage having a creek or an island available for all possible purposes. Two other pictures take us away from Australia proper to Tasmania and the New Hebrides, and afford glimpses of two portions of the station



A LANDING PARTY IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.



THE SURVEYING VESSEL "WATERWITCH."

very far removed from each other, the one being just to the southward of New South Wales, and the other a long way to the north-east.

Hobart Town is the capital of Tasmania, as your readers are probably aware. It lies at the mouth of the River Derwent—a familiar English name—and has a fine roomy anchorage, in which the squadron may be seen at anchor, with the flourishing town and bold mountain as a background. Here, as in Australia and New Zealand, the Navy is ever welcome, and hospitable doors are thrown open on the arrival of the squadron.

The New Hebrides lie some 1,000 miles north-east of Australia, and are among those hundreds of islands which, not so many years ago, were almost unknown, though pretty accurately placed on the chart by surveyors who visited them from time to time. The landing party of British blue-jackets might seem strangely out of place, were it not that



THE SURVEYING VESSEL "DART."

their countrymen are well used to hearing of their exploits in every quarter of the globe, savage or civilised.



Photos, L. Atkinson. Copyright.

A COUNTERMINING PARTY, SYDNEY.

Training Our Welsh Militia.

THE regiment which bears the title of "The Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers (Militia)" was lately in camp at Chatham, where it earned golden opinions, and well sustained its own reputation and the honour of the Service to which it belongs. It is a grateful task to call attention to the history and conduct of a regiment so highly deserving of public recognition, and so unreservedly eulogised by the best judges, both official and non-official.

The strength of the battalion is some 30 officers and 800 men. The rank and file have an average height of 5-ft. 7¼-in., and a chest measurement of 35-in. In addition to their infantry drill they are well trained in engineering work. One of our pictures shows a sentry with a straw sentry-box of regimental manufacture, and another the guard clock by which the calls for the various duties are regulated; but that from which the quality of the men can be best seen is the picture of No. 1 Company. We have here a fair representation of the whole; many of the men wear medals, and all are stalwart soldiers of which any corps might be proud.



THE GUARD CLOCK—REVEILLE.

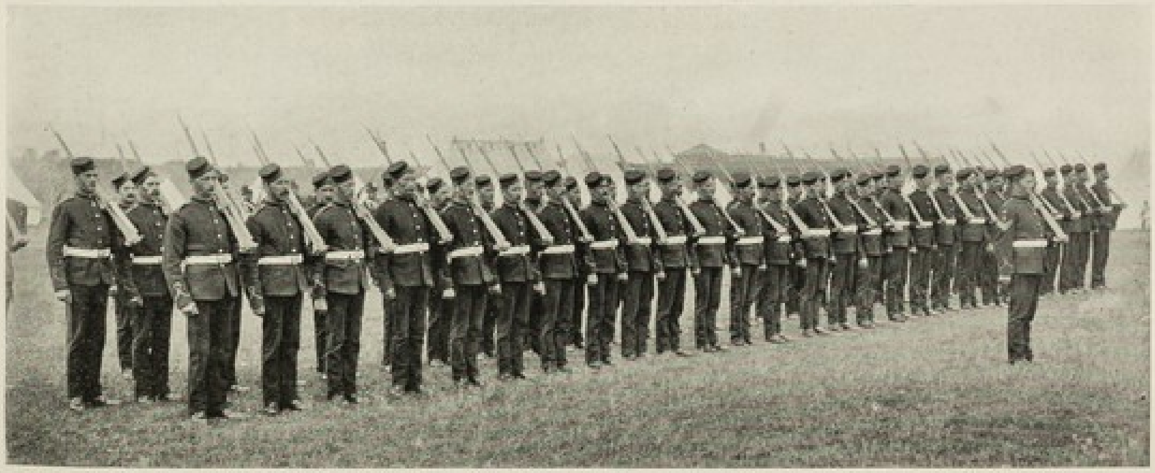


AN IMPROMPTU SENTRY-BOX.

The earliest trustworthy mention of the regiment relates to the inspection of the Monmouthshire Militia at Monmouth by the Duke of Beaufort on August 20, 1684.

During its history it has had many years of embodied service, and it retains up to the present moment the true style of a county regiment. The honorary colonel is Lord Tredegar; the commanding officer, Colonel Curre, is an M.F.H. in the county; the majors are Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Raglan and the Hon. Granville Somerset; and four of the officers are nephews of the honorary colonel. Almost to a man the regiment is officered by county gentlemen, thus keeping up its old-time character, while losing none of its efficiency.

The picture of the officers is just what would be expected from these statements. The battalion is fortunate in possessing a senior major of Lord Raglan's experience and

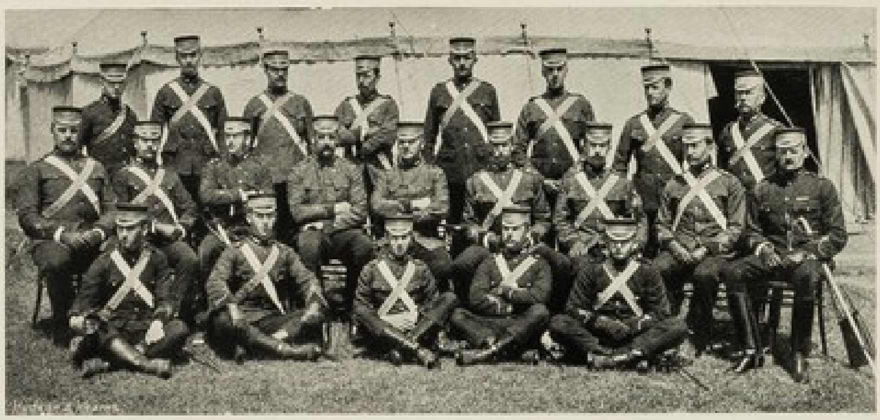


Photos. J. Graham. Copyright

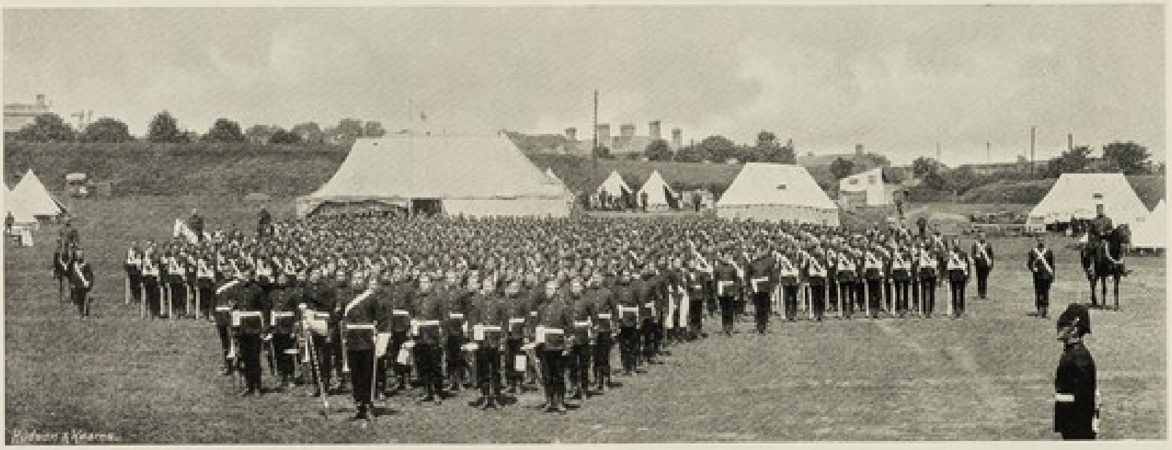
NO. 1 COMPANY.

ability. His Lordship is also zealous enough to work for the benefit of his regiment, and, in fact, for the good of the whole Militia Service, as his speeches in the House of Lords, and at the Royal United Service Institution, fully testify. His arguments are those not merely of a distinguished Guardsman and campaigner, but of a careful student of military organisation; and it would be well for the Militia if it were more often represented by officers of this stamp.

The picture of the whole regiment conveys an idea of the Royal Monmouthshire in its full strength on parade, but it cannot, for purposes of close inspection, equal that of No. 1 Company, which distinctly shows the kind of men composing the regiment. Prior to the year 1877 this regiment was known as the Royal Monmouth Light Infantry, and a very smart one it was, but in that year the change was made, probably with a view to strengthening the defences of the Severn. It is well that such good men enlist in the Engineer Militia.



THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL MONMOUTHSHIRE.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. THE CORPS ON PARADE. Copyright.

Army Printers in the Field.

FOR a good many years past there has been plenty of practical printing done in the Army, numbers of regiments having a well-equipped printing office entirely worked by their own men, and in some cases capable of turning out most creditable results. But the travelling printing waggons shown in the accompanying illustration, and used with the headquarters of the two armies and umpire staff in the recent manœuvres, are a new and very interesting development.

There is a quantity of printing required in connection with large manœuvres, such as special ideas, Army orders, and orders for the movement of supply columns, and these waggons, manned by non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, appear to have admirably fulfilled all requirements.

The waggons are kept fully equipped and ready for immediate use. Each is fitted with a printing press and an assortment of the kinds of type in general use, with all the needful accessories. The waggons are very compact, and weigh about 36-cwt. Two printers can work in them at the same time, one setting up type, the other at the press, or both at the type case. There are extra legs for the press and inking-slab, which allow the latter to be removed from the waggon, and, in the case of a stationary camp, erected in a more spacious shed or tent. A store of candles is carried, to permit of night-work, and an average speed of 300 impressions per hour can be attained. Altogether a thoroughly neat and progressive apparatus, well worthy of the reputation which the Royal Engineers enjoy for successfully adapting, wherever possible, the arts and sciences of the outside civilian world to the purposes of war.



Photo. H. Phillips. Copyright.

TRAVELLING PRINTING WAGGONS AND PRINTERS.

The Sherwood Foresters.

AFTER being at a station for a year or two, a regiment is, in most cases, loathe to bid adieu to it and set out *en route* for new quarters.

Here it is our pleasant task to enlarge on the departure of a battalion second to none in popularity.

When the 1st Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment—otherwise known as the Sherwood Foresters—left the Curragh Camp, in Ireland, for Malta, they carried with them the good wishes of all with whom they had been brought in contact during their stay.

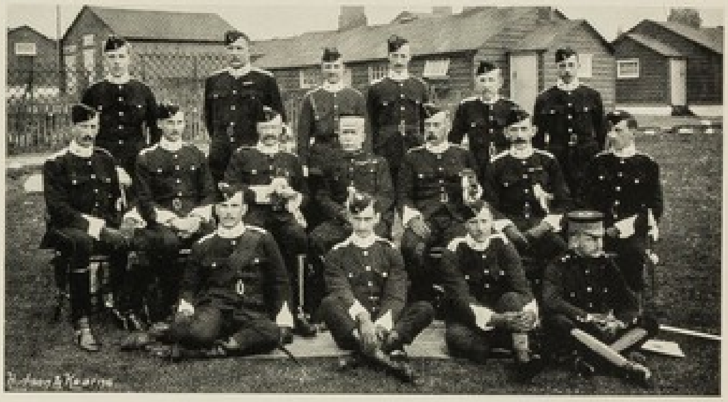
Not only had their behaviour won the admiration of their civilian friends, but their reputation as a "shooting" regiment had made them popular with other regiments in camp.

At the All-Ireland Rifle Meeting the Foresters rendered a good account of themselves; they have won the Evelyn Wood Competition, as well as the Curragh Challenge Trophy; and for the Queen's Cup, presented by Her Majesty in the Jubilee year, they tied with the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.

In one of the accompanying illustrations is shown a group of the officers, with Major-General Bryce-Combe, C.B., the General Commanding at the Curragh, in the centre. On his right is Major Bulpett, at one time on the staff of the School of Musketry, and himself a noted shot.

Another picture illustrates the entraining of the battalion at the Curragh. At this scene the General was present to wish good-bye to the troops, and compliment them on their conduct and smartness when under his command.

There were present also many others who came unofficially to bid adieu to the regiment on its leaving for the Mediterranean. The strength of the battalion on departure was 15 officers, 567 non-commissioned officers and men, 38 women, and 72 children.



OFFICERS, SHERWOOD FORESTERS.



Photos. P. Charleton & Son. Copyright.

ENTRAINING AT THE CURRAGH.

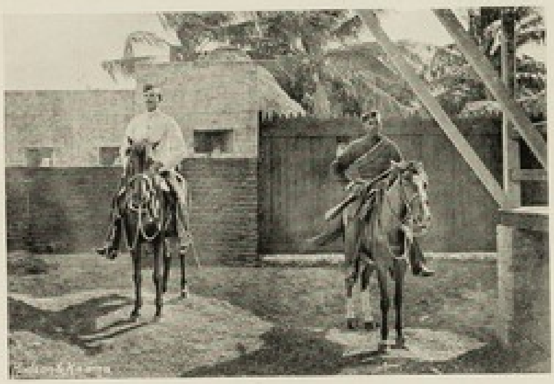


Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

OFF TO MALTA.

The Defences of British Honduras.

BRITISH Honduras is a Crown Colony in Central America on the Caribbean Sea, bounded on the north by Yucatan, on the west by a straight line drawn from the rapids of Gracias a Dios, on the River Sarstoon, to Garbutt's Falls, on

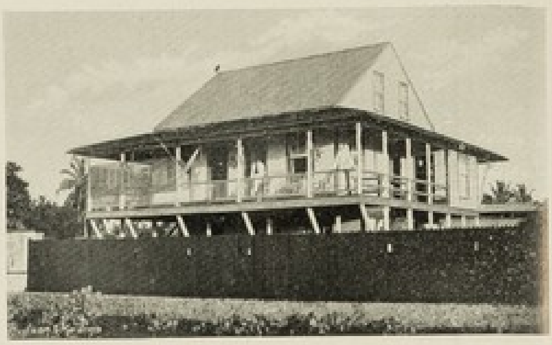


AN OFFICER AND TROOPER, B.H.C., FORT BARLEE.

the River Belize, and thence due north to the Mexican frontier, on the south by Guatemala, and on the east by the Bay of Honduras. The area of the colony is 7,562 square miles; that is to say, it is about the size of Wales. It is estimated that about ninety square miles only are under cultivation.

The population numbers, according to the last census, about 31,000, of whom something like 500 are Europeans.

Like other colonies, British Honduras provides its own defensive force. This force, which is called the British Honduras Constabulary (Frontier Force), is rendered necessary for the protection of the Northern Frontier by the not infrequent raids of the Santa Cruz and Icaiché Indians who inhabit the southern portion of Yucatan. The Constabulary is the only force in the colony, except a civil police force, whose duties are of an entirely civil nature and are confined to Belize. The Constabulary is composed of mounted infantry and artillery. The force garrisons Forts Barlee, Corosal, Cairns, and Orange Walk, the first-named being its headquarters. In addition to these it has a defen-



OUTSIDE FORT BARLEE, COROSAL, B.H.

sible blockhouse and some seven outposts on the Frontier river, Rio Hondo. The force is armed with carbines, swords, and revolvers, and it has a Howitzer battery of four guns and one Maxim. The men, who are, of course, blacks, remind one in appearance of the West Indian regiment. The accompanying illustrations give a good idea of this very serviceable force.

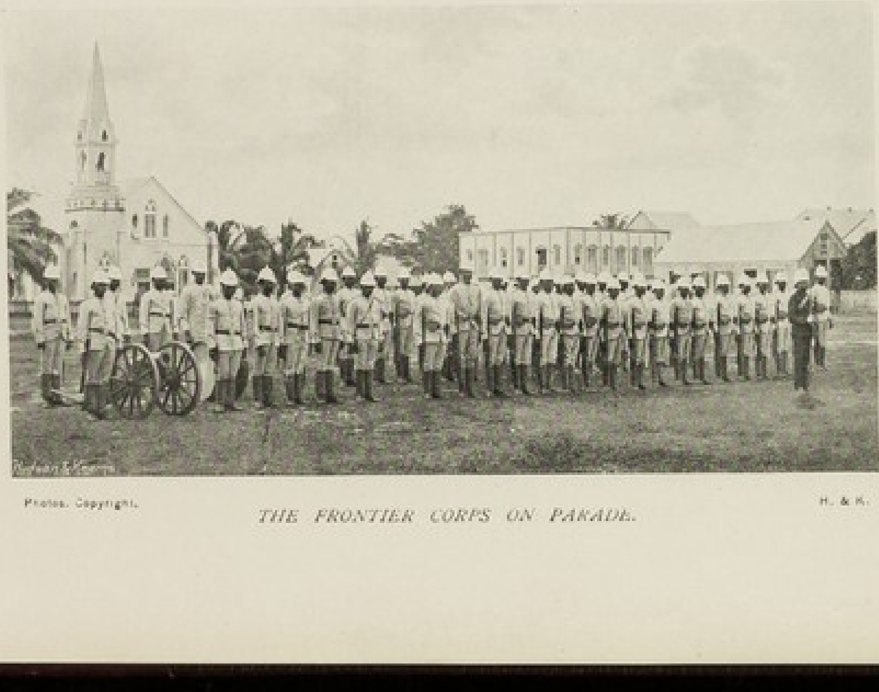
One illustration shows officers and men in various forms of winter kit. Another shows an officer and trooper mounted



A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF THE B.H.C. AT FORT CAIRNS.

on the wiry little horses that are common to the country, and it must be confessed that they present a very smart appearance. In a third illustration we see the garrison of Fort Barlee paraded on the Queen's Birthday. The officers at that fort, as may be seen from the illustration, are housed in a pretty wooden bungalow. The Constabulary is commanded by Inspector Commandant A. B. R. Kaye, and he is assisted by Inspector G. C. Bayly, Sub-Inspectors G. Luscombe and J. H. Davidson-Houston, and Sergeant-Major D. Patterson, and under them the Frontier Force has become a strongly efficient and smart corps.

British Honduras is governed as a Crown Colony. The Governor is Sir Cornelius Alfred Moloney, K.C.M.G., who is an old soldier. The Executive Council consists of the Colonial Secretary, the Treasurer, the Attorney-General, and the Inspector General of the Constabulary, together with three unofficial members appointed by the Crown.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE FRONTIER CORPS ON PARADE.



NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

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IN connection with the large illustration of the German Emperor on our front page, it may be pointed out that, according to the official programme, the German Emperor and Empress, attended by a suite of 104 persons, are to enter Jerusalem on horseback to-day, the 29th inst., and to encamp on German ground. Fifteen hundred pack mules and horses, and several hundreds of carriage and saddle horses, convey the camp from place to place. A personal escort, selected from among the finest men in the German Army, constantly surround the Imperial visitors. Representatives of all Protestant Europe, high German Army and Navy officials, Lutheran pastors, Knights of St. John, Turkish officials, with a Turkish cavalry regiment, witness the dedication of the new German church on the 31st inst.

* * * *

THE site of the Church of the Redeemer, which the German Emperor is now on his way to Jerusalem to dedicate, recalls many historical recollections; on this very ground the Emperor's ancestor, Charlemagne, long ages ago erected a hospice for pilgrims, which was destroyed by Hakem in 1010, to be rebuilt by the merchants of Amalfi in 1063, who founded a small brotherhood of hospitallers, the first Knights of St. John. The Crusaders conquered Jerusalem from the Turks, but in 1187 Saladin obtained possession of Jerusalem. The Knights of St. John then established themselves in Malta; the descendants of these knights now dwell near Jerusalem, and are Roman Catholics. The Protestant representatives obtained rich landed property and dwelt in Prussia until the Napoleonic wars, when the Prussian Government compelled them to give up their lands. The Order was restored by Frederick the Great.

* * * *

IT is a trite saying that there is nothing new under the sun, and many of our current Naval controversies are no exception to this rule. Take, for instance, the discussion concerning big ships *versus* small ones, and read the acute arguments brought to bear on the subject in Sir Walter Raleigh's "Discourse on the Royal Navy and Sea Service," which was, perhaps, the first attempt to deal with questions affecting the efficiency of the English Navy that had ever been published. The discourse was published in 1650, and in it we read:—"We find by experience that the greatest ships are lesse serviceable, goe very deep to water, and of marvellous charge and feareful cumber, our channells decaying every yeare. Besides, they are lesse nimble, lesse maineable, and very seldom imployed. *Grande navio, grande fatica*, saith the Spaniard; a ship of 600 tons will carry as good ordnance as a ship of 1,200 tons; and though the greater have double the number, the lesser will turn her broadside twice before the greater can wend once; and so no advantage in that overplus of ordnance. And in the building of all ships, these six things are principally required:—(1) That she be strong built. (2) That she be swift. (3) That she be stout-sided. (4) That she carry out her guns all weather. (5) That she hull and try well, which we call a good sea ship. (6) That she stay well when bourding and turning on a wind is required."

* * * *

THE recent appointment of Commander Sir Graham Bower, K.C.M.G., to be Colonial Secretary to the Mauritius recalls the fact that while his father, the late Admiral J. P. Bower, was serving as a mate in the "Isis" at the Mauritius, he became involved, as a second, in a duel which had a disastrous ending, a mate named Arthur being killed by his opponent, Tatham, as the outcome of a quarrel arising out of skylarking in the midshipmen's berth. The surviving principal and his second were punished by having their promotion withheld for several years, and by way of compensation Sir Graeme Hamond, the commander-in-chief, gave Bower an acting appointment in command of the "Wizard," a 10-gun brig. On going on board he found the ship's company somewhat excited, the reason assigned being that it was the anniversary of the siege of Bilbao, which they always celebrated. After sunset the neighbouring ships were astonished to hear from the brig the sound of the cable being repeatedly veered to the clinch and succeeded by the pipe of the fife as the cable was hove in again. This went on for some considerable time, until at length Bower turned the hands up, and, after reading his commission by the light of a lanthorn, pleasantly assured his crew that so long as he held the command the celebration of the siege of Bilbao would be carried on in the fashion he had thus inaugurated.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks me some questions regarding foreign guns and projectiles. As our unit of lineal measure is the inch, whilst abroad it is the centimetre, the calibre of our guns but rarely coincides exactly with that of foreign weapons. Our new 12-in. gun is the one that nearest approaches, being practically identical in bore with the French and German 30·5-cm. (12·01-in.). Our gun throws a projectile of 850-lb., the German of 725-lb., the French of 644-lb. Our old-type 12-in. guns take a projectile of 714-lb. Our 6-in. quick-firer throws a projectile of 100-lb., the French and German 16-cm. (6·4-in.) of 99-lb. and 110-lb. respectively. All armour-piercing projectiles are made of chilled steel, hardened by various processes. Until lately we used what is known as the Holtzer, the same patent as in use abroad, but of late great progress in the manufacture of armour-piercing projectiles has been made in this country, and Sheffield can now turn out projectiles fully equal to those constructed under any foreign patent.

* * * *

PERHAPS the most terrible storm on record, certainly the one that caused most damage to the Fleet, was that which sprung up on the night of November 26, 1703, during which no less than thirteen men-of-war were lost in the Downs and on various parts of the coast, carrying with them upwards of 1,500 seamen. The death-roll included Rear-Admiral Beaumont, who perished with his flag-ship, the "Mary," and 269 officers and men, on the Goodwins. Another admiral, the celebrated Sir Cloudesley Shovell, had a very narrow escape from being wrecked on the Galloper, from which he only escaped by sacrificing his mainmast; his second in command was driven over to Gothenburg, and thence to Copenhagen, whence he could not return until the following year, while several others of his fleet were driven over to Holland. The damage done in London was computed at more than £1,000,000, and in Bristol at £150,000. The force of the gale may be estimated by the fact that the Eddystone Lighthouse was entirely destroyed. A solemn national fast was proclaimed, and an Order in Council promulgated granting similar allowance to the widows and families of those who had perished as if they had fallen in action, while the House of Commons impressed upon Her Majesty the necessity of replacing the wrecked ships at as early a date as possible, such a recommendation being coupled with a guarantee that they would provide the necessary funds.

* * * *

A FOOT Guardsman wants to know whether it would be possible for him to obtain a transfer to a cavalry regiment. Under ordinary circumstances—and there is nothing in our correspondent's letter to indicate that his is a special case—this would be out of the question. The rules as to transfers are given in Section XIX. of the Queen's Regulations, and, while under certain conditions transfers, more particularly of recruits who have not been finally approved, are permitted from the cavalry and infantry to the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Foot Guards, the authorities are evidently disinclined to entertain applications for transfer from any corps to cavalry, except as purely "special cases" requiring the sanction of the Adjutant-General. The one instance in which a man without exceptional influence could accomplish such a transfer would be the well-known case of brothers wishing to serve together, both units in which they are serving being in the same country. Here the elder brother can "claim" that the younger brother shall be transferred to his own corps, and if the officer commanding the unit in which the younger brother is serving objects to the transfer, the general officer commanding may, if he thinks the objection valid, consider the advisability of transferring the elder brother to serve with the younger.

* * * *

A PARAGRAPH which appeared some time back on the landing of Princess Charlotte having attracted the notice of one of my military correspondents, he sends me the following interesting extract from the Company Order Book, Lancashire Regiment of Militia, now the 3rd and 4th the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment.

"Regimental Orders. Warley Camp, Septr. ye 6th, 1761.

"Captain Plumbe will parade his company at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and march to Brentwood to form ye Guard of Honour, and receive ye Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz on her journey to London.

"By order of Colonel Lord Strange,

"(Sig.) Capn. Alexr. Young, Adjt."

"Warley Camp, Septr. ye 8th, 1761.

"Ye Regiment will parade to-morrow morning at 10.30 a.m., and at noon (12 o'clock) on its ground at ye outer lines will fire three vollies in commemoration of His Most Gracious Majesty's happy marriage, yesterday afternoon, to Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, now Queen of Great Britain. Colonel Lord Strange requests all officers will appear on parade in full dress and boots.

"(Sig.) Capn. Alexr. Young, Adjt."

On October 15 following the King and Queen visited Warley Camp, and the former presented new colours to the regiment, and on the 23rd of the same month His Majesty commanded that for the future the regiment was to be termed "His Majesty's Royal Regiment of Lancaster Militia."

* * * *

IN our issue of October 8 the illustration of Lord Roberts, which appeared as a frontispiece, was reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin, from whom copies can be obtained. I must again request in this connection that persons submitting photographs which they have purchased or otherwise obtained will distinctly state whether they are owners of the copyright or have permission in writing from the owners to submit the photographs for reproduction. The photographs which appeared in the number for October 1 accompanying an article entitled "At Sea with the German Fleet," were, unless otherwise credited, taken by Arthur Renard, of Kiel. In the illustration on page 117 published last week, and entitled "Some Leaders in the Famous Charge at Omdurman," the officers given, counting from left to right of the illustration, are Captain D. Bowly, Lieutenant A. M. Pirie, Captain P. A. Kenna, and Lieutenant Hon. R. H. L. J. de Montmorency. Captain Kenna is mentioned as a probable recipient of the Victoria Cross for the part he played in the gallant rescue of Lieutenant Grenfell's body in the battle of Omdurman. My correspondent, who asks for information as to the historical relations between the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, will find much information in the "British Fleet," published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, whose birth and history have been described in the preceding chapters, is supposed to be engaged to Sir Geoffrey Barry, a captain in the Navy, while, meanwhile, Beau Bufton has made arrangements to marry her surreptitiously at Keith's chapel in May Fair, to which ceremony the narrative has now arrived. Bufton has, as his friend and "jackal," one Lewis Granger, a man who, as may be imagined from his behaviour in the opening chapters, has some very strong feelings of resentment against his employer.

CHAPTER VII. *(continued.)*

"THAT is well; the class of marriages which I, on behalf of my suffering and injured employer, alone perform. Very well; because, once I have done my office, you are united until death you do part. You have sworn to me that your name is Algernon Bufton, and the lady's Ariadne Thorne; and though your name may be truly John Nokes, and hers Joan Stokes, as Algernon Bufton and Ariadne Thorne you will be united, and united you will have to remain. I, too, can swear oaths when necessary. Now, fail not to be here at your time to-morrow. I have another union to make at half after ten, also another at half after eleven. Fail not."

After which lengthy and iterative oration, the deputy parson of the May Fair Chapel edged the Beau out of the vestry wherein their conversation had taken place, and wherein also the former had pouched his five guineas, he being cautious to be always paid beforehand.

Beau Bufton did take care to be there in time, while, also, to make assurance double sure, he arrived with his bride, she and Mrs. Pottle having been fetched by him from the corner of a street hard by the end of Cowley Street. The girl was very nervous, as he could see plainly, as well as recognise by the manner in which her hand trembled on his arm; also, she was white, and with no bloom of natural colour on her cheeks, although Mrs. Pottle had, in its place, carefully applied the contents of the rouge pot to them that morning. Otherwise she was all that became a bride who did not wish to proclaim her position too distinctly. For the flowered brocade (which the Beau's eyes, astute in everything pertaining to clothes and gauds, noticed was not quite new and fresh, but had indeed been a little worn) was suitable enough to a young lady going out for a day's jaunt; the great Rembrandt-like hat matched it well enough, and the fringed gloves, which were brand-new, gave a pleasing set-off to the remainder of her apparel.

Behind the happy pair, as now they descended from the hackney coach and entered the chapel, came Lewis Granger, he having on his arm Mrs. Pottle, and testifying by his countenance that he scarcely appreciated the honour of being that lady's escort. Yet he had arranged everything as became the jackal of the lion; he had sworn deeply, and with many vows, to assist in bringing this marriage to a successful issue; even the indignity of Mrs. Pottle's company could not daunt him nor turn him from his resolution. The companionship of this stern and determined-looking woman at his side must be borne with for the next quarter of an hour. Yet still he cast a glance of dismay, almost of shame, at two or three of the Beau's over-night guests who were already assembled and looked brave enough in their scarlet coats, as they all passed up with Mrs. Pottle to the spot where Keith's deputy was ready to perform the ceremony.

This deputy, Peter Symson by name, licensed by the Bishop of Salisbury as priest, seemed by his appearance to verify that which Bufton had said over-night with regard to his habits. His face was extremely red, and the critical might have opined that it had neither been washed nor shaved this morning; his voice was hoarse and indistinct as he mumbled hastily the words of the irrevocable ceremony, as though anxious to get all concluded as soon as possible. In actual truth, he never performed the marriage ceremony without great fear that, at some moment of it, the myrmidons of Henry Fielding's successor at Bow Street might rush in on him and serve him with a warrant charging him with illegal practices.

Proudly, with a self-satisfied air—the air of one who has fought and conquered and is now reaping the spoils of victory—Beau Bufton went through with his marriage, that smile, which Granger thought so hateful, on his lips, while he uttered his responses clearly and audibly to all—as who would not do who was wedding a hundred thousand guineas! Also, his bride seemed to take courage as the end drew near, and ceased to shiver and shake as she had done at the commencement. She looked, too, more than once with a self-satisfied glance at the three boon companions who were by the door, as well as at Mrs. Pottle, and—once!—she looked at Granger.

"Sign the book!" exclaimed Symson now, as he closed his own, from which he had been reading in a gabbling, hurried manner. "Sign the book. Isaac, pass over the register to those whom the Lord hath joined together. There is no further fee, yet generous bridegrooms may still offer the minister a gift if they are so disposed. The clerk, too, would accept of something if it were tendered."

But Beau Bufton was deaf to these suggestions. He had paid his five guineas yesterday, the remnants of the small stock of money left to him; he was not going to squander any of that new fortune which he had now secured. Wherefore, having signed his own name, and indicated with his finger the spot at which his wife should also sign hers, he turned a deaf ear to the reverend gentleman's suggestions, while, also, he turned on Granger a look of triumph—the proud glance of a successful man.

Then, as he did so, and as still the newly-made wife bent over the greasy register, he heard a voice: it was that of the friend whose absence he had noticed regretfully as he entered the chapel; the voice of Lord John Dallas, saying:

"Ariadne Thorne! Ariadne Thorne! That Ariadne Thorne! My God!" While at the same time Bufton saw that the new comer—the man who had but just arrived upon the scene—was making his way to where he and his wife stood; saw, too, a strange look upon his face.

"Mrs. Algernon Bufton now," he said, regarding the young man with surprise; "Ariadne Thorne a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ariadne Thorne! never!" Lord John exclaimed, and, to the Beau's horror, he saw a glance of recognition pass between him and the woman at his side, who, to his further astonishment, now trembled no more, but, instead, stood erect, with a look of defiance on her face. "Never Ariadne Thorne. I knew it. Knew it. She loves Geoffrey Barry too well! Ariadne Thorne," he repeated. "Nay! Anne Tremlett, the actress—the singer at booths—the stroller. God! what have you done?"

"Tremlett! Ah!" and Bufton gasped. "Tremlett."

White as a ghost now; himself shaking, as the woman he had married had shaken before; his face terrible to behold, Bufton turned round, observing, as he did so, that all eyes were on him, while, pushing his wife on one side, he glared at the name she had inscribed in the register. Yet, it was

not Tremlett—a name of hideous memories to him—but, instead, "Anne Pottle."

"What does it mean?" he cried, hoarsely, his voice changed so as to be utterly unrecognisable. "Speak! Say, wanton! Speak, I say, or I will kill you!" he continued, almost in a shriek.

"Be still," cried Granger, clasping his arm, "be still; this is a church."

"I will know all. Speak, I say, or——" and he made as though he would tear the woman to pieces who stood by his side. "Speak, damn you!"

"Begone from out this house!" cried Symson now. "Though not a duly consecrated edifice, it shall not be polluted by you. Begone, I say!"

"I will not go," the wretched man snarled, "till I have an explanation of why I have been trapped, hoodwinked like this. I will know, or——" and he made a snatch at the register as though to tear out the leaf which recorded his marriage with Anne Pottle. An attempt frustrated by Symson, who, big and brawny, thrust himself between it and the duped Beau.

"Let us do as he bids, let us go," his wife said now, her voice calm, and with upon her face a look of hatred intense. Yet she did not go, but, standing by her mother's side, said, while all who were present listened open-mouthed—even the curiosity of the Rev. Peter Symson being aroused:

"Let me speak now. My sister and I—she was nigh blind—came to London three years ago, I to earn a living by my voice, she to be dependent on me, since mother here could not ask Miss Ariadne to keep us all, though God knows she would have done so willingly; and this snake—this thing whom I have married for retaliation—he—well, he deceived her, ruined her—so—that—she slew herself. Oh, God! my sister—my dead sister—my little helpless sister!

"It was under the name of Tremlett, my mother's maiden name," she went on, recovering somewhat from her emotion, "that I earned my living by singing at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and, to save trouble and explanation, she too went by that name; and he, meeting her at the latter place, where he ever waited for me, persuaded her to evil—ruined her, cursed her life, caused her to kill herself." And now the newly-made wife wept. Then, suddenly, again recovering herself, she cried:

"Do you think, all you who are here, that when I met him by chance at Tunbridge at a masquerade, and learnt that he meditated villainy of another kind, to another woman whom I loved dearly, to that Ariadne Thorne for whom he took me, I would spare him? Never! She was there too, at Tunbridge, though not at the masquerade, and she lent me clothes, fallals, laces, even a fan, to go and make merry myself. Ah!" she cried, "I am avenged! Avenged! This betrayer of innocent woman, this fortune hunter, is fooled to the top of his bent——Till death do us part!" she exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, breaking off, "Till death do us part!"

"This is no marriage," Beau Bufton said now, addressing Symson, "no marriage. You know that!"

"I know that it will give you much trouble to break it," that reverend gentleman said, with a leer of contempt. "I tie them tight. You were warned yesterday that false names would not save you. Also, since she openly avows her name is Anne Pottle, in the name of Anne Pottle you are wed. Now, I require you to be gone. Observe, there is another ceremony to be performed."



"Speak! or I will kill you!"

And as he spoke he pointed to the door, through which a second wedding party was entering.

"I renounce her!" Bufton cried now, "renounce her for ever. It is a trick played by a wanton!" he cried. "A trick that shall never succeed. You shall be laid by the heels in Newgate—you—you—you hedge priest——Great God!" he almost screamed, breaking off, "what brings you here too?" And in his rage he made an attempt to draw his sword.

For, behind that other small party which had entered the chapel, he saw the form of a man which he remembered well—had good cause to remember well—the form of Sir Geoffrey Barry, with, leaning upon his arm, a young and beautiful woman.

"I am here," he said, "to present you to a lady whom I wish you to know. Pardon me," he continued, addressing the incoming wedding party which he had followed, "if I delay your ceremony for a short moment. But I am desirous of introducing this newly-made happy man to my future wife—Miss Ariadne Thorne."

CHAPTER VIII.

Forebodings.

If ever a marriage was performed amidst extraordinary surroundings, it was that second marriage which Symson was now conducting, or rather the third that morning, since already a happy couple had been united before Beau Bufton and Anne Pottle had been joined together. A marriage this (between an actual heiress in a small way and an officer of Rich's Dragoons) hurried through by Symson after he had muttered, "Nigh mid-day, nigh mid-day, quick! or there will be no ceremony," while, from without, and from the neighbourhood of the porch, there came cries and jeers—these from some idlers who had gathered outside—the hoarse voice of Bufton hurling imprecations, and the deeper one of Lewis Granger bidding him hold his peace. Also, once, a shriek—from Ariadne.

For, as Geoffrey Barry, with contempt in his cold voice, and contempt, too, upon his handsome features, had calmly presented the Beau to the real Ariadne Thorne, the other had become almost beside himself—had, indeed, exhibited so awful a picture of a man transformed by rage and despair as to appal all those who looked upon him, various as their characters and experiences of life were.

"You!" he cried. "You!" addressing Sir Geoffrey, his features distorted, his lower jaw working horribly above that monstrous chin. "You in it, too! You beggarly sailor! You! You!" Then, before any could suspect to what length his fury would carry him, he had wrenched the dress sword he carried by his side from out its sheath, and would have made a pass at the other—did, indeed, half do so. But, swift as lightning, that pass was thwarted—by two people! By his newly-made wife, who seized his arm even as he would have plunged the blade into Sir Geoffrey's breast, she being aided by Lewis Granger, who, with his hat, which he still carried in his hand, although they were by now outside the church, struck it up—knocked it, indeed, from out his hand, so that it fell clattering on the stones at his feet.

"Madman! Fool!" Granger whispered in his ear, "do you wish to finish your morning's work with murder? To end your days at Tyburn?" Then, turning to one of the friends

of over-night, he said: "For God's sake help me to get him into the coach. He is mad."

Somehow it was done; somehow the deluded rogue was pushed and hustled into the carriage which had brought him in triumph from the spot where he had met Mrs. Pottle and Anne, and, half-delirious with rage, Bufton was borne away. Yet not before he had shrieked such awful objurgations, such curses and blasphemies on the heads of all around him, including Ariadne and her lover, combined with such terrible threats of vengeance, that more than one of the women present stopped their ears.

"Now," said Geoffrey, "now, let us begone, too. Come, Ariadne, I will take you home."

Then he turned to Mrs. Pottle and Anne—who stood close by her mother's side—and bade them also return to the house in Westminster.

"Yet, my poor girl," he said to the latter, "I fear it is but coals of fire you have heaped on your own head. Your revenge for your sister's wrongs has been terrible, nay, supreme; but at what a price to you. What a price! You have closed the door against your own happiness for ever."

"I care not," Anne said. "Care not at all. When her body—poor little Kate's body—was taken from out the river—oh, mother! you remember—I swore that if ever the chance came I would avenge her. Ah! Sir Geoffrey, Sir Geoffrey, if you had known how she besought him to fulfil his promise—to marry her—to make her an honest woman—then—you would not——"

"I am not surprised," Geoffrey Barry answered, "knowing all, as I do now, from Miss Thorne. Yet, I fear you have paid too dearly for it."

"She would do it, Sir Jaffray," Mrs. Pottle moaned between her sobs. "She would do it, though I told her there was no call. Oh! why, why should that monster have had two of my daughters for his victims? One of whom he undone and drove to her death, the other who can never be no honest man's wife now."

"At least," said Ariadne, "you know, Rebecca, that never will she want for aught. You know that, and you, too, Anne. Now, let us hasten to Cowley Street and away from this horrid place."

Perhaps it need scarce be set down here that, over-night, when that meeting between Ariadne and her lover had taken place, all had been explained and made clear to him. Indeed the girl had more than once, during the passage of that fortnight since he had parted with her at Fanshawe Manor, resolved to write to him telling everything, only on each occasion her pride had stepped in. "For," she had whispered to herself, again and again, "if he loves me as he has said so oft, then surely he cannot doubt. He was enraged at the time, deeming, in truth, that that horrid fop and knave could have come in search of none but me. But, surely, reflection would convince him it was not so. Surely—surely." And then, still stirred by womanly pride, she determined that she would put the depth of his love to the test. She would summon him to her side, and, if he came, would tell him all. Also she was impelled to send that summons without delay, when there reached her ears the terrible rumour that his frigate was to proceed to join the squadron of Admiral Boscawen.

Then he had come, and she had told him all, with the result which has been described.

"And so," he said now, as they sat in the parlour wherein she had yesterday listened so eagerly and with beating heart for that coming, "I should not have been sent for, only it was thought I might be off and away to the West Indies. That is it, eh?" and, from where they sat side by side on the great couch, he stroked her hair.

"No," she answered, softly, "you would have been sent for anyhow, only perhaps that news hastened the despatch of my message," and she looked fondly at him. "You doubted me, sir," she continued, "you know you did, and you had to be punished."

"What could I think? I heard you say those fateful words to Mrs. Pottle: 'Then he has seen him.'" And, he added, "But, still, after what we have witnessed this morning, I wish it had not been. I wish that you had not let it happen."

"Oh, Geoffrey!" she cried, "do not reproach me, do not be angry with me. Anne was so resolute, so determined. She loved that little sister whom he ruined and drove to her death; loved her fondly. I remember after it had happened last year, when the poor child drowned herself after he cast her off, that Anne was demented. Do you know, she meditated tracking him in the streets and pistolling him with her own hands, until I persuaded her to desist from such a crime?"

"Yet now," said Geoffrey, with unconscious humour, "she has married him."

"That thought came to her when she found out that he was at Tunbridge intent on pursuing me. His valet told her that his master was there to obtain the hand of Miss Thorne, the heiress, if possible—the man not knowing that she was in attendance on me—and that decided her. She vows she would have done it even though he had not ruined her sister, as a punishment for his presumption in aspiring to me."

"Yet if he knew this poor girl from her waiting at Vauxhall and Ranelagh for Anne, how is it he should not know Anne herself?"

"It was not surprising. Anne always sang and danced arrayed in some fantastic costume, sometimes as Arlequina with a vizard, another time as a Turkish dancing girl, and, as often as not, as a shepherdess with white wig and patches. Also he persuaded the poor child, poor little Kate, to say nothing to her more worldly sister, nor to ever let them come into contact."

"It is a deadly vengeance, as deadly to her as to him. Yet, I vow, he at least deserves to suffer from it. But how could she ever think of, how devise, it?"

For a moment Ariadne paused; even now it seemed to him that there was something which she had not told. It seemed that she had not divulged all of the plot. Then she whispered, or almost whispered, "She had a helpmate, a confederate. A man——"

"A man!" Geoffrey exclaimed. "A man! Surely not young Lord John Dallas—he who arrived at the end of the marriage—when it was too late. He who exposed her?"

"Nay; instead, one whom he has deeply wronged; wronged almost as much as he wronged and ruined her sister. Whose life he blasted——"

"Ariadne! who is he?"

"The man who pretends to serve him as his creature, his hireling. He who stood by his side at the marriage; the man named Lewis Granger."

"Great God! what duplicity, what vengeance. How has he wronged any man so much that he should do this thing? Forgive me, Ariadne, I would not say aught to wound you, nor aught against your sex, but—but—such vengeance is a woman's, not a man's."

"Yet I do think the scheme was more his than hers. Oh, Geoffrey!" she cried, suddenly, "I am terrified; terrified at what has happened, and doubly terrified at what will, I fear, happen yet. Oh! why, why did I let it continue? Yet, Geoffrey, upon my honour as a woman, I did not know all; had I done so before we came to London, I would have striven to prevent it. But, now, I fear——"

"Fear what?"

"Something worse that remains behind. For she laughs—she laughed but now when we returned here after that terrible scene, and when she was upstairs with me—laughs and says that if she is truly tied to him by the laws, yet it will not be for long. She says, too, that Mr. Granger has not finished his business yet."

"What has this man, this Bufton, done to him then? Surely he had no sister to be betrayed also. What can it be?"

"That she does not know, or swears she does not. But that they have met before, that he helped her to plan this scheme, I feel assured. Oh! Geoffrey, how can we put an end to further mischief?"

"Pity 'tis that it was ever begun. And, though I say it not unkindly, that you ever countenanced it."

"Nay, nay!" Ariadne cried, "misjudge me not; I never knew what was doing until the last. You must believe that, Geoffrey, or—or—there is no happiness in store for us. I never heard that they had met at Tunbridge, and that he was deceived into thinking she was Ariadne Thorne. I never knew, until a quarter of an hour before you came on that night, that he had been in the lime tree avenue. Should not have known it then but by an accident."

"An accident!"

"Yes. I was awaiting you as ever, was wondering why you were late, when I saw—it was easy enough to distinguish in the glow of the sunset—a scarlet coat in the avenue. And then—then—Anne came in hurriedly a little later, with her cloak and hood on."

"The hood I saw lying there. The one I thought you had worn, and which made me doubly suspicious."

"The same. She removed it from her head while talking to me, and, laying it down, forgot it. I asked her who the man could be who was wearing that scarlet coat, and then she told me all, or, at least, almost all. But knowing you were coming, and wishing to tell her mother, who was heart and soul in this scheme of vengeance, she left me and left that hood behind."

"Thank Heaven!" Sir Geoffrey said, "that you knew so little; also that you had no part in the plot. Knave, vagabond as the fellow is, I should not have liked my Ariadne to have had part in hoodwinking him."

And the girl seeing, understanding by his words, that he believed her, was happy.

(To be continued.)

See the Conquering Hero Comes.

THE first of the many ovations that the hero of Khartoum will receive on his return to civilisation was that awarded him on his arrival at Cairo, an interesting photograph of which we reproduce in our present issue. The picture was taken outside the railway station, and shows the Sirdar and his staff riding between lines of the troops which he so magnificently handled, and whose superb discipline and valour contributed so largely to his success. On one side are the men of the 21st Lancers, that "unblooded" regiment of the British Army which won its first war honour and undying renown by the glorious charge at the battle of Omdurman. On the other are Egyptian cavalry, the men who, under Broadwood, did such excellent work in scouting and reconnaissance duty.

The men of this branch of the Egyptian Army are all fellaheen, and are recruited mainly from the Fayum oasis, some sixty miles to the south-west of Cairo. Soudanese make bad cavalrymen, for, though as plucky troops as there are in the world, it is impossible to drive into the mind of the average black the fact that a horse must be regularly fed and occasionally groomed.



DERVISHES TAKING A REST.



A DERVISH WIFE.

Our three other illustrations show some very interesting Dervish types, and give a good idea of the foe with whom for so many long years the Sirdar and the Egyptian Army have been contending. All illustrate the Taaishi section of the Baggara Arabs, the tribe with which the Khalifa has so ruthlessly ruled the Soudan since he seized power on the death of Mahomed Achmed, the Dongolawi, "the Mahdi." One represents a woman of the tribe, while the others show two men—in one seated, in the other mounted on camels and arrayed in full war panoply. In both the latter the distinctive Dervish uniform, the "jibbah," is well brought out.

This is a loose blouse shirt girded at the waist. It is made of white cloth, generally with blue, or occasionally blue and white striped, patches sewn on it in a more or less regular pattern; other coloured patches are sometimes used. Thanks, however, to the Sirdar and his troops, that uniform that has so long struck terror into the hearts of the dwellers in the Nile Valley will now no more be seen.



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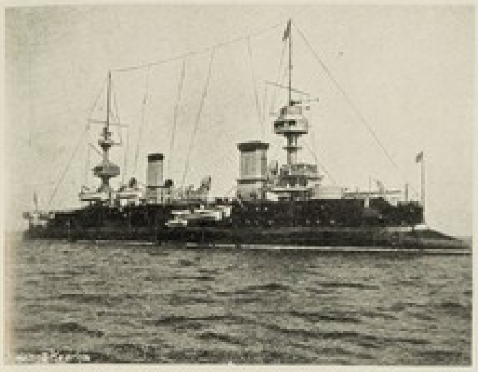
IN FULL WAR PANOPLY.



Photo. G. Lekegian & Co.

THE SIRDAR ENTERING CAIRO ON HIS RETURN FROM THE SOUDAN.

French Agitation and the French Navy.



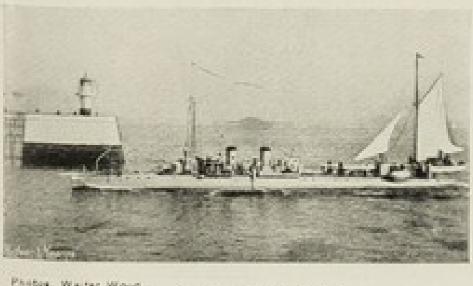
THE "MASSENA."



THE "CATINAT."



THE "SURCOUF."



Photos. Walter Wood.

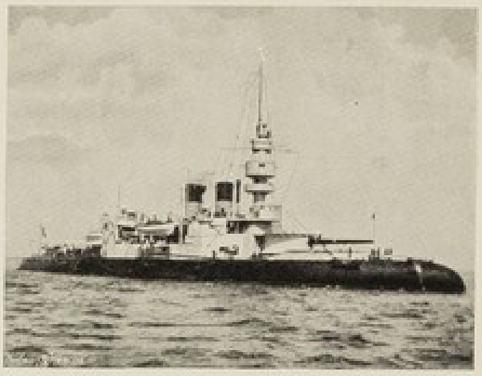
THE "AQUILON."

THE extreme gravity of the situation which has arisen between Great Britain and France is manifest to everybody, and the dangers are obvious. Those who remember the dark days of 1870 cannot ignore the fact that, where such conditions exist, a spark may suffice to kindle the flame. For Major Marchand as an intrepid explorer and an "emissary of civilisation" we have nothing but admiration; for the Government which bids him commit an "unfriendly act" we have no word but "withdraw." Thinking men on both sides of the Channel have necessarily taken account of the outlook. France has never fared well when she has been confronted with our sea strength, and in her present position of grievous inferiority, what has she to look for, as her far-seeing experts tell her, but a Naval Sedan? That she could inflict damage upon us is true, but of our ultimate triumph, and of the utter disaster that would await her, there can be no question whatever. Thus, that we are as "the strong man armed" is, perhaps, the first guarantee of peace.

For the officers and men of the French Navy we have nothing but kindly wishes. Look at those thirsty bluejackets—honest *mathurins* they call them—each ready for his supply. They are cheerful, hardy fellows on board, and well known in the cabarets of the Rue des Sept Saints or the Rue Saint-Yves in Brest, singing, in the words of Yann Nibor, the sailor-poet,

> "Chantons l'amour du beau pays
> Ou l'on trinque avec les amis."

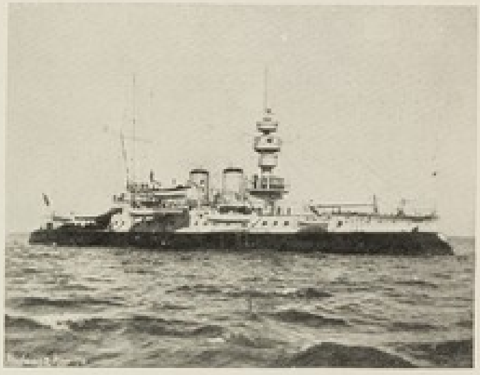
Then we see that Sunday afternoon has come, with its diversions, and that those who are not attracted by the dear



THE "VALMY."



THE "AMIRAL TREHOUART."



THE "BOUVINES."



THE "JEMMAPES."

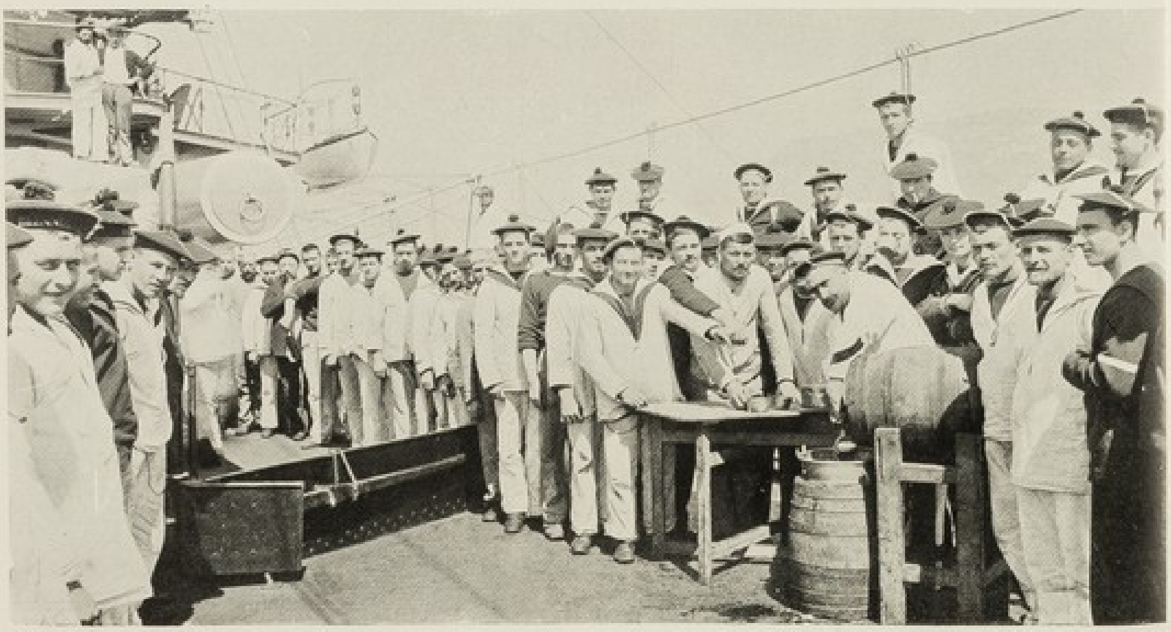


SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON BOARD A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR.

delights of *loto* or *raie* have given themselves up to the pleasures of the dance, as they will to the music of the accordion, the *biniou*, or the mandoline.

Grievous will be the pity if these good fellows, through the folly of intemperate politicians, are made food for our shot. Among the many steps that have aroused recent comment was the despatch of the "coast defence" armour-clads, "Valmy," "Bouvines," "Jemmapes," and "Amiral Tréhouart," from the Channel to the Mediterranean. They were scarcely arrived at Toulon when the rumour spread that they would be hastily re-commissioned in view of complications. Some said they were going to Bizerta, others to Brest again. They are sister ships, and will make a homogeneous force to be reckoned with. Their weakness is their small coal capacity, which will confine them within a short distance of their base. They all displace about 6,600 tons, are well protected, and carry a considerable armament—two 12-in. guns in the "Tréhouart" and "Bouvines," and two of 13·4-in. in the others, with about twenty small quick-firers and machine guns.

When these ships were withdrawn from the Channel, others replaced them, making the squadron there stronger than before. The "Masséna," flag-ship, which is illustrated, is a formidable vessel of 11,924 tons, very heavily protected, and carrying two 12-in. and two 10-in. guns, and sixteen medium and twenty-four small quick-firers. She steams at 17·5 knots, but has no great coal capacity. Her battle-ship companions in the squadron are the "Baudin," "Duperré," "Formidable," and "Redoutable," and the "Courbet" and "Dévastation" will join. There is but one armoured cruiser, the well-known "Dupuy de Lôme," accompanied by the second-class cruiser "Catinat" (4,065 tons), launched in 1896, and carrying twenty-four quick-firers, and the third-class cruiser "Surcouf" (2,044 tons), built ten years ago, and armed with 12 quick-firers. We illustrate these last two cruisers, both of which are credited with a speed of 19 or 20 knots. We also depict the "Aquilon," one of M. Normand's sea-going torpedo-boats, steaming at 26 knots, and launched in 1895. The "Lancier" and "Mangini" are also in the Channel, and there are a couple of "catchers." The whole array, however, is small compared with what we have at command.



Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

PATRONISING THE CANTEEN—A GLASS OF BEER.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 92.] *SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1898.*



Photo. G. Lekegian & Co. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. H. KITCHENER, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.,
TAKEN IN CAIRO ON HIS RETURN FROM FASHODA.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

Paris under Military Protection.

[From a Correspondent.]

THE Ministers so lately in power certainly had their hands full. The Fashoda question, which has been occupying the attention of both France and Great Britain, is, one would have thought, too all-absorbing to allow much consideration to be given to other matters. But M. Brisson and his Cabinet had not only had to tackle the Dreyfus case, which must have been to them a subject of even more moment than Fashoda, but they also had a serious labour trouble to meet. A large number of workmen in Paris have been out on strike. The assistance of troops to maintain order has been necessary. First a picket or two of the Garde Republicaine Horse and Foot were called out, and then by degrees the garrisons stationed near Paris sent detachments. Day by day the number of troops sent into Paris grew. At last the capital presented the appearance of a city occupied.



UNDER PROTECTION OF THE MILITARY.



INFANTRY IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.



A BIT OF GALLIC FUN.



CUIRASSIERS PATROLLING THE STREETS.



MILITARY CYCLIST BRINGING A REPORT.

There were soldiers to be seen everywhere. Hussars, Dragoons, Cuirassiers, and Linesmen were on duty in the streets assisting the police. Every building in the course of construction had its detachment of soldiers to guard it. It was a novel sight to the Parisian of to-day to see troops in possession of these works, and spending the day there. The soldiers seemed to enjoy the experience of cooking their dinners in the streets of Paris. Fortunately there has been no real conflict with the strikers, though arrests have been made repeatedly. The troops were more than once severely tried, but their self-control was admirable, and so, too, be it said in justice, was that of the strikers, for they must also have had their patience tested, for neither the military nor the police in Paris are accustomed to treat crowds with the same forbearance that is shown in this country. But it must not be supposed that the troops have had an easy time. Far from it. Even a single workman engaged on street repairs or on a job underground was comfortably looked after by a sentry close by. The pair often presented a humorous aspect, as, for instance, when a very youthful and slim soldier was told off to look after a big, burly workman.

It has been interesting to watch these troops. They are so unlike the old French Army of 1870, with its bewildering variety of uniforms, its fanfares of trumpets, its rattle of drums, its swagger and its *chic.* Silent, serious, popular, good-natured, and unassuming, the Army of to-day lives and moves with the people. It wears a coarse and very inexpensive uniform, and gives itself no airs—in spite of the arrogant tone lately adopted by officers in high places towards the law. The universal conscription, with very few exceptions, now draws into its net every man at all capable of bearing arms, and so every day one may see little scenes which, to an English observer, may seem incongruous. In one of the illustrations you see a "striker" fraternising with the soldiers. Admirable as it is that the Army should be loved by the people, there is, of course, a risk that the soldiers who are called out to repress some popular disturbance may sympathise with the mob. But that danger is greatly modified by the republican equality of the Army. No one travelling in France can help noticing this feature of the French Army. At a restaurant one may see seated at table d'hôte among the other guests some privates, well-behaved, and not seeming at all out of place in spite of their coarse uniform. The explanation is, of course, that in a country where conscription prevails the soldier is not drawn entirely from one class.

It is interesting to note that a change is about to be made in the uniform of the French Linesman. At present he is a little behind the time in this matter. On field service he wears the traditional blue-grey overcoat with the skirts



Photos. A. V. Oders. Copyright.

BROTHERS-IN-ARMS.

buttoned back, with the well-known red trousers, which are worn turned up at the bottom over black shoes and gaiters. His headdress is the national *képi*, which is to give way to a helmet. He is armed with the "Lebel" repeating rifle, in which nine cartridges (carried in a cylindrical chamber in the stock of the rifle) can be discharged in succession without reloading. He also carries a long sword-bayonet. His kit is at present carried in a knapsack, round which a blanket and portions of a shelter-tent are strapped, the whole being surmounted by a camp kettle. Two pouches carry his ammunition, one in front and the other at the back. A flask and drinking-cup hang at the right and a canvas haversack at the left. This cumbersome and old-fashioned arrangement is to give way to the neat valise equipment.



INFANTRYMEN ON GUARD.

The illustrations I send should give an excellent idea of the scenes lately to be witnessed in Paris. Not only do they show the different uniforms of the troops employed—the Cuirassier with his picturesque long horse plume, the Dragoon with his wide trousers, and the more familiar Linesman—but you also get a peep at them on duty. In one illustration are seen infantry guarding part of the vast area which has been laid waste in order that the buildings for the exhibition of 1900 may be erected there. Another shows a military cyclist bringing in a report to a non-commissioned officer of the Cuirassiers.

Scarcely had the troops time to get back to their accustomed quarters before their services were again called into requisition. The fall of the Ministry and the behaviour of the crowds excited by the violent harangues of the anti-Semites were the occasion of the Place de la Concorde being twice cleared by troops, the Cuirassiers having to do this work. The crowds were easily dispersed from the Place, which was then occupied by the troops, while the crowds swarmed into the adjoining streets. But these displays of military force against the mob are very different from the conflicts of the old days of the Commune. Now there are no barricades in the streets, and no bloodshed. France may well be proud of her Army, which is not only its bulwark against foreign aggression, but is, besides, the great school of the nation, wherein all ranks and classes are mingled, where its youth acquire military virtues, and where the poorest classes are for three years of their lives well fed, clothed, and housed, and compelled to lead a clean, decent, and orderly existence. It is a great achievement for France to have reorganised the Army so thoroughly, after the great war with Germany, which left her prostrate. The peace strength of the Army is about 600,000 men. The number of men liable to military service is, in round numbers, as follows: Active army and its reserve, 2,350,000; territorial army, 900,000; territorial reserve, 1,100,000; making a total of 4,350,000, of whom about 2,500,000 would be available.



Photos. A. Y. Oders.

GUARDING THE NEW RAILWAY WORKS.



Copyright.

A WELL-GUARDED BUILDING.

A Military Rehearsal.

WHAT the Guards have done, in whatever fighting there has been since Marlborough crushed the French at Blenheim up to the other day when Kitchener relieved them at Fashoda, is pretty well known to most Englishmen.

The training they get to fit them for the performance of the work they always do so well is interestingly illustrated in the series of snapshots which we herewith reproduce, and which were taken at a field day of one of the Guards' battalions a few days ago on Wimbledon Common. London loves her Guards, as was sufficiently demonstrated by their recent welcome home. Note in one of the illustrations, showing the battalion on the march, the civilians accompanying them.

It is this being always in evidence that encourages recruiting, and is one great reason why the Guards—although their physical



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

RETURNING ACROSS A VALLEY.



TRYING TO FIND A SAFE SPOT.



WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

A CONSULTATION.



THE END OF THE FIGHT.

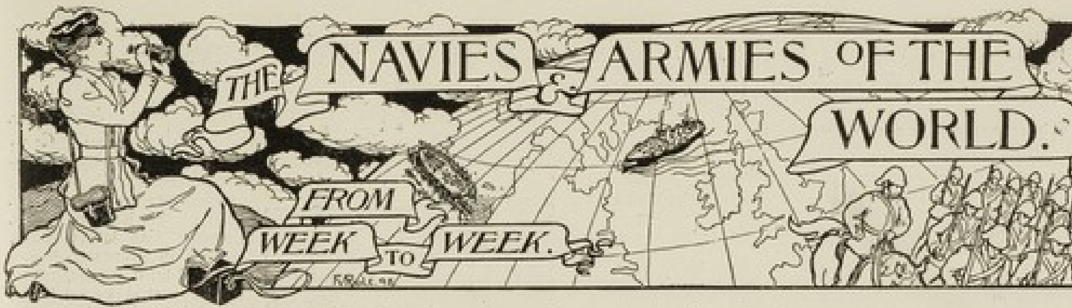
standard for recruits is of the highest—never have any difficulty in finding recruits. It is probable that more than one of the lads will elect to follow the drum, and throw in their lot with the stalwart boys in red whose march they are accompanying. Familiar to every Londoner are the "drums and fifes" of the different Guards' regiments. In one of the accompanying illustrations we see the band trying to find a spot sheltered from the "enemy's" fire.

The "drums," be it remembered, are not the "band" of a Guards' battalion. They are part of the band, but they are more, for they are also part of the combatant force of their corps. They accompany it into action, and go with it on every service. How the "drums" can put life into men has been well brought out both in literature and art; in the former by that most charming story of Rudyard Kipling's, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and in the latter by Lady Butler's picture in last year's Academy, "The Die-hards at Albuhera."

Till comparatively lately it was only to the citizen of London that the Guards were really known, for, with the exception of a battalion quartered in Dublin, they were always stationed in London or its suburbs. Since the Crimea they have taken their share of fighting in Egypt and the Soudan, but in the piping times of peace their rôle was confined to endangering the peace of mind of the London nursemaids.

But to-day we have changed all that, and the Mediterranean—Gibraltar at present—is one of the Guards' stations. They have also in peace time had a turn of garrison duty at Halifax and Bermuda. Our Guards are not a *corps d'élite* in the sense that they are picked old soldiers—and it is, perhaps, a pity they are not so—but they are a *corps d'élite* in that they are picked men physically, and it is well that the little portion of the Empire outside London should now and again have a chance of seeing that the boys we enlist are of a physique that can only be paralleled by the battalions of other armies composed of picked soldiers.

The Kaiser has taken over to Asia Minor with him the tallest Grenadier in his Army. The right flank man of the "Queen's" company of the Grenadiers might be an inch or so behind him in height, but he would probably beat him in chest measurement; and if the writer's memory is not at fault, there is a little Welshman in the same company who would walk over him in a ring with the gloves on.



OUR German friends are very much addicted to going to the root of everything in a philosophical way. That being so, one is not in the least surprised to find the *Deutsche Heeres Zeitung* (German Military Journal) indulging in some wide-reaching general considerations as preface to some remarks it feels called upon to make on the Delagoa Bay question. The sum and substance of these reflections is that "we live in the age of land piracy." Everybody, it seems, is grabbing the land of his neighbour, as will be obvious to the impartial reader who will duly consider the Japanese attack upon China, the late war between the United States of America and Spain, and so forth. Our German contemporary says nothing about the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine after the war of 1870-71. No doubt it looks upon that transaction as a recovery of robbed or stolen goods, and therefore quite justifiable. One need not want to argue that question. On common-sense principles, Germany was perfectly entitled to regain control of her own front door when she had fairly beaten the French. If the door opens on her neighbour's premises, that was no fault of hers. Germany can justly contend that she has held the key for well-nigh thirty years now, and has never made use of it for the purpose of making a burglarious entry on her neighbour's grounds. France had put it to that use often enough. In the war of the Austrian succession she marched into Germany for the sole purpose of cutting the country up into four small states, which were to be all weak, and all kept in a state of chronic hostility with one another, in order that France might be relatively stronger than Central Europe, and so dominate the Continent. The Germans were well entitled to protect themselves against a renewal of enterprises of that nature. Therefore they had good reasons—moral, political, and military—for taking hold of the left bank of the Rhine. The proof that they acted in self-defence, and not in wanton aggression on France, is that they have made no attempt since the Peace of Frankfort to assail their old enemy.

* * * *

That, or something like it, is no doubt what the *Deutsche Heeres Zeitung* would say if we cried out "Alsace-Lorraine" when it makes thoughtful remarks about land piracy in connection with Delagoa Bay or any other question. But since there is a justification for conquest, why get on the moral high horse when some national enterprise entailing the transfer of territory is in progress? As a matter of fact, is it true that we live in a time which is peculiarly distinguished by land piracy? Since 1871 no European State has removed its neighbour's landmark. It would be difficult to find a period of equal length in which that has been the case before. And as regards this very question of Delagoa Bay, it would puzzle a fair commentator to find proof of land piracy in connection with it on our part, for of course the *Zeitung* is talking more or less at this unfortunate country. It shakes its head gravely over the weakness of Portugal at sea, and insinuates that it must needs submit to be robbed by a powerful and greedy rival. Well, we carried the right of possession in Delagoa Bay before an arbitrator. When he decided against us on grounds mainly of pure sentiment, we accepted the verdict, and have never done anything by word or deed to infringe the sovereignty of Portugal. If all tale be true, we had to speak pretty plainly about the intention of somebody else to make very free with Portuguese rights not so long ago, and that somebody, curiously enough, happened to be the German Empire. The plain truth is that mere conquest in disregard of all rights has never been more rare than in the last generation. Of course it has taken place, witness the occupation of Kiao-Chau, and those French enterprises in the Indo-Chinese peninsula which compelled us to occupy Upper Burma against our will. As for the United States, they are hardly to be blamed for not enduring the anarchy of Cuba for ever. They stood it for a very long time. If Spain could not keep her possessions in order, as Holland contrives to do, she had to take the consequences of her own incompetence.

* * * *

The *Revue du Cercle Militaire* for October 22 contains the first of what promises to be a very interesting series of papers on "The Initiative of Subordinates" in battle. They are signed by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Dx, an obvious *nom de guerre*. The author ends by pointing out, as many have done before, that the immense size of modern armies will make it impossible to retain that control over the whole field which was exercised by Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, or even Napoleon. Napier, speaking of one of Wellington's battles, says that he was everywhere the direction of the commander was needed. In a modern host of a quarter of a million of men this ubiquitous activity of the general in command is a physical impossibility. Therefore, a greater margin of freedom must needs be left to subordinates. It is curious to contrast the very different tendency of war on land and on sea in regard to the numbers employed. On land armies have grown constantly larger. In early times we hear of vast hosts, counting by hundreds of thousands. But these calculations are of very dubious accuracy, and when they can be accepted as fairly correct—as, for instance, in the case of the multitudes which followed Attila and the Tartar conquerors Jenghiz Khan or Tamerlane—we have to remember that a whole people was migrating in arms. But since the fifteenth century, when regular modern warfare may be said to have begun, armies have risen from ten and twelve thousand to the vast forces collected by the King of Prussia at Sedan. Fleets have followed the contrary course. At Lepanto, during the Armada Campaign, and in the battles between ourselves and the Dutch in the seventeenth century, fleets were numbered by eighty, a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty vessels. In the eighteenth century they were reduced to thirties and forties, with a constant, though not very marked, tendency to grow smaller. The forces which met in Trafalgar Bay were, in mere numbers, well below the "grand fleets" of Queen Anne's reign. Now it is very doubtful whether any admiral will ever see nine-and-twenty ships "fit to lie in line of battle," as the old phrase, for which we have not yet found a better, has it, collected under his flag. The united Mediterranean and Channel squadrons represent a modern fleet of the very first rank. Indeed, one might say that they hold a rank by themselves, since all the Navies of the world could not produce their equal. Yet they are but seventeen vessels—or if the guard-ship at Gibraltar were added for a battle in the Straits, then eighteen. Now Rodney, Howe, or Hood would have counted that a small fleet. Of course, I look at the numbers alone, not at the power of the individual ships.

* * * *

Lieutenant-Colonel A. Dx has set himself a task which will require great precision of thought, and the most minute accuracy of language, if he is really going to attempt to draw the line at the very obscure point where the general obligation to obey is suspended by the particular obligation to do the best for your own side "off your own bat." It is a question like the great standing puzzle whether an honest man is ever justified in telling a lie. If you say no, you can be shown to have landed yourself in various dilemmas. If you say yes, you open the door to all kinds of immorality. There is nothing for it but to lay down the law that you must never lie—only that sometimes, and at rare intervals, you may—which, ridiculous as it sounds, is perhaps all the law and the prophets on the subject. As for the parallel question of the "initiative of subordinates," *i.e.*, the right (*a*) to disobey an order, and (*b*) the right to act without one, the real preliminary to a useful discussion is an analysis of the conditions which make it possible to allow a margin of freedom to subordinates. The first of them is a moral one, and it is this, that all men shall rank "the Service" far above their own personal ambitions, rivalries, and friendships; the second is that all men shall understand their business; the third is that they shall be able to rely on receiving justice from their superiors; the fourth is that they are prepared to take the consequences if they are proved to have been in the wrong. It is said that at the battle of Beaune la Rolande a German officer refused to obey an order to retreat, which he believed would be disastrous, and then said to a brother officer, "If this turns out wrong I shall be shot." It did not turn out to be wrong, and he was rewarded. This was, of course, the extreme case of a refusal to obey orders. There remains the case of acting without them. Even this might lead to every degree of confusion, except where zeal for the Service inspires all, and there is an intelligent understanding of the business. Colonel A. Dx speaks of the little initiative shown by the French in 1870; but how was it to be expected, when there was no mutual confidence? At Spicheren every German officer within earshot marched to the sound of the cannon, because he knew his King would see justice done him. Meanwhile masses of French troops were kept idle because the officers in immediate command would not move till their responsibility was covered by an order from Bazaine.

* * * *

It is impossible just at present, and in connection with such a subject, not to think of what is passing in France. In the long run, as far as we have gone, what does this horrible Dreyfus business show? Well, it proves practically this, that there is no security among Frenchmen for the fair treatment of any man against whom a prejudice of any kind exists. The story is only made the more horrible by the fact that those who are responsible for all the fraud and cruelty shown to this unhappy officer were in a sense "men of honour." Most of them—nearly all of them in fact—appear to have been quite free from any suspicion of having acted under the influence of the mere lucre of gain. What profit in mere money could General de Boisdeffre hope to win, or General de Pellieux, or even Colonel du Paty de Clam? Of Colonel Henry one is not so sure—yet even he seems to have obtained nearly all he could hope to reach before he committed his fatal forgery. Yet they all in different degrees combined to carry out what was neither more nor less than a wicked conspiracy. The wonderful thing is that they, every man of them, appear to be convinced that they were behaving in a highly honourable manner. The last incoherent words of poor Colonel Henry (for scoundrelly as his actions were, the wretched man does seem to have acted from a mistaken sense of duty) were vehement protestations that he had acted for what he believed to be the good of the country. On the whole, one comes to the conclusion that in the French general staff they were under the influence of two fixed ideas—first, that to bring a Jew to shame and anguish was a virtuous act in itself; second, that any device which was meant to save the chiefs of the Army from discredit was justifiable, even if it went the length of pure forgery. Colonel Henry seems to have held this astounding creed, and to have been overcome with surprise on discovering that he was not to be supported when the truth was made clear to the Minister of War. We have yet, by the way, to learn how M. Cavaignac was forced to re-examine the now famous sham letter from Colonel Schwazkoppen to Major Pannzzardi. The German and Italian Ambassadors could probably tell if they chose. But after all the most interesting question is how the general staff came to accept his absurd concoction at all. So soon as it was looked into it was found to have been made up by taking parts of an old document and gumming them into fragments of a new one. The different parts were not even written on the same kind of paper. It leaves us with a very low estimate of the amount of mere intelligence—to say nothing of conscience or honour—which prevails among the men who direct the armaments of France that such a clumsy trick as this passed muster. Everybody concerned seems to have been hypnotised

DAVID HANNAY.

THE BALLAD OF THE "PICK-ME-UP."

HEAR a tale of bygone ages, hear a tale of long ago;
Hear a tale of love triumphant, hear a tale of grief and woe,
How the "Backbone of the Service" drank affliction's bitter cup;
Hear the story of the downfall of the cruiser "Pick-me-Up."

Search from Cape Town East to Sidney, from the Orkneys to the Horn:
Search from sunrise unto twilight, search from twilight unto dawn—
From a dinghy to a flag-ship, search the Navy, fore and aft:
On the briny, rolling ocean, never floated such a craft.

Her commander wasn't wealthy, yet she painted once a week;
In each boat an inlaid backboard, round each boat a gilded streak,
Solid brass each polished stanchion; and the Fleet, with envious eye,
Saw I don't know how much canvas when her deck-cloths hung to dry.

It was Mr. Ropes, the bo'sun, winked a roving eye and smiled
When the Fleet grew green with envy, and the "Pick-me-Up" reviled—
It was Mr. Ropes, the bo'sun, winked the other eye and laughed;
And I'm told he'd "take his oath there warn't *another* such a craft."

It was Mr. Bangs, the gunner, who would slap his chest and grin
When the Fleet with rage grew purple at the state his guns were in,
With electro-plated tampions, and with coats a treat to see—
Mr. Bangs, I'm told, declared "he knew a thing, or two, or three."

It was Mr. Chips, the carpenter, with silent mirth grew faint
When the Fleet with grief were speechless as he slapped about the paint—
It was Mr. Chips, who rarely spoke, he was a thoughtful man;
But I'm told he'd sometimes murmur, "Take and beat her, if you can."

In their mess they were like brothers—it was beautiful to see,
Spite of all the Service worries, such delightful harmony:
Mr. Ropes would often say that, in his many other ships,
He had never met a pair like Mr. Bangs and Mr. Chips.

Mr. Chips, the thoughtful, hinted that he always lived in hopes
He would never meet with worse than Mr. Bangs and Mr. Ropes;
And Mr. Bangs, the gunner, said, in all the ships he'd been,
Such a carpenter and bo'sun he was sure he'd never seen.

So the "Pick-me-Up" was gilded, and the "Pick-me-Up" was brassed,
And the nation gasped with horror when the Estimates were passed;
And their Lordships told the dockyard "They had reason to believe
That the 'Pick-me-Up' got stores she had no orders to receive."

. . . .

It was Robert, the policeman, he who guards the dockyard gate
(Woe to him who fools with Robert, swift and awful is his fate).
From the mighty chief constructor to the noble dockyard horse,
One and all declared that Robert was a credit to the force.

So they called him to the "readings," and they said the thing must stop—
"You must catch these wicked warrants, you must catch them on the hop;
We will raise you to a sergeant, and augment your daily screw—
Art thou on it, gentle Robert?" Answered Robert, "Done, with you."

When his daily round was finished, and the clock had chimed the hour,
Gentle Robert swiftly hied him unto Seraphina's bower—
Sweet Delilah Seraphina, who had planted Cupid's dart,
With an aim that did her credit, into Robert's noble heart.

"Oh! my peerless Seraphina, I have got my chance at last,
All the weary days of waiting—well, they're just as good as past:
We will hasten now to furnish all the castles we have built—
Wilt thou wed me, when a sergeant?" Seraphina said, "I wilt."

. . . .

Through the dockyard gaily tripping, just to see the pretty ships,
Came Delilah Seraphina, and—encountered Mr. Chips:
Sweetly smiled, and said "Good morning." Mr. Chips, he winked and laughed,
And declared that Seraphina was a "tidy sort of craft."

Oh! the artfulness of females, how it makes me blush to tell—
Seraphina, by the rigging loft, met Mr. Ropes as well:
Coyly blushed—oh! deadliest weapon—in her armoury of charms,
Ran on, laughing, all unheeding, into Mr. Bangs's arms!

Passed the days in quick succession, passed a week—it may be less—
And a change came o'er the "Pick-me-Up." The warrants' happy mess,
Which was just a lump of harmony a little time ago,
Now was, thanks to Seraphina, filled with jealousy and woe.

For Delilah Seraphina, with a twinkle in her eye,
Had made love to Mr. Bangs what time the others were not nigh;
And with equal skill and caution she had raised the fondest hopes
In Mr. Chips's bosom, in the heart of Mr. Ropes.

And just as she'd arranged, it "simultaneous" came about,
With a really fine explosion, that they found each other out;
And they vowed to Seraphina that, however hard the task,
She had only got to name it, they'd do aught that she could ask.

Then the artful Seraphina, as she saw their anger burn,
With a total disregard for truth assured them, each in turn,
The other two were naught to her, so *that* they need not fear,
And "how on earth did *those* two get such lots of surplus gear?"

Though it makes me weep with sorrow, I am still compelled to say,
That each one, in his anger, gave the other two away;
And Delilah Seraphina, I am also bound to state,
Gave the lot away to Robert as he kept the dockyard gate.

. . . .

It was Mr. Ropes, the bo'sun, and a woeful man was he,
It was Mr. Chips, the carpenter, as doleful as could be,
Who heard, at eight one morning, with remorse's bitter pangs,
A single charge expended by the wretched Mr. Bangs.

It was the saucy "Pick-me-Up," no longer trim and neat,
Who only painted twice a year, a mock of all the Fleet;
It was a sad commander, and he thought of bygone fame
When told—but why repeat it?—when the next inspection came.

It was, lastly, Sergeant Robert to the dockyard chapel hied,
And took, for worse or better, Seraphina for his bride.
And that is all—nay, one thing more, I quite forgot to say,
It was the Naval store-keeper who gave the bride away.

J.

The Soldier at Play.

By CALLUM BEG.

Author of "Our Citizen Army," "The Life of a Soldier," Etc.



ALL questions of military organisation and reform are this year specially interesting. Great Britain has at length realised that her small Army is inadequate for the protection of the Empire. Parliament has lately sanctioned an increase of men in our land forces. The representatives of the people in the House of Commons have voted in favour of numerous measures for the benefit of the private soldier. A scheme for augmenting the artillery has been devised. All these are but signs of the times assuring as they are real. National sentiment is not dead. Patriotism will live as long as the British name endures. Despite this, the question of recruiting is always before us.

"Where are the men to come from?" many critics have asked. The question is a pertinent one. The young men of the nation are never behindhand when the voice of war is heard, but in time of peace comparatively few offer themselves for service under the Union Jack. There are doubtless many reasons to account for their want of eagerness. Chief among these may, perhaps, be placed ignorance, not only regarding the work of a soldier, but more especially on the subject of his recreation. A private is afforded greater facilities for recreation than are most of his friends in other walks of life. He has more time at his disposal, and can join in a game or witness an entertainment at a merely nominal price.

Recreation may be divided into two classes—active and passive. To the first belongs every species of sport or game. The second includes all ways of passing the time without bringing the muscles into play.

As a rule a man employed in any trade or calling has his fixed hours for work. The soldier, however, can never say with certainty when he will be at leisure. To-day he may be a free man at midday. To-morrow a route march and field day combined may furnish him with employment from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. Such is the uncertainty of "soldiering"; but, generally speaking, it may be fairly assumed that at 3 p.m. "Tommy" is at liberty. Thus at every season of the year he can devote at least one hour to sport in the open air.

Among all games, football takes first place with the rank and file. In the eyes of "Tommy" it is the sport of kings. An inter-regimental match is capable of transforming the most lethargic of soldiers into an excited individual hardly responsible for his actions. Should the contest be for the Army Cup, the interest evinced by all ranks is doubled. Indeed, it is doubtful if sudden and unexpected orders to "embark for the front" would so much upset the usual tranquillity in barracks. For days before the event all other subjects of conversation are practically tabooed in the barrack-room, and the chances of victory are freely discussed. When the day fixed for the match arrives, few but those who are confined to barracks fail to witness the event, and ere the game has well begun the field is a veritable pandemonium, so loud are the cheers of the onlookers.

After the victory has been won the applause of the successful regiment knows no bounds. The air re-echoes with cheers for the winning team, and the victors are often carried to barracks shoulder-high. Despite all this display of regimental feeling, "Tommy" is a lover of fair play. Notwithstanding the eulogy which he bestows on his comrades, he is sportsman enough to raise three cheers for the vanquished, provided, of course, that nothing has happened to cause "bad blood."

Each battalion or regiment has its team composed of the "crack" players, but company and squadron teams are also formed and encouraged. They furnish befitting schools for young aspirants, who in time are drafted to the regimental team. It is natural, therefore, that matches between squadrons or companies are events second only in importance to inter-regimental contests. When the men of "B" and "C" Companies of, let us say, the Northern Light Infantry meet each other in the field, the event creates as much excitement

among the two units concerned as that which pervades the whole battalion in the case of a match with the Wessex Fusiliers.

The men of each company appear in force to encourage their comrades, and, excepting the inferiority of play, the match might be one of much greater importance, so eager are the supporters of the rival teams. The regimental team is usually present in greater or less force to witness the form of the "saplings," with a view to the acquiring of "new blood." Frequently, too, a company is captained by a man who plays for the regiment, and takes a pride in bringing his team to perfection. He is in a position to see the "form" of his men, and to judge of their fitness for the regimental team. Though chosen to represent his regiment, he remembers the importance of company teams, and does all in his power to foster rivalry. If he be an officer as well he can make his influence doubly felt among the men. In almost every regiment officers are to be found playing both for their regiment and the company to which they belong.

Such a fact is sufficient to show that in the British Army, at least, there is a satisfactory understanding between officers and men. Far from proving derogatory to discipline, the mixing of officers and men in manly sports tends to bind all ranks more closely together. Nor are the regiments in which the officers hold aloof in this respect characterised by better behaviour. Too much cannot be said in favour of such a manly game. It develops the muscles, sharpens the wits, and, above all things, teaches the player self-restraint.

Cricket is, for the most part, in summer what football is in winter, although in some Scottish regiments it is practically impossible to form a team. The game is little played north of the Tweed, and, strange as it may seem, it is not unusual at Aldershot to find Scotsmen and North Countrymen indulging in an energetic game of football when the thermometer registers eighty in the shade. No wonder that men who play the game all the year can render such a good account of themselves.

As for football, there are regimental and company cricket teams. These are usually characterised by a good percentage of officers, who not only help the eleven to win, but contribute largely to the finances.


"carried to barracks shoulder high."

Apart from the physical aspect, there are undoubted advantages to be gained by taking part in either of the two great British games. Frequently the men of the regimental team are granted leave from parade either for practice or to admit of their playing a match. When this takes place at a distance, their railway fare is paid, and they have the advantage of a day's "outing" and a change of air. So well is the financial side of the question arranged that the cost to the soldier is practically *nil*.

In every company or squadron there is an Amusement Fund, to which each man contributes the small sum of 3d. per month. Of this a certain percentage agreed upon is paid to the regimental team for its maintenance. The remainder is credited to the company, to be used in its own amusements, according to the wish of the majority. Needless to say, by far the greater portion is expended on football in winter and on cricket in summer. If the company be a strong one, the small charge is sufficient, together with donations from the officers, to provide the company team with a suitable outfit, and yet to leave a surplus available for other amusements.

The game of "fives" is very popular with soldiers, especially at such places as Aldershot and Shorncliffe, where courts have been made for the purpose. Beyond the purchase of a ball the game involves little expense. The same may be said of "rounders," to which soldiers, as a rule, are very partial. When a regiment is quartered either on the coast or near a river or canal, rowing forms one of the most attractive and healthy of pastimes. If the Amusement Fund be in a flourishing condition, each company can buy a boat for its own use, or at least hire one for the season.

This question is often intimately connected with the soldier's menu. There are stations in every part of Great Britain where fishing can be obtained without payment, and a company boat proves a useful adjunct in supplying the owners with a fish diet. At other places where the roads are good, bicycling naturally suggests itself to the soldier. In a company, one often finds three or four bicycles, provided partly out of the Amusement Fund and partly by subscriptions. The machines, being the property of the company, are kept under lock and key, and with the employment of a little tact on the part of the custodian, usually the colour-sergeant, there should be little dispute as to their being used.

Besides indulging in all outdoor sports, a soldier may, if he wish, attend the voluntary classes formed in every military gymnasium. Under qualified instructors, he has every opportunity of becoming proficient in all the regulation exercises, and of learning something of fencing, single-stick, and "the noble art of self-defence."

In the cavalry the practice of tent-pegging, heads and posts, etc., may well be classed under the head of sports.

In every branch of the Service athletic sports are held at least once a year, when a soldier is afforded an opportunity of entering into every species of manly contest.

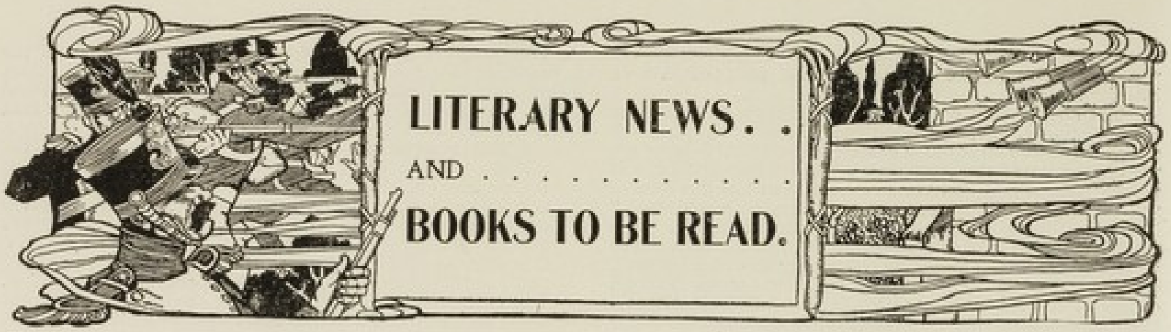
So much for recreation of the first class; but that of the second must not be forgotten. Within the barrack walls the canteen, perhaps, affords the most popular form of amusement. It usually consists of a bar and large hall, furnished with numerous tables, and fitted with a stage. In the evening a variety entertainment is provided, generally graced by the presence on the stage of professional artistes. Soldiers form a most appreciative audience, joining as they do in the chorus of every song. "Tommy Atkins" regards the canteen as his own particular property, and rightly so. To witness the performance he need not array himself in "walking-out dress." He can buy his liquid refreshments at a reasonable price, and, being beyond the jurisdiction of the London County Council, is permitted to consume it in the auditorium.

Besides the canteen there are regimental coffee bars, recreation-rooms, and libraries. The first, usually attached to the second, retail all kinds of non-intoxicant liquors and eatables. The recreation-room is designed for billiards, bagatelle, dominoes, and the like, and for entertainments of various kinds. The library, well stocked with standard literature and newspapers, is the resort of the studious. Doubtless most civilians would be surprised to see how many soldiers support the institution, for the use of which and the recreation-room a man is charged 3d. per month.

Almost every regiment has its dramatic club or nigger-minstrel troupe. Such dramatic and musical talent finds an outlet in entertainments given from time to time during the winter months.

In most garrison towns there are soldiers' homes, where soldiers may pass the time in many ways. These are excellent institutions, but their connection with one or other religious body renders them less popular with soldiers than they would otherwise be.

We have only ventured to touch upon the principal means of recreation which soldiers are enabled to enjoy; but our object is gained if we have enlightened even a few with regard to the amusements of "Tommy Atkins."



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

I THINK it would be possible to fill a good long bookshelf with the volumes which have lately appeared dealing with the Frontier operations. Most of them are narratives, some military studies, a few controversial essays on Frontier policy. Now we have a pictorial guide. "Sketches on Service during the Indian Frontier Campaigns of 1897," by Major E. A. P. Hobday, R.A. (Bowden, 10s. 6d.), is a volume I can warmly commend to all and sundry. Although the author is a soldier, and was deputy-adjutant-assistant-general of the 1st Brigade, Malakand Field Force, he has not written only for soldiers. In fact, often one wishes he had written more. The purpose, however, has been to illustrate rather than to describe. Major Hobday has a facile pencil, which he used to excellent purpose. He carries us forward right through the operations, and at every step has some successful sketch to offer. This is literally the case, for each right-hand page is either a picture of some scene or event, or a portrait of some officer prominently connected with the operations. The drawings depict, with a remarkable degree of completeness, the events of the siege of the Malakand and the relief of Chakdara, the Upper Swat expedition, the march through Bajour, and the operations of the Mohmand Field Force. For these I have nothing but praise. They are exceedingly clever presentments of the mountain landscape so prominently before the eyes of our soldiers, and of a number of episodes of the campaigns. The means employed are slight, but you are at once impressed with the manifest fidelity of the representations. There are very good portraits, too—these from photographs—of Sir Bindon Blood, Major-General Elles, Brigadier-General Westmacott, Colonel Reid, and others.

* * * *

I say so much about the illustrations because they are the great feature of the book, and should be enough to secure its popularity. For the rest, the volume is plain and unambitious. Where Major Hobday has made a picture, he pauses, as it were, to describe it, adding notes on circumstances elucidating the pictorial story. He never digresses into argument, and makes no attempt to draw lessons from the events. His story of happenings is well narrated, and, besides generally indicating the course of operations, contains a number of points of interest. Thus we have a picture of men searching for hidden grain at Mingaora. It was necessary to send out search-parties to procure grain for the animals, and the inhabitants were accustomed to bury their treasures, which must have sharpened the alertness of many searchers. On this occasion an old man was discovered lying on a mat at the door of his house, groaning, and apparently terribly ill. His condition did not deter the searchers from examining the place, but they discovered nothing However, on leaving the courtyard, Captain Beville, the commissariat officer, found himself sinking above the ankles in a soft piece of ground. Suspicion was raised, and very soon a few Madras sappers were at work, and speedily unearthed a great hoard of grain, cunningly stored in huge copper cauldrons, and buried with agricultural implements and household goods. The sick man, therefore, seeing his hoard discovered, forgot his ailments, and, leaping from his mat, began to heap curses on the heads of his visitors. Apart from a few such episodes, I have found Major Hobday's charming pictorial volume to contain a very simple narrative.

* * * *

Much as has been written concerning the triumphs of Nelson, there was still room for Mr. William O'Connor Morris's "The Great Campaigns of Nelson: St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar" (Blackie, 3s. 6d.). A short account of these tremendous events has long been wanted, and it is found in Mr. Morris's forcible pages, in which there is a careful account of many things, and always a right enthusiasm for the splendid qualities of Nelson and his officers. It is, perhaps, hyper-criticism to say that St. Vincent was not a campaign of Nelson's at all, but there are minor errors in some of the chapters which might perhaps have been avoided, though it is to be remarked that even now not all the materials for a just judgment upon affairs are accessible. Mr. O'Connor Morris holds the view that theories as to the impregnability of England and her absolute security from invasion are questionable and dangerous, and he would by no means have the nation rely for security solely upon maritime power. That question will scarcely be discussed, because the United Kingdom cannot be dissociated from the Empire at large, and certainly the Army is necessary for Imperial defence. Neither will I say anything concerning the general proposition confidently laid down, but it seems to me to be important to point out that the grounds upon which the author bases his belief, as explained in his book, are insufficient. He is arguing, of course, from Napoleon's projects of invading England, but I have gathered the impression that he has never successfully marshalled the facts on both sides, or at least has never weighed them well. I have myself had occasion to examine original records somewhat deeply in order to discover what was in the minds of Naval actors in that great drama, both English and French, and to deduce the significance and bearing of their actions; and I assert confidently that the invasion of England at that time was never possible. The truth is that Napoleon himself, sound as was his instinct, never understood the conditions involved in the problem before him. He demanded of his admirals more than was possible for them to accomplish, and made preparations and laid down plans which never could have been achieved. His correspondence with Decrès and the admirals in command affords a study of exceeding interest. It is undoubtedly true that months before Trafalgar was fought the impossible nature of the task had been borne in upon him, and that he had turned his real efforts from the sea to the land. Without, therefore, impugning Mr. O'Connor Morris's general proposition, I think it desirable to protest against the particular grounds of his argument. However, the book is interesting enough, and it is in particularly handy form, so that, with this reservation, I am pleased to recommend it to readers.

* * * *

A book that may be associated appropriately with the last is "The Imperial Heritage," by Ernest Edwin Williams (Ward, Lock, 2s. 6d.). To give a bird's-eye view of the British Empire in this brief form was difficult indeed, and Mr. Williams has, perhaps wisely, gone more upon the system of selection than of compression. This has made his book eminently readable, and, at the same time, very informing. I would say that the volume will have its right place in the hands of young men. It is not, of course, intended for publicists. It may serve, nevertheless, as a finger-post to the resources of those "young giants of the World-Empire race"—our self-governing colonies. What is really admirable in the book is the fine Imperial enthusiasm that pervades it. The author rejoices in the awakening, the quickening of the pulse, which has been reserved as the achievement for these days. He speaks, it is true, with a little too much contempt of our immediate ancestors, who did not look so far afield as we, forgetful, perhaps, that the trunk is not the branch, nor the flower the fruit. Let us, as Mr. Williams says, grapple with the glorious fact that ours is the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, and that our people are entering into an Imperial heritage more magnificent than any that ever filled the wildest dreams of an Alexander or a Cæsar; but let us look back kindly to the people who were higher up the stream than we, and at least congratulate ourselves that we learned our lesson in time, and did not cling blindly to old ideals, like the unfortunate kingdom of Spain. Starting from the standpoint I have indicated, Mr. Williams takes a wide survey of the various parts of the Empire, describing briefly their history, character, and resources, and the volume is nicely illustrated.

* * * *

From the great to the little. I turn to a pleasant volume, entitled, "The Symbols of Heraldry," by Mr. Cecil Wade (Redway, 3s. 6d.). In these symbols, "more was meant than meets the eye," as appears from Mr. Wade's pages and the more ponderous tomes of Gwillym. "What, is it possible?" exclaims Di Vernon. "Why, even my uncle reads Gwillym sometimes of a winter night. Not know the figures of heraldry? Of what could your father be thinking?" Gwillym's pages, consecrated by this fair approval, are now not easily accessible, and besides, to my thinking, a volume you can hold in your hand is far better. Therefore I believe many will be glad to know of the publication of a pretty book, in which the significance—or what old writers believed to be the significance—of heraldic charges is explained, and their right form, at the same time, well illustrated.

* * * *

The proceedings of the Cour de Cassation will not be without their effect upon that interesting personage M. Zola. The Dreyfus case is certainly not yet at an end, and he will one day write a book upon it. Meanwhile he is occupied with novels, though illness has interfered with progress. Just as the "Rougon-Macquart" volumes were devoted to the question of heredity, and "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Paris" to an attempted demolishing of ideals, so "Fécondité," "Travail," "Vérité," and "Justice" will represent M. Zola's own beliefs, and possibly be the final complement of his labour. The heroes of the four volumes will be the sons of "Abbé Froment." "Fécondité" is in great part written, and will be published in due course in English, under the title of "Fruitfulness," by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who have undertaken to issue the other volumes in succession.

* * * *

I hear that more than 25,000 copies of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "The Day's Work" have been sold. The book is an enigma in some ways, but this is sufficient testimony to the author's popularity. There is a great demand, too, for Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," which is in its thirtieth edition. Another book that has sold largely is Busch's "Bismarck."

* * * *

The cult of Omar Khayyám has raised many a dainty shrine for the "Rubáiyát" and the famous quatrains, and the true Omarians of the Omar Khayyám Club are not content with things that are not exquisite. Therefore Messrs. Macmillan have just produced Edward FitzGerald's version of the classic, printed on special paper, specially bound, artistically illustrated, and limited to 1,000 copies. Messrs. Bell, also, have brought out a new edition of their delightful volume of the quatrains, translated literally by John Leslie Garner.

* * * *

From the same house several fine art works are promised. One volume is on Westminster Abbey, by H. J. Feasey and J. H. Micklethwaite, architect to the Dean and Chapter, with nearly 100 collotype plates; another, on "Gothic Art in England," profusely illustrated, is in the way of a companion to Blomfield's "Renaissance Architecture in England"; and a third is on the pre-Raphaelite school, by Mr. Percy H. Bate, with illustrations after Rossetti, Millais, Burne-Jones, and others. Then, again, Mr. Wheatley's "Pepys" will receive its index and supplementary volumes ere long from the same firm.

* * * *

The "Life of Lord Lyons," which Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing, is just ready.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

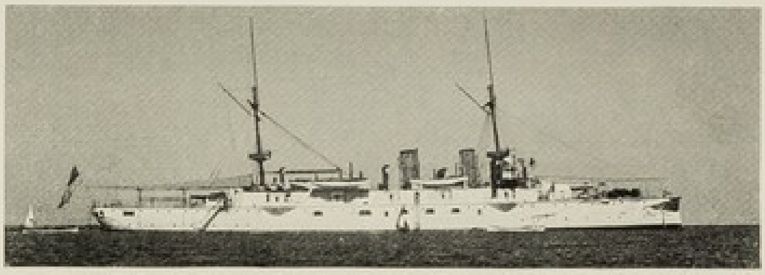
Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On the China Station.

[From a Correspondent.]

I SEND you some illustrations of the "Undaunted," at present on the China station and recently in the Gulf of Pechili.

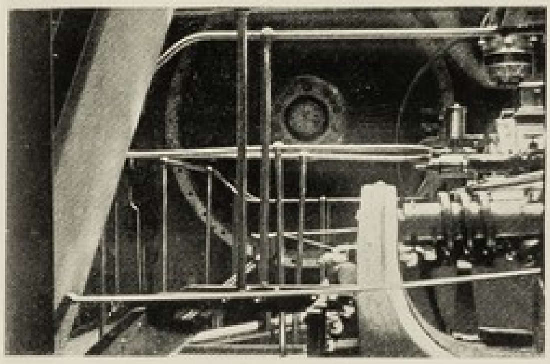
The photograph of the ship was taken when lying off the breakwater at Yokohama. The "Undaunted" class have horizontal engines, the idea being to place them as low as possible in the ship for the sake of protection, but they have not been very successful, and have given much trouble in some cases by getting out of line, etc. This arrangement naturally causes the engines to take up more room in an athwartship direction, and for this reason the two engine-rooms are placed fore and aft of one another instead of side by side, the port screw being worked in the forward and the starboard screw in the after engine-room, the illustration giving a view of the former.



THE "UNDAUNTED," FIRST-CLASS CRUISER.

This type of engines is rather exceptional, as all our later ships have them fitted vertically.

On board ship the guns are all thoroughly examined at certain periods, to see that the different parts of the mechanism, which in a modern breech-loading gun are very numerous, are clean and in good working order. In the illustration the armourers are seen stripping a 6-in. breech-loading gun.



FORWARD ENGINE-ROOM—PORT SCREW.

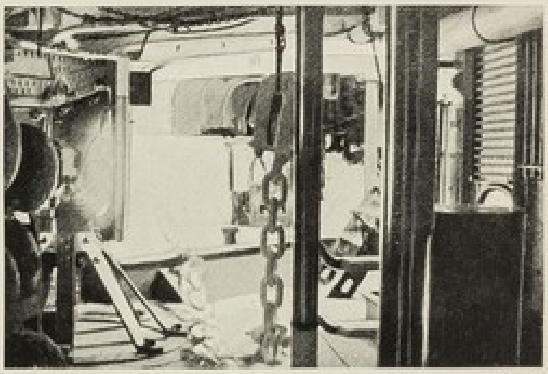


A CORNER OF THE WARD-ROOM.

The next illustration shows the ward-room, where, as usual, we see loyalty expressing itself in the picture of Her Majesty hung from the pillar in the centre of the room. In this ship the cables are worked on the foremost part of the main deck, and hence it is called the "cable deck."

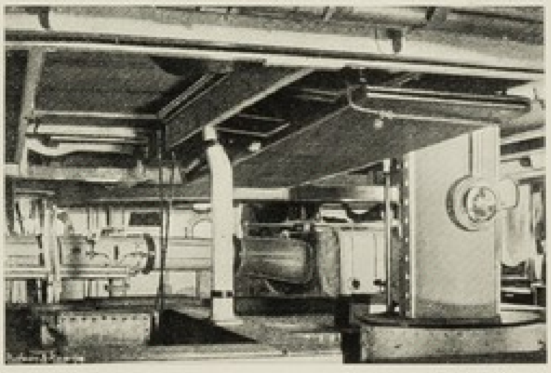


ARMOURERS STRIPPING A 6-in. B.L. GUN.



THE CABLE DECK.

The "Undaunted" carries four torpedo-tubes—all above water, two forward and two aft, each pair having a special flat. The picture shows the starboard side of the after flat, and here the midshipmen do school in wet weather, a table being rigged for the purpose. As there are only three scuttles a side, there is, of course, not too much light, which is fully taken advantage of as an excuse for idling during school hours. The after flat, also, is the midshipmen's bed-room, where their chests are stowed and hammocks slung; a bath-room is provided in the port after corner.



From Photos By a Naval Officer.

STARBOARD SIDE—AFTER TORPEDO FLAT.

The "Undaunted," recommissioned in May, 1897, and her sister ships the "Narcissus" and "Immortalité," are all on the China station.

The Torpedo School of the Navy—The "Vernon."—IV.

WE now come to some illustrations of mining work as carried out from the "Vernon." As we have already explained, it is usual to distinguish the stationary torpedoes as mines, while in common parlance the mobile ones are referred to as torpedoes. We have seen that there are two principal classes of mines, the first of these called a contact mine, because it explodes on a ship bumping up against it, and the second called an observation mine, because it is fired by observation from the observing station on shore when an enemy's ship is seen to be within its destructive area. This destructive area against the thin shell of a battle-ship's bottom has been found by experiment to be a circle on the surface of 30-ft. radius, so that allowing 60-ft. for the breadth of the ship, the mines would be placed across the channel at intervals of 120-ft., and by having several lines of these mines a channel can be completely defended. We give an illustration of the explosion of an observation mine, or, to call it by a familiar name, of a 500-lb. mine, meaning thereby that it contains 500-lb. of the Service explosive, gun-cotton, which, we have already explained, has about the same explosive effect as dynamite. When the mine is nearer the surface it would make more splash, but the best explosive effect is obtained with a depth of rather under 50-ft., so that up to a certain point it may be said that the more the splash the less the effect.

By the modern system of firing these mines, the observer merely looks through the telescope of an instrument on the platform of which there is a plan of the mine field, with little metal studs representing the danger area of the mines. From these studs the electrical wires lead to the mines which they represent. To the telescope itself is connected the battery for producing the electricity. Keeping the centre of the telescope following the enemy's ship, it will be seen that when she crosses the danger area of a mine, the movement of the telescope will have brought the battery into connection with the stud representing the mine, and the electricity flows through, so firing the mine and disabling the ship.

Such mines as these would be used in channels which have to be kept open for the ingress and egress of friendly ships, as they are under complete control from the shore, and being deep down there is no fear of ships bumping up against them. The other kind of mine, the contact mine, of which we give an illustration on page 148, with three men fitting it preparatory to laying out would be used at the side of a channel, and in channels which it is considered best to close altogether, the mines being secured to their sinkers so as to float about 10-ft. or 15-ft. below the surface. As it explodes on contact with the ship, the mine does not require to contain so much gun-cotton, the amount actually used being indicated by its other name, viz., the 76-lb. mine. In a sense the mine has done its work if it keeps the enemy's ships off. So great was the fear of mines after the United States' Civil War that in the Franco-German War empty red casks floating on the surface were sufficient to keep French ships off German ports. In the war between Italy and Austria, an Austrian squadron was afraid to follow an Italian cruiser into a harbour because she went through the ruse of making a lot of intricate movements, as though she was threading her way through a mine field. In the United States' Civil War, when coastal operations were very numerous, as would be the case after we had obtained command of the sea in a war with France, no less than seven monitors and eleven wooden men-of-war were destroyed, and several vessels were partially disabled, by the explosion of mines.

It is an old story of the war of the inventors, that no sooner does one man invent a weapon of defence than another sets to work to circumvent it. The United States' fleet proposed to rid Santiago Harbour of mines by firing from their "Vesuvius" some dynamite shells, which are the equivalent of aërial torpedoes, into the mine field. These, it was anticipated, would blow up the mines, or, what is the same thing, counter-mine them. One of our illustrations shows an instructor explaining to a class the method called counter-mining, and the class are grouped round a model of a counter-mining launch. He has explained to them that as the ordinary 500-lb. mine will destroy all mines within a radius of 90-ft., therefore if twelve of these mines, which can be carried in an ordinary ship's launch, be laid 180-ft. apart, a channel 60-yds. wide and 720-yds. long will be cleared by their explosion. The difficulty, of course, would be to carry out the operation under gun-fire, and this could only be done at night when the gun-fire is not very deadly. The illustration on the opposite page shows some other



EXPLOSION OF A MINE CONTAINING 500-lb. OF GUN-COTTON

The mine is about 48-ft. below the surface, and will vitally injure a ship anywhere 30-ft. from the point on the surface vertically over the mine, so that a circle round the centre of the disturbed water having a radius of 30-ft. is called the danger area of the mine.



Photos. C. Cozens. Copyright.

WEIGHING MINES.

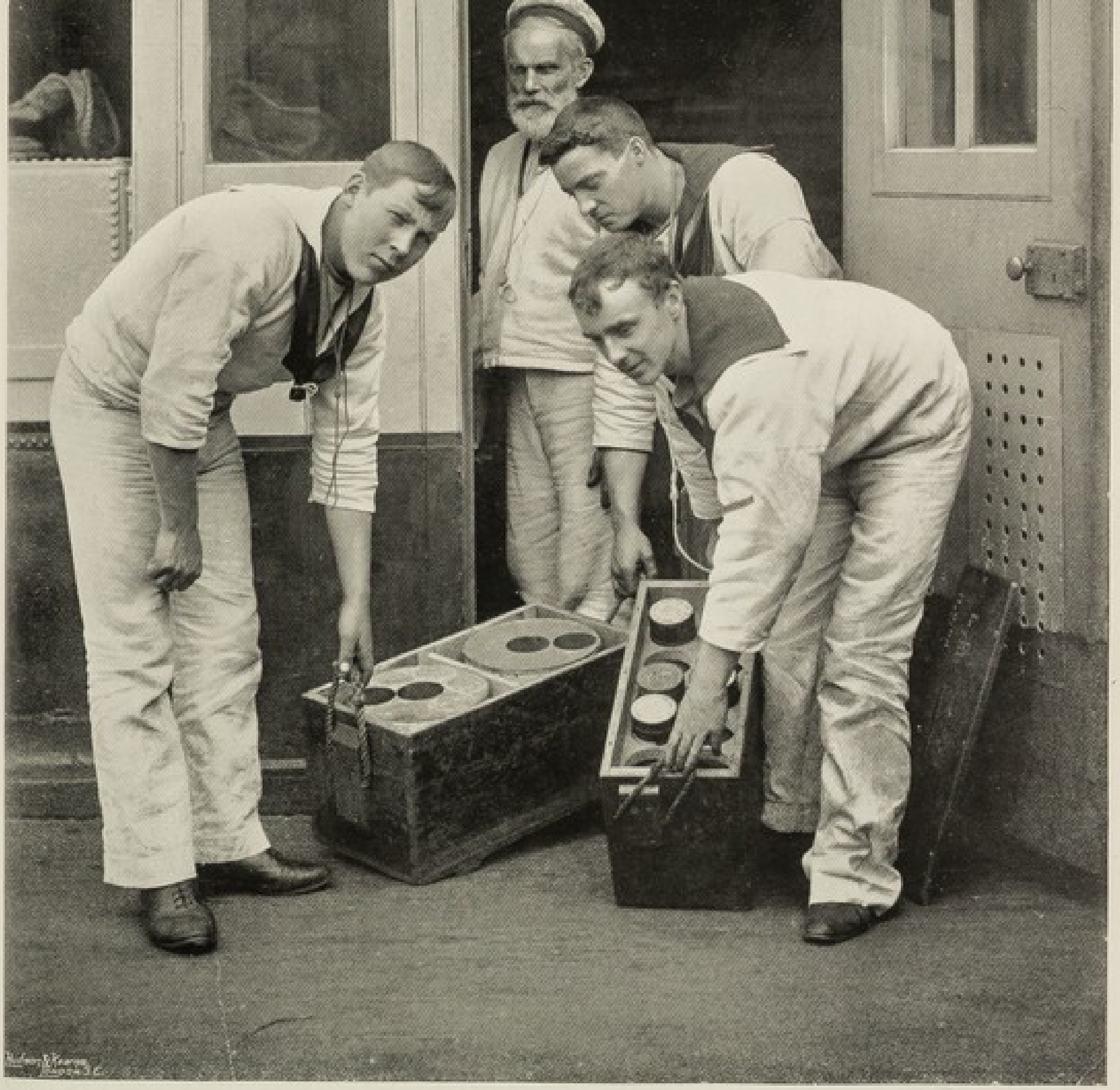
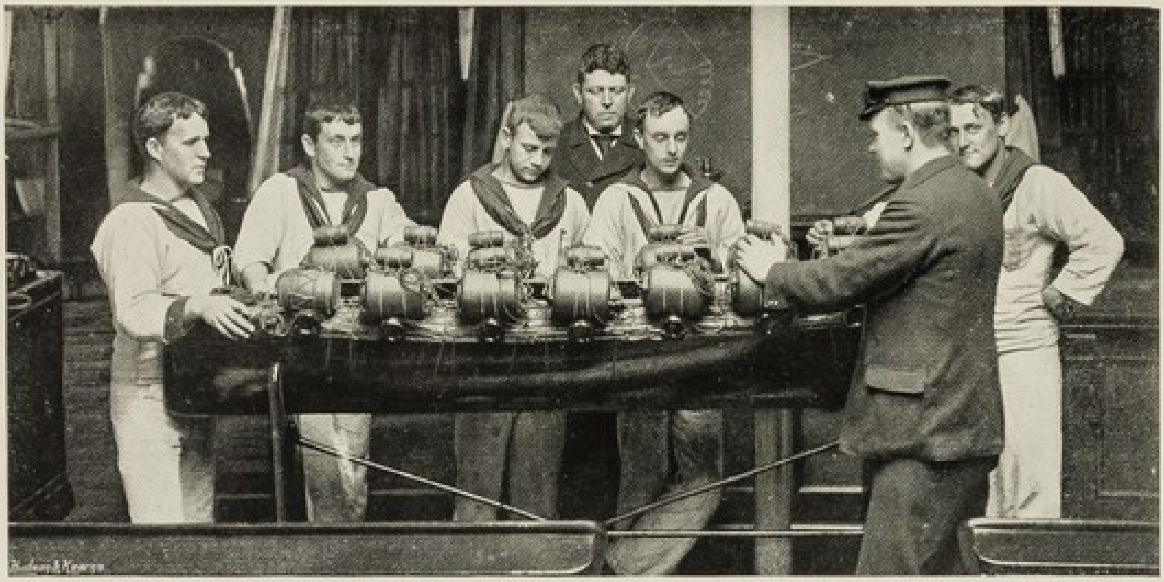


Photo. C. Cozens. Copyright.

ISSUING GUN-COTTON.

Gun-cotton has the same explosive effect as dynamite, but is not nearly so dangerous.



INSTRUCTOR EXPLAINING MINING WITH MODEL.

forms in which gun-cotton charges are made up, while the old pensioner petty officer, Samuel Thorrowgood, in the rear deserves something more than a passing mention. He was the first of the Navy's torpedo instructors, and is now as a pensioner entrusted with the care of the explosives on board the "Vernon."

In the Navy, owing to the limitations of space on board ship, a good deal of ingenuity is exercised in making one tool serve many uses. Thus the left-hand case of gun-cotton might be used for a variety of purposes, from that of destroying a wire hawser stretched across a harbour or breaking mines adrift from their moorings, to "scuttling" a ship by exploding it in contact with her bottom. Supposing a man-of-war met a derelict and did not want to have a little target practice, she would probably employ this method of sinking the vessel. Indeed, one of these charges is always kept ready fitted, so that in the event of a vessel catching fire in Portsmouth Harbour, and it being found impossible to get the flames under, the charge can be fired in contact with her bottom and the vessel sunk in shallow water. The hole in the centre suggests another use of this gun-cotton charge, which we come to in our next article. It is for the end of the long spar when the charge is used as a spar torpedo.

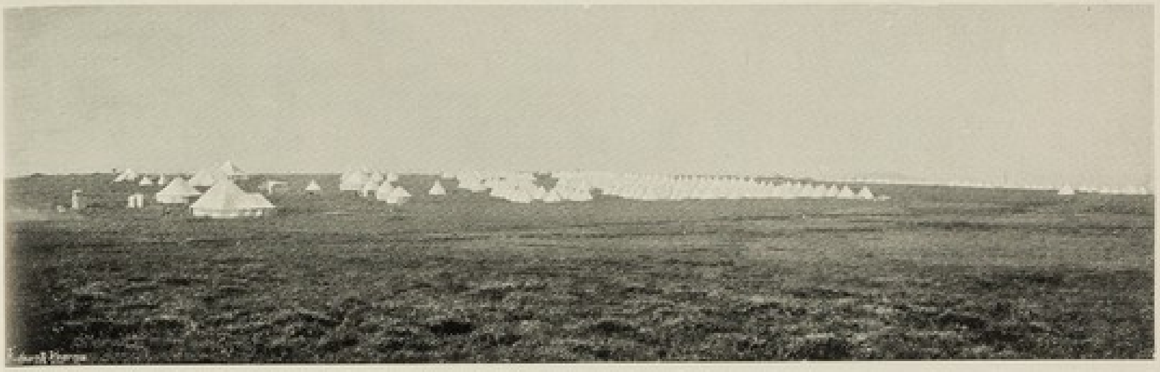
It may have occurred to the reader that it must be very dangerous to have all this gun-cotton on board ship. The difficulty is got over in this way. All the mines and charges that we have written of are wetted, and in this condition are quite uninflammable, so much so that one of the dangerous little detonators exploding in the middle of the gun-cotton will not set it off. To effect this another case containing dry gun-cotton, and shown in the same illustration, is supplied; the detonators set off the dry gun-cotton, and the force of the two is sufficient to explode the wet gun-cotton. These cases are called primers, and the second hole, which can be seen in the wet gun-cotton case, is for the insertion of one of these primers.



Photos. C. Cozens. Copyright.

SEAMEN FITTING A MINE CONTAINING 76-lb. OF GUN-COTTON.

The Plymouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade.



Photo, G. T. Bayley. Copyright.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP.

WITHIN recent years nothing has contributed more to the efficiency of the Volunteer Force at large than the introduction of the brigade system. Our volunteer infantry is now divided into thirty-three brigades, each commanded by an officer of experience, and each composed of at least four territorial battalions. Twelve of these brigades are severally commanded, *ex-officio*, by regular officers commanding regiments or regimental districts. The East London Brigade, for instance, is under the control of the officer commanding the Grenadier Guards, and the Norfolk Brigade has for its brigadier the officer commanding the 9th Regimental District.

The brigadiers of the remaining twenty-one brigades are either officers who have retired from the Regular Army, or who (like Colonel the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B., commanding the Forth Brigade) have rendered yeoman service in the Citizen Army.

To the staff of every infantry brigade is attached an aide-de-camp, a brigade-major, a supply and transport officer, and a senior medical officer. A supply detachment and bearer company usually



THE BRIGADE OFFICE.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL MACKAY HERIOT AND STAFF.

form units of a brigade. During the greater part of the year a brigadier is not called upon to exercise his command.

The officer commanding each battalion is responsible to the War Office for its conduct and efficiency, but it is understood that all changes of importance which he proposes to make should first be referred to the brigadier. It is thus only when a brigade assembles in camp or elsewhere for training that a "volunteer general," as he is familiarly called, assumes active command.

Before the introduction of the system now in vogue battalions were wont to form separate camps during the summer months. Such camps, however, are yearly becoming more rare, and it is now by no means uncommon to find 2,000 men in camp at the same time under an officer in supreme command. There can, indeed, be little doubt that more beneficial results accrue from the training of troops in large bodies than from the establishment of isolated battalion camps.

When all the battalions of a brigade are assembled simultaneously a brigadier is enabled to become acquainted with the qualifications of the various battalions as well as with the character of the officers under him. He can also test the efficiency of every unit, and point out in what direction improvement is to be expected.

The battalions, too, have an opportunity of learning their duties in the field when attached to other troops, and of joining in tactical exercises of some importance. Officers and men of the different units become acquainted with each other, and a healthy rivalry springs up between battalions which must tend to foster *esprit de corps*. At the same time, all are more closely bound together as the members of one brigade.

In most cases a week during the summer months is all that can be given to training in brigade, but even that short time may be occupied to advantage under the direction of an able brigadier, as the official reports on several of the volunteer encampments of 1898 amply prove.



OFFICERS, 1st VOLUNTEER BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.



OFFICERS, 2nd VOLUNTEER BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

In a former number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED an account was published of work carried out by the Portsmouth Brigade in the New Forest, and which was favourably criticised by the Commander-in-Chief. The accompanying illustrations are descriptive of the doings of a brigade no less distinguished.

The Plymouth Brigade consists of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd,



Photos. W. M. Crockett.

PREPARING TO MARCH PAST.



THE BRIGADE CYCLISTS.

[T]he 4th, and 5th Volunteer Battalions of the Devonshire Regiment, the 1st and 2nd Volunteer Battalions Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, a supply detachment and bearer company. It is commanded by Major-General Mackay Heriot, an officer who has seen much service abroad. He assumed command on retiring, with the rank of major-general, from the Royal Marine Light Infantry, after having filled for several years the post of Colonel-Commandant of the Plymouth Division Royal Marine Light Infantry.

With the exception of the 2nd V.B. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the brigade recently went under canvas for a week on Roborough Downs, near Plymouth, when some 3,000 men were present. The battalions of the brigade in the order already named were commanded respectively by the following officers: Colonel Sir D. Duckworth-King, Bart., Major Rolston, Colonel the Right Hon. Sir John Kennaway, Bart., Colonel Walcott, C.B., Colonel Lord Clifford, and Colonel Rosewarne.

The brigadier's staff included Captain Nicholetts and Lieutenant Smith, aides-de-camp, Major Eden, brigade-major, and Captain G. Mackay Heriot, R.M.L.I., staff officer. In an accompanying illustration the last-named officer is seen standing on the right of the brigadier, and it may here be mentioned that when promoted to the rank of captain in the Royal Marine Light Infantry he was the youngest officer of that rank in the Service. On two occasions he has been selected to command the detachment of Marines that is yearly sent to prepare the camp at Bisley. To Captain Gratwicke, of the 4th V.B. Devonshire Regiment, so well known in musketry circles, were entrusted the duties of ordnance officer, which have never before been discharged by an officer of volunteers.

The majority of the troops marched into camp on a Friday evening, and on Saturday morning work began in earnest. Each battalion drilled three times during the day. The several adjutants held parades



Photo. W. M. Crockett — Copyright.

OFFICERS, 3rd VOLUNTEER BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.



Photo. G. T. Bayle — Copyright.

OFFICERS, 4th VOLUNTEER BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

before breakfast, and the commanding officers before and after dinner.

Thursday, however, was the principal day in camp, when Lieutenant-General Sir Forestier-Walker, K.C.B., C.M.G., commanding the Western District, was present to witness the work of the brigade.

The general idea for the field day was that an enemy advancing on Plymouth had been forced to fall back on Tavistock, leaving a rear guard at Yelverton to cover his retreat. The 5th V.B. Devonshire Regiment, under Colonel Lord Clifford, represented the enemy, and the remainder of the force was supposed to have been sent out from Plymouth to cut off his retreat. The cyclists rendered good service by scouting for the enemy and sending back information of his movements, and after some sharp fighting the enemy was cut off by means of a flank attack. The manœuvres over, the troops after a short rest marched past, and were subsequently congratulated by Sir Forestier-Walker on their efficiency in the field. The following day the camp broke up, after a most instructive week.



THE BRIGADE SIGNALLERS.



PREPARING BREAKFASTS.



Photos. W. M. Crockett.

INSTRUCTION IN TENT PITCHING.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE Sirdar freely admitted to a Press representative that he would rather "tackle another Omdurman" than face all the receptions that have been prepared for him, but he has to face the music and bear the penalties that his position carries with it. By dint of sheer grit, pluck, steady hard work, and brilliant ability, the man whose portrait we to-day give has forced himself to be recognised as one of the ablest soldiers in the British Army. He who but the other day was a major of Engineers to-day is one of the little group to whom the eyes of the whole nation would turn if the storm and stress of war were upon us. His campaign, from the spring of 1896 till its conclusion the other day by the final destruction of the Dervish power at Omdurman, has shown him to be a great soldier, an able organiser, and a man who can with a minimum of means effect a maximum of results. And he has done his work as a young man—he is still under fifty—and it is but an earnest of what is in him to do if troublous times come on us, as is not unlikely. The portrait we give of the Sirdar is one of the best that has been taken, and it is one that we are sure will prove of special interest to our readers, for it shows him in the khaki fighting kit that has replaced the historic red wherever the British bugle sounds to arms all over the globe. *(See illustration on front page, which is reproduced by permission of Messrs. Player and Son, Nottingham.)*

* * * *

THE "Osborne" is the one of the Royal yachts next in size to the "Victoria and Albert," and is that most generally used by the Prince of Wales, and the one in which he enjoyed the pleasures of the Cowes Regatta, in spite of the serious accident from which he has now happily recovered. Our illustration shows a group of Royalty together with the officers of the yacht. The lady in the centre of the group is the Princess Marie of Greece, while behind her, seated on the rail, is the Princess Victoria of Wales. Immediately on the right of the Princess Marie is her brother, Prince Nicholas of Greece. The officer on the right of the Princess Victoria is the captain of the yacht, Captain Charles Windham, and on his left is the officer who carries out the onerous duties of navigating the vessel, Staff-Commander Herbert Roxby. The officer standing on the left is Fleet-Engineer Babb, who controls all that relates to the steam machinery of the ship, while the officer on the left—wearing the Ashanti and Jubilee ribbons—is Staff-Surgeon Delmege, M.D., under whose care the Prince of Wales was while on board. Of those sitting, the officer on the left is Paymaster Shore, and on the right Engineer Turner. The two lieutenants are easily recognised by the two rings of gold lace on their sleeves, the curl on the upper one denoting that they belong to the executive branch of the Service. The one seated to the left of the Princess Marie of Greece is Lieutenant E. G. Davy, and the officer seated on the deck in front of the group is Lieutenant R. G. A. W. Stapleton-Cotton. *(See page 168.)*

* * * *

IN reply to a correspondent, I may state that out of the eleven Irish regiments all but three display national insignia, the exceptions being the two Inniskilling regiments and the Leinsters (Royal Canadians). Of the eight that display the national insignia, the Harp and Crown badge is worn by all, with the exception of the Munsters, which wear the second Irish badge, the shamrock. The old crest of Ireland—a hart emerging from a triple-turreted castle—is not worn by a single Irish regiment, though it is a company badge of the Grenadier Guards. Curiously enough, the Irish Harp is one of the badges of a typically English regiment, the Leicestershire. A marked peculiarity also is that they wear it—it is shown only on waist-plates and forage caps—*without the Crown*, and are the only regiment in the Service that do so. In their case it is derived from their 3rd Battalion, the old Leicestershire Militia, who were quartered in Ireland when the French landed in Bantry Bay, and were told off to escort the captured prisoners to Dublin. They were afterwards allowed to emblazon the Irish Harp on their colours, and that emblem is depicted on the old colours now deposited in Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, the honorary colonel of the regiment.

* * * *

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that in the three regiments of Foot Guards every company has a badge—apart from the regimental badges—and these badges are shown in rotation on the regimental colour of each battalion. It is a curious thing that in the case of the Guards there is no ceremony or consecration when they receive them, but a fresh pair are issued every five years as ordinary "Service stores." For instance, the three battalions of the Grenadier Guards display with the colours now in use the badges of the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd Companies. These are, the rising sun, an old Welsh emblem, and a badge of the Prince of Wales; a blazing beacon, a badge of Henry V.; crossed plumes, a badge of Henry VI. The three that will come into use with the next issue of colours will be those of the 24th, 25th, and 26th Companies, viz., the crest of Ireland (a hart emerging from a triple-turreted castle); the cross of St. George; and the lion of Nassau, a badge of William of Orange. Most of the company badges are old royal or national insignia, but not invariably so. For instance, the G Company badge (the Scots Guards letters instead of numbers its companies, as do the two other regiments) is the family crest of Colonel Johnstone, who raised the company, a Phœnix in flames, with the motto, "Per funera vitam." This officer was a soldier of some distinction, but, unfortunately, yielded to temptation, and abducted an heiress, for which crime he was condemned and executed. It will be interesting to note what company badges will be given to the new battalions now added to the Coldstream Guards and Scots Guards.

* * * *

IN reply to my correspondent "Interested," who writes from Montreal, I may point out to him that he is quite correct in saying that the six 4·7-in. guns of the "Blanche" throw in one discharge 270-lb. weight of projectile as against the 200-lb. weight of projectile thrown by the eight 4-in. guns of the "Pelorus." He, however, quite forgets the important fact that the 4-in. gun can be fired three times while the 4·7-in. is being fired twice, and so the "Pelorus" could throw 600-lb. weight of projectile in the same time that the "Blanche" was discharging 540-lb., and, provided each shot was a hit, perforate her opponent three times for every twice of the "Blanche." The statement that the "Argonaut" carries 8-in. quick-firers is quite incorrect. Elswick has mounted guns of this class on foreign cruisers, but it has not yet been adopted in the Royal Navy. The "Naval Annual" is correct. With reference to his suggestion, I may point out that this journal is meant not so much for technical readers as for the man in the street.

* * * *

"M. K. W."—Sir John Milley Doyle, second son of the Rev. N. M. Doyle, rector of Newcastle, County Tipperary, was appointed a Military Knight of Windsor in 1853. He entered the Army in 1794, and first saw service in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. He served as aide-de-camp to his uncle in the Egyptian Campaign of 1801, and was present at the capture of Alexandria. In the Peninsular War he particularly distinguished himself in command of a Portuguese brigade. He was present at Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Vittoria, the battle of the Pyrenees, Nivelle, and Orthes, and on the conclusion of the war was nominated to a Knight Commandership of the Bath. Subsequently, during the troublous times in Portugal, he materially assisted Don Pedro with his purse and services, and was present with him as aide-de-camp in the defence of Oporto. He was most disgracefully treated, made to resign his commission, and left unpaid for his services, every other British officer in the service of Portugal receiving his pay except himself. When practically destitute, he was appointed a Military Knight of Windsor and a Sergeant-at-Arms to the Queen. He died in 1856, and was buried with military honours on the south side of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

* * * *

I HAVE pleasure in publishing the battle-hymn I enquired about in the issue for October 22. It appears that the Gloucester Volunteer Artillery have used it at their annual parades for some years. It is sung to the tune of "Austria." I am indebted to the officers of the G.V.A. for the copy of the hymn, which runs as follows:—

"Comrades, hark! the call has sounded!
Here within God's house we stand,
Praying Him to bless our armies,
And defend our Father's land.
All men here can learn a lesson,
E'en as we who draw the sword—
All must fight a harder battle
As the soldiers of the Lord.

"Comrades, in these days of terror,
What are England's sons to do?
Law despised and God forgotten—
What if God forgets us too?
Trust in Him and keep your order;
Comrades, let them scoff who will;
God is still the God of England,
England's sons are loyal still.

"God of Battles! God of England!
Be as Thou hast been before!
Guard us as we form and muster,
Lead us as we march to war.
Thus believing, thus achieving,
This our watchword still shall be:
'England's sons are faithful soldiers—
True to England, true to Thee.'"

* * * *

IN the issue for October 22 I published a picture of the "Vernon" under sail, in the third of a series of articles on this home of the torpedo. The original hangs in the ward-room of the "Vernon," and was painted by the well-known Naval artist, Mr. W. Fred. Mitchell, who wishes me to mention this, as his name has been partly obliterated in the reproduction.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who had been born during the siege of Cartagena in a ship after which she is christened, has inherited a fortune and an estate as quite a young girl. She has been beloved since childhood by Sir Geoffrey Barry, R.N., but, with them, the course of true love has not, until now, run quite smoothly. This is owing to the fact that Beau Bufton, a gentleman, but an unscrupulous scoundrel as well as a fortune hunter, has endeavoured to marry her, and, under the impression that she was in love with him, and that he was going to do so, has been hoodwinked into marriage with a daughter of her old nurse, who was on board the "Ariadne." This girl, Anne Pottle, has taken this extreme step to avenge the seduction and death of her half-blind sister at Bufton's hands; and in the ruin brought upon Bufton by this piece of deception she has been assisted by the leading character in the story, Lewis Granger, a man who has also met his ruin at Bufton's hands. How he at last obtains a full revenge is shown as the narrative progresses.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued.)*

THEY were silent a little while now, though each was thinking, in a different way, upon the same thing. He, of what a thousand pities it was that a brave girl such as Anne Pottle should have ruined her future to obtain revenge; she, of what the future might bring. A future that, she could scarcely have told why, she dreaded, looked forward to with fear extreme.

"There are two persons," she whispered now, unconsciously drawing a little closer to her lover's arm even as she did so, "two persons whom, if he had the power to injure, he would. Geoffrey, you know those two?"

"You and I, sweetheart, is't not so? Well, what can he do—this discredited, ruined rogue? What! We, too, shall be man and wife soon now, since there is no truth in the report that I take my ship to join Boscawen; since, too, it seems likely that she and I are doomed to inaction. Ah! if Admiral Hawke could but bring the French to action nearer home and I might be with him. Then—then—there would be a bright future before me."

As he spoke of their being man and wife the girl's heart gave a great leap. Surely, she thought, he must know how much she, too, desired that; and still, as thus she thought, she drew closer to him. But, even as she did so, she whispered:

"How that man can injure you or me, I know not, my own. Yet—yet—I saw his face to-day, saw the look, the hideous look of rage and spite, he cast at you—and—oh! oh! my love," she wailed, "I fear, I fear."

"Fear nothing," he whispered back. "Fear nothing. He is a broken, bankrupt knave, and I am a King's officer; while you are to be my wife. He is harmless."

CHAPTER IX.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

"THE question now is," said Lewis Granger to Beau Bufton that night, "what is to be done? How are you, and I, which latter is perhaps of more considerable importance, to continue to exist? I have had no money for a long time, and in a short time you also will have none. What do you intend to do?"

As he spoke, he cast his eyes upon the man who now sat the picture of despair in his rooms in the Haymarket, and was, in truth, in about as miserable a frame of mind as it was possible for any person to be. Miserable and broken down in more ways than one, through lack of money as well as a lack of knowledge of where any was to come from; also through the certainty that by to-morrow all London would ring with the manner in which he had been tricked and deceived. While, which was perhaps the worst of all disasters, his long-meditated plan of espousing some heiress or another was now and for ever impossible. Who would marry him, a man who might or might not be the husband of the singing, dancing girl of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marylebone Gardens; what heiress, even though he could get free of Anne Pottle, would not know him in his true colours: those of a fortune hunter?

There was no gibe nor jeer left in him now, not even of that lower-form schoolboy order which Granger had so often derided with savage contempt. How could he ever jeer and jest at others henceforth? He who had stood so pitiful and exposed a fool before others that morning. In the future, whatever became of him, he could sneer or scoff no more, for fear that in his teeth should be thrown his own idiocy.

But, in place of the little quips and contemptuous insolence he had been wont to pride himself upon, there had come now into his heart a passion, black and venomous, that had taken the place of those other qualities which once he had considered all sufficient—a passion that was a thirst, a determination for revenge. Yet, against whom it was to be exercised he scarcely knew, even now. His wife, if she were his wife, perhaps; and then—then—against all who had aided and abetted her, all who, knowing what was to be done, had stood by and had not interfered in the doing thereof. Undoubtedly there were two such persons, if no more. Surely the real Ariadne Thorne had known; surely, too, the man who had proclaimed himself her future husband. The man who, on the two occasions when they had come together, had treated him with icy contempt and scorn; had driven him from the avenue with ignominy; and had spoken to him as though he were dirt beneath his feet. Spoken thus to him!—to him!—whose whole system had been to treat others so.

"You do not answer me," said Lewis Granger, filling his glass as he spoke. "I have asked you what is to be done. How are you and I to live? You owe me five thousand pounds, which, as you have not married the lady who possesses twenty times that amount, I presume it is little use dunning you for. But the wherewithal to live, that is the question of the moment."

"I am ruined," Bufton said. "The Fleet Prison will ere long be my home——"

"Tush! tush!" exclaimed Granger. "Never. What! A bold cock o' the walk like Algernon Bufton languish in the Fleet? Never, I say. Are there not the clubs, the gaming houses, the credit given by dupes? You are skilful at—well—sleight of hand——"

"Clubs! gaming houses! credit!" exclaimed Bufton. "Who will give me credit now; who play with me? Man, I am ruined. Lost. Sunk. I have but thirty gold pieces in the world."

"You will have but thirty in an hour or so, when you have shared what you possess with me; but at present you have sixty, or had when you went to your wedding to-day, and you have spent nothing since then."

"Curse you!" cried Bufton, angrily. "Before God, I think you are my evil genius."

"As I was when you were at Cambridge, eh? In the Glastonbury affair?"

"No! no! I meant not that. But—but—Lewis, what is to become of me?"

"Make money. If you cannot enter clubs here, or gamble, you can do so elsewhere. There is Bath—Tunbridge I do not suggest, for reasons—painful reasons—but there is Bath. Your cleverness with your—well!—fingers and hands—should stand you in good stead."

"It will be known at Bath as well as in London. I can show my face nowhere."

"What then to do? What are you thinking of? You are burdened with me, you see; have to keep me for ever—until, at least, the Glastonbury affair is wiped away. You do it devilish ill; I live in a garret, you in sumptuous rooms; yet it is something. Am I to keep myself henceforth? And again I say, what are you thinking of doing?"

"At present I think but of one thing. Revenge! A terrible revenge!"

"On whom?"

"On him. That man, Barry. The man who is to marry the true Ariadne Thorne; the man who, since he appeared at the church, knew very well what was taking place, and let me fall into the snare like a rat into a trap."

"It will be hard to do. He is a sea-captain, a brave, stalwart-looking fellow, and—he has beaten you once. He may do so again. Also, I do not think he would meet you if you challenged him."

"There are other ways. Men can be hired even nowadays to do the work. A month ago Lord D'Amboise's nose was slit to the bone—perhaps his Ariadne would not like Sir Geoffrey so much if he were equally disfigured! There are many ways if one will pay——"

"But you cannot pay," said Granger, with a swift glance at him, which the other saw well enough; "that is, unless you have a secret store. You would be like enough to have one, and keep the knowledge from me."

"I have nothing; nothing but what you know of."

"Humph! perhaps. 'But what I know of!' Well, at least I know of your sixty guineas which you had when you went to your marriage this morning—your wedding with the heiress," Granger said emphatically, observing how the other winced at the word "marriage"; "I know of that. Well, come, let us decide. You say you can support me no longer, therefore I must now support myself. We must part, grievous as so doing will be to me."

"Part! You and I! When we have been so much to each other. Part! Oh, no! I—I might find a little more money somehow yet—if—if—a letter were sent to my mother saying that I was dying—now—she might consent. She——"

"I do not doubt you will find more money somewhere," Granger replied, with a very profound look of disgust for his fellow-knave on his face, "no more than I doubt that in some way you will wheedle out of your mother the wherewithal to live. But—you must do it by yourself. We part now. I can earn my living in a way. Come, divide."

"Not now; you will not take all at once—the full half? Think of my debts."

"Damn your debts! Also, I have confidence in your powers, Bufton; you will by some means discover how to avoid their payment. Divide, I say."

By strong persuasion, by the force of some hold which Granger had over the Beau, the latter was at last induced to draw forth his purse, and to divide into two heaps the sum of sixty guineas which it contained. Though not without much protest on his side, nor without, indeed, almost a whimper at parting both with his money and his friend. But the latter was inexorable, and he took the thirty guineas.



"Curse him! I will never stop."

"And we shall meet no more?" Bufton said, "after so long a friendship. Oh! it is hard. And how—how are you going to make a living! Can you not put me in the way of doing so too?"

As he asked the question, the other started. Put him in the way of making a living! In the way of making a living! Rather, he thought suddenly to himself, put him in the way of going to a more utter ruin than that which had yet fallen on him. He must think of this. His whole life for two years had been devoted towards ruining, crushing this man who had ruined his own career at the outset of it; and, although by tricking him into the marriage made that day he had gone far towards fulfilling his purpose, he was not yet content. Anne Pottle had spoken truthfully when she told Ariadne that Mr. Granger had not finished his business with Bufton yet.

"It might be," he said, more gently now, and speaking in a friendlier tone, "that I could put you in such a way—later. Perhaps! It may be so. We will see. You must, in truth, disappear from the Beau Monde for a time; where, therefore, can news be found of you?"

"Are we not to meet again?" Bufton asked, his face haggard from all he had gone through that day; and, perhaps—since, although half-knave and half-fool, he was still human—feeling doubly wretched at this withdrawal of his principal ally and bottle-comrade.

"Not yet. I, too, leave this part of the town now. The other, the east of the city, will be my portion for some time to come."

"What is it?" almost whispered Bufton, "what? What have you found?"

"A commercial pursuit," the other answered; "one connected with the sea and the colonies of America. Enough! No more as yet. Say, where shall I write you if aught arises that may be of benefit?"

"Send word to the Rummer—no! no! they know me there. Instead, give me a house to which I may send to you. I pray you do so."

For a moment Granger paused, meditating; turning over in his mind more matters than one. Then he said: "Write to the Czar of Muscovy on Tower Hill. It will find me. And," he added to himself, "it is not too near." Then aloud he exclaimed, finally: "Now, farewell!"

And so these two men parted for the time.

That night, as Granger sat alone in his garret, while he occupied himself with flinging hastily into a valise a second suit of clothes which he possessed, some odd linen, and other necessaries, he muttered more than once to himself:

"The first act is played out, and so far it is successful. He is married to that girl, and much I doubt if he will ever free himself from the yoke. Yet it is not enough. Enough—my God! What can ever be enough? What can repay me for my own wasted life; my mother's death; the loss of the woman who loved me; and—Heaven help us both!—believed in me? Enough! What can be enough?" While, even as he mused thus, he went to a cupboard and took from out of it a bottle. "Still half full," he whispered, "still half full. Ah, well! it will be empty ere day breaks."

He sat down after he had brought forth a glass also, into which he poured a dram of spirit and, supping it, continued his meditations, though still they were on the same subject, and still, therefore, full of bitterness.

"Some men," he whispered to himself, "would stop here—would be content. Yet I will not stop—will never stop so long as Sophy's face rises before me every night—aye, and rises more plainly as I drink more; so long as there rises, too, the dank, reeking churchyard into which I stole at night—the night after my mother's burial. I will never stop," he continued, as he poured more spirits into the glass; "never. Only—what to do? how to go on? None would believe me now—none. None believed then that I was an innocent man and he the guilty one. None! My mother died with her heart broken, Sophy married the man whom she thought I had tried to rob. Curse him! I will never stop."

Again he emptied the glass of spirits down his throat; yet, fiery as the drams were, they did not make him drunk. Instead, only the more resolute, the more hard, if the set look upon his face was any index to his mind.

"He is ruined," he said to himself now. "Ruined. Only—that is not enough. Yet, how to do more? How! how! Short of murder I cannot slay him. There is no way. And I have sworn to slay him—his soul, if not his body. Have sworn to slay him, and there are no means. None. I shall never stamp on those grinning features; I can do nothing now."

Sitting there, with on one side of him the glass—again empty, and soon again to be refilled—and on the other a guttering rushlight which imparted to his face a sickly, cadaverous appearance, he continued racking his brain as to how more calamity might be made to fall upon Beau Bufton, the man who, if his meditations might be taken as a clue to the past, had once brought terrible ruin to him. He wondered if this man Barry (who was, beyond all doubt, the future husband of the woman, the heiress, whom he and Anne Pottle had contrived to make their tool believe he was himself about to marry) could in any way be used as a means to the end; wondered this, and then discarded that idea as worthless. "Sir Geoffrey Barry is a gentleman, an officer," he said. "Bufton is now an outcast. It is impossible. Impossible. Barry would not now condescend to kick him."

Again he drank—the bottle being almost empty by this time—and still his mind did not become clouded; still he was able to think and plot and scheme. And once he muttered: "He wishes to participate in my new method or earning a living, not even knowing what that method is. Ah!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, and knocking over the miserable rushlight as he did so, so that now he was in the dark, "he wishes that. He wishes that! Oh, my God!" he cried, gesticulating in the darkness, "he wishes that to be. And so it shall! So it shall! He shall participate. Somehow I will do it. He shall participate, even as the sheep—which his accursed, gibbering face is something like—participates with the butcher in the shambles to which it is led. He shall indeed participate."

Then, in the darkness, and half-frenzied both with the drink he had already partaken of—which was not the first that day—as well as with the thoughts of a new scheme which had suddenly dawned in his mind, he put out his hand and, groping for the bottle, found it, and drained the last remnants of its contents.

After which he stumbled towards where his bed was, and sought oblivion in sleep—an oblivion that, however, was not altogether complete—that was disturbed by dreams and visions of a girl's face, a girl's form shaken with piteous sobs, and, also, of a new-made grave in a country churchyard, on which the rain poured without cessation through the night.

CHAPTER X.

"La Mignonne."

Eight months had passed; March of the year 1759 had come, and a bitterly cold east wind blew up Bugsby's Reach, causing the pennons on countless barges and frigates and brigs, to say nothing of great ships of war lying in that classic piece of water, to stream out like pointing fingers towards where, above all else, there glistened in the wintry afternoon sunlight the cross surmounting St. Paul's. It whistled, too, through the shrouds of a French-built frigate, one that in earlier days would have been spoken of as "a tall, rakehelly bark," a fabric that was beautiful in all her lines, in her yacht-like bows and rounded stern, in her lofty masts, stayed with supreme precision; in her shining after-deck brasswork, her wheel carved and decorated as though the hands of dead-and-gone Grinling Gibbons might have been at work at it; upon, too, her brass capstan and binnacle. A French frigate pierced also with gun ports below, and bearing for her figure-head the face and bust of a smiling, blue-eyed child, which figure-head represented the name she bore upon her bows, "La Mignonne."

Yet (French as she was, and as any Jack Tar would have informed you in a moment—after he had run a fierce eye along her shape and marked other things about her as well—had you not known) there flew above her no flag proclaiming that she was owned by Louis le Bien-aimé (Bien-aimé by countless women, perhaps, but never, surely, by the subjects whom he taxed and ground to the soil they sweated over), for, instead, streaming out from her main-mast there flew, because it was war time and she lay in the King's chief river, the Royal Standard of England; from her fore-mast, the Anchor of Hope, the flag of the Lord High Admiral; and from her mizen the white flag, with the red St. George's cross; also she flew the same flag from her jack staff.

French though she may have been, none who saw those noble ensigns could doubt what she was now.

In truth, she was a capture, taken by an English ship, which in her turn had once been French—"Le Duc d'Acquitaine"—and she lay, on this wild, tempestuous March day, off Blackwall and the historic Bugsby's Hole, under the temporary command of Captain Sir Geoffrey Barry. There are ironies in the life of other things besides human beings—in ships, perhaps, more especially than amongst other inanimate creatures—and "La Mignonne" was an example that such was the case. In her thirty years of existence she had been fighting fiercely on behalf of France against her hereditary foe—England; now she lay in the Thames, serving as a vessel into which were brought scores of impressed men, as well as scores of others who were burning to fight as willing sailors against her old nation.

For at this time there was a hot press wherever men could be found; all along and around the coast of England it was going on; every vessel of war was being stuffed full of Englishmen who, willingly or unwillingly, had to take part in the deeds that were doing and that still had to be done.

Were not privateers and merchantmen being taken daily? Was not Boscawen raging the seas like a devouring lion; Sir Edward Hawke hurling insults at the French Fleet in an attempt to bring them to action; Rodney bombarding their coast? Were not those French also swearing that, ere long, their invasion of England should take place, and should be final, decisive, and triumphant?

No wonder, therefore, that sailors were wanted, and found! No wonder that husbands were torn from their wives, and fathers from their children; that men disappeared from their homes and were never more heard of, since, often not more than a month later, they were lying at the bottom of the sea, after having been sunk with their ships in some great naval fight, or, having been slain on board those ships, had next been flung over their sides—legless, armless, headless.

Geoffrey Barry was not alone in "La Mignonne." With him, as sharer of that old after cabin, with its deep, stern walk, whereon she sat sometimes for hours regarding all the traffic of the great and busy river, was his wife, sweet Ariadne, who (until "La Mignonne's" anchor should have been catted and fished, and her canvas sheeted home as she set out on her voyage round England, to distribute the men she had gathered to the various great ships of war in need of them) would remain ever by his side; for she could not tear herself away from him to whom she was but newly wedded; she could not look with aught but tearful apprehension to the moment, the hour that must inevitably come, when, for the last time, she would feel his arms about her and his lips pressed to hers. When he would go forth to distribute those men, and would then, after putting his own ship into fighting trim, join either Rodney, Boscawen, or Hawke, as their Lordships might see fit to direct.

"Oh, Geoff! oh, Geoff!" she cried, as now, on this afternoon, she sat by his side, their dinner and their dish of tea both over, "oh, Geoff! who that did not love him fondly, madly, would be a sailor's wife? But three months married are we, and the time has come, is close at hand, for us to part. What will become of me?"

"Heart up, sweet one," her husband said in answer, even as, while he spoke, he glanced through the quaint square ports, across which were pulled back the prettily-flowered dimity curtains that had adorned the windows of "La Mignonne" when a French captain had sat in the self-same cabin, with perhaps his own wife by his side. "Heart up, mine own. 'Tis glory, my flag, I go to win. Glory for thee and me. What! shall my Lady Barry give precedence to any in our old Hampshire, where for many a long day the Barrys have ruled the roast. You must be an admiral's wife, sweet; an admiral's wife."

"Alas! 'tis you I want, not rank nor precedence. My poor father died a sailor, and—and—it broke my mother's heart. So, too, will mine break if now husband follows father."

"Tush, dearest, tush! Your father was a gallant seaman, your mother should have lived to love his memory. A sailor's wife must be brave. Why! look, now, at Mrs. Pottle. She, too, lost her husband, yet she hath not succumbed. And," discontinuing his bluff heartiness—assumed only to solace his girl-wife, and not, in truth, felt—"I will not be slain. Fortune is not *my* foe—I know it, feel it—I shall not follow Henry Thorne nor Ezra Pottle. Be cheered, my dear."

(To be continued.)



Photo. G. Lekegian & Co. Copyright.

THE DEATH FLAG.

THE KHALIFA'S BLACK FLAG, WITH DRUMS AND OTHER TROPHIES CAPTURED AT OMDURMAN.

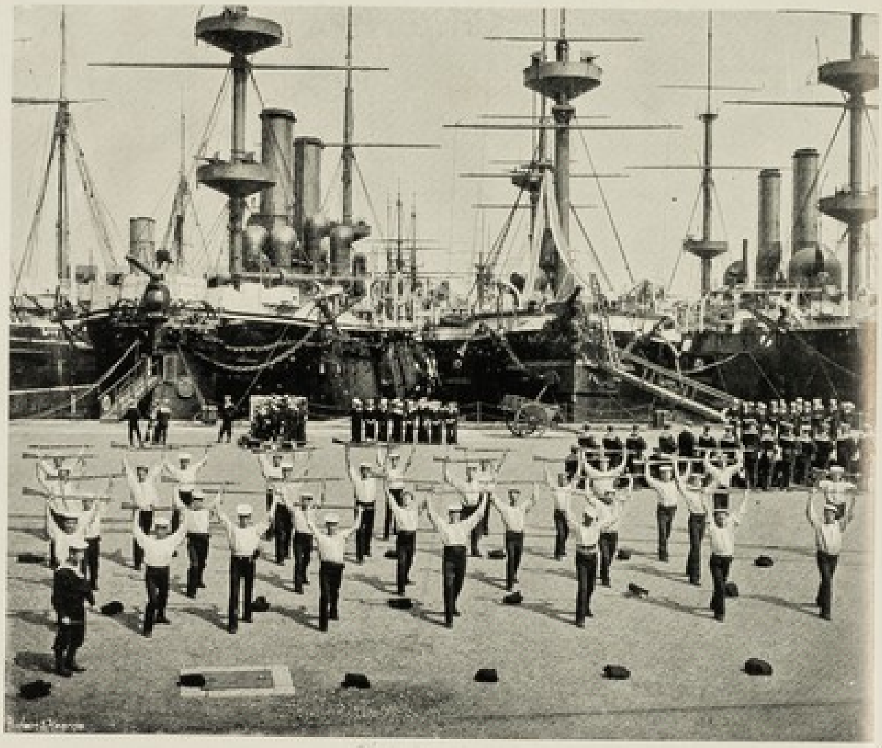
OVER 10,000 killed, over 15,000 wounded, and some 5,000 prisoners, roughly sums up the bill of costs that the wretched Dervishes had to pay Sir Herbert Kitchener for their little outing at Omdurman. Brave to a degree is the Dervish, no one can deny that, and no better evidence of his bravery was shown than in the glorious stand that his followers made round the black flag of the Khalifa, an illustration of which we are able to reproduce from a photograph which has just reached us from Cairo. The Khalifa's black banner rallied round it the staunchest and bravest of the flower of his army. Time after time it was borne on to the attack, and it fell only when the last living man rallied round it fell. Fell, to bring down with him the flag whose terror had for years been a curse to the whole Soudan, and which was the emblem of a tyranny that in the nineteenth century has never been equalled in any portion of the globe, civilised or uncivilised. The cowardly Khalifa fled and lost his one chance of dying a man's death. By showing himself at any rate, a brave man, he might in a measure have earned some of the sympathy which all who participated in the fight gave to the poor wretches who died on his behalf. In addition to the celebrated flag, our illustration gives a selection of very characteristic Dervish weapons and war material. The great war drum of the Khalifa is well in evidence, as are also the broad-bladed spears now so well known to us all at home. The shields shown, especially the one in the foreground, are excellent samples of Dervish workmanship. Especially interesting is the armour worn by the Emirs in the shape of helmets, coats of chain mail, and an iron breastplate which is somewhat similar to, but certainly has never been burnished like, those which can be seen any day encasing the mounted sentries outside the Horse Guards. The ivory tusk in the foreground is a typical emblem of the Soudan.

A Second Line of Defence.

THE excellent series of photographs reproduced herewith give us a very good idea of the reserves, both in personnel and material, which lie behind the first fighting line of the Imperial Navy.

One shows a group of the older vessels of the fleet reserve—a bit out of date some of them, but among them are plenty that are not out of date, and those that are somewhat so will come in handy when the more recent ships on both sides have taken their share of the fighting and are undergoing the inevitable course of repairs.

The two other pictures are illustrative of the personnel always kept available for manning the extra ships that would at once be commissioned in the event of war. One—that with some more of the fleet reserve in the background—shows us a party of newly-joined stokers under parade on shore, the squad in the foreground going through that most useful and frequent exercise in the Navy, physical drill. Fine stalwart lads who will blossom into heroes, like the men who died in the engine-room of the "Victoria," and clever mechanics like those whose skill, and care of their engines during a long commission, enabled the "Calliope" at Samoa to "euchre God Almighty's storm and bluff the eternal sea."



A DRILL ASHORE.

The remaining illustration shows the inspection of the men of the Naval Depôt at Portsmouth by the Lords of the Admiralty during their last visit. Similar depôts exist at Devonport and Chatham. These inspections are made at frequent intervals, and there is no more important part of our Naval organisation than that which keeps always available an efficient reserve both in men and material.



Photos. C. Cozens. Copyright.

AN ADMIRALTY INSPECTION.

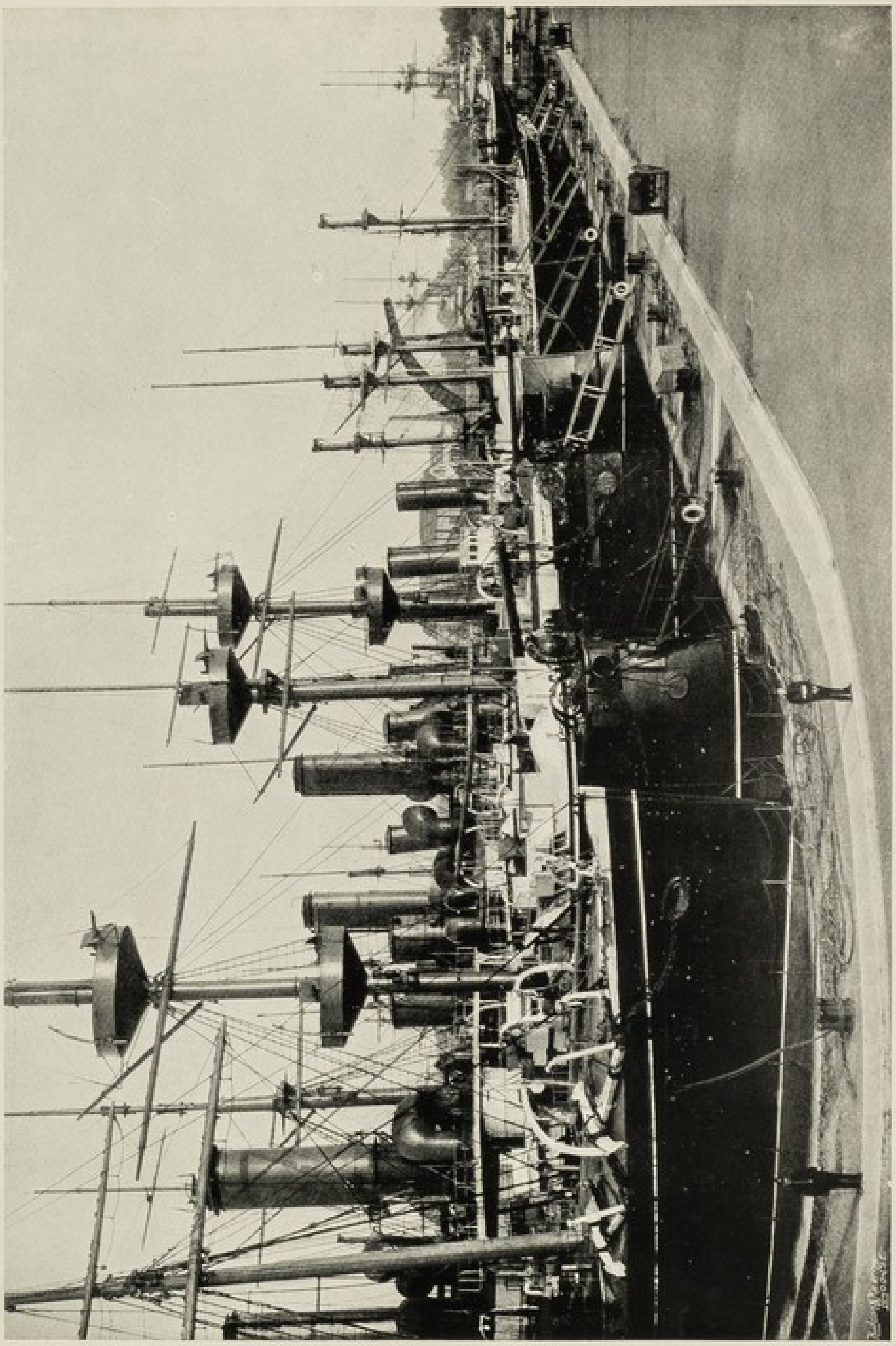


Photo. C. Cozens.

SHIPS OF THE PORTSMOUTH RESERVE.



Photo. W. Kirk. Copyright.

AN INTERESTING GROUP ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE."

(See "Notes and Queries.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. VII.—No. 93.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1898.



Photo. G. M. Roche. Copyright.

REAR-ADMIRAL ATWELL P. M. LAKE.

SENIOR OFFICER ON THE COAST OF IRELAND.

(See "Notes and Queries.")

The Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham.

THE Royal Naval Hospital at Chatham was originally built under the name of the Royal Marine Infirmary, and was used for both Marines and Bluejackets down to 1885, when the name of the establishment was changed to that it now bears. Its early history is not very clear. There would seem to have been a Marine Infirmary at Chatham, exclusively for the Marines, whose barracks it adjoined, at the beginning of the present century—dating probably from the Seven Years' War, when our Marine force was regularly constituted—but existing records do not go further back than 1823. At that time it would appear the seamen at Chatham were otherwise provided for.

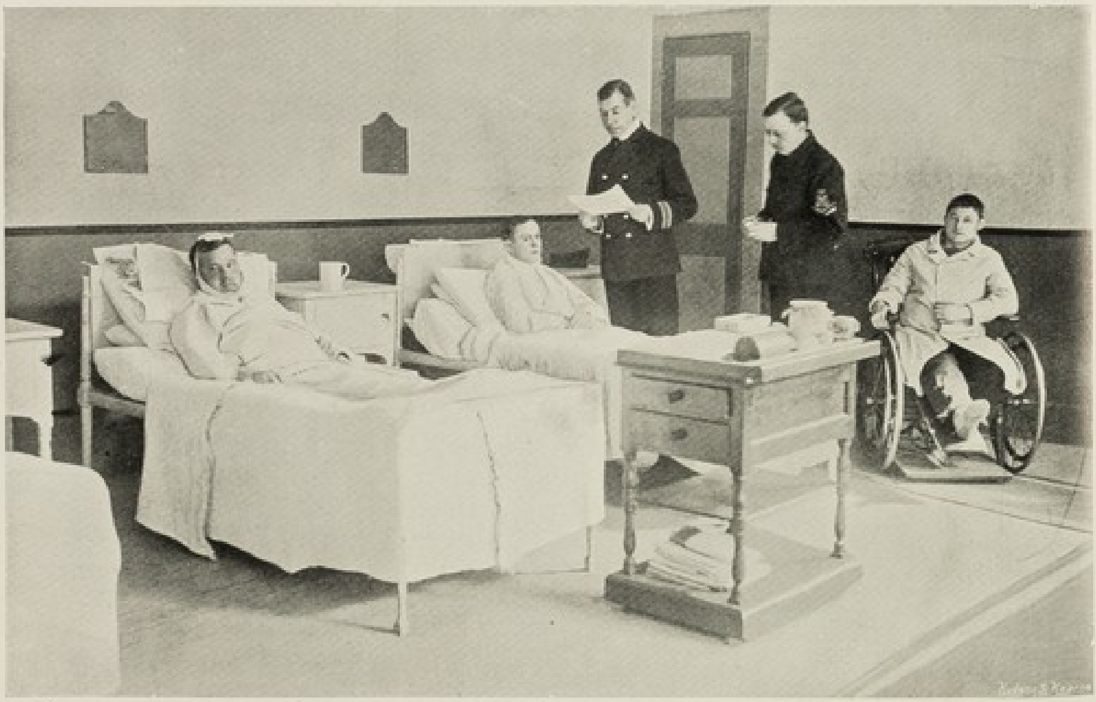
Before the Great War with Napoleon and down to 1828 sick and wounded seamen at Chatham were dependent entirely on the Chatham Hospital ship—an old hulk kept moored in the Medway off the dockyard. The ship fulfilling the duties during the Great War time was an ex-seventy-four, the old "Argonaut" hulk, a former French prize, originally taken as the "Jason," by Hood, after Rodney's victory of April, 1782. This ship was our first "Argonaut"—from which, by the way, our newest big cruiser, the "Argonaut" that has just arrived to complete for sea at Chatham, takes her name. In the Great War time our Naval hospitals at home were five—Haslar, Plymouth, Paignton, in Torbay (for the Channel Fleet), Deal, and Yarmouth (for the North Sea and Baltic Fleets). The other Naval establishments at Chatham, Sheerness, and Woolwich were provided for by three hospital ships, one being moored at each of these places. Also the medical arrangements of the Navy at this time came under the old Board of Transport Office, which supervised as one of its branches the "Department for Sick and Wounded Seamen," under whom directly our Naval hospital service was.

The present buildings of the Royal Naval Hospital at Chatham and their original provision under the former style of the Royal Marine Infirmary, for the accommodation of both seamen and Marines, we actually owe to the initiative of William IV. King William, then Duke of Clarence, during his brief ten months' tenure of office as Lord High Admiral in 1827, proposed to create such an establishment at Chatham and place it on the same footing as the establishments at Haslar and Plymouth. Circumstances prevented the Duke of Clarence from carrying his plans into effect, but, after



Photo J. Moll. Copyright.

THE PRINCIPAL MEDICAL OFFICERS AT CHATHAM HOSPITAL.

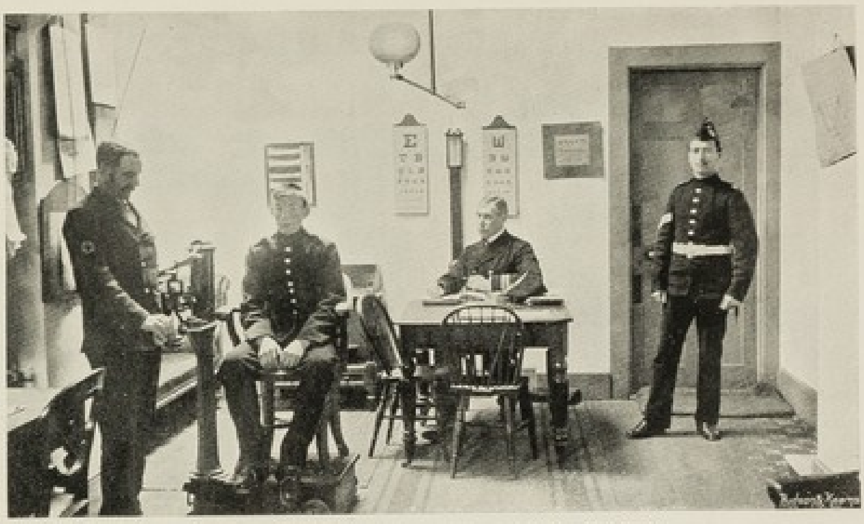


From a Photo. by a Naval Officer. Copyright.

IN THE SURGICAL WARD.

quitting office, he impressed his views on Lord Melville—who succeeded the Duke in 1828 as First Lord of the Admiralty—and thus the present establishment came into existence. The buildings are locally called—from the First Lord under whom they were completed—The Melville Hospital. They were completed in 1828, at the cost of £70,000. The buildings are of uniform appearance, and are constructed of brick and stucco, the establishment comprising three blocks, containing eighteen wards capable of taking 228 patients, and providing accommodation for ten attendants. Offices are also provided for various service purposes — officers' quarters, store-rooms, mess-room, two smoking sheds, a conservatory to provide flowers for the wards, laundry, etc. The present hospital, however, though complete as far as it goes, has for some time past been found too small for the needs of the Navy of to-day, and the Admiralty has resolved on building a new hospital at Chatham. For this purpose money has been voted on the Estimates, and a site has been purchased. It is anticipated that a start with the new buildings will be soon made.

The officers and staff of the establishment, many of whom figure in our illustrations, comprise the following: Deputy - Inspector - General T. H. Knott, the officer in charge (shown in one picture seated in the centre of a group of officers, with four rings of lace on his cuff), Staff-Surgeon H. S. Jackson (shown in three of our illustrations wearing on his cuff two rings of lace with a narrow ring between), two surgeons, a dispenser, and a head sister and two sisters.



IN THE RECEIVING-ROOM—A NEW ARRIVAL.



PATIENTS AT DINNER.



From Photos.

THE TERRACE OF THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



By a Naval Officer.

THE COLONNADE IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL.

With the Channel Squadron.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

THE Fleet left Portland on Saturday, October 15, for Arosa Bay, where it arrived on the afternoon of the 18th. The voyage was not without incident, as on Sunday a strong south-westerly gale sprung up, bringing a heavy sea and swell with it. During the thirty-six hours that the gale lasted the Squadron presented a magnificent



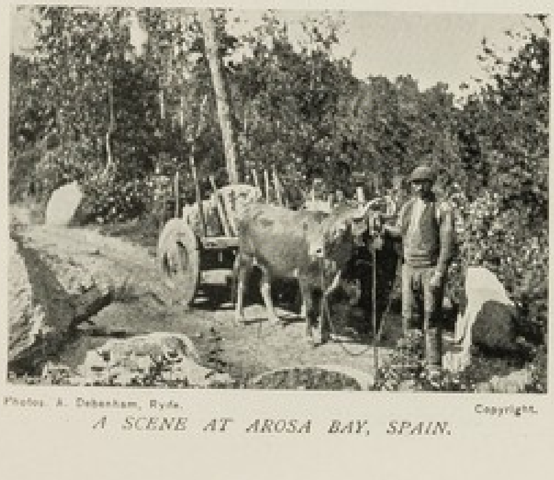
THE "HANNIBAL" IN A HEAVY HEAD SEA.

spectacle; the ships, plunging heavily into the long rollers, threw back from off their bows great sheets of broken water, which was caught by the wind and driven aft in sheets of white and stinging spray. As, however, the ships of the



FULL SPEED, TAKING IT IN OVER ALL.

Squadron were kept at open order—about half a mile apart—it was impossible to get photographs of any ship except the one next astern. The modern battle-ship is a splendid sea boat, and most, if not all, of the guns could have been fought even when the gale was at its height.



Photos. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

A SCENE AT AROSA BAY, SPAIN.



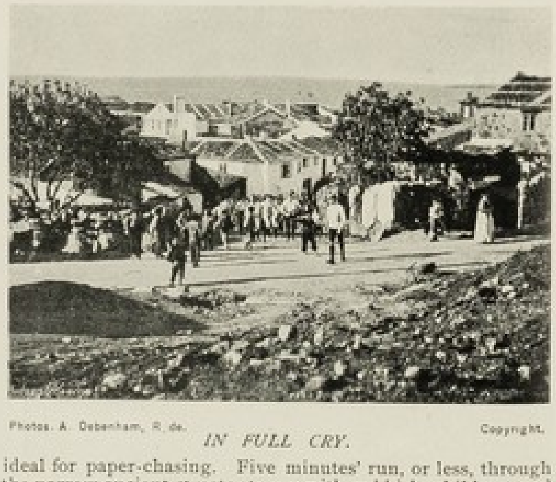
THE PAPER CHASE—THE MEET.

On Tuesday, in bright sunshine and a smooth sea, we steamed slowly up the long familiar reaches of Arosa Bay, threading our tortuous track through the enormous fishing fleet of the sardine industry, to come to, about four o'clock, in the usual anchorage off Villagarcia.



GONE AWAY.

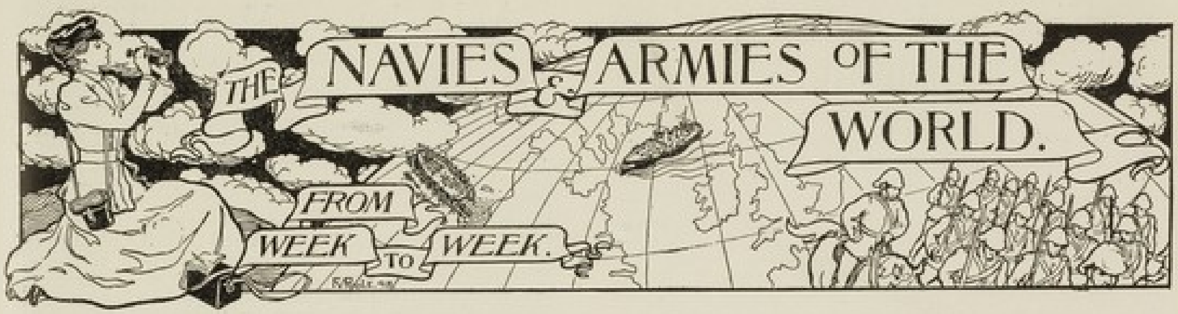
Saturday, both at home and abroad, is the sailor-man's holiday. Paper-chasing is very popular just now, and a field of at least fifty runners recently met on the quaint and picturesque, if dirty and odoriferous, jetty at Villauan. The country round is



Photos. A. Debenham, R de. Copyright.

IN FULL CRY.

ideal for paper-chasing. Five minutes' run, or less, through the narrow ancient streets strewn with rubbish, children, and vagrant pigs, brings one out into the open country, with its farms and vineyards, where lie in wait posses of bright-eyed, impudent Spanish children with their eternal cry of "Un pennice, un pennice."



WE have heard a good deal within the last few days of a request issued by the War Office to newspapers. It is to the effect that they will not publish details of our preparations for the war which may come between ourselves and our neighbours over the Channel. Now this is quite according to tradition, and one must not find fault. So we leave the particular measure aside and turn to discuss the principle. What are the justifications for concealing your preparations from the enemy? It is easy to understand why it is foolish, and also unpatriotic, to tell him of particular movements you propose to make when war has actually begun. That of course is obvious. No general in his senses would send over to the other side and say "I see that your left flank is in the air. To-morrow at daybreak I am going to throw my whole force on the exposed end of your line, and roll you up." But why be reluctant before war has broken out to let your opponent know your strength? There are but two justifications for secrecy at such a time. One is that you want to draw the enemy on, and are afraid that he will not come if he knows your real force. The other is that your strength is not what it ought to be, and you are trying to impose on your adversary by show. Where neither of these motives for secrecy exists, there is no motive for concealment. On the contrary, it is highly desirable that your enemy should know how well prepared you are to fight. If he is acting on rational motives he will abstain from war when he sees your superiority. If he is resolved to fight, or cannot help fighting, his knowledge of the forces he has to encounter will damp his spirits. It is an old story that certain spies of Harold found their way into the camp of William of Normandy. The Duke of Normandy ordered them to be shown round the camp, and then sent them back to their master with a message that this was the army he had to fight, and he would do well to reflect whether he had any chance of victory. The tale has been told of other great captains, and whether it is exactly true of any of them or not, it contains a great lesson.

* * * *

Why should we conceal our measures of preparation so far? There are three things which work for peace between us and France. Put in their order of importance, they are these: Firstly, that we take a third of the exports of France, and that the mere outbreak of hostilities would be disastrous to her; secondly, that she could not rely on the help of the Czar in a quarrel which did not directly concern Russia; thirdly, that she knows she would be overmatched in a single-handed fight. Neither the first reason nor the second might deter her from rushing into an adventure if she saw a chance of success. The third ought not to deter a courageous people from resisting an attack. There is truth in the poetic saying that he is twice armed who has his quarrel just. Napier, who had a profound understanding of all the causes of success and defeat in war—the moral and political, as well as the purely military—counted among the sources of the weakness of the French in the Peninsula their own conviction that what they were doing was wicked. It weighed on their minds, and helped to make them sick of their work. But the case may arise where a nation is drifting into a war from vanity and ill-temper. Then a clear understanding of the resources of the enemy it is disposed to provoke is likely to prove what our ancestors of the Elizabethan times called "a cooling card," and to bring them to a reasonable frame of mind. If Germany had really wished for peace in 1870, not the worst way of obtaining her wish might have been to take care that all the information which Baron Stoffel was sending to his Government (and to which the besotted War Office of Napoleon III. paid as good as no attention) should be scattered all over France. Germany did not wish for peace, but for a war, to make a lasting settlement between herself and her uneasy rival. We keep on saying that it is not our wish to follow Prince Bismarck's example. Well, then, let us show the French exactly how we stand in regard to the only kind of war possible between us and her. Let us invite her to send a select committee over here to report, and then let us treat it as Duke William did the spies of Harold—show it all round with the most absolute politeness, and ask its Government to reflect.

* * * *

M. de Cassagnac has been making, as is usual with him, some uncivil reflections on our moral character in his paper, *L'Autorité*. He is not perhaps much of a judge of such questions, but one of his remarks has a certain interest. By way of illustrating the depths of wickedness to which perfidious Albion can descend, he has asserted that we are capable of beginning hostilities without declaration of war. This is a formula about which much has been written—but not, I think, to any considerable purpose in these last years. There is a tendency to confuse war without declaration, and war without previous quarrel, which are two very different things. Suppose at the present moment it does come to blows between us and France, who could say that clear warning had not been given on both sides? We have said that unless the French do so and so, we shall take it very ill of them. They answered that it was impossible for them to do so and so. Now here is defiance and retort, and they have been before the world for weeks. If either party draws the sword, how could it be said that the other was treated unfairly? If it were taken by surprise, that would be its own silly fault. M. de Cassagnac quotes our attack on Denmark in 1807 as an example of hostilities without declaration of war, but on that occasion we gave the Government of Denmark ample warning. It was made known to Canning and his colleagues, after the meeting between the Emperor of Russia and Napoleon at Tilsit, that the Danish Fleet was to be used against us. Denmark must have known as much. In what sense then was it taken by surprise? If it thought we were going to wait till the plot matured, was that our fault? Take again the standing case of the invasion of Saxony by Frederick the Great. He marched in without declaration of war, but some months before he had summoned the Austrian Government to explain its concentration of troops in Bohemia. Maria Teresa and her Minister Kaunitz were engaged in a scheme for forming a league with Russia, Saxony, and France for the destruction of Prussia. If they thought that Frederick was not on the watch, or if, after the warning he had given them, they chose to take it for granted that he would sit quiet till it suited their convenience to begin, they were very foolish people—as in fact they were. Frederick's invasion was a sad surprise to the unhappy people of Saxony, who had not the least idea what their King was doing, but it ought not to have been any surprise to the Government. If it was surprised that was because His Majesty of Saxony and his Minister Bruhl were a pair of fools—as in fact they were.

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Declaration of war as between either State and State, or a State and its subjects, is a mere formality. In ancient times, and in the Middle Ages, there was time for these shows. A herald was sent to bear a defiance from Sovereign to Sovereign—the Garter King for England, the Lyon King for Scotland, Montjoy for France, and other similar officers for the Emperor, the King of Castile, and so forth. He came with his pursuivants blowing silver trumpets, and performed his function as became a good and faithful vassal. It was the custom to give him a fair welcome, and a heavy gold chain or some other compliment. Then he was conducted back to the frontier with profuse civility. So when King Edward III. set out to claim the throne of France, his Knights held a solemn feast at which they appeared with a silk bandage over one eye, and swore solemnly "by the swan" not to take it off till they had done certain feats of arms in honour of their ladies. That was all very well for the Middle Ages, but if the Navy or the officers of the guards were to do this now, they would justly be considered fools. So the solemn defiance by a herald has fallen out of use. The last Sovereign who sent one was a mad King of Sweden in the eighteenth century. As for the declaration made by a State to its subjects, that is a mere formality, which notifies to all that a state of war exists. Pepys describes how the herald came to the City with the message that King Charles II. had gone to war with the Dutch; but that can have been no news to the Lord Mayor, who had known all about it for weeks. In fact, it was largely at the request of "the City," of the trading community, which was very jealous of the Dutch carrying trade, that the war was undertaken. Declaration of war, in short, is a purely formal recognition of a state of things which already exists. The omission of it is of no importance. Before a nation can be unfairly taken by surprise by another, one of them must burst out in a time of profound peace, when there is no cause of quarrel between them. That is an event which is scarcely conceivable.

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In favourable circumstances the "Exhibition of Lantern Slides and Animated Photographs of the Cruise of H.M.S. 'Crescent,' etc.," which was given for the first time at the St. James's Hall on Monday, will no doubt do a good deal to familiarise the public with the Navy and Naval life. On Monday the circumstances were not favourable, but much the reverse. Owing to want of opportunity for a rehearsal, and to the imposition of new and unforeseen rules by the County Council (so the manager explained), there were many hitches. So it would be unfair to pass judgment on the strength of one experience. As far as one could see, the chief criticism to be made is that the show, like a play on its first appearance, would be the better for "cuts." There are too many repetitions of the same sort of thing, groups and so forth, while a few of the plates, though unquestionably taken on board a ship, did not present a very nautical appearance. For example, the cabins of H.R.H. the Duke of York only showed at the best that a gentleman's quarters in a ship may bear a striking resemblance to a gentleman's house on shore—at any rate when seen in a photograph. The animated scenes were naturally the best, and when the difficulties have been overcome, and they no longer dance about so madly as they did on Monday, they will be capital. Even as it was some came very near complete success—notably the racing of the men-of-war boats, one scene of single-stick play, and some of the yacht sailing. This is the element which ought to be developed to the utmost. The reason why the country which is so fond of the Navy is yet so very much in the dark about it is of course obvious. Nobody who does not live in or near "a port of war" has the least chance of seeing the Navy. The Army, being a land business, lives by the side of landsmen. Photography, which has now been carried to such an extraordinary pitch, could not well be used to better purpose than to "annihilate space," and bring the Navy before the eyes of Englishmen everywhere. As a matter of fact there is no want of recruits for the Navy, and so one cannot say there is any necessity to attract volunteers by pictures of the life in a war-ship. Neither is the nation at present at all disposed to underrate the need of a strong Navy. Still no harm is done by keeping on the safe side, and shows of this kind will work for a good purpose.

DAVID HANNAY.

Eleven Years' Naval Expenditure.

By James Wilson.

It is a well-known fact that more money is spent on the British Navy of the present day than on the Navy of any other country in the world. The present tremendous expenditure on their Naval forces by the various Powers has been chiefly caused by the improvement in guns, projectiles, and armour, between which there has been an unending struggle for supremacy ever since the introduction of steam as a factor in Naval warfare.

The official return dealing with the British Navy from April, 1887, to March of this year gives some wonderful facts and figures, and some very noteworthy comparisons may be drawn from it. The enormous sums which the Navy has swallowed up during the period under review will astonish many of our readers.

From this return we gather that the money spent on the construction of new war-ships from the financial year commencing April 1, 1887, to March 31, 1898, was £49,500,000, not including the money spent on guns and ammunition. Sir William White, the present Director of Naval Construction, reckons this to be about £11,000,000 sterling, which brings the total cost up to £60,000,000. The richest American millionaire, after having spent this sum, would be about £10,000,000 in debt, but with such a fleet of war-ships as any country in the world would, to use a familiar expression, "give their eyes to possess."

The average for the eleven years for ships only works out at close upon £4,500,000 a year, and the largest sum spent in one year was in 1896-97, when £7,327,000 was spent. Take the last four years, and the average works out at £5,600,000, as £22,500,000 has been spent during that time. During the present financial year it is proposed to spend £7,700,000 on ships and machinery.

As might be expected, the cost of war-ships to-day is much greater than it ever was before, owing chiefly to the improvements—costly improvements—which have taken place in armour, armaments, machinery, etc., and, not including armaments, the first cost of the war-ships of to-day is two and a-half times greater than it was in 1887. In 1813, the total first cost of the combatant ships of the Navy was, roughly speaking, £10,000,000, while, seventy-four years later, 1887 to wit, it had risen to £37,000,000. This, as Sir William White points out, shows an increase of £27,000,000. The figures from 1887 to 1898 show an increase of £57,000,000.

Altogether 190 war-ships, built and building, have been added to the British Navy in the past eleven years, displacing 955,000 tons, and with an indicated horse-power of 1,575,000. Twenty-two of these vessels displace over 14,000 tons, eleven between 12,000 and 13,000, ten between 10,000 and 12,000, twelve from 6,500 to 9,100, twenty-four between 4,000 and 5,800, forty-six between 2,000 and 4,000, twenty-two between 1,000 and 2,000, and forty-three under 1,000 tons. Between them these ships carry 1,675 guns of 4-in. and upwards. Twenty-nine of them are battle-ships, representing £23,000,000, twenty-six first-class cruisers, representing £13,000,000, forty-five second-class cruisers, representing about £9,500,000, thirty-one third-class cruisers, representing close upon £4,000,000, twenty-nine torpedo gun-boats, and thirty sloops, gun-boats, etc., representing over £2,500,000 more.

These numbers do not include ninety-six torpedo-boat destroyers, built and building, at a cost of £4,500,000, not including armament. One of these little vessels costs as much as did a 74-gun line-of-battle ship of Nelson's time.

In 1887, our largest protected cruiser displaced less than 4,000 tons, and cost about £210,000; to-day our largest cruiser displaces 14,000 tons, and cost nearly £750,000 sterling. Russia and France have built or are building cruisers which cost something like £900,000, but the reason our ships cost so much less is on account of our being able to build so much more cheaply than these Powers.

Of the enormous sums spent, not one quarter would appear to have been spent in the Royal dockyards. The seventy ships built under the Naval Defence Act may be taken as an instance. The Royal dockyards accounted for thirty-eight of these, and the private yards for thirty-two; but then nearly the whole of the materials used to build the vessels in the Royal yards was supplied by the private firms, dockyard labour representing only £3,500,000. Not including armament, these seventy ships cost £18,000,000.

These figures will give the reader an idea of what the supremacy of the seas costs Great Britain; and if the present rate of progression in the amount of money spent yearly to maintain this supremacy continues, it will not be many years before nine figures are reached, and £100,000,000 spent yearly on the maintenance of the British Fleet.

A Pasha of Many Trials.

By Captain W. P. Drury, R.M.L.I.

"J'AI l'honneur," writes the Pasha of Many Trials to the officer commanding the British squadron in the Bay, "de vous prier de vouloir bien venir passer la soirée chez moi."

The occasion is no less an one than an anniversary of the accession to the throne of His Majesty Abdul-Hamid, Sultan of Turkey; and he adds, does this loyal and hospitable Pasha, that the invitation extends to all officers of "la marine Anglaise," of whom he will be happy to receive as many as possible. "White uniform without epaulettes" is the legend in the lower left-hand corner of the card; and in white uniform without epaulettes we accordingly set forth by boat beneath the harvest moon, to presently land at the little ramshackle jetty hard by Giacomo's hostelry, Aux Grandes Puissances.

And oh! my brothers, what a posturing, and making of legs, and enquiries after healths in divers tongues by white-uniformed figures (without epaulettes) among the oleanders before Giacomo's! For all available Europe has been bidden to the feast by the great and good Pasha; and from the International Squadron in the Bay a cosmopolitan brotherhood of the sea has assembled, prepared to make merry at his generous Highness's expense, and to do honour (for the nonce) to his illustrious master at Constantinople.

Yet, alas! beneath this conventional jackacting lie "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." Four miles of dusty highway stretch between Giacomo's and our host's official residence, and for this journey but seven saddle ponies and two small barouches are available. And what are they among so many? Nevertheless—such is the virtue of a firm policy—Great Britain presently departs in one of the barouches and upon three of the seven ponies; while France and Italy, Austria and Russia frantically gesticulate in the moonlit roadway over the remainder.

Beautiful, romantic, and very peaceful in the soft silver light is the landscape of reed-fringed pool and olive-dotted plain, of white farmhouse and fluttering Indian cornfield, of sea, and vale, and mountain, and deeply-shadowed glen. A lovely isle indeed! In few corners of the earth has the Creator spread a more pleasing prospect, in few corners has He set men more vile. A week of glorious nights such as this, and the waning moon, peeping over yonder mountain range, will look sadly down on streets in flames and strewn with ripped-up corpses, on outraged Christian women screaming beneath the knives of lust-maddened fanatics, on maimed and wailing children, on a handful of British soldiers standing wrathfully yet impotently to their arms before a City of Dreadful Night, and on the dripping blades and smoking rifle-barrels of 20,000 of the choicest cut-throats in Islam.

Like the picturesque market-places of these ancient towns, with their ever-shifting, multi-coloured crowds, the revolving weeks are full of kaleidoscopic changes and surprises. To-night in gala dress we dance at the great official merry-making; a short se'nnight hence, with tightly-gripped revolver and sword well loosened in its scabbard, we patrol the smoking ruins that mark the scene of yesterday's "September Massacres." Of the latter we as yet suspect nothing, and, indeed, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Nevertheless, the pastoral, moonlit scene through which we hasten to the capital is not without its signs and portents of the evil that is to come; and verily he who runs may read. A gleam in the shadow of yonder cactus hedge betrays the bandolier and bayonet of a Turkish picket. That ring of rubies on the distant hilltops marks the watch-fires of the insurgent Christians. The narrow alleys of the ancient city are being patrolled by the international garrison with more than usual vigilance to-night. For the town is *en fête*, and when Christendom and Islam keep holiday together it needs but an accidental rifle shot to turn the bannered streets into a bloody shambles.

A silent, densely-packed crowd of Moslems, kept at a respectful distance by armed gendarmerie, surrounds the brilliantly-lighted porch of the great Pasha's residence. The long entrance hall is lined by a Turkish military band in crimson fezzes and brown holland. As a delicate compliment to our nationality, an enthusiast in the mob cries out "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" when we alight; and the band, with many a curious lapse into the minor, flounders heroically through "God Save the Queen!" At the foot of the grand staircase sits a forbidding Personage of magnificent proportions, tricked out with barbaric splendour. "The Chief Eunuch," whispers the young frock-coated bey who conducts us to the reception-rooms above; and the information derives additional interest from the rumour that not the least of the Pasha's many trials are those of a domestic character.

The stairway is crowded with ladies and officials of half

the nationalities in Europe, and the air is filled with a very Babel of tongues. Most of the ladies are Jewesses, with purses doubtless as ample as their charms; the men, other than their male appendages, belong chiefly to the military persuasion. An Austrian Naval officer and a British Linesman are talking execrable French on one step, while on the next a Bersagliere and a Russian captain gesticulate with a fearful wealth of gibberish over the burning question of the hour. Here a fierce moustachioed carbineer of Italy makes open love—in God knows what linguistic medium!—to a buxom maid of Israel hailing from Patras; there a cornet of Turkish cavalry, in an astrakhan fez, and wearing his father's and grandfather's Crimea and Navarino medals, depicts the horrors of war to a sleek and comfortable native mayor. Through the blaze of colour and glittering orders; past mesdames, signorine, and baronesses by the dozen, effendis, beys, and pashas by the score; past sword-girt men of war and cassocked clergy; past infidel, Turk, and heretic, monarchist and republican, our cicerone ushers us, till presently we stand in the august presence of the Pasha of Many Trials.

And in the presence of the most enlightened, the most progressive, the greatest Turk in the whole of the Ottoman Empire. A few weeks later an indignation meeting is held in Hyde Park to demand the expulsion of this brilliant soldier-statesman from the island; and the knowledge that his princely name is being held up to execration by a London rabble is doubtless an additional thorn in his harassed Highness's side. Yet the "little street-bred people" of Mr. Kipling, who yelp at this grave, accomplished gentleman, know as much of him as they do of the careworn, jaundiced man in the harvest moon no higher above them. Not one in a hundred, it is very certain, has ever heard that the Pasha of Many Trials once fell from his high estate — the highest in the Empire after the Sultan's—by reason of a too-openly-expressed disapproval of the late Armenian massacres. As an example of the instability of Oriental greatness the tale is not without interest to the occidental student of men and manners. Hear, then, and judge between His Highness and his guttersnipe detractors.



A Pasha of many Trials.

One evening not long ago, when just such another entertainment was at its height, there fell upon the unhappy Pasha a bolt from the blue in the shape of a telegram from Constantinople. With ominous laconism it directed his instant return thither. As likely as not that message from the nineteenth century wire meant a summons to the mediæval bowstring. It was nothing to the point that he was unconscious of having given offence. If in obedience to the mandate he entered Constantinople, he might vanish as utterly as any of that hapless host of State officials gone before. He was one of those rare unfortunates born a generation or so too soon, and his policy had ever made for freedom and reform. Compared with such a politician, an assassin in the eyes of the Sublime Porte is a law-abiding citizen.

Now, the Pasha had a sister, in the soundness of whose judgment he placed implicit confidence. This is the more remarkable when one considers the level whereon the Mahometan sets his womenkind and the low standard at which he rates their intelligence. The Pasha's first mad impulses on receipt of the telegram were to betake himself to the mountains, to fly the island, to vanish utterly from the Sultan's ken. But his sister, a lady as far above her countrywomen in intellect and education as the Pasha himself was above his fellows, unhesitatingly counselled him to obey the summons and return forthwith to Constantinople.

With many apologies to his guests, and with the gravest misgivings, he accordingly betook himself on board a Turkish man-of-war lying in the harbour, and set out the same night for the Golden Horn. But on nearing the Dardanelles, oh! what a surprise. The heights were lined with troops, a flotilla came out to meet him, gay bunting fluttered on every side, shouts of acclamation rent the air. When finally a high official boarded the ship and, respectfully kneeling and kissing his hand, congratulated him on the great honour to which he had attained, the Pasha was dumbfoundered. "What does it all mean?" he faintly asked. "Is it possible, then, that your Highness does not know?" "'Highness?'" echoed the bewildered Pasha. "Yes, 'Highness,'" repeated the official, "for you have been appointed Grand Vizier of Turkey." Grand Vizier! The first man in the Empire after the Sultan himself! Very glad, we may be sure, was the Pasha that he had taken his excellent sister's advice.

Yet it was obviously impossible that so progressive a Moslem should long remain at the helm of the Ottoman Empire. By the ignorant crew of Court officials he was regarded with the utmost aversion and distrust. The Armenian Question was the rock on which he ultimately split.

And so it came to pass that for conscience sake the Pasha of Many Trials fell from his high estate and became once more a castaway upon the Island of Dreadful Night.

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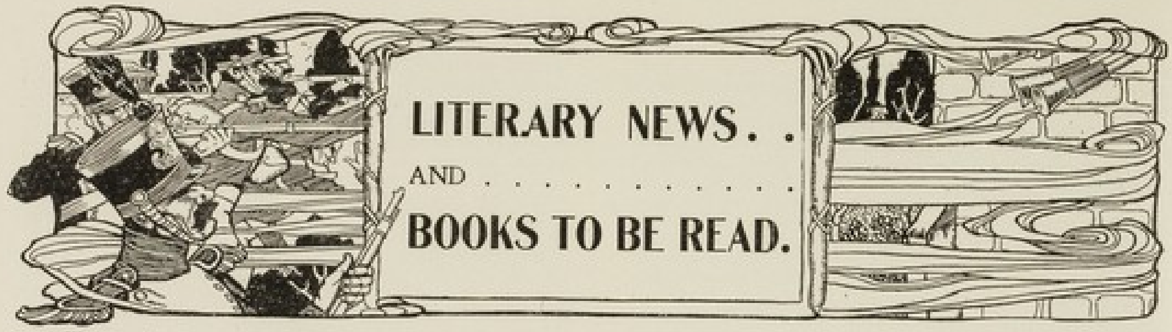
"I hope you have had a whisky and soda. No? Then permit me to present Colonel ——— to you. I could not place you in better hands."

Thus smilingly, and in excellent English, the Pasha of Many Trials, as soon as he catches sight of our British uniforms in the reception-room. A handsome, bearded man, in the prime of life, of dignified presence and great charm of manner, is the Pasha. It does not strike us as the least incongruous, somehow, that this crimson-fezzed, bejewelled Turk should bathe twice daily from a boat far out in the Bay, that the *Army and Navy Stores' List* should be lying on his writing-table, that the adjacent room should contain the latest invention in gymnastic appliances. The reception-room itself is strewn with autograph portraits of celebrities in Western Society, and small wonder is it to those who have had the privilege of meeting him that famous men and women alike should pay this compliment to the Pasha of Many Trials.

The colonel, whose bronzed and campaign-hardened face is wreathed in smiles, links his arms in ours, and leads us where tables are set out between the shrubs of a lantern-lit courtyard. No syllable of any but his own semi-barbarous tongue does the genial colonel speak; yet over the rahat-lakoum and bottled Bass we soon become *bons camarades*. The band in the vestibule is playing "Soldaten Lieder," and through open windows we catch glimpses of the buxom daughters of Israel being towed round an upper room by the labouring, gaily-decked men of war.

And so, one brief se'nnight before the street kennels run with blood and the dawn breaks to the whirr of ravens' wings, we junket at Vanity Fair. The Chief Eunuch slumbers on his bench at the foot of the grand staircase; the colonel, overcome by hospitable effort, and screened by a friendly acacia, lies huddled in a state of coma on a chair. Wherefore we presently steal to the cloak-room, and thence through the lines of braying band into the cobbled street without. The turbaned crowd has thinned down to a handful of homeless beggars; the moon has swung up into the narrow strip of sky between the old overhanging houses. Then the long drive back. And as we jolt, first through the tortuous alley-ways of the ancient town and afterwards over the fragrant, moonlit country, my mind recurs constantly to the man we have journeyed so far to see. And a man in very truth we have seen.

May your Highness's shadow never grow less, O Pasha of Many Trials.



"CHITRAL, the Story of a Minor Siege," by Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. (Methuen, 21s.), is undoubtedly one of the very best books ever written about our Frontier operations. It is not a political volume, though the penetrating reader will discover its lessons, but a narrative of dramatic events, written with power, knowledge, and humour, in a style that is nothing less than masterful. It rarely happens that those who take part in such heroic business as this "minor siege" can wield the pen as they wield the sword. Sir George Robertson is the happy exception, and I do not hesitate to say that the literary power of the volume is equal, or almost equal, to its profound military and human interest. The theme was certainly inspiring, and, as we read, we find the kindling enthusiasm of its author rising within us. We cannot be unmoved when we hear of such bravery, endurance, confidence, and self-sacrifice as are here recorded, and the deeds of poor Baird, of Whitchurch, Harley, and many more make us prouder that we are Britons. Broadly speaking, Sir George Robertson is in agreement with Colonel Hutchinson, that the Durand delimitation was at the bottom of much of the Frontier trouble. He suggests, rather than says, that our weak diplomacy in supporting, first Nizam-ul-Mulk, and then his murderer, Amir-ul-Mulk, was fatuous. The Amir of Afghanistan had a claim to the overlordship of Chitral, which we would by no means admit, but it would have been better to choose the strong man than the weak, for both Nizam and Amir-ul-Mulk, the last of whom, in the Chitrali manner, waded through blood to the throne, were contemptible creatures, trembling at shadows, and having no strong quality but treacherous subtility. Sir George Robertson gives a sufficient account of the sanguinary conditions of the Chitral succession. Of that part of his volume I can say no more.

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It was chiefly for the purpose of effecting a settlement that he made his journeys into the country. The district was so disturbed that prowling ruffians swaggered about armed to the teeth, while more peaceable men thought it wise to sleep by day and spend the night with a rifle on their knees and a trusty man above, lest a secret enemy should fire down through the smoke-hole. There is a wonderful story in this book of mountain marching and of the fine qualities displayed by all. When the storm bursts we read a most graphic narrative of the Mastuj disaster, the misfortune at Koragh, and of the brilliant defence of Reshun, and again of Kelly's memorable march through the snow. Then our attention is riveted by the events of Chitral Fort, the death of Baird, with "Good-bye, sir; I hope all your plans will come right," upon his lips. These plans were well realised, and I promise the reader that he will pursue the story of this memorable defence with breathless interest to the close. It is a story of extraordinary courage, fortitude, and endurance, as of brilliant military qualities. We watch these gallant men living day after day under fire, constantly on the watch for the assault of an implacable adversary, misfortunes multiplying upon them, their food scanty and their lips parched with thirst, yet ever ready, making, when the need is desperate, a brilliant sortie, and resolutely awaiting the catastrophe which was inevitable save for the great forced marches of the relieving columns. There are excellent portraits in the book of many actors in this tremendous drama, but not a satisfactory one of its gallant and modest author. I end with a protest. Much as he has said with enthusiasm of his brave companions in the defence, he has scarcely said anything at all about himself, who was the inspiration of it all. Such modesty well befits the achievement of the gallant author, but it leaves the reader with the feeling that there is something yet untold, and a knowledge of how very interesting that something must be.

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A plain, unvarnished tale is that told by Lieutenants Henry S. L. Alford and W. Dennistoun Sword in their volume, "The Egyptian Soudan, its Loss and Recovery" (Macmillan, 10s.). I have often looked about for such a book. When one has followed the rise and fall of Mahdism, one may possess a sound knowledge of the conditions, but it is good to have chapter and verse at hand, and excellent to be able to say to an enquiring friend, "Here you will find what you are seeking." This I assert of the new book by two gallant officers, who know their Soudan very well. It is as if someone had said to them, "Now tell us all about the war, And what they killed each other for." Admirably is the story told of the various expeditions. There is a sufficient sketch of the history of the Soudan, followed by a personal narrative of the Dongola Expedition, 1897, and by a detailed account of the Nile Expeditions of 1897-98. Thus the whole development of the Soudan situation can be traced with ease—except, let me say, in regard to political relations and the pretensions of the French—and I compliment the authors upon the careful selection of their materials, and the well-balanced narrative they have produced. The difficulties we have contended with, the defects of our earlier policy, which led to the death of Gordon and the evacuation of the Soudan, and the brilliant achievements with which we have triumphantly reconquered what had been lost, are carefully described. The authors write simply, and with soldier-like attention to circumstance and detail. Therefore the soldier, not less than the general reader, will welcome the book. A feature of value is the complete list of officers who have served in the recent expeditions, while melancholy interest attends the list of British officers and men who have lost their lives in the operations. Many good portraits and pictures add attraction to the volume.

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From these narratives of fact I will turn to one of fiction, a department of literature that will presently occupy me much. "Through Battle to Promotion," by Walter Wood (Bowden, 6s.), is a story of Indian Frontier war, in which there is both humour and adventure. The humour is in the characters of the fathers of the two heroes, one a peer, who has pride in his newly-attained dignity, the other a self-made man, whose heart is truer than his grammar, and who is inspired by his son to aim high and reach the portal of the peers. For introspection or the deeper emotions, Mr. Wood has perhaps no taste. His is a book of action, and as such I have thoroughly enjoyed it. When the heroes are on the Frontier, with one of the heroines ingeniously brought into the company, the book gains in interest, and the fighting episodes are very admirably told. They reproduce the character of Frontier warfare to the life, and the action of the story is most dramatically done. Heroism and death lead to victory, and when all is over, and our friends are at home again, the only wonder is that the modest soldier who has fought so well finds his tongue unable to utter his love for the woman who, as a nurse, has been almost his companion through the stress of the struggle. This is a rattling good fighting story, with many a hillman's rush, the ping of bullets, and the defence of a fort as its ingredients.

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From the rush and tumult of such turbulent scenes of dramatic action, there is the relief of variety in turning to a book like "Sir Edward Burne-Jones; a Record and Review" (Bell, 7s. 6d.). Here we are in another world entirely—the world of beauty, wherein the inner thoughts and highest ideals of man are outwardly expressed. It is a new edition, the fourth of a delightful critical study, by Mr. Malcolm Bell. Never has the great artist found so sympathetic and discerning an expositor. It is a delight to turn over these pages, in which masterpiece after masterpiece of the artist is reproduced with marvellous fidelity, forming a perfect reflection of a legacy of perfected beauty such as the world has rarely beheld. Admiration leaps to our lips as we go forward, and Mr. Bell is a friendly guide to the deeper meaning of what we see.

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Many like myself have found occasion to lament the death of that sympathetic critic and good friend, Mr. Gleeson White. It was surprising how well he knew the various developments of art, and the *Artist*, for which he wrote much, appears with a pathetic memorial. I find another in a beautiful volume that has been sent to me, "Photograms of '98" (Dawbarn and Ward, 1s.), of which I may say that it is a pleasant description and reproduction of some of the best photographic work of the year, and that it will undoubtedly be of use to photographers, who have welcomed its annual predecessors.

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Sir Harry Keppel, the gallant Admiral of the Fleet who, in his long life, has seen so many memorable things, taken part in so many notable actions, and known so many famous men, has now laid down the pen. His autobiography is complete, and the printer is busy with his work. May the gallant author live long to receive the congratulations of his friends, and to see edition after edition appear of what I have no doubt will be a very interesting and entertaining book.

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Messrs. Sampson Low are to publish this month the third volume of Mr. Laird Clowes's work, "The Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present." This book has the peculiar feature that it brings foreign authors to write upon our Naval history; but no one will grudge the space that has been allotted to Captain Mahan in the new volume.

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Those "Fights for the Flag" which Mr. W. H. Fitchett has contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*—stirring yarns in picturesque language—are about to be published as a volume by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. The same publishers promise, by the way, in about a week's time a new life of Shakespeare, by Mr. Sidney Lee, whose experience of biography-making should be as large as that of any man living, for he is editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

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I think a good many people will be curious to see the illustrated edition of "Sartor Resartus," which Messrs. Bell have in hand. The artist is Mr. E. J. Sullivan, who has long cherished the idea of commenting pictorially upon this work. How are those dogholes of Nature and Art, those illuminated crannies, those vestural tissues which are the wrappage and overall of soul, body, and possessions—and yet look so mournfully odd to the thinking eye in fashion-plates—to be depicted? How shall we have the inwardness of Teufelsdroeckh embodied in pictorial print? I know—at least from the publisher's point of view—that the collaboration of the Chiswick Press and the charms of antique paper will embody them excellently well. But for Teufelsdroeckh, pending the appearance of the volume, his "Weissnichtwo" becomes "Weissnichtwie."

* * * *

Much as has been written about Pitt—and the general reader leans towards Lord Rosebery's admirable little volume—there is more to tell, for Messrs. Longman announce "Pitt: Some Chapters of his Life and Times" as nearly ready. It is by the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne, and we may expect a penetrating study.

* * * *

There is much in a good title, and surely "A Shuttle in the Empire's Loom" is well chosen for a narrative of life in a merchantman, a book by Harry Vandervell, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish shortly.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On Board the "Ganges."—I.

THE "Ganges" has been referred to before as one of the training-ships for boys who are to become our future fighting material in the Navy, and a few pictures are now given descriptive of some phases of life on board. The vessel is stationed at Falmouth, and is commanded by Commander Charles H. Coke, with Lieutenant Godfrey E. Corbett as senior executive. Falmouth, with its large harbour and quiet country surroundings, is particularly well adapted for the station of a ship of this description.

The "Ganges" is, of course, one of our old "wooden walls," of which the supply is now exhausted, though many of those in use will probably last a good many years longer. She was the last sailing line-of-battle ship in commission, returning from the Pacific station in 1861, after an absence of four years, the same year being marked by the completion of our first ironclad.

Commander Coke and his officers are grouped under what is known as "the break of the poop"; the poop ladder may be noticed to the left. Needless to say, the old ship affords exceedingly comfortable quarters for the captain.

The inspection of kits overpage affords a fine view of the upper deck, accentuated by the long double rank of lads on either side, each standing motionless by his belongings. A very high standard of neatness and cleanliness is rigorously exacted both in training and sea-going ships, and, thanks to the early training received in the "Ganges" and her consorts, it becomes a sort of second nature to the bluejacket, a slovenly kit being a rare thing indeed, and, when found, made a very careful note of, with a view to drastic future measures.

Physical development is not lost sight of, as may be realised by a glance at the picture of dumb-bell drill, where each lad is earnestly regarding the dumb-bell he has raised at arm's length.

In another illustration the boys, with demure aspect, are receiving their weekly pocket-money, under the superintendence of the first lieutenant and the paymaster.



COMMANDER COKE AND OFFICERS.



PHYSICAL DRILL.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

WEEKLY POCKET-MONEY.



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

INSPECTION OF KITS AND BEDDING ON BOARD THE "GANGES."

The Reserves at Portsmouth.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

IN the present critical condition of affairs the accompanying illustrations of the reserve, both in men and material, at our chief Naval port should prove of special interest. It is from these bluejackets, stokers, and marines that will be drafted the crews necessary to provide complements for the large number of extra ships that are put into commission, either for Naval manœuvres or on any occasion of national emergency.

The men in the reserve are perhaps as hard worked as any in the Navy, for not only have they to care for and keep in a fit state, ready to be at once got to sea if occasion should arise, all the ships in the reserve, but they are also always under a constant course of drill and instruction. The home of the officers and men in the reserve are the old hulks "Duke of Wellington," "Marlborough," "Hannibal," and "Asia," the latter being also the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Rice, the Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. In one of our illustrations the men are seen, clad in their white working rig, parading on the wharf, alongside which the "Duke of Wellington" and "Marlborough" are moored, preparatory to marching off to their work.



THE CHIEF GUNNER AND CHIEF MASTER-AT-ARMS.

Both these ships are old screw first-rates adapted to steam propulsion when the latter was first introduced into the Navy. The former, indeed, has seen active war service, for she was the flag-ship at the bombardment of Sveaborg in 1855. Another illustration shows the men marching to their work, and gives in the background some of the ships in the reserve.

Naturally enough most of our newer and more absolutely modern vessels are in permanent commission, or else completing in readiness for being commissioned, and so many of these vessels are somewhat out of date, but of late years have been modernised and brought up to date in engines, boilers, and armament, and though not possessing the speed and power of more modern vessels, are yet a very useful second line of defence, and bound to give a good account of themselves against the enemy's craft of a similar description. One advantage they possess over many foreign ships, and that is that they are all either iron or steel built, whereas many foreign ships are, at any rate as far as their upper works are



Photos. C. C. ... Copyright.

A PARADE IN FRONT OF THE "DUKE OF WELLINGTON" AND "MARLBOROUGH."

concerned, wood built. A further illustration shows us the "Hannibal," another old screw ship of the line used as a receiving ship, while the old "Asia," distinguishable by the rear-admiral's flag—the St. George's Cross with one ball—she displays, is also in the picture. This fine old craft, originally a second-rate sailing line-of-battle ship, was the flag-ship of the admiral in the victory over the Turkish Fleet at Navarino in 1827.

Then we have an illustration showing two by no means unimportant officials of the subordinate staff of the "Duke of Wellington." The officer on the left of the illustration, near the ladder, is Chief Gunner Jeremiah Hickey, who has reached the highest rank attainable by a warrant officer, as is denoted by the ring and curl of gold lace on his sleeve. On the right of the illustration, with the letters N.P., denoting Naval police, on his collar, is the chief master-at-arms, Mr. Adams. On his shoulders rest the onerous duties of maintaining due order and compliance with the Service regulations amongst the many hundreds of seamen on board.

We may here note that seamen, stokers, and marines are each berthed in separate ships. If our memory is not at fault, the bluejackets are berthed in the "Duke of Wellington," and stokers in the "Marlborough."

Finally, we have an illustration showing Mr. Donovan, who holds the warrant rank of gunner, and is borne on the "Duke of Wellington" for instructional duties, seated in the midst of a group of petty officers who fulfil the functions of class instructors, a splendidly typical lot of blue-jackets.

The old-fashioned saying that "the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man" is equally applicable to the Navy and the men who are petty and warrant officers. Picturesque as are the old hulks in which the reserves are accommodated, they do not offer the best sanitary conditions for the accommodation of large numbers of men, and it is now proposed to build Naval barracks at Portsmouth. For this purpose an extra 62½ acres of ground are to be incorporated in the dockyard, and nearly the whole of this area will be utilised for the better housing of the men on the lower deck.



THE PORTSMOUTH CLASS INSTRUCTORS.



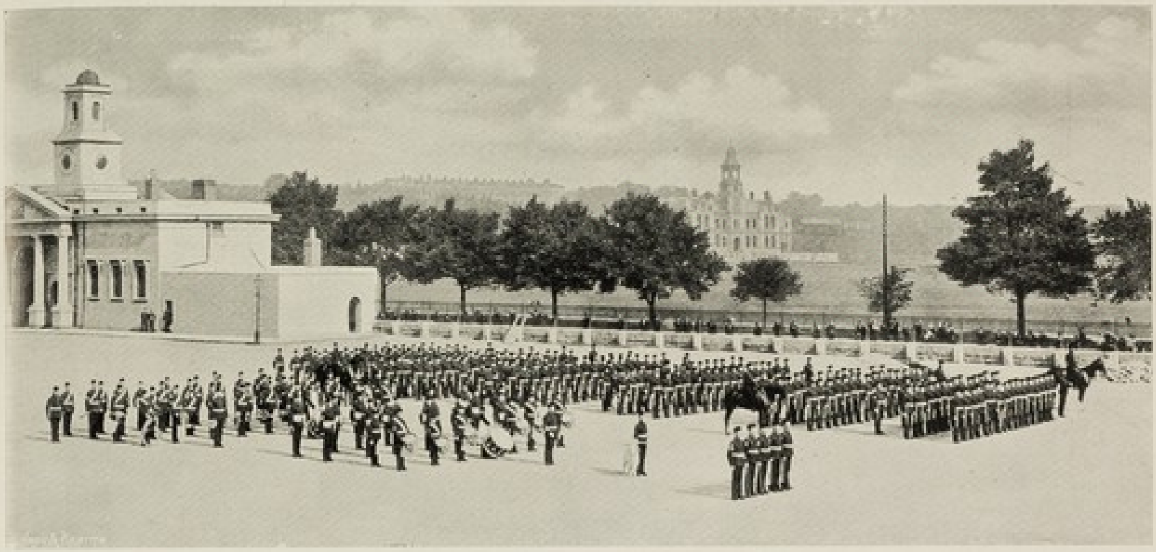
THE RECEIVING SHIPS "HANNIBAL" AND "ASIA."



Photos. C. Cozens. Copyright.

THE FLEET RESERVE BLUEJACKETS MARCHING TO WORK.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



THE 1st ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS ON PARADE.

THE 1st Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers came home from India and Aden, after seventeen years' service abroad, last trooping season. The battalion arrived at Plymouth in December last, and relieved the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, which was ordered to Aldershot. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers are quartered at the Raglan Barracks, Devonport—named after Lord Raglan, who commanded the British forces in the Crimea during the war with Russia, and died of fever during the siege of Sebastopol. One of our illustrations shows the battalion paraded in the barrack square. On the right, as you face the men, is the battalion drawn up in companies, with their colonel and two majors, who can easily be singled out, because, being field officers, they are, of course, mounted. On the left are the pioneers, distinguished by the crossed hatchets on their right arms; behind them is the regimental goat in charge of a drummer, then the drums, and lastly the band. Devonport is, as everybody knows, a fortified town, and the ramparts are a favourite resort of the men who are quartered there, the grassy slopes forming a delightful place for a lounge. One of our illustrations shows a number of the sergeants' mess playing a quiet game of "nap" on one of the rampart slopes. The illustration is a remarkably good piece of work, quite apart from its military interest, for the expressions on the faces of the players are admirably caught. From a military point of view it is interesting, because it shows us what a sergeant's undress uniform is like. All the men are wearing the field service cap, on the left side of which is the regimental badge, the Red Dragon, the emblem under which Cadwallader, Prince of all Wales, led the Welsh to victory, and the favourite badge of the Tudor kings. Three of the group have, it will be noticed, a crown above the three chevrons on their right arms, which shows that they hold the rank of colour-sergeant; three others bear the three chevrons alone, which indicates that they are sergeants or, it may be, lance-sergeants. Another illustration shows an officer in patrol jacket giving orders to a private in full marching order. A point of interest in the picture is that the officer is wearing a "flash," which is a singular distinction, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers being the only regiment which wears it. The "flash" is a bow of black silk ribbon, with long



Photos. W. M. Crockett.

AN OFFICER IN FULL DRESS.



Copyright.

COL. THOROLD, MAJOR MORRIS, ADJT. BRAITHWAITE, AND SERGEANTS.

ends. It is secured to the collar of the tunic at the back and hangs down behind. By some authorities it is described as a relic of the picturesque queue worn about a century ago. No authentic explanation of the "flash" has yet appeared, and the official returns throw no light upon the subject. In an inspection report of 1786 it is noted that "the officers of this regiment wear the hair turned up behind." This method of having the hair fastened up with a bow or "flash" was then, or a little later, the "Grenadier fashion" of wearing it. The "flash," according to "Records and Badges of the British Army," was probably retained to commemorate some such distinctive method of dressing the hair in use in the regiment in the days of queues and powder. This explanation is all the more plausible when we remember that one of the badges of the regiment is a grenade. This badge, which can be seen in the illustration of the tallest soldier and the smallest drummer boy in the regiment, is worn on the busby. On the ball of the grenade is the Prince of Wales's plume.

The 1st Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. H. Thorold, who attained to his present rank in March, 1896, having been gazetted lieutenant in June, 1874, captain in October, 1882, and major



THE "GOAT-MAJOR" AND GOAT.

in July, 1890. Colonel Thorold is, in our illustration, seated in the centre of a group of members of the sergeants' mess. He is in mufti. On his right is Major Morris, who gained his majority in July, 1891. He went through the Burmese Campaign of 1885-87, and served in the Hazara Expedition of 1891. On the left of Colonel Thorold is Lieutenant Braithwaite, adjutant of the battalion.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers have an authorised pet in the shape of a goat. According to Grose's "Military Antiquities," "The Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusiliers has the privileged honour of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns, and adorned with ringlets of flowers; and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward of merit, yet the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom." The origin of the custom is lost in obscurity, but it is believed to date back to a very early period in the history of the regiment. At any rate, we know that the regiment had a goat with them at Bunker's Hill in 1775. On St. David's Day, when, by the way, it is the time-honoured custom of the regiment to wear a leek in their caps, it is the rule of the old 23rd to give an entertainment. On this occasion the health of the Prince of Wales is the first toast. While the band plays the old tune, "The Noble Race of Sherkin," the goat is marched round the mess-table three



TYPES—SHOWING "FLASH" ON OFFICER'S BACK.

times. At the same time the national emblem is distributed. In olden days the goat used to be ridden round the table by a drummer boy. On one occasion, however, in 1776 at Boston, so the story goes, the goat bucked his rider on to the middle of the table, and, getting clear away, escaped to the barracks, trappings and all. According to one account the unfortunate boy was killed, and from that date the mounting of the goat on St. David's Day was abandoned, the animal being led round the table by the drum-major instead. This is not the only story told of the 23rd's goat. Some years ago, so runs the tale, the goat com-

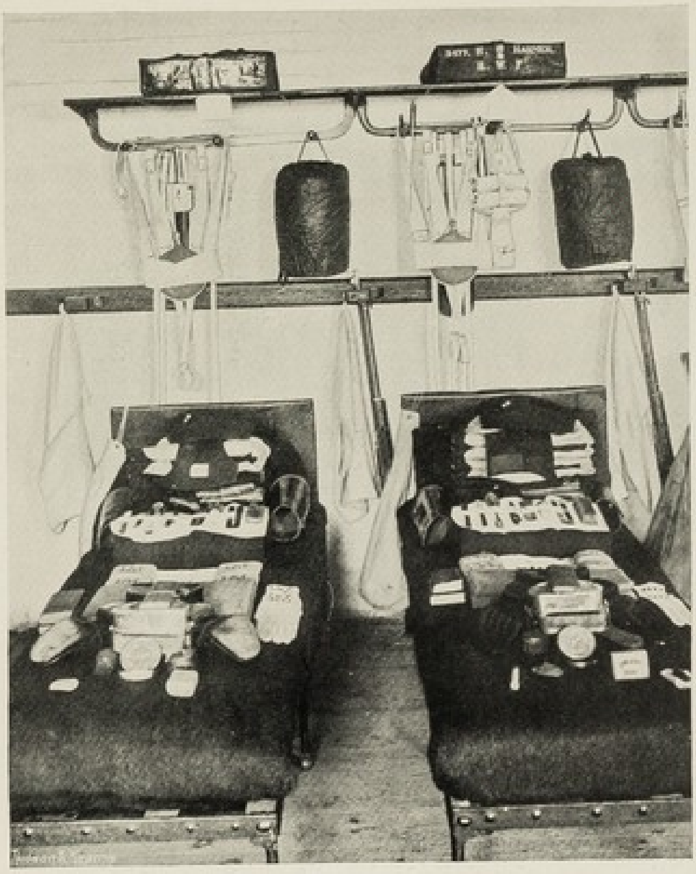


Photos. W. M. Crockett Copyright.

THE OLDEST AND TALLEST, YOUNGEST AND SMALLEST.

mitted a disgraceful act of insubordination. One fine summer evening, after mess, the officers were strolling about smoking and enjoying the cool evening air. The colonel stooped down to push in the end of his trouser strap, and the goat, who was close by, caught sight of him. The temptation was too great to be resisted; the goat charged, butting the commanding officer with great force, and blacking both his eyes. By this escapade the goat earned for himself the name of "The Rebel."

In 1844 the regiment's goat died, and to compensate the 23rd for their loss, the Queen presented the regiment with two of the finest goats from a flock in Windsor Park, the gift of the Shah of Persia, and since that date Her Majesty has supplied the two battalions of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with goats as occasion has required. "Billy," or "Her Majesty's goat," as he is always styled, bears between his horns a handsome frontlet. This is a silver shield, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto. On the shield is the following inscription: "The gift of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, A.D. MDCCCXLVI. DUW A CADWO Y FRENHINES."



READY FOR KIT INSPECTION.

One of our illustrations shows a goat and drummer boy in charge of him, who is humorously dubbed "goat-major." It is interesting to note that the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Welsh Regiment (formerly the 44th Welsh and the 69th South Lincolnshire) have also goats as pets.

Not the least interesting of our illustrations is that which depicts two kits laid out for inspection in one of the barrack-rooms. On the shelf above the bed is the valise, while just below hang the busby in case, bayonet, entrenching tools (in one instance), water-bottle, and all the straps used by the men in heavy marching order. On the bed are to be seen the clothes in wear—field service cap, the hold-all, containing house-wife, knife, fork, and spoon, razor and shaving brush, comb and brush, button "brass" and clothes brush, gaiters, boots (soles uppermost), mess-tin, ledger (called in the Army "small book"), in which accounts are kept and other information about the owner set down, blacking and boot brushes, soap, pipe-clay, gloves, and other things Hanging from the head of the bed is the haversack, and on the other side, just above the bed, are the rifle and a towel.

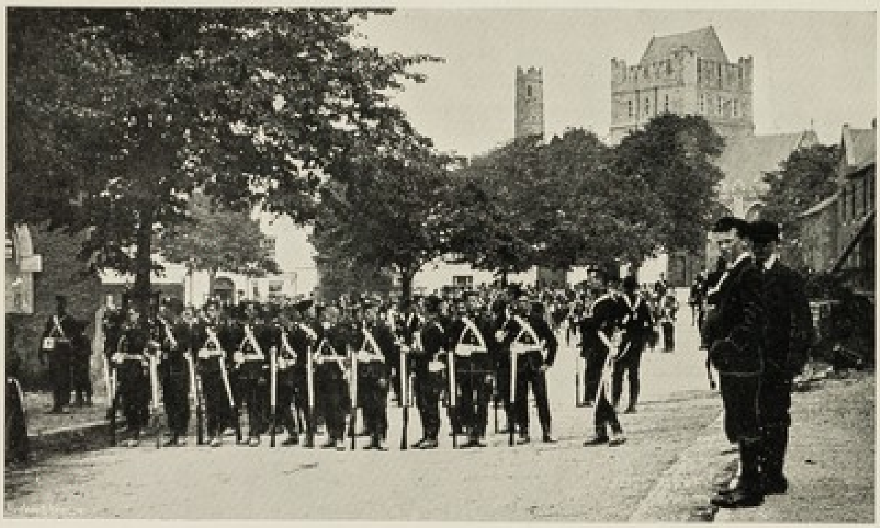


Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

A QUIET RUBBER ON THE RAMPARTS.

A Field Day in Kildare.

[From a Correspondent.]



A LITTLE LIGHT DRILL.



A COUNCIL OF WAR.

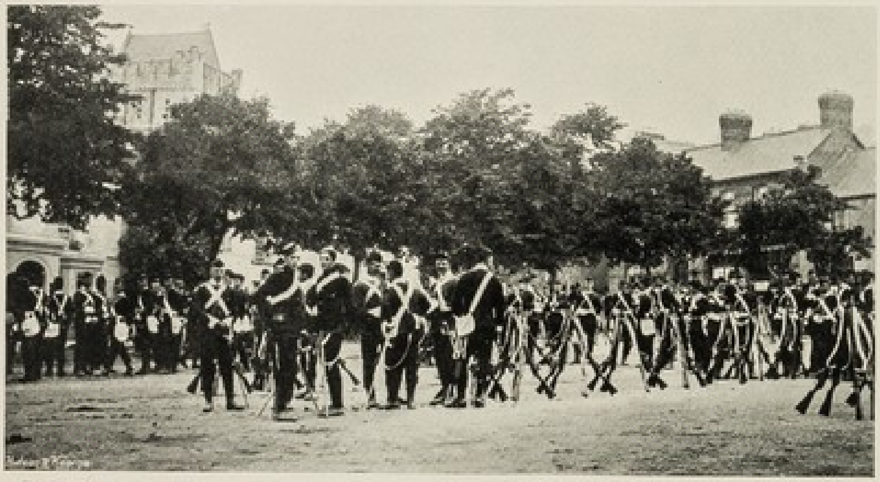


Photo L. C. Copyright.

THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK.

TO a peaceful tourist quietly cycling through Kildare on a lovely July morning, that little town, overshadowed by its ancient cathedral and lofty Round Tower, presented a distinctly warlike and somewhat alarming appearance.

Companies of infantry stood beside their piled arms, smart Hussars were ready to mount at the first note of the bugle, and "cannon to right, cannon to left," while they did not actually "volley and thunder," yet looked quite ready and willing to do so at the bidding of the gunners grouped around them.

Reassured, however, by the information that no foreign foe had penetrated to the heart of Kildare, and that all this "pomp and circumstance of war" was not happily real, but only a general field day of the troops at the Curragh Camp, our tourist boldly advanced, armed with his rapid-firing Kodak, and after a bloodless struggle made prisoners of war of all the opposing force within range (including some of their leaders busily consulting their maps and making out their plan of campaign), only releasing them on their parole to appear at his subsequent bidding, and to serve as illustrations for this article.

None the worse, however, for their capture, the little army bravely set out from Kildare to attack the enemy, whose rear guard was reported to occupy a strong position a few miles distant on the other side of the Curragh, holding the bridge over the River Liffey for the passage of their main body.

They were quickly located by the cavalry scouts not far from the cemetery—a rather suitable and convenient battle-site!—and a smart engagement having ensued, in which the attacking force appeared to fare somewhat better than their opponents, the mimic warfare terminated, and the combatants, returning to camp, engaged in a mutual and well-sustained assault upon an unresisting foe spread out upon the mess tables, and which rapidly melted away before the fierce attack.

These brigade field days are often held during the summer drill season. The Curragh itself is unsurpassed for manœuvring, being an immense grassy plateau of undulating surface, unbroken by ditches or hedges, and embracing an area of no less than 5,000 acres. On the centre ridge is situated the camp, which is being rebuilt of concrete and brick in place of the picturesque, but uncomfortable, wooden huts which have existed there for many years.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

REAR-ADMIRAL LAKE is at present the Senior officer on the Coast of Ireland, and has his headquarters at Queenstown, with his flag in the battle-ship "Howe." He has held the appointment since January last. Admiral Lake is one of our junior flag officers, with seniority dating from March, 1896. He is an officer who was held in high estimation by the late Sir George Tryon, with whom he served at sea, finally as flag-captain on the Australian station. Circumstances prevented Admiral Lake going to the Mediterranean as flag-captain in the "Victoria," but he occupied the post of Chief of the Staff to Sir George during the Naval Manœuvres. He entered the Royal Navy in 1855, at the age of thirteen, and within the first five years of his service saw a good deal of hard fighting in the China War, as a midshipman of the old "Niger" and the "Sybille." More recently he has held the important posts of captain of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich and of senior Naval officer at Gibraltar. Since he has been at Queenstown, an important post, but with duties chiefly administrative, Admiral Lake has rendered good service to the country by bringing the advantages of Haulbowline Dockyard urgently before the Admiralty; there is no doubt, however, that should trouble arise and good men be wanted the admiral will not be long without more active employment. *(See illustration on front page.)*

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"J. G. S."—Of light infantry regiments (which of course include rifles) there are eleven—the Somersetshire, Scottish Rifles, Duke of Cornwall's, Oxfordshire, Yorkshire, Shropshire, Durham, Highland, and Irish Rifles, all two-battalion regiments; and the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Rifle Brigade, each four-battalion regiments. In seniority as light infantry the Scottish Rifles rank first, as their 2nd Battalion, the old 90th, from which they derive the honour, was raised as light infantry in 1794. The Rifle Corps date from 1797, as a battalion of the regiment raised that year was the first green-coated battalion in the Service. The Rifle Brigade was raised in 1800 as a "Corps of Riflemen," brought into the Line as the 95th Rifles in 1800, and taken out of the Line and made the Rifle Brigade for their gallantry at Waterloo. Both battalions of the Oxfordshire (old 43rd and 52nd) were made light infantry, and together with the Rifle Corps were brigaded under Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe in 1803. The old 85th, now 2nd Shropshire, was made light infantry in 1808, as was also the old 68th, present 1st Durham. The 1st Yorkshire and 1st Highland Light Infantry (old 51st and 71st) were so made in 1809 after their return from Corunna, and so wear the "French Horn" badge instead of the usual "Bugle and Strings." The Somersetshire were made light infantry in 1822. For their glorious defence of the Residency of Lucknow the old 32nd, now 1st Duke of Cornwall's, were made light infantry, and never was an honour more worthily bestowed. Finally, the junior light infantry corps in the Service is the Royal Irish Rifles, its two battalions, the 83rd and 86th, both Irish regiments with splendid records, being the two battalions selected for the honour of amalgamation as the only Irish "Light Bobs" in the Service.

* * * *

APROPOS of the remarks made in these columns on smoking in the Navy in the issue for October 22, a correspondent sends me the following extract from a book entitled the "Oeconomy of ye Navy," a folio MS. of Queen Anne's time, which he says is a family relic: "The smoking of tobacco in His Majesty's yard and ships in the docks is absolutely prohibited by an order of 15th March, 1663, and by other orders, this is not to be admitted in ships afloate, otherwise than over a tub of water."

I AM asked by a Royal Artilleryman if a Chief Officer of Coastguard is entitled to be saluted by the military. In reply I may point out that a Chief Officer of the Coastguard ranks with, but after, a Boatswain, and is therefore a warrant officer, and entitled, under Article 106 of the Admiralty Instructions, to be saluted, provided, of course, that he is in uniform.

* * * *

THE Navy League—who are nothing if they are not go-ahead—used the services of the cinematograph for the purposes of an entertainment held under their patronage at the St. James's Hall this week. The photographs, which were taken by G. West and Son, of Southsea, the well-known nautical photographers, were in large part depictive of life in the "Crescent," the ship the Duke of York last commissioned, and the same as shown before Her Majesty at Osborne before her departure for Balmoral. Many other Naval scenes were also depicted, such as "general quarters," "barbette guns in action," and amongst others a specially interesting one showing the scene at the Portsmouth Dockyard Gate at noon on a Saturday. That marvellous little craft, the "Turbinia," was also shown doing her usual little run at 35 knots. Several excellent yachting pictures also formed part of the programme, and in securing one of these, that of a lee bow view of the crack racers, Messrs. West and Son had a narrow escape of being run down.

* * * *

THE Navy League have never done better work than in the production of the excellent map which they have just issued. As a map it is essentially clear and well delineated, and it is, moreover, a perfect compendium of the Naval, commercial, and mercantile history and present conditions of the Empire. It gives in chronological order all the great events in our Naval history, and marks, with a gun, the spot of each great Naval action. It gives a perfect mass of statistics relating to the wealth and social conditions of the British Empire; the ratio borne by the Navies of the Great Powers to their sea-borne commerce and their mercantile marine; the comparative strength of all the principal European Navies; and lastly, all the principal British trade routes and steam-ship lines. Submarine cables are all shown on the map, and marked as to whether they are single, double, or treble lines. Finally, the Naval stations are all distinctly shown, as well as all coaling stations and dry docks, and a long and most useful table is given showing the distances between various important posts. The map is an inexpensive one, considering its size and usefulness, for Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, its publishers, are selling it at a guinea. The firm are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which their part of the work has been performed.

* * * *

"C. B. H."—The only source, so far as I am aware, whence you can get the desired information, is the "General Orders Commission," Berlin. The Prussian Order of Merit was instituted in 1665, and is divided into two classes—one military, and the other civil, and principally scientific. "The Roll of Honour" appears to be the book on which our Government Departments rely as an authority in matters of this kind; but although it gives a list of the British subjects now living who have received the Order of Merit, the late wearers of the Order are not mentioned. Neither are the military members distinguished from the civil, but it is an honour that has not by any means been lavishly conferred. Among the present members are the Duke of Connaught, Lord Lister, Lord Kelvin, and Sir J. S. Vine. I shall be glad to receive the particulars to which "C. B. H." refers.

* * * *

MACKLIN, the famous comedian who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century, gave a neat definition of a British war-ship which is deserving of reproduction: "An English man-of-war can speak all languages; she is the best interpreter and most profound politician in this island; she was always Oliver Cromwell's ambassador; she is the wisest Minister of State that ever existed, and never tells a lie; nor will she suffer the proudest Frenchman or Spaniard or Dutchman to bamboozle her or give her a saucy answer."

* * * *

"D. T. B."—"The total casualties from the commencement of the Tirah Expedition till December 14, when my narrative ends, were approximately as follows:—British officers, 17 killed, 41 wounded; native officers, 5 killed, 12 wounded; British rank and file, 80 killed, 292 wounded; native rank and file, 137 killed, 345 wounded." These statistics are taken from a book recently published by Captain Shadwell on "Lockhart's Advance Through Tirah." The large proportion of officers killed proves not only fearless leading on our side, but good marksmanship on that of the enemy.

* * * *

FROM the earliest period of our military history a certain proportion of soldiers' wives have been allowed to accompany their husbands on a campaign. It was the practice in the Peninsular War and in the Waterloo Campaign. In Spain it has more than once happened that some of these unfortunate women were confined when on the march. Even in the long and terrible retreat of Sir John Moore on Corunna there were women who tramped through the rain, mud, and snow with the fighting men, and some perished. Soldiers' wives were supposed to be useful in washing and mending the clothes of their husbands and other men. No doubt they often rendered in these matters valuable services, but they were certainly not such as to compensate for the sufferings which the poor things often underwent. Many of them were also very troublesome as regards plundering and other breaches of discipline, and we learn that on more than one occasion the Provost-Marshal found it necessary to flog them. In our last campaign in Europe—that of the Crimea—many women accompanied their husbands, some only as far as Bulgaria, but in one or two cases even as far as the Crimea. Kinglake records at least one instance—Mrs. Smith, of the 93rd Highlanders, who belaboured the fugitive Turks, on October 25, 1854. Of late women have not been allowed to accompany their husbands into the field, and there is reason in the prohibition. Every person who neither fights nor renders administrative services is an encumbrance. As to the old excuse for taking women into the field, it was a very poor one. Sailors do their own washing and mending, and there is no reason why soldiers should not follow their example; in fact, to a certain extent, and in a rough, unskilful manner, they do wash and mend now. The regimental authorities might with advantage arrange for every man acquiring at least a rudimentary knowledge of these useful and necessary arts.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by one Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies.

CHAPTER X. *(continued.)*

BUT still Ariadne could not be cheered, knowing that he was going from her side, though she made strenuous efforts and smiled wanly through her tears; also, she said she would behave as became a seaman's wife.

Yet, all the same, she could not refrain from asking him timorously, while hoping all the time that his answer would be in the negative, whether he had yet found all the seamen necessary for the ships he was told off to provide with them.

"Why, see now, Ariadne!" he exclaimed, as he took from an inner cabin his boat-cloak, holding it over his arm as he talked, "they do not come in fast. In honest truth, I do think I have drained all this fair neighbourhood of its men. Down there," and he nodded his head forward, towards the forecastle, "I have a hundred and a-half of old sea-dogs who will fight till the flesh is hacked from off their bones."

Here Ariadne shuddered, while he continued: "God knows, in many cases they have not much left to hack, most of 'em having fought a hundred fights under Lestock, Martin and Knowles, and two even under Vernon. But for others I know not what to do. Drunken swabs are brought to me by the crimps; young boys from citizens' offices offer themselves—ofttimes they have robbed their masters and hope thus to evade the gallows; husbands who are sick of their wives; or, better still, men who would make provision for the women they love. But all of the right sort do not come my way as fast as the King and I would wish."

"Thereby," said Ariadne, "you cannot yet sail. Not yet. Ah!" And beneath her breath she said, "Thank God."

"Thereby," he replied with a smile, understanding well enough her mind, "I cannot yet sail. But, dear heart, it must be soon, whether I have gotten all I want or not. At least, I have some. It must be; for De la Clue is about, and Conflans broods ever on a descent. We must check them. We must. We must!"

"What do you go to seek now?" Ariadne asked, as approaching the cabin stairs he summoned his coxswain and bade him call the gig away. "What? More citizens' boys, or—or—" and she laughed a little at the words and blushed, "drunken swabs, as you term them?"

"Not," he answered, "if I can get others, though even those can use a match-tub if their hands shake not too much, and can put their puny weight on to a halyard. But, there are others. There is a fellow hard by, ashore, in Jamaica Court, who, I do hear, can find what is wanted. Also—and this is better if it can but be accomplished—lying further down the river is a schooner a-filling up with indented servants for our American colonies. There should be pickings there, and *they* will cost the King nothing. Not a groat."

"Why?" asked Ariadne, open-eyed, "why? Can the King get men without paying the two pounds press money that you say he gives?"

"He can get these," Geoffrey replied, with a laugh, "if I take 'em. I, or any other of his officers. Because, you see, these are hocus-pocussed men; fellows who have been made, or found, drunk by the crimps, and sold on board to the master. He has paid for them, and 'tis illegal. Wherefore the King—represented in my person—will set 'em free to serve him. God bless him! His service is better than that in the plantations."

"Is it honest to do this, Geoff?" Ariadne asked, a look of doubt on her young face.

"Honest, my dear! Why, child, there is no spot of honesty in't at all. Honest, i'faith! Is it honest to buy men's bodies as one buys dogs and cattle? honest to drench and drug men with gin, and then fling them aboard as one would fling a side of beef aboard? Nay, 'tis honest to rescue such, to give them a chance of serving King and country; to have a mort of food and rum into them two and three times a day, as much baccy as they can smoke, and many a guinea to spend on Sal and Sukie when they get ashore. *That's* honest, my dear, and what the sky-pilots call 'Christian.'"

"If they ever do get ashore to see Sal and Sukie; if the French do not kill them," said Ariadne.

"Well! come what may, *I* must get ashore," said Geoffrey, as now he saw his gig tossing on the turbulent waves of the wind-swept river; "so fare ye well, sweetheart, until to-night. You have that new-fangled novel thing to read, and Anne and her mother are with you, wherefore you will not be dull till bedtime."

Then, changing his blustering, good-natured tone for one more serious, as he stooped and kissed her; while noticing again, as he held her in his arms, as he had often noticed before, how slight and delicate a thing his child-wife was, he whispered:

"Oh! my love, my love, how I do worship thee. Sweetheart, will the hours be long till I come back?"

"As ever and always they are," she whispered too, her arms around his neck, and her cheek against his. "As ever and always they are."

"You do not regard me only as a rude, rough sailor," he asked now; "one ruthless in his duty? Nor cruel?"

"Nay, nay, never; but as the man of my heart—my only love, my husband."

"So! that is well. Again, farewell till to-night. Farewell, dear one," and reaching the deck, he grasped the man-ropes, when, entering his gig, he was rowed ashore.

Arrived at Brunswick Stairs, he sent back his boat, giving orders for the coxswain to return in two hours, "For," said he, "I need no accompaniment to-day. What I have to do I can do very well by myself." After which he set out from the river inland towards Stepney, threading, as he did so, some quaint old streets and lanes, in which each floor of the houses overlapped the one below it, so that at last the top floors almost touched each other. As he progressed he noticed, as often enough he had observed before, with what disfavour he was regarded by all the idlers in the place, including slatternly-looking women leaning against door-posts; rough-looking men, who shrunk away, however, directly his eye lighted on them (they, perhaps, thinking that

he was appraising their value as "food for the Frenchman"); and by miserable, cadaverous-looking young fellows, some of whom had no hesitation in instantly disappearing into the passages of houses, they being generally those in which they did not happen to live.

For all knew that this stalwart young captain, who wore the undress of the new uniform of the Royal Navy (new now for some ten years); whose sword-handle had a gold knot to it, and whose three-cornered hat had in it a gold cockade, was he who, aided by his myrmidons, tore them away from their wives and mothers to roam the seas as well as to fight and, probably, be killed by some of Conflans' Frenchmen. They knew him well enough for the captain of the "Migniong," as they called his craft, and they hated and feared him in consequence.

"May he be blasted!" said one hideous, blear-eyed old woman as he passed by, she taking no trouble to lower her voice; "he's got my Jenny's man in his cussed fock'sle even now. And she married to George but two months! He've got a wife of his own—I seen her ashore with him but yesterday—a sweet young thing too. How'd she like it if som'un ravished 'im away from her!"

"Curse him!" said a man, who regarded Geoffrey from behind a blind, he being afraid to show himself, knowing well enough that the captain of the "Migniong" would be as like as not to make a mental note of the house if he saw him. "Curse him and his King, too, and all the Lords and Commons. Why should we fight and die for them! They wouldn't do it for us."

And he heard much of their mutterings, knew how he was regarded, and regretted that such should be so. But, he told himself, it was duty. It must be done.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COLONISTS.

"THE hag spoke truth," Geoffrey thought, as he progressed towards his destination, Jamaica Court, "spoke only too true. If something should tear me away from my sweet Ariadne, how would she feel? Alas! that it must be so with these poor souls. Alas! Alas! Yet how else is it to be done. France has never beaten us, and never must. Even though, against their wills, against their happiness, all must go. They talk now of a press for the Army as well as for us. Yet the sea forces need men more than those of the land. It must indeed be so."

He had arrived at Jamaica Court in Stepney by now, a little narrow place in which there were shops whose trade was principally devoted to supplying marine wants—one was a ship's chandler's; the second was a slop-shop, the owner of which announced himself as a marine store dealer; a third shopkeeper was a rope, tar, and twine "merchant," while, also, there were brass plates on two doors announcing that pilots lived within. And, at the entrance, there was a dram shop, having for sign, The Spanysh Galleon, with, painted on a board outside, the hideous words, "Here you may have good London gin for tuppence, and be drunk for sixpence."

None of these was, however, that which Geoffrey Barry sought; instead, he made his way towards a house, over the full diamond-paned window of which, on the ground floor, there were inscribed the words, "Lewis and partner, ship's furnishers," and into this place he entered, descending two steps into the room as he did so.

"I am," he said, seeing that a man sat at a high desk by the window, with his back towards him, "the captain of 'La Mignonne,' and I require men for His Majesty. It is told me that you can find them. Is that so?"

As he spoke the man at the desk turned round—a young man, with a short-cropped beard—while regarding Geoffrey, he said quietly, "That is part of my affairs. How many do you want? Also do you desire—well!—willing sailors or the 'kids'?"—the latter word being the usual expression for men who were obtained as sailors by any means, no matter how foul.



"Sir, I sailed with Anson in -40."

This person spoke calmly enough, yet, while he did so, there came a flush into his face as he regarded his visitor, a flush that tinged all of his cheeks that was visible and uncovered by hair.

"I must have them," the captain of "La Mignonne" said, "somehow, by hook or by——Why!" he exclaimed, "who are you? I have seen you—we have met—before."

"Yes, we have," the other said, very calmly now. "At Keith's chapel last summer. When Mr. Bufton espoused Anne Pottle. I was," and he laughed a little, "his best man."

For answer, Geoffrey stared curiously at the other across the oak counter that ran between them, stared for some moments very fixedly; then he replied:

"Ay, and so indeed you were, when the sorry rogue thought he was espousing the lady who is now my wife. Yet your beard prevented me recognising you before as one who played that part. But——"

"But," said the other, who now flushed again, and even more deeply than before. "But what?"

"If the beard prevented me from recognising you as that fellow's groomsman, it has led to my recognising you, or rather remembering your face, in some other situation. Sir, have you not been a sailor?"

"I have been a sailor," the other said, with what was truly marvellous calm, considering the feelings within him, "and once bore the King's commission."

"I felt sure. Yet I cannot recall—I cannot——"

"Let me do so for you. You formed one of the Court-martial on board the 'Warwick' which broke me, drove me from out the sea service. Do you remember now?"

Then, in a voice as cold as ice, Geoffrey, after regarding the man before him for another minute, said:

"Ay, I remember. Your name is Lewis Granger. I remember very well. Remember the Glastonbury affair."

"I was innocent. Though found guilty."

"Innocent! Innocent! Though you restored——"

"I was innocent, I say!" the other cried loudly. "But enough! Lewis Granger is no more. The man you are talking to is called Lewis. Well, you want men! How many, and what will you pay?"

"The King's price. Two pounds for experienced sailors; two pounds for willing men; one pound for land-lubbers—'kids.'"

"It is not enough. There are no more sailors to be had, and the willing hands are all taken, by you and others. As for 'kids'—yes. But at the price of sailors—my price, not theirs—three pounds. Two for them, one for me."

"I shall not pay it. There are still others hereabouts whom I can take."

"If you mean the schooner which is lying off the Marshes, you are mistaken. She flies the Dutch colours; you cannot touch her. That is not my affair, however; take her and welcome, if you will. She has my stuff on board, and—has paid for it."

"We will see for that. If the order comes, I must have her. Meanwhile, have you nothing?"

"Something. Not much, though. The schooner has gotten them all. Come and see if you will."

"So be it. Where are they?"

For answer Lewis Granger, or, as he now said he desired to be termed, Lewis, lifted up the flap of the counter and signalled to Sir Geoffrey to come behind it. And this being done, the former led the way through a passage to the back of the house and then up a pair of stairs, arriving at a room still farther back, from which, as he and the captain of "La Mignonne" approached, there came an indescribable hubbub. A noise of singing and shouting, a yelling from other voices, and, in one or two cases, cries, as though some were fighting.

"One man at least in there has been a sailor," Sir Geoffrey said. "That lingo has never been learned ashore. But the others, who are they?"

"All sorts. Some good, some bad. One fellow is so desperate to get away to sea that I doubt not the runners are after him. 'Tis he who sings. Listen!" While, as he spoke, above all the hubbub there arose a voice singing:

"And was she not frank and free,
And was she not kind to me?
To lock up her cat in the cupboard,
And give her key to me—to me.
To lock up her cat in the cupboard,
And give her key—e to me—e."

"Ha! ha!" the voice cried, "to me. She gave the key to me. My God! I wonder what she's a-doing of now!"

"A-giving the key to another, you fool," answered a hoarser, more rasping voice. "Damme! didst ever know a woman who kept all for one! Drink some more and cease thy croaking."

"Ah, no! No," cried a young voice within; one soft and rich. "Ah, no! Abuse not women. They are true. True ever—or else we are sunk. Shall we not think often of them when we are far away in the colonies, a-making of a home for those we love?" Whereon the owner of this voice also began to sing, in tones silvery and sweet:

"I did but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.
To sigh and wish is all my ease,
Sighs which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart."

Evidently this song was more to the liking of the company than the ribald one of the former singer, since now there were cries and yells for another stave from many voices. But at this moment Granger, drawing a key from his pocket, put it in the lock and opened the door, ushering in Geoffrey.

It was a strange sight which met his eyes, or would have been had he not in the past month seen several such at the establishments of various crimps in the neighbourhood, to which his duty had forced him to resort. For, within the room, there were some twenty men of all ages and descriptions, and all, unhappily, more or less drunk. Mostly, they sat upon the floor, their backs against the dirty, white-washed walls, their vests apart and their shirts open, as though to give air to their heated throats. And, between the legs of each, were cans, either full or empty, of beer or spirits, a few having liquor still in them, though they were for the most part dry. Of all ages and descriptions were these men, old and young. One there was, a monstrous great fellow, herculean in size, and with a huge head like a bull's, his grizzled hair curling all over it, while his arms, which were visible (since his coat was off—it being used now as a cushion to his back—and his sleeves rolled up), were seen to be tattooed all over with weird as well as quaint devices. Devices such as a snake with red eyes striking its fangs into a heart, a mermaid ogling an imaginary person, and the usual anchor, flags, and so forth.

"The fellow that has been a sailor," said Sir Geoffrey to Lewis. "One cannot doubt."

"Ay, a sailor. Worth having, he. He is the last I can get of that sort."

"Ay, a sailor!" roared the man, hearing Lewis Granger's words. "Ay, a sailor, damme! such as you do not see now. A sailor, noble captain," he went on, recognising Geoffrey's gold cockade and saluting with a huge hand, "such as there aint many like. Sir, I sailed with Anson in '40—aint that enough? Ho! With Anson. You know. In the 'Centurion.' Aint that enough, I say? When we took the 'Acapulco' ship—the plate ship. And what takings there was. Sir, we sailors was the first that ever made the gals eat bank notes—twenty-pun notes—there weren't no others then—atween their bread and butter. What cared we for money? We had won it, and the gals were kind."

"Yet," said Geoffrey, "you are now here, when you should be serving your King, getting more money for the girls. Why is this, when 'La Mignonne' lies close by, waiting for such as you; when all the Admirals are calling out for sailors who know their duty?"

"He took me," the man cried, nodding his head towards Granger; "his men took me when I was drunk; had I not been, fifty crimps couldn't a-done it. Now, I'm in this place, a-waiting to be sold, like a great black nigger in the Injies."

"How much does he owe?" asked Geoffrey of the man by his side, the crimp who had once worn the King's uniform as he himself now wore it, and speaking with disdain, "how much?"

"I want his press-money—that and another guinea would suffice. He will not go in the Dutchman to the colonies, otherwise I would have fifteen pounds or nothing."

"Will you serve the King again," asked Geoffrey, "if I buy you off?"

"At what rating? I was foretop-man with Anson. Also, later, with Howe."

"And perhaps may be again. Come, I will have you."

"Have me, then, and welcome. Get me out of this hole, anyway."

"Finish your drink, then, and stand up. Down with it. It's the last ashore. Stand up; what is your name?"

"George Redway."

"So be it. Now," turning to Granger, "have you any more?"

"You see them. Take your choice or leave 'em. The Dutchman still wants more."

He did see them as he looked round, his eyes noting that amongst the number there might be metal for the ships of war. The youth with the sweet-toned voice who had sung the love ballad of past days was, he observed, endeavouring to evade his glance, whereby he judged that he was hoping to go to the colonies, and then to become eventually (as the young man doubtless supposed) a prosperous farmer or dealer. Only, because Geoffrey knew well enough what his real fate would be, he determined that he would have him too, and said so to Granger loud enough for the other to hear.

"No! no!" the latter cried, learning what his lot was. "No! no! Not that. I have offered myself voluntarily to this man to be sent to Massachusetts. I want a home—to make a home for Dolly; my Dolly. I want to be a colonist."

"My lad," said Geoffrey, "you are deceived. Never will you be a colonist. Once you are in that ship which is lying off the Marshes, you will go to the colonies, it is true, but not as you think. Instead, as an indented sla——"

"For Heaven's sake," whispered Granger, "do not ruin my last chance of a livelihood. I have been ruined once, and—I was innocent. Have some mercy."

For a moment the captain of "La Mignonne" looked at him coldly, contemptuously, as an honourable man looked in those days at a crimp, even though he did not hesitate to avail himself of his services in the cause of his duty; as, in those and these days, too, an honourable man looks at one whom he knows to have been disgraced; then, scarcely understanding what secret feeling moved him, he murmured to Granger, "So be it"; while, turning to the young fellow, he said, "I cannot spare you for the colonies. You must serve your country against its enemies. I choose you, too"; and heedless of the other's cries and remonstrances, he bade Granger name the price.

Also he took three others, all of whom he marshalled outside Jamaica Court under the superintendence of the ex-foretop-man, George Redway, and so marched them off to the landing-steps where the boat was to come for him.

Yet, as they went along, he was not thinking of them, but of the man, Lewis Granger, whom he had once more come face to face with that day.

"Innocent," he said to himself. "Innocent! he protests. Yet in our eyes, in the eyes of all of us—his brother sailors!—his guilt was proved up to the hilt. But to-day—to-day—there was a look in the man's face—a tone in his voice—oh! my God, if, after all, it were so. If it were so!"

CHAPTER XII.

Vengeance is Sweet.

During the passage of those eight months from the time when Bufton had fallen into the snare set for him by Anne Pottle and Lewis Granger (who had recognised the former as the singing girl of half the gardens round London, the instant he set eyes on her at Tunbridge Wells, they having met before), the latter had more than once encountered his old enemy; that enemy with whom—in a manner which would quite have suited with the ethics of more modern, of present days—he had lived on an apparent footing of friendship while planning a scheme of vengeance for a cruel wrong done to him earlier. He had visited Bufton in the southern suburb of the town, where the man once known as "Beau Bufton" now lived a miserable kind of life upon money sent to him by his mother from Devonshire, and also upon anything which he could pick up at cock-fights, race-courses, and similar places, he being always careful to avoid the West End. For, like many others who imagine that they are masters of the art of ridicule, he dreaded, winced under ridicule himself, especially when that ridicule had a very substantial base from which to operate, as any that might be hurled against him must have had at this present moment.

Bufton had himself more than once also paid a visit to Stepney to see his quondam confederate, a visit which, although made under the garb of friendship, had really for its object the desire of finding out what Lewis Granger was doing, how he was living, and, which was the principal thing, whether there was any likelihood of his being able to obtain a share in such prosperity as might have fallen in Granger's way.

(To be continued.)

A Medal for the Soudan.

[From a Correspondent.]

JUST prior to Lord Kitchener's departure for England, he took the opportunity of presenting medals to the regiments who took part in the expedition to Khartoum, and the scene on the occasion was a brilliant one. All the British troops in Cairo and Abbasseeyeh paraded on the morning of the day in order to be presented with the Soudan medal. This medal was struck last year for the Dongola Expedition, but a clasp will be added to it as soon as it is manufactured. Colonel Murray, C.B., 1st Seaforth Highlanders, commanded the parade. The following troops were present: 21st Lancers, 32nd Field Battery Royal Artillery, a detachment of the 16th Company Eastern Division Royal Artillery, the 2nd Company Royal Engineers, a half-battalion of the 1st Lincolnshire Regiment, the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, the Cameron Highlanders, and detachments of the Mounted Infantry, Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps, Army Ordnance Corps, and Army Pay Department.

After the parade, Lord Kitchener proceeded to distribute the medals to about 1,200 officers and men. This ceremony finished, the Sirdar addressed the troops in the following words:—"I am very glad to have been able to present you with your medals to-day; they will be a memorial to you of the campaign we have had together, and a token of the gratitude of His Highness the Khedive and the Egyptian people for your services in the Soudan. It is a great satisfaction to me to have this opportunity of thanking you all for your excellent services during the recent campaign, and I am particularly glad to be able to express to the men of the 1st Brigade, the Cameron men, the Seaforth men, as well as the Lincolns and Warwicks who are not presen*, how highly I appreciate tneir services. I do not allude to their fighting at Omdurman. British soldiers want no thanks for that sort of service. But I allude to the cheerful, soldier-like spirit with which you bore the long and trying wait at Dermalee through the heat of a Soudan summer. That was a test of endurance out of which you came triumphantly, and when the advance sounded, were ready to start as fit and fine a brigade as ever I wish to command." The men evinced the liveliest enthusiasm on receiving the decoration, which will be a lasting memento of their services against the fanatical "Fuzzy-Wuzzy."



THE CAMERONS AND SEAFORTHS RECEIVE THEIR MEDALS.



PRESENTING MEDALS TO THE 21st LANCERS ANL ROYAL ARTILLERY.



THE PRESENTATION TO THE DEPARTMENTAL CORPS.



Photos. F. Evans Copyright.—H. & K.

THE "MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN"—AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Getting Ready.

[From a Foreign Correspondent.]

THE accompanying illustrations, reproduced from snapshots taken at Havre, are interesting in view of the activity now being displayed by the military authorities on the other side of the silver streak.

They represent a regiment of French infantry on parade and on the march, and are very typical of the ordinary French Linesman.

Three of the accompanying photographs were taken on an



FIXING BAYONETS.

ordinary route march, and show the band, the drums, and a company on the line of march. Two others of those reproduced show the regiment on parade, while the sixth shows "relieving sentries."

It is men of the infantry of the Line who, with artillery,



SOME FRENCH DRUMMERS.

would, in the event of an outbreak of hostilities, garrison the great seaports and Naval arsenals. Men of these two branches of the Service have been poured into the Naval ports, more especially Brest and Cherbourg, which together



Photos. Walter Wood. Copyright.

CHANGING GUARD AT THE PRESIDENT'S VILLA, HAVRE.



A SQUAD AT DRILL.

with Toulon would be the first to engage an enemy's attention.

That France has made strenuous endeavours to put her



ON THE MARCH.

garrisons into proper condition to encounter any eventualities is very evident from the reports which are constantly coming to hand. Not only are the garrisons being adequately



Photos. Walter Wood. Copyright.

THE BAND OF A FRENCH LINE REGIMENT.

reinforced in men, but material is also receiving attention. Guns are being in haste mounted on those batteries where the number is inadequate, or where it is desirable that guns of the most recent pattern should supersede those which are at all obsolete or out of date. Medical and other stores are being rapidly forwarded to the various batteries and forts along the coast. Munitions of war are being hurried up from the various arsenals.

With the West Indian Troops in Kumasi.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

TO-DAY Prempeh's blood-stained capital has practically ceased to exist, for the Ashanti army of the ruthless tyrant who formerly occupied it is now scattered, and peacefully settled in the surrounding country.

Indeed, there is a similarity, in a way, and yet an enormous difference, between Kumasi and Khartoum. Both have been abandoned by their conquerors. In the one case the now abandoned city was a den of iniquity, and the *régime* that there ruled the worst form of savagery, which has now been replaced by the sway of civilisation.

In the other case the abandoned city was the centre of civilisation and the rule of law and order over a large territory, and its conquest meant for many long years the triumph of savagery over civilisation.

The photographs here reproduced give a very good idea of the country and the style of living of the detachment of the West India Regiment which now forms the garrison of Kumasi. This detachment marched the 140 miles through the thick bush which forms the country between Cape Coast Castle and Kumasi in thirteen days, and what difficulties are presented in transport is well shown by the fact that it required 1,000 native carriers, mostly women, to a company. On their first arrival King Prempeh's deserted and tumble-down palace was utilised for the men, but no time was lost in erecting the bamboo structures shown in our illustration.

Two of the illustrations, those with the long huts, show the men's quarters, and they bring out well the method of construction, the walls being of bamboo and the roof of thatch. During the rainy season, however, violent storms are not uncommon, and the sudden removal of the thatched roof and the exposure of the inmates to all the violence of the elements occasionally happens. Two of the other illustrations show the quarters occupied by the officers of the detachment, with their inmates in evidence outside.

It will be seen that they are very much on the same pattern as those for the men, and, with good camp furniture and a few photographs of the loved ones at home stuck about, are not such uncomfortable dwellings. At any rate, they are a vast improvement on the native mud hut in which the officers on first arrival were obliged to take up their abode, for in the rainy season the floor of this delightful dwelling became a sea of red mud.



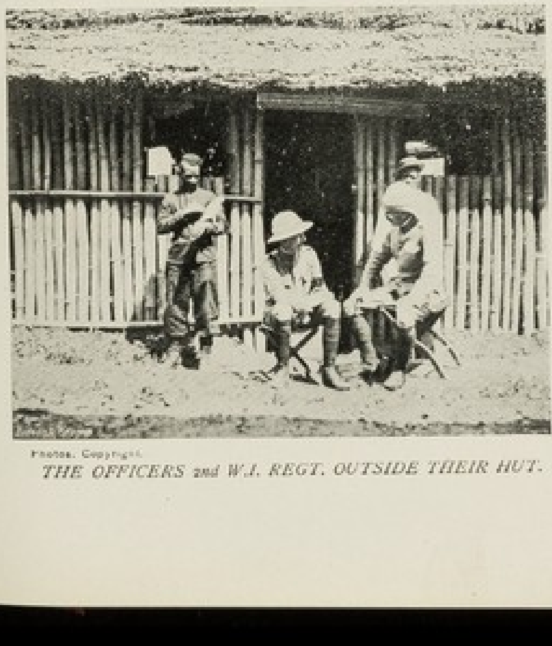
THE OFFICERS' GARDEN.



THE MEN'S QUARTERS, 2nd WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

Vegetation in Kumasi is, as in all tropical Africa, of the most luxuriant, but the only fresh vegetable obtainable at first was a species of wild tomato not much larger than a gooseberry. The English officers started a garden both for vegetables and flowers, of which we give an illustration, and to-day it produces plentiful supplies of French beans, lettuces, tomatoes, melons, etc. Moreover, if you could peep inside the hut, you would probably see on the little camp table the photograph of a wife or sweetheart in the latest Bond Street frame, with beside it, in a rudely-fashioned native cup, a bunch of English flowers fresh gathered in the morning.

Finally, a sixth illustration shows the native market



Photos. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS 2nd W.I. REGT. OUTSIDE THEIR HUT.



H. & K.

THE OFFICERS' HUT.

where produce from the country around is sold to the soldiery. Not the least interesting illustration, for it brings out excellently the types of the Ashanti natives

The West India Regiment, portion of which is now garrisoning Kumasi, is, as to-day organised, a regiment of three battalions. There were originally no less than twelve West India Regiments, and for a short time six of them had attached to each a troop of native cavalry. At the Peace of Amiens, those numbered from nine to twelve were disbanded, and during the ten years that followed the close of the war, battalions three to eight were also disbanded.

The two battalions left are now the 1st and 2nd Battalions respectively, the 3rd Battalion having been added last year on the recent increase of the Army. The 1st Battalion was originally raised in 1778 after the capture of Savannah by the Loyalists, and the driving out of Georgia of the American troops. It was at one period of its existence a cavalry regiment, for it was mounted and served as dragoons under Lord Rawdon at the relief of Fort Ninety-six and the battle of Entaw Spring in 1781.

In 1795 it was amalgamated with another black corps known as Malcolm's Black Rangers, and the amalgamated battalions became the 1st West India Regiment The 2nd Battalion was originally raised at the beginning of the French revolutionary war, and was at its inception known as the St. Vincent Black Rangers, becoming in 1793 the 2nd West India Regiment. This battalion, which is the one represented in our illustrations, has served in every one of our Ashanti Wars.

It formed part of the force which in 1824 drove out the Ashantis from our settlement during the first Ashanti War. It served also in the second Ashanti War of 1863-64. It was in Wolseley's campaign of 1873-74, and finally took part in the last expedition. The main recruiting districts for the West India Regiment are Jamaica and Barbados, and the clannish spirit of the negro makes nearly all those from Jamaica enlist in the 1st Battalion, while those from Barbados more especially patronise the 2nd Battalion. The 3rd Battalion just raised would also seem to be mainly recruited in Jamaica.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MEN'S QUARTERS.



Photos. Copyright. THE NATIVE MARKET. H. & K.

The Minto and General Chapman's Cups.

THREE years ago the Earl of Minto, the new Governor of Canada and Brigadier-General of the South of Scotland Brigade, presented a handsome silver challenge cup for the encouragement of the combination of marching and shooting among the troops in the Scottish District, which was to be competed for annually among teams of regulars and volunteers. The men had to undergo a march of 10½ miles in full marching order, after which they were exercised in "attack" practices at figure targets on arrival at the range. During the first two years of its existence the competition was held on the range of the Border Rifle Association at Melrose. This year, in order to give the competition a wider scope, the arena was changed to Malleny, so as to encourage Edinburgh and Glasgow volunteers to come forward, but here again the Border Rifles swept the deck, the Galashiels team on this occasion carrying the cup back to the Borders, out of a field of three regular and ten volunteer teams, with a clear lead of eighteen points over their next opponent. On the following day the Galashiels men brought further honour to their district by winning the beautiful cup presented by General Chapman, commanding the Scottish District, for the best volunteer team in section attack, open for competition among company teams. The winning teams, on their arrival home with the trophies, were accorded a great reception from their fellow-towns-people.



Photo. J. Clapperton. THE WINNERS OF THE MINTO CUP. Copyright.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

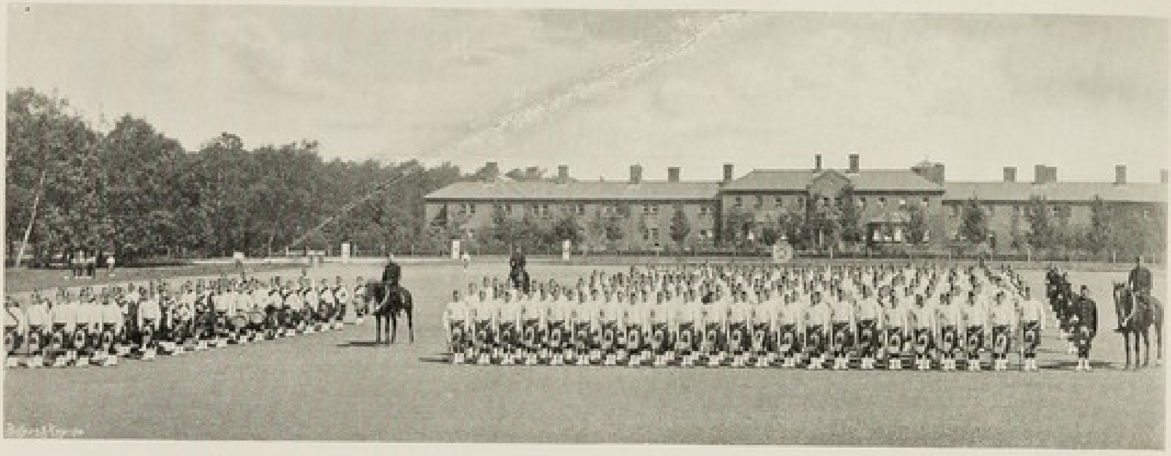
VOL. VII.—No. 94.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1898.



Photos. E. Evelyn. Copyright.

IN COMMAND OF THE SECOND BLACK WATCH.
COLONEL COODE, MAJOR LIVINGSTON, AND CAPTAIN ELTON.

The Second Black Watch.



THE SECOND BATTALION ON PARADE AT ALDERSHOT.

ON the introduction of the Territorial System, the linking of the battalions was, on the whole, well carried out, though, of course, the exigencies of the system brought into being some curious anomalies, such, for instance, as when the 30th Cambridgeshire and 59th Second Notts found themselves transmogrified into the East Lancashire. The Highland regiments were very well grouped, and in no case better than that of the gallant corps now known officially as "The Black Watch" (Royal Highlanders), for, in truth, the old 73rd (Perthshire) Regiment, now the Second Black Watch, was originally raised as a 2nd Battalion of the old 42nd Royal Highland Regiment of Foot, and remained so for many years, until it was constituted a separate corps and numbered the 73rd in the Line.

Of this fine old regiment we herewith give some illustrations taken at Aldershot. It will be remembered that until quite recently the battalion was commanded by Colonel Andrew Wauchope, who only vacated it to go out to take the command of the famous Atbara Brigade of the British Division for the advance on Omdurman.

Colonel Wauchope's successor in the command of the Second Black Watch was Colonel J. H. Coode, the centre figure of the group, who joined the old 73rd as a sub-lieutenant just twenty-three years ago, at the age of nineteen, and who, with the exception of a spell of five years' staff employment as an adjutant of auxiliary forces, has served continuously with the regiment ever since. The officer on his right is Major P. J. C. Livingston, who originally belonged to the 1st Battalion, having joined the old 42nd in 1879, the day after his nineteenth birthday. With that battalion he served in the Soudan and Egypt, including the battle of Kirbekan, and received the medal with two clasps and the Khedive's bronze star. The officer on the left is Captain E. G. Elton, the junior captain of the battalion, who has just been promoted to that rank after a service of ten years in the regiment.

Another officer, whose portrait we give further on, is also of great interest, for it is that of Captain and Quartermaster W. Webb, who is the oldest soldier serving in the Second Black Watch, and who, though but a little over fifty, has been under the colours for no less than thirty-five years. Captain Webb's career amply demonstrates what openings there are to a smart and steady man in the Army. He joined the



Photos. E. Evelyn. Copyright.

THE OFFICERS OF THE SECOND BLACK WATCH.



THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

regiment in 1864, and after a service of thirteen years was promoted to regimental sergeant-major, in 1876, and from that post promoted to lieutenant and quartermaster in 1887. Another veteran non-commissioned officer, whose portrait we give on the same page, is Pipe-Major Ross, while between the two we are shown the tallest man and the tiniest drummer in the regiment.

As well as the three pictures alluded to we show an excellent group of the pipers of the regiment, with, in the centre, the regimental adjutant, Captain W. MacFarlan.

The whole battalion on parade is especially well depicted in the picture that heads our story, while below them are the colours under which they serve, with their guard of three stalwart colour-sergeants. The colours here depicted are the sixth stand the regiment has carried since its inception. Note the goodly roll of battle honours on it, and of these the 2nd Battalion brought to the honour roll the names of Mysore, Mangalore, Seringapatam, South Africa, 1846-47, and South Africa, 1851-52-53. Waterloo is also a battle honour of the 2nd as well as the 1st Battalion, the former deriving it form an old 2nd Battalion of theirs which was raised in 1809 and disbanded in 1817. The second 73rd was in Halkett's Brigade of Baron Alton's Division at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and had its full share of the fighting, as of the twenty-three officers that went into action with the battalion on June 16, no less than twenty-two were killed and wounded during that and the two following days.

The two remaining groups show first the officers, and secondly the non-commissioned officers of the battalion. In the first group the officer on the left of the colonel is Major A. G. Duff, the second in command of the battalion, and it will be noticed that he wears a distinction very uncommon with officers who have not been detached for service with the Egyptian Army, that is, the Egyptian medal with five clasps. This he won when attached to the 1st Battalion. In 1882, as a subaltern of seven years' service, he was present at Tel-el-Kebir. He was adjutant of the regiment in the Soudan Expedition of 1884, and present at the battles of El Teb and Tamaai. As adjutant he was again with the regiment during the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, when it formed part of the river column under Major-General Earle, and was present at Kirbekan. Other officers who have seen service in Egypt



Photos. E. Evelyn. Copyright.

THE PIPERS OF THE SECOND BLACK WATCH.

are Majors Berkeley and Livingston, and Captain Souter.

The latter's record is one of special interest, for he served in the ranks of the Cameron Highlanders at Tel-el-Kebir. For his distinguished service at that battle, he was mentioned in despatches, and promoted to a lieutenancy in the Black Watch after a service in the ranks of some four and-a-half years. The group of non-commissioned officers who form the other picture are a fine sturdy-looking lot—smart, alert, and excellently representative of the class that Rudyard Kipling has christened "the backbone of the British Army."



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.



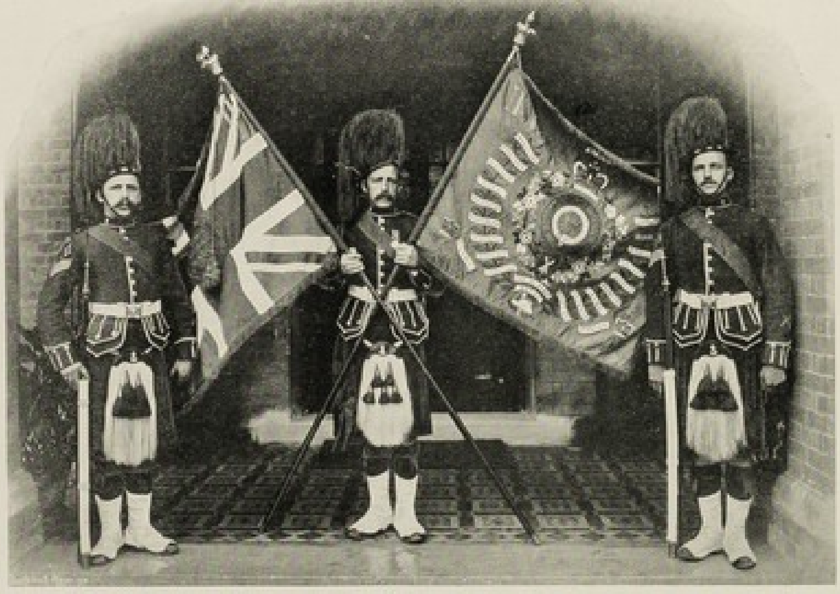
QTR.-MSTR. CAPT. WEBB.



PIPE-MAJOR GEORGE ROSS.

As the battle honours of the 1st Battalion contribute to the colours the glorious roll of the Peninsular actions, and the more recent honours won in the Crimea and Egypt, so the 2nd Battalion adds to the long list the Indian and South African honours. The fine old corps was, as we have said, originally embodied at Perth as the 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders on March 21, 1780, and was raised by Macleod of Macleod, the head of the clan, under whom it sailed for India in the January of the following year. One division of the battalion landed at Madras on May 18, but the other, comprising seven and a-half companies, were actually thirteen months and thirteen days afloat before reaching Bombay.

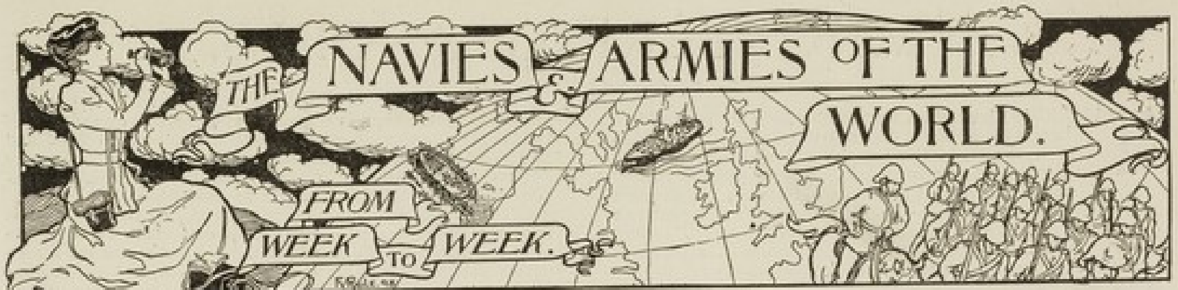
In 1786 the regiment became the 73rd, but for many years it still retained the "garb of old Gaul," and in that costume fought until its return to England in 1806. It served during this time in the campaigns against Tippoo Sahib, at the siege of Pondicherry, at the capture of Ceylon, and at the storming and capture of Seringapatam, where it had twenty-one killed and ninety-nine wounded. In 1809, however, the Highland dress was discontinued, the alleged reason, which now sounds ridiculous, being that it was an impediment to recruiting. In the same year the regiment went to Australia, serving in New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and Norfolk Island until 1814, when it was transferred to Ceylon. On this change of station the head-quarters and flank companies saw a good deal of the farthest East, for they voyaged round New Guinea, New Britain, and the Moluccas. During 1815-17 the battalion served through the Kandyan War, returning home in 1821. The next tour of foreign service comprised the Mediterranean and a spell of Nova Scotia and Canada. Next to South Africa, where it served through the Kaffir Wars of 1846-47 and 1851-53. From thence to India in the troublous Mutiny days, but only in time to take part in the latter operations on the Nepaul frontier in 1858-59.



Photos. E. Evelyn. Copyright.

THE GLORY OF THE REGIMENT.

Coming to its recent history, the battalion has of late years seen foreign service in China, Ceylon, and India. In the sixties it became the Perthshire Regiment, but in 1881 again assumed the kilt and bonnet, reverting to its old position as the Second Black Watch.



WHAT is the offence called "insult to the Army" or "insult to the Fleet"? The question is suggested by the news that the French Ministry is going to prosecute M. Urbain Gohier, author of "L'Armée de Condé" and "L'Armée Contre la Nation," for insulting the Army. The State lawyers will have some particular difficulties to deal with, but they may be left aside for the moment. There is one standing and general obstacle in their road which it will task all their ingenuity to turn, and it is the extreme delicacy of defining where criticism ends, and mere insult begins. For instance, M. Urbain Gohier says some very severe things about the effect which barrack life has on the health and moral character of the young peasants or workmen who pass through the ranks. These words of his do most undoubtedly contain a terrible charge against the Army. Is this insult? If it is quite without foundation, and is said out of mere malignity, then it deserves the name. But, unfortunately, the same accusations have been made by very competent men writing in no spirit of hostility to the Army, who support their opinion by the authority of experienced country doctors. One of the things they say is that the great and deplorable increase of drunkenness among the French peasantry is directly traceable to the barracks. A distinction has to be made in this matter. It is no new thing that the country people of France should take "a skinful" of their own honest wine on high days and holidays and bonfire nights. What is new is the ruinous habit of constant taking of alcohol. This vice is spreading, and all these witnesses assert that it had its origin in the barracks and the drinking shops in their neighbourhood. Is this insult to the Army? None of the grave writers I refer to have been prosecuted, and if not they, then why M. Urbain Gohier? Nobody will deny that if it is true, then it is for the good of France that it should be said and a remedy sought. If it is not true, you cannot prove its falsity by merely silencing the critic. What you probably will do is to convince a great many people that you dare not face the truth.

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One might put the question in other ways. Thackeray in one of his earlier writings (he came to think differently in later years) says that Army life is degrading because it is the only one in which a man is bound to submit to wrong and insult—not out of mere necessity, but because the very law of the institution forces him to submission. What he said of the Army applied equally to the Navy. Now supposing Thackeray had been prosecuted for insulting Her Majesty's Forces by saying that they degraded all who belonged to them, which is about the most killing charge one can bring against any corporation. Of course he must have been allowed to defend himself by endeavouring to show that what he said was true, and that it was in the public interest it should be said. He might well have quoted such a story as this, which my father, James Hannay, who knew him, could have told him. A master's mate of the "Orestes," who cannot have been much of a gentleman, called one of the petty officers something highly offensive. The man complained to the first lieutenant, who, even less of a gentleman than the master's mate, answered by yelling at the top of his voice, "Mr. ——— called you a ———, did he? Well, you are a ——— ———." Now, supposing Thackeray's counsel had quoted this story to the jury, and had said, "Was this correct according to the custom of the Service? If so, my client is right when he says that the profession of arms subjects men to insult. If it was wrong, then my client is not to blame for denouncing an abuse. The petty officer certainly got no remedy, so that my client is not mistaken in either case." What would have been the result? A verdict in favour of Mr. Thackeray, I imagine, and poignant regrets on the part of the War Office that they had not let him alone. M. Taine, again, in his famous "Origines de la France Contemporaine," falls vigorously foul of conscription and universal military service, which he calls one of the evils left to France by the Revolution. He accuses it of brutalising whole classes of the population, and greatly praises the old system of enlistment by help of the recruiting sergeant, for, says M. Taine, it carried off those elements of the population which were no good for anything else. Such men were better employed in leading an idle and rather vicious life, where they were looked after in barracks, than in committing highway robbery at home. That was not a polite view of the noble profession of arms, but what would have been the result of prosecuting M. Taine for insult to the Army?

* * * *

There is, however, a particular reason why the French War Office may have occasion to lament its decision to prosecute M. Urbain Gohier. It is that he does not make an attack on the Army at large, on the contrary, he speaks of it with admiration; he says that it is now identical with the nation, and expresses pride in belonging to it. What he does do is to make a very fierce—possibly very unfair, but certainly very clever—assault on the General Staff, the War Office, and the French Admiralty. The gist of his book, of which we shall no doubt hear a good deal more, is this: He says that in the French Army and French Navy there are two classes of officers—a minority and a majority. The majority consist of devoted, hard-working men, who serve from loyalty and patriotism. These honourable men, says M. Urbain Gohier, hardly ever rise to the higher commands; the mass never pass beyond the grade of captain, but toil all their lives in obscurity. In the Navy they are known, according to M. Urbain Gohier, as "the dead rats," and are objects of derision to the minority, which again, according to our authority, are "sons of archbishops." It would be interesting to have a little more light thrown on these slang terms. Perhaps the second is not slang, but a term of abuse of M. Gohier's own invention. An archbishop cannot have a legitimate son in the Roman Catholic Church, except in the rare cases in which he has been a married man before taking orders. There was an example of this not long ago, and the good archbishop, who felt that the situation required constant explaining, used to speak of his sons as "the nephews of my brother." But to return to our minorities. M. Gohier maintains that they all belong to what are called the Naval or Military dynasties—the Service families which all hang together and push their relations on. A young man with these advantageous connections can always spend his time in a regiment which is stationed near Paris, unless he prefers to enter the War Office, when he rises, often with scandalous rapidity, without doing any regimental service whatever. We have heard tales not wholly unlike this in our own happy land. What we have fortunately no experience of is M. Gohier's attempt to prove that, as a rule, the dynasties come of Royalist families which opposed the Revolution and Napoleon, and are therefore, by inheritance, traitors to the Republic and to France. He does seem to have proved that General de Boisdeffre's grandfather was an officer in the Chasseurs Britanniques, which served England in the Great War. Again, we have happily seen nothing like the long list of scandals which he quotes against the members of this alleged privileged caste. Probably there is much malignity in all this, but he cannot be tried for a particular libel unless the persons aggrieved move in the matter, which none of them have yet thought fit to do.

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There is one argument used by M. Urbain Gohier which may at least serve to inspire reflections in some of our officers who feel a sympathy for the conscription. He is constantly saying to the officers: "The Army is not insulted when you are blamed. Nowadays the nation is the Army. We have all served, and are liable to be called upon to serve again. In case of war we shall all be summoned. The difference between us and you is this: We have been called from our studies as lawyers, doctors, etc., from our shops, our farms, and so forth to serve in the ranks, to carry the knapsack, to sleep in the promiscuity of the barracks. All this is hard for us, and the pay is nearly nothing. You have come out of the military schools, have never had to endure any of the hardships which fall to our lot, and are incomparably better paid. Many of you have gone to the military schools and have become officers simply because you desire to escape service in the ranks. You are only a little better than those who escape military service altogether by favour. It is not for you to say that you represent the Army. We are the Army, and you are the paid servants of the State, of which we are the voting members. It is your business to teach us the manual exercise, and for that you are salaried. You have no more right to dictate to us than the Board School master who teaches handwriting and geography. He takes charge of one part of education, and you of another, that is all; otherwise you are on a footing of equality." There is much malignity here, much appeal to class hatred; but there is an element of truth, and the still larger element of sophistry which it contains will work on a French jury which has the national love of "equality." Of course there is no real equality when different men are called upon to go through the same experience; but, unhappily, that is precisely what constitutes the radical injustice of universal service.

* * * *

The French sometimes complain that their neighbours, we and the Germans, have long memories for old wrongs. Perhaps we have, and perhaps there is some excuse for us. But, however that may be, the French have remarkably tenacious memories for their domestic troubles. I was once the eye-witness of a spirited encounter between two Frenchmen who had been great friends, and who were chumming together in lodgings. The cause of the dispute was that one of them, a strong Republican, began singing the Marseillaise. The other flamed up, and declared he would not listen to a song to which his great-grandfather's head had been cut off. Upon that quarrel they would have fought, but for the officious activity of bystanders. They did quarrel out and out. The whole French nation seems to be going by the ears on some such dispute. To our notions nothing can well look more absurd than to say that General de Boisdeffre must be a traitor because his grandfather was a Royalist in the great revolutionary conflict. There is probably not an officer in the Navy who would not be proud to be able to say that he descended from the Sir Roger Strickland or the Captain David Lloyd who followed their master, James II., into exile. To draw again on my reminiscences, I remember hearing a number of American Naval officers who came, some from Northern, and some from Southern, States discuss the whole question at issue in their famous Civil War quite coolly. Apparently that is what men of the so called Latin races cannot do. They nurse their wrath to keep it warm. They fight hard, and then shake hands and make it up. Germany is just giving the French a lesson. The German Army is celebrating in the most genial way in the world the twenty-fifth anniversary of the appointment of Duke George of Saxony to the command of the XIIth Army Corps. Now he fought against Prussia in 1866, and was decorated by the Emperor Francis Joseph for his fine conduct at Sadowa. Yet a German military paper is as polite to him as can be, and counts his handling of a cavalry division in that battle as one of the proofs that he is a good officer. This is a more manly way of facing the facts than harping for ever on "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

DAVID HANNAY.

"MINISTERING ANGELS."

By Cicely McDonell.

THERE'S a quotation that would form an appropriate heading to this article; but it is one that makes men squirm in their chairs and whisper out loud. It has, however, been unconsciously paraphrased by the man who said to a very old friend, "You are a perfect fiend when all goes right, but in a sick room you're an angel, and I'd like to be ill to be nursed by you." And there's no denying that in times of trouble or sickness woman amply atones for any deficiencies dealt out to her when her existence was found necessary to that man on whose behalf it was declared that it was not "*good* for him to be alone." We *know* it is not; his many escapades under such circumstances prove that were it not for the guiding, restraining, and ministering (alas, the fatal word must be spoken) hand of woman, the average man would be—as Nature made him—and there's a volume in those few words. So the ministering angel, in the shape of Tommy Atkins' sister, gives the keynote to a few remarks on the Army Nursing Service, and the inducements that lead women to choose a branch of the nursing profession that apparently offers little prospect of "getting furrerder." But we have only to remember that we are accredited with the possession of those capricious and "cussèd" qualities that make our actions and decisions always a matter of speculative interest, to be sure that, above all, daughters of Eve love their own way; so if it be their own way to be Army "sisters," they will take it in spite of all opposition! And why should they not?

At a moment when the question of the weakness of the Army Nursing Service strength is attracting so much attention in high quarters that a thorough reconstruction of the present system is being seriously considered, it may not be altogether out of place to give a little account of the duties and pleasures of the Army nurse's lot, and of the training she must go through to arrive at the enviable distinction of being allowed to care for Tommy Atkins.

It is probable that many women choose this branch of nursing because their few associates are ladies by birth, preference being given to those applications coming from the widows and daughters of officers or chaplains; and there is no doubt that the prospect of the pension attracts a certain number. The applicant must have had three years' training in a *general* hospital—specific knowledge is of no use; if her certificate is satisfactory she then goes to Netley for six months as a probationer. If, again, as a result of her training there, the report as to conduct and efficiency is good, the nurse is sent to a station hospital, either at Aldershot, the Curragh, Colchester, or any large military depôt. The rule in selecting nurses for the Army is to choose those candidates whose age is not less than twenty-five nor more than thirty years, this period being supposed to contain the best of womanhood.

"We used to begin at thirty-five years of age," said a high official; "but as the engagement of a nurse is for six years, we felt that women nearing the age of forty-one were scarcely in the prime of life, nor so well able to fulfil their trying duties." Such heretical notions not being admissible in these days of perpetual youth, when grandmothers are younger than their grandchildren, and women of sixty or more begin to ride the bicycle, the subject of age was hastily discussed.

That comparatively few women become Army nurses is shown by the official list. The Army Nursing Reserve numbers seventy-three, the Army Nursing Service sixty-two, "sisters." One reason probably is that there is a smaller field for experience, the nursing (except on active service) being chiefly medical. Even when war is going on, the "sisters" are not at the front; the sick orderlies (and the official list shows between three and four thousand well-trained men) assist in the first attendance on the wounded, who are as quickly as possible sent to the base to be nursed by the sisters on duty.

"Evacuation" is the motto at the hospital tents; and a nurse who has seen nearly twenty-five years of service, and has been through the Zulu, Ashanti, and Egyptian Campaigns, once said that the "saddest part of the life was not knowing whether the brave men they nursed, up to a certain point, of wounds received in gallant fight, recovered after being invalided home, or died of lingering weakness." "When sent on active service, we have little time to think beyond the present; the main object is to get the wounded men well enough to be moved, and so make room for fresh cases. We have the excitement of the foreign life, and change of scene; the monotony of nursing is the lot of those who remain at home."

The Army "sisters'" duties are chiefly those of superintendence; the orderlies do the work of the ward, and their technical instruction is supplemented by the experience of the sister in charge, who shows them how to wait and attend on the sick with kindness and consideration. Tommy Atkins is the best of patients—brave, cheerful, uncomplaining, and only anxious to be up and about again.

The most valuable qualification in an Army nurse is readiness of resource—the one who can make the best use of the small conveniences within reach, who can see a rose where others find a thorn, and whose cheerful disposition sheds happiness wherever she goes, is the sister who is wanted most. The work is often hard and continuous, and she is thrown among all sorts and conditions of men, with few companions of her own sex; but she ranks as a *lieutenant*, so there's more status for her than for an ordinary hospital nurse. The pay is small, and she has no opportunity of making money. The salary varies from £30 to £60 per annum. She cannot continue to serve after the age of sixty, but she may retire on a pension after ten years' service if she is rendered unfit for hospital duty through disease or injury; in such case a certificate must be signed by two medical officers.

With regard to the pension, it represents, after ten years' service, 30 per cent. of her wages for the preceding year, and rises 2 per cent. of her wages for each succeeding year's service to the maximum of 70 per cent. of her wages for the year preceding the grant of pension. The Army "sisters" must not go beyond Egypt. Malta is a favourite station; but the malarial fever often invalids the nurse as well as her patients, and prevents the continuance of her work.

In the Curragh they may put in a very good time; the Irish are very hospitable, and the nurses receive many invitations. Alas for female vanity! they may not discard their uniform, so whether it be a dinner-party or a garden-party, or even the giddy dance (though it is not considered etiquette to accept an invitation to a dance), the uniform, consisting of a plain grey dress, scarlet shoulder cape, and white muslin cap and apron, must always be worn. (The cap is a square piece of muslin tied under the hair behind, folded three-corner-wise, and was adopted because during active service it is easy to wash, iron, and put on. It has *no* strings.) But what does it matter when it is attractive and becoming?

"The nurse's dress is the prettiest of all," said a well-known man the other day.

In Egypt a superintendent nurse gets a salary of £100 per annum, and these appointments are eagerly sought after; but when we remember that out of this sum, food, laundry, and service has to be paid for, the residue is modest enough.

As a rule, when war is declared, very numerous applications from nurses and others are received at the Army Medical Department. Many are quite unsuitable, and the greatest care is taken to select only those whose characters bear the strictest investigation. So many more nurses are required now that our soldiers are on active service in the Soudan, South Africa, Crete, and Egypt, that the authorities find the present number insufficient, and no one will be surprised at a sudden call for volunteers in the good cause.

As to the romantic side of such an existence, I grieve to say there is little to relate. One *per cent.* marry their patients!

> "She shall tend him, nurse him, mend him,
> Air his linen, dry his tears;
> Bless the kindly Fates that send him
> Such a *wife* to soothe his years!"

The lucky man is few and far between.

There is, we all know, a sad side to the Army nurse's lot. Of the messages confided to her for transmission to those whom the dying hero, be he rich or poor, shall never see again in this world, one cannot speak. Philosophically as nurses, and doctors too, may go through the routine of necessary attendance on sickness and death, their hearts are often wrung with grief at the contemplation of sufferings nobly born; of heroic death scenes; and the bitter task of communicating heart-breaking news to far-distant friends. The recording angel who wrote down uncle Toby's oath, and washed it out with a tear, will surely deal mercifully with them should a solemn promise be foregone, and their courage fail them at the last trying moment.

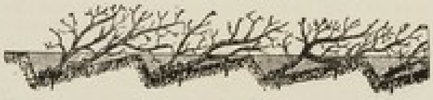
Each soldier nursed back to health is one more for the fighting line; and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the "sister" are rewarded and encouraged by the thought that she has opportunities of rendering such valuable assistance to her country. We are all Jingoists at heart, and know that our wide possessions, won at the point of the sword, must be defended in like manner; and though mothers of old, in sending their boys to the wars, gave them their shield with the stern message, "With it, or upon it," modern mothers, in welcoming back their invalid heroes, murmur, as they clasp them in their loving arms, "God bless the Army 'sister.'"

Military Engineering: Minor Defences.

By Instructor.

WHEN General Shafter, after his victorious advance on Santiago, told his Government that an immediate assault should not be made, he doubtless knew what kind of obstacles barred his progress. There are circumstances in which dash is appropriate, and there are others in which it leads to disaster, as it would have done on that occasion. When the place had fallen, it was found to have been extremely well and closely defended by engineering obstacles.

The following extract from the authorised "Manual of Military Engineering" will throw light on this subject, and will be easily understood by every reader:—"Obstacles judiciously placed add very much to the strength of a defensive position, and are especially useful as a protection against night attacks. They should be placed under the close rifle-fire of the defender, usually between 100-yds. and 300-yds., afford the enemy no cover, and, if possible, be sheltered from his artillery fire. They should be difficult to remove or surmount, and will be most effective if special appliances, not usually carried by troops, are required for their removal. They should, if possible, be so placed as to come as a surprise to the assailants."



Abatis made of Small Branches Secured in the Earth.

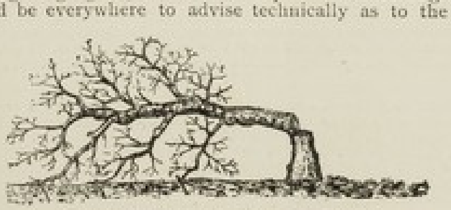
Wire entanglements were plentiful around Santiago. "Low-wire entanglements" consist of rows of stout stakes driven into the ground about 6-ft. apart, the heads of the stakes being connected by strong wires crossing diagonally about 12-in. or 18-in. from the ground. The best situation for this kind of obstacle is in low bush, where it cannot be easily seen. "High-wire entanglements" are stakes about 4-ft. high, connected by diagonal wires. The value of this obstacle is increased by the use of barbed wire.

Trous de loup, or pits with a sharp stake in each, are not supposed to be very formidable, but they have proved effective on many occasions, especially against cavalry. They were very largely used by Sir W. F. Williams at Kars, and, as the event demonstrated, most wisely so. Colonel Lake, in his "Defence of Kars," tells of a regiment of Russian dragoons that "made a most gallant and perhaps unprecedented charge against the breastwork, which was by that time again lined by riflemen and Bashi-Bazouks. They were received with a tremendous fire, and the confusion which ensued from the horses falling into the *triple line of 'trous de loup,' running the whole length of the works*, baffles all description."



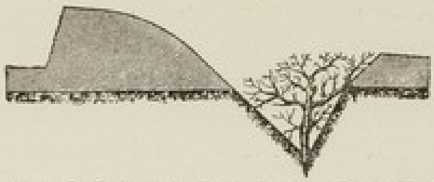
An Abatis in Advance of a Work Covered by a Glacis.

The great object of all obstacles, whether wire entanglements, tree entanglements, abatis, or other work of that nature, is to detain the enemy under the fire of the defenders, but as it is a recognised doctrine that nothing can be finally gained except by the offensive, all works must be made subservient to the purpose of an energetic advance. If two armies confront one another, equal in numbers and in all other respects, the victory will go to the side that makes the best tactical use of the ground. The position in the field from which an attack is to be made must first be well chosen and then it must be strengthened, but as soon as the desired end has been served it is to be abandoned. There are, it appears, two opposite views with regard to the value of fortifications. According to one they are almost useless, or at least the money and time spent on large works would be much better employed in perfecting the Army as an intelligent fighting agency. The other opinion is that engineers should be everywhere to advise technically as to the best positions, to protect the advance of the army, and to select points of support.



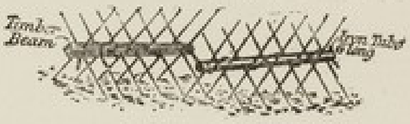
Tree Cut Down to Form an Abatis.

There is some truth in both of these views, but, as a high authority says, the question cannot be judged abstractly, "apart from conditions of time, social evolution, and space." In point of fact, the pick and shovel are more in evidence than they ever were. In the French infantry each company carries forty-eight entrenching tools, and thirty more per company are carried on a mule. That is in addition to the large quantities carried for the engineers. Each Russian company carries eighty spades and twenty axes, the other and heavier tools being with the transport column. In the Austrian Army ninety-nine, and in the German one hundred, men per company carry entrenching spades.



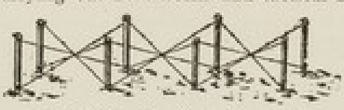
An Abatis at the Bottom of a Ditch, Branches Placed Vertically.

These figures show the value attached to field engineering in the largest armies. Permanent places of strength are not likely to be so much depended upon in the future as they have been in the past, although they have their own very important uses; field-works, on the other hand, are receiving increased attention. It was remarked by the late Colonel



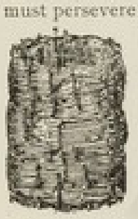
Chevaux-de-frise.

Home that "the French made little use of their engineers in their last great war; had they at Gravelotte used fortifications to support the troops, with judgment, a different result might have followed." But the Germans were in this matter nearly as much at fault. General Skobeleff was of opinion that they erred seriously in their manœuvres by not simultaneously carrying out field-works and tactical movements.



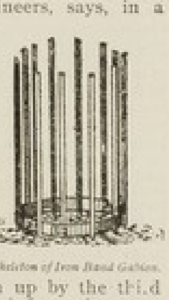
A High-wire Entanglement.

Speaking of field-works, General Lewal says: "Their omission may be repented, never their construction. Both sides must persevere until one is completely exhausted; and field-works encourage perseverance, and afford periods of rest, whilst they exhaust the attackers." Neither should it be forgotten that such a thing as a retirement may be, and with small advanced bodies always is, necessary, even in the case of the best regulated and most valiant troops. Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., C.B., of the Royal Engineers, says, in a paper recently published:



Wicker Gabion.

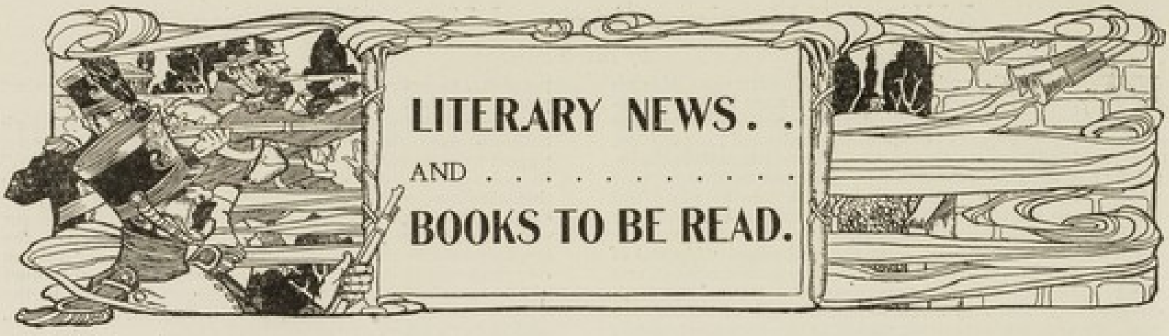
"During the advance, *points d'appui* should be fortified to prevent a check degenerating into a rout. The divisional engineers can thus be immediately utilised, and they should closely follow the battalions of the first line." The same authority says: "The sappers can aid materially in preparing for defence the positions to be taken up by the third line, by assisting the infantry in occupation of the *points d'appui* to complete their defence, and to improve the defensive position generally by field-works, under which heading are included abatis, loop-holing walls, hedges prepared for defence," etc.



Skeleton of Iron Band Gabion.



Iron Band Gabion Completed.



LITERARY NEWS. . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

ATTRACTED much by the title of a little volume named "Imperialism" (Duckworth, 2s.), I opened it to find, with apprehension, a dedication to the Primrose League. My own sympathy—but that is another affair—is with that energetic body, but why, I said, associate Imperialism with a party? The worthy author, Mr. C. de Thierry, writes from the Colonial standpoint. He sees, as a mark of Imperialism in the Queen's reign, two currents, one towards disintegration flowing from Britain, the other towards unity from Greater Britain. That is why he associates his book with a party. He is impeaching the Manchester School and all its works, and does so with pithy phrases. "The Little Englander flourishes only in the belly of the body politic; he is absolutely unknown in the giant members." In other words, the men "whose bones were made in England" have been truer than those who have lived their lives in England. We shrink with horror to read of any Government actively propagating the dismemberment craze, and are aghast to find Lord Granville recommending the authorities at Wellington "to acknowledge the sovereignty of a Maori Chief." It was a nightmare, truly. Mr. de Thierry's booklet is a pamphlet denouncing our bureaucracy, our Colonial Office, all who have eaten, even in their salad days, of the bread of Little Englandism. I like it for its breezy freshness, its firm grasp of the leading idea, the fullness of that current towards unity which is its author's inspiration. A penetrating, thoughtful "advertisement" is there, too, from the pen of Mr. Henley. We have partaken, he says, of "the insane root that takes the reason prisoner." We wanted to cut those Colonies adrift, and face forth into the future the little folk of islanders we began. But we are aroused from our bad dream; we at home have never known ourselves so well, nor so clearly realised our destiny as now; we have renewed our old pride in the flag, our old delight in the good things done by men of faith, our consciousness that, for the British Empire to be great, it must go like the strong man armed, ever ready for the inevitable day. It is well to share such thoughts as these, though not to link them with the Primrose League.

* * * *

And now appropriately I open "The Island Race," by Henry Newbolt (Elkin Mathews, 5s.). "Admirals All," by the same author, is now in its fourteenth, and perhaps its last, edition, for its pieces are all embodied in this volume. Let me say at once that the book is full of poetry. The author is a born balladist. There is that in his original verses which is found in very few—the power of conveying in few words high ideals, half-conscious cravings, unexpressed feelings, which would perish in prosaic utterance. Mr. Kipling has this quality more markedly, perhaps, than any writer living, but Mr. Newbolt has also this right poetic fire. Take his beautiful "Fighting Téméraire." It suggests to you the springs of action and the whole life and glory of a ship of war. There is the like character in "Admiral Death." So again in "Messmates," and many more. Some of the pieces are historical ballads or recitals—the "Quarter-gunner's Yarn" of Trafalgar, for example, excellent, and founded on stray lines communicated to the author by Admiral Sir Windham Hornby, who served under Sir Thomas Hardy. "Drake's Drum" is of this character, put into the mouth of a Devon man, and I will quote a few lines to illustrate the character:

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
  Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
  An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

This, of course, is based upon the quaint old legend that, in the dire need of his country, Drake will return at the beating of his drum. It is rather Kiplingesque. I commend also the simple lines of gratitude to the "Dictionary of National Biography," for its "Minora Sidera," those lesser stars of our history, Naval and Military heroes who were neither admirals nor generals. Mr. Newbolt is up to date, for he has a stirring virile ballad of "Dargai." There is a fine Imperial flavour in his verse that would gratify Mr. de Thierry, as where we read of how Memory is to be the Mentor—"England! what thou wert, thou art!" bidding us be ready for the trumpet call.

* * * *

I have more wholesome literature to tell you of, very much, indeed, but a few things must suffice to-day. Four volumes have been published by Messrs. Cassell, which must have their special and vast classes of readers. The name of *Chums* is famous among schoolboys. It is a serial full of adventure, instruction, and amusement, whose writers are fertile in plots and situations, in hairbreadth escapes and strange doings by flood and field. How delightful, then, must it be to receive the completed volume. *Cassell's Saturday Journal* makes quite a ponderous tome. I have often marvelled at the immense quantity of useful instruction and information put into most readable form, with abundance of entertainment besides, in these pages. The volume is nothing less than an encyclopædia of interesting facts and fiction. "The Story of the Sea" is in two volumes. All who delight in the ocean, its wonders, and its history, have surely already made acquaintance with these pages. The flash of the sunlight is in them. Oceanography, tides, currents, and storms, vessels of every class and kind, the life and character of the men who go down to the sea in ships, their occupations and concerns, the Navy and its glories, its customs, its situations, its uniforms, and a whole host of other matters, are capably treated here by writers of special competence. It is a pleasure also to read pages so well printed and so admirably illustrated, but to dwell upon these matters is unnecessary, for Messrs. Cassell are well known in that regard.

With these I will link two other new issues. One is "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Newnes), which is appearing in fortnightly parts, and is an *edition de luxe* of these fascinating stories, with upwards of 400 illustrations by Helen Stratton, who has caught with marvellous skill the very spirit of the author. The lady is evidently an accomplished decorative artist. The issue is made by arrangement with Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. Another serial issue of which I have received a part from the same press is Paul du Chaillu's famous "Land of the Midnight Sun." This well-known book is published by arrangement with Mr. John Murray, and twelve parts are to place in the hands of the reader for 6s. a work which has hitherto cost six times as much. The paper, print, and illustrations seem to be everything the most fastidious could desire.

* * * *

It is easy, as Becky Sharp said, to be virtuous on five thousand a year. The want of it made Mr. Henry Carew a villain. He is not the hero of Mr. E. F. Knight's "A Desperate Voyage" (John Milne, 2s. 6d.), for the story has no hero. All its principal characters are of the scum of humanity, and it is against our conscience that we feel interested in the result of their desperate venture. But Mr. Knight is something of a wizard. He compels us to follow the fortunes of the "Petrel" and the "Bonne Esperance" with unflagging attention. The convincing accuracy of the pictures of the sea is there as in "The Cruise of the 'Falcon,'" and the delineation of the character of Carew, in its weakness and its strength, is masterly. Yet the book is an enigma to those who have read "Where Three Empires Meet." Sweetness and light are wanting, and we must be content with the skilful handling of fraud, forgery, piracy, arson and murder, and with the satisfaction of justice at the end, though the law is cheated of its prize. Mr. Knight is a descriptive writer of great skill, and the present volume is an excellent illustration of his method. He will presently have something to say, I suppose, of his experiences in Cuba, where he was immured in a dungeon as a spy.

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A volume of solid worth is the "Text-Book on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," by J. Gill, F.R.A.S. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). Many text-books are in existence, but there was certainly need for this. The author, who is head-master of the Liverpool Corporation Nautical College, is very competent, and has arranged his treatment of the subject excellently well. He designs his book to be a complete text-book on navigation, etc., specially to meet the requirements of the merchant service, and to be a general handbook to principles and practice. Nothing is wanting to make the book a success. Those looking for Board of Trade certificates will find in it all that is needed to enable them to meet the new requirements in the examinations of mates and masters from the lowest to the highest grades. Experience has taught the author that a mastery of problems is best acquired from worked-out examples and illustrations, and he has dispensed with cumbrous rules. Probably many will agree with him in this. The various exercises lead up to examination papers at the end, which thus form a test of knowledge. This is excellent. The author, moreover, pays great attention to star work, which is now coming more into use in the merchant service in practical navigation. Many other related subjects are treated lucidly, with an introduction to plane and spherical trigonometry.

* * * *

Cassier's Magazine for November, a very good number, contains articles of particular professional interest in "Compressed Air on War-ships"—I wish the author had said "in" war-ships—by Assistant-Engineer T. W. Kinkaid, U.S.N., and on "The Distilling-ship 'Iris,'" which was fitted for service during the war with Spain, by Assistant-Engineer W. W. White, U.S.N. My mention of the curious and faulty location "on a ship," reminds me that the *Academy* positively revelled in it in a review of Admiral Colomb's "Sir Astley Cooper Key" last Saturday.

* * * *

When Lord Kitchener went to Chatham he accepted with pleasure, from Lieutenant Henry Alford, Royal Scots Fusiliers, a copy of "The Egyptian Soudan, its Loss and Recovery," which that officer has written in collaboration with Lieutenant Sword. The book, as I have said, deals with the whole history of the Soudan in the manner of a simple narrative.

* * * *

Those who know the breezy writings of the clever sportsman who calls himself "Snaffle," will be glad to know that Messrs. Thacker will soon publish a new volume entitled "The Snaffle Papers" from his hand.

* * * *

There is, perhaps, need for a handbook to the Dreyfus case. Its intricacies are such as to baffle the acuteness of most of us, and secret *dossiers*, *petits bleus*, and veiled ladies are surely mysterious. Therefore Mr. F. C. Conybeare, who has written certain articles in the *National Review* upon the great *cause celebre*, is about to publish, through Mr. George Allen, an illustrated treatise on the subject.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Our Latest Possession in the Far East.

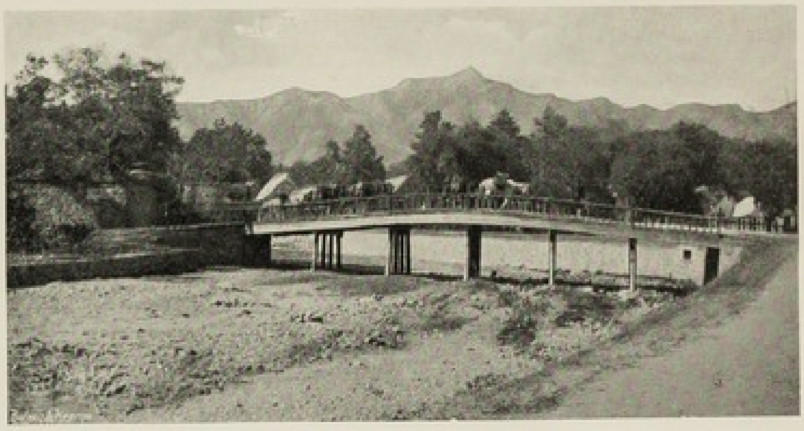
[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

IT is yet too early to say what will be done with our new possession in the Far East. At present, practically nothing but demolition is going on. The ground is being cleared for our permanent occupation, and for the barracks and fortifications that will be required. Colonel Lewis, R.E., has completed his report upon the capabilities of the place, and an officer of the Admiralty Civil Engineering Department has been at work, while the "Waterwitch" has surveyed the bay and the neighbouring coasts, and in spring will go to the Chusan group.

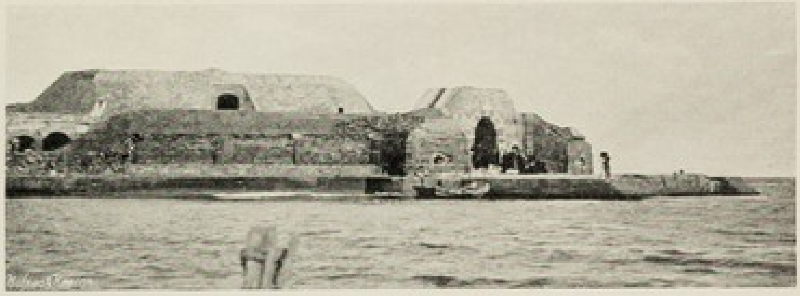
My illustrations show to what a forlorn condition the Japanese bombardments in 1895 reduced the place. It may be well to recall the fact that Wei-hai-Wei lies upon the northern coast of the Shan-tung promontory, on the southern side of which the Germans have their new Naval station at Kiao-Chau, while opposite to our possession, and across the Strait of Pechili, is the Russian stronghold of Port Arthur. The opening of Wei-hai-Wei Bay faces north-east, with the old walled town upon an inner cove. The opening of the bay is divided by Leu-Kung-Tao, a mountainous and fortified island, into the western and eastern entrances, of which the first is the narrowest, being about 2,500-yds. across. Strong forts in the Chinese days opposed the passage this way. On the other side of the island the entrance to the bay is much wider, but this again is divided and commanded by Channel Island, a small piece of land rising in the middle of the passage, with a fort, now in ruins, upon it.

Several of my illustrations are of the smaller island, as the Japanese left it, and with another letter I shall fully depict the more important island of Leu-Kung. It will be remembered that in February, 1895, the Japanese made a very determined attack upon the place, and that there was heroic resistance on the part of old Admiral Ting, who, either shrinking from the disgrace of surrender, or having little faith in the clemency of his countrymen, committed suicide with several of his officers. The position was, in fact, desperate. The Japanese held the forts on the mainland, which Ting had wished to destroy; they had effected a lodgment on Leu-Kung-Tao, and in successive attacks by sea and land they had sunk several of his ships. The stirring story of the adventurous work of the Japanese torpedo-boats, the ever-ready defence of the Chinese, and many stirring episodes of that time, make the fighting at Wei-hai-Wei very memorable.

As illustrating something of the winter conditions of this new appanage of our Empire, it may be mentioned that during this fighting in the month of February the weather was extremely severe, and the cold terrible. The Japanese ships were covered with ice and snow, sometimes they were obliged to seek shelter, and, owing to the awful severity of the cold, during one of the torpedo attacks a lieutenant and two men of one of the boats were frozen to death at their posts. This pitiless character of the Shan-tung winter gives place to a genial summer, when life becomes



THE ROAD TO CHEFOO.



EXTERIOR OF CHANNEL ISLAND FORT.



THE CITY WALL, WEI-HAI-WEI.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

INTERIOR OF CHANNEL ISLAND FORT.

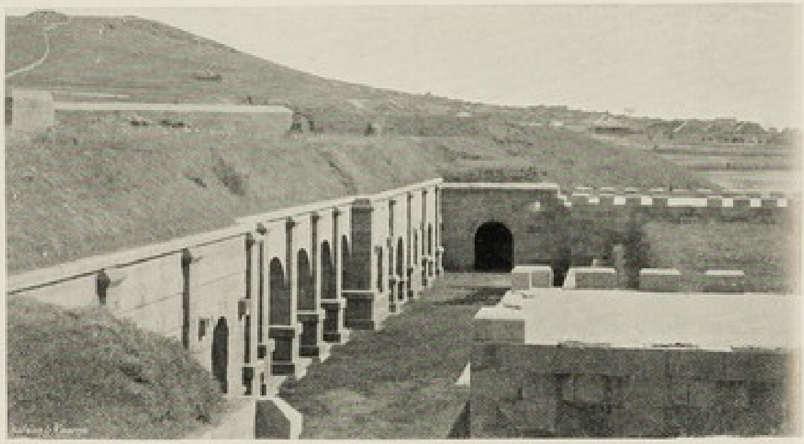
pleasant. The inhabitants are a comfortable set, easy to deal with, and seemingly well content that we should be there. Except on the island, where martial law, or something like it, is exercised, they are under the local government of their own mandarins.

A great deal remains to be done before Wei-hai-Wei can be made a satisfactory Naval station. The anchorage is good for six large ships and as many small ones, and its facilities can be very largely increased by dredging; so that, in the matter of accommodation, we have perhaps as much as we can desire. How utterly ruinous the Chinese defences are the pictures of Channel Island reveal. No doubt at every point commanding the bay and its entrances, at least from the islands, we shall have forts and guns of the latest character. To a Navy better provided than was the Chinese, it should be easy to defend the place with guns and mine fields, even if an enemy should so far secure command of the sea thereabout as to make it possible for him to attack.

What garrison will be permanently assigned to Wei-hai-Wei is not yet known. It has been asserted by some, though with obvious exaggeration, that 10,000 men should be on the spot. This depends, of course, upon the tactical plan of defence adopted. At any rate, the ground is being cleared for the building of barracks. There is a difficulty in the matter of water. There are no springs at the place, and the surface water collected in wells is very dangerous to health. Accordingly it has been decided to depend for the supply mostly upon condensed sea-water, both at Leu-Kung-Tao and on the mainland, and extensive distilling apparatus is now being erected. One of my illustrations is of the fort on Observatory Island, at the western end of Leu-Kung, with which it is connected by a causeway. Here again the Japanese fire was very effective.



GATEWAY IN REAR OF FORT.



From Photos. *REAR OF FORT ON OBSERVATORY ISLAND.* By a Naval Officer.

The 29th Bombay Infantry, or 2nd Baluch Battalion.

THE 29th Bombay Infantry, or 2nd (Duke of Connaught's Own) Baluch Battalion, was raised in Sind in 1846, three years after Sir Charles Napier's conquest of that Province. It first saw service in the Persian Campaign of 1856-57, taking part in all the important actions. In September, 1857, it was ordered back to India to assist in the suppression of the Mutiny. A detachment of 200 men, under Lieutenant (now Major-General) T. Carlyle Bell, marched from Sukkur to Dera Ghazi Khan (307 miles) in eleven days, in order to relieve the Punjab troops there, whose services were required at Lucknow. In 1858 the battalion was changed from a "local corps" to an "extra regiment of the Line," and was allowed to inscribe on its colours "Persia, Bushire, Reshire, Khushab."

In 1861 the title of the regiment became "29th Bombay Infantry, or 2nd Baluch Battalion." In August, 1862, it went to China, returning to India in June, 1863. In October, 1877, the regiment moved to the vicinity of the Bolan Pass, trouble being apprehended in that quarter. Thence it moved to Dera Ghazi Khan, from which station it marched towards the close of 1878, forming part of the force under General Sir Michael Biddulph, to Quetta and Candahar.



Photo. F. Bremner, Quetta, India. Copyright.

NATIVE OFFICERS, 2nd BALUCH BATTALION.

The five seated officers, counting from left to right, are:—SUBADAR JAN MAHOMED, Brahui; SUBADAR ABDURRAHMAN KHAN, Baluch; SUBADAR-MAJOR ZAMAN KHAN, Sardar Bahadur, Punjabi; SUBADAR LAL MAST KHAN, Sardar Bahadur, Afridi; SUBADAR HAIDAR KHAN, Punjabi.



GROUP OF N.C.O.'s AND SEPOYS, 2nd BALUCH BATTALION.

Types of Various Classes in Native Dress—Pathans and Punjabis.

During the first phase of the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80 it took part in the actions of Takht-i-pul and Kushk-i-Nakhud and the occupation of Candahar. When peace was made and Yakub Khan placed on the throne of Cabul, it was ordered back to India. While on its way, Sir Louis Cavagnari was murdered. The regiment at once returned to Candahar, and was sent thence to garrison, the fortress of Kelat-i-Ghilzai. During the short ascendancy of Ayub Khan it held that place until Sir F. Roberts' column arrived from Cabul. It marched to Candahar with Sir F. Roberts and took part in the battle of September 1, 1880, when Ayub Khan's force was routed and dispersed. Late in 1880 it took part in the punitive expedition sent under Sir Charles MacGregor against the Marri tribe. It then returned to Sind. For services in Afghanistan, the words "Candahar, 1880, Afghanistan, 1878-80," are borne on the colours. The next active service of the regiment was in Egypt, in 1882, when it took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the subsequent forced march of the Indian Division to Zagazig.

The words "Egypt, 1882, Tel-el-Kebir," were added to the colours, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was appointed honorary colonel. In 1890 the regiment served with the Zhob Field Force under Sir George White.

The present composition of the battalion is two companies Hill Baluchis, two companies Punjabi Mohammedans, and four companies Pathans (Afridis, Mohmands, Khattaks, Yusufzais, Bunerwals). In the photographs now reproduced these classes are all represented. The two senior native officers (those in the centre of No. 1 group), Subadar Major Zaman Khan (Punjabi), and Subadar Lal Mast Khan (Afridi), have both received the 1st Class of the Order of British India (which confers the title of "Sardar Bahadur" on the recipient), in recognition of their long and good service in peace-time as well as in war.

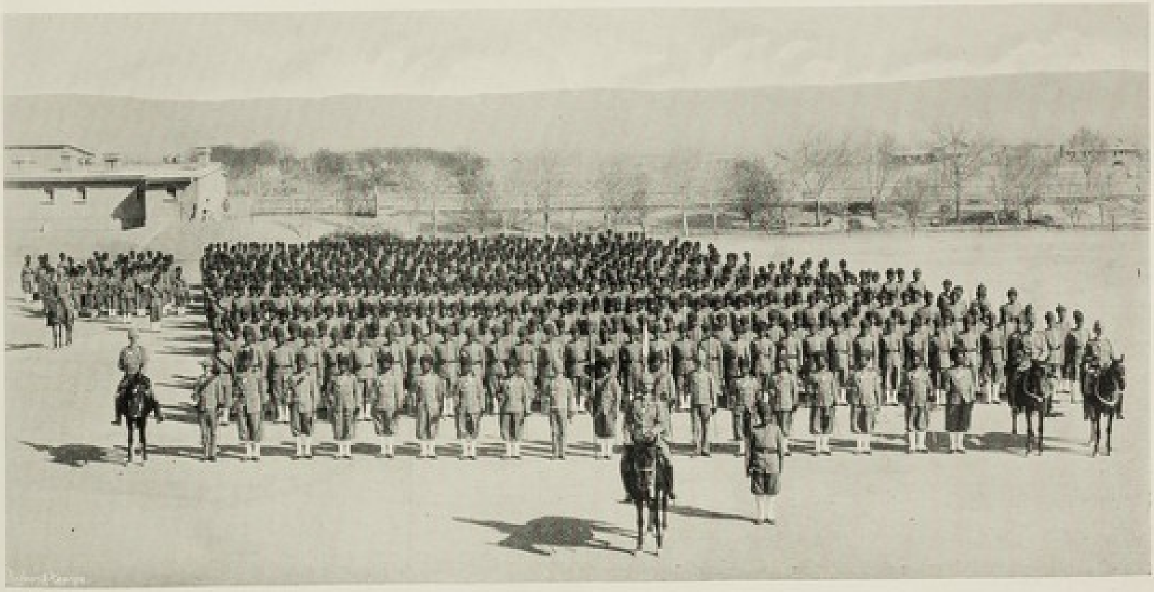
The second and fifth groups represent non-commissioned officers and Sepoys selected from all the different tribes and classes enlisted by the regiment, and they represent very fairly well the inhabitants of the North-West Frontier of India, from the southern borders of Kafiristan to the seaboard of Sind and Mekran. The third group represents the regiment drawn up in review order close to the railway station at Chaman, the present terminus of the Candahar Railway.

The fourth group represents a native officer, a non-commissioned officer, and three Sepoys (all of different castes), wearing the uniforms worn respectively in full dress, on field service, and on ordinary duties in cantonment. The Baluchis and Brahuis in the regiment never wear the hair hanging down when on duty, though it is shown so worn in this illustration. They wear it thus always in mufti.

The 2nd Baluch Battalion is linked with the 27th (or 1st Baluch Light Infantry) and the 30th (or 3rd Baluch Battalion) Bombay Infantry. The 1st Battalion was raised in 1843 and the 2nd Battalion in 1846 under the orders of Sir Charles Napier.

The 3rd Battalion was originally raised in 1858 by General John Jacob for local service on the Upper Sind Frontier. After the Afghan War of 1878-80 it was reconstituted, and named the 3rd Baluch Battalion. During the fifty-five years that have elapsed since Sir Charles Napier raised the 1st Battalion, these three corps have taken part in most of the important campaigns and expeditions, especially those beyond the seas, in which the Indian Army has been engaged.

The war services of the 2nd Battalion have already been



Photos. F. Bremner, Quetta, India. Copyright.

PARADE IN QUARTER-COLUMN, REVIEW ORDER—KHAKI.

MAJOR A. C. YATE. LIEUT. HOGG. CAPT. C. O. TANNER. LIEUT. HAWKES. LIEUT.-COL. A. L. SINCLAIR, D.S.O. CAPT. H. P. E. PARKER. LIEUT. HAY, Adjutant.



TYPES OF VARIOUS CLASSES IN UNIFORM.

PUNJABI NAIK, Full Dress. — *AFRIDI SEPOY, Marching Order.* — *KHATTAK BUGLER, Drill Order.* — *BALUCH SEPOY, Drill Order.* — *BRAHUI JEMADAR, Full Dress.*

mentioned. Those of the 1st Battalion are: The Mutiny, 1857-58, Abyssinia, 1868, Afghanistan, 1878-80, Burma, 1886-89. This battalion was sent to Rawal Pindi towards the close of 1897 to form part of the Reserve Brigade for the Tirah Expedition. In December of that year, however, it was shipped off to Uganda to assist Major Macdonald in suppressing the mutiny of the Soudanese troops and in reducing that country to order. During the last eleven months it has taken a prominent part in all the operations in Uganda and near Mombasa.

The 3rd Battalion first saw service in the Afghan War of 1878-80. Early this year a strong detachment of it, under Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. Mayne, proceeded from Karachi to Mekran, and in a decisive action defeated a large body (about 1,300) of Baluch rebels and thus checked an insurrection which threatened to become dangerous.



Photos. F. Bremner, Quetta, India

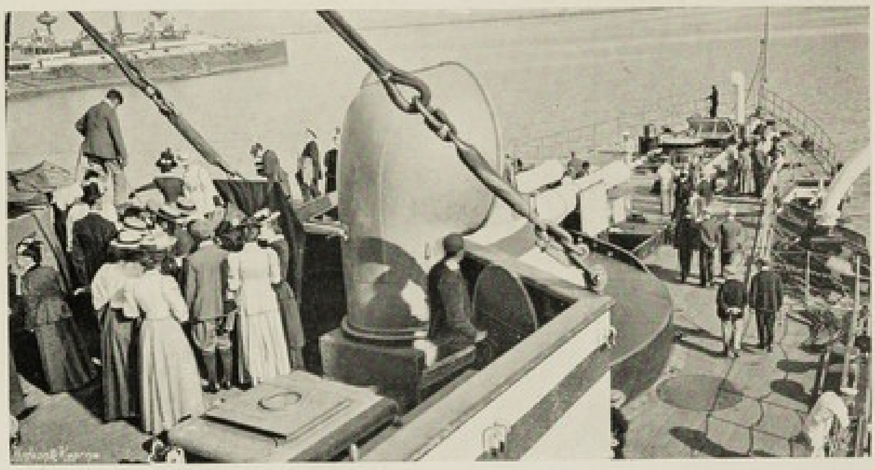
TYPES OF VARIOUS CLASSES.

Principally Baluchis, Brahuis, and Pathans.

They All Love Jack.

NEVER is the keen interest in and love of Her Majesty's Navy more in evidence than when a fleet in being is lying in one of the ports or roadsteads round our coasts.

From all the towns round, within a measurable radius, excursion trains are run, each carrying its crowds of enthusiastic visitors. The town itself is *en fête*, and the ready welcome that Jack gives to his guests is well repaid him when the signal for "usual leave" is hoisted and he gets his foot once more on *terra firma*. Nor is the reception the fleet, whether it be in England, Ireland, or Scotland, always meets with one of mere momentary enthusiasm. It is more, far more.



INTERESTED VISITORS.

It is the valid testimony that every Englishman and every Englishwoman recognises the fact that it is the one great power that constitutes our world-wide Empire. That by it we stand or fall. That it created our Empire. To-day, thank God, every Englishman knows that our Empire was built up by the Navy; that it is by means of our sea supremacy that it has stretched to the uttermost parts of the earth; that it is by the might of the White Ensign the whole great structure is knit together and welded into "one Imperial whole."

It is good, then, that the flag should be seen in every part of the little isles that are the hub of the Empire as often as possible, and the welcome Her Majesty's ships receive is a good index of the reliance the nation places on them and the value at which they are held.



A FLIRTATION.

Our illustrations are all representative of the "Magnificent," the second flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, on which Rear-Admiral Brackenbury, C.B., C.M.G., to-day flies his flag. One picture shows the forecastle of the "Magnificent" with a crowd of visitors, most of whom seem to take a deep interest in the anchor gear. The other view of the ship is also a bow one, but taken further back, for as in the one we only see the muzzles of the great 45-ton guns in the fore barbette, in the other we can see the hood protection that covers the barbette and protects the breech of the gun and the gun's crew.

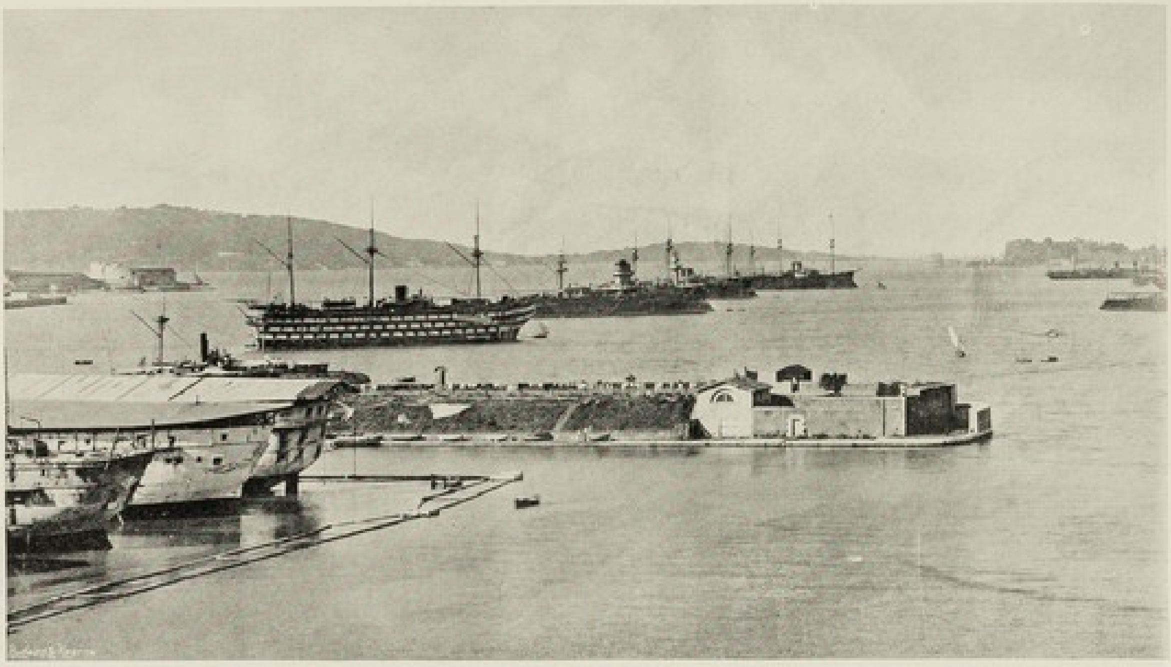
The group on the superstructure are evidently having explained to them the breech mechanism of one of the smaller quick-firers which are intended for the repulse of torpedo attacks, or for use against the unarmoured portions of an enemy's ship.

The camera-demon, I beg the lady's pardon, is as usual in evidence, and, judging from the upward gaze of the gentleman immediately behind her, signalling is going on up aloft. In the third illustration the unscrupulous handler of the camera has intruded on the upper battery deck and caught what looks like a flirtation that will be continued on shore. The lady is absolutely ignorant of the mechanism that controls the breech-piece of a 12-pounder quick-firer, but very much interested in the Bluejacket who is explaining it to her. The Bluejacket who is her cicerone knows all about the mechanism, but takes no interest in it, though he is evidently deeply interested in the lady of whose very existence he was but a few moments before in absolute ignorance.

One word of advice in parting. If you ever visit a man-of-war, never pull aside the curtain of a cabin, for if you do, you will greatly disconcert a gentleman changing into flannels for a game of golf, tennis, or cricket on shore.



Photos. R. C. Ryan. *TAKING STOCK.* Copyright.



French Preparations for War—

THERE can be no doubt that the French position at Toulon is exceedingly strong. The place is the French Portsmouth, with the addition of a private ship-building yard. Lord Hood took Toulon in 1793, but the operation was made possible by the presence of Royalists in the port, and the divided counsels of those who exercised authority. It is an old story that a Naval force cannot hold a place like this without a land force to cope with the attacking army ashore.

As a matter of fact, Hood was powerless, while 60,000 of the revolutionary army were besieging the place, and a young artillery officer named Bonaparte was pointing the guns. Hood, therefore, destroyed and burnt, and, making a strange page in history, went away. What he accomplished is, perhaps, impossible to any other man.

The French, at least, believe Toulon to be impregnable, and we have heard a great deal lately of the extraordinary activity that has prevailed at the port, and in the forts and batteries that command the entrance and the harbours. All these are now fully manned, and the gunners have been constantly under training, even to the throwing of mélinite shells at an old war vessel to make sure, if a British fleet should venture too near the harbour, that they will not miss the mark. Great numbers of troops have been brought into the town, the marine infantry detached in Paris have been recalled, and the gunners have been drawn from the training-ship to take their places in the defence.

We are able to give a very successful picture of the French Mediterranean Squadron lying in the Petite Rade, or inner harbour, at Toulon. This is a splendid sheet of water, irregular in form, with the dockyard on the north; the subsidiary arsenal of Mourillon on the little peninsula of the Grosse Tour—a fort begun by Louis XII.—on the north-east; the private building-yard of La Seyne, where many ships for the French and foreign Navies have been built, at the head of the bay on the west; and the peninsula of Cépet stretching out on the south. From Mourillon to the Cépet headland a breakwater runs due north and south, with openings at each end, separating the Petite Rade from the Grande Rade, or outer roadstead.

On the top of Cépet is the signal station fort, powerfully armed.

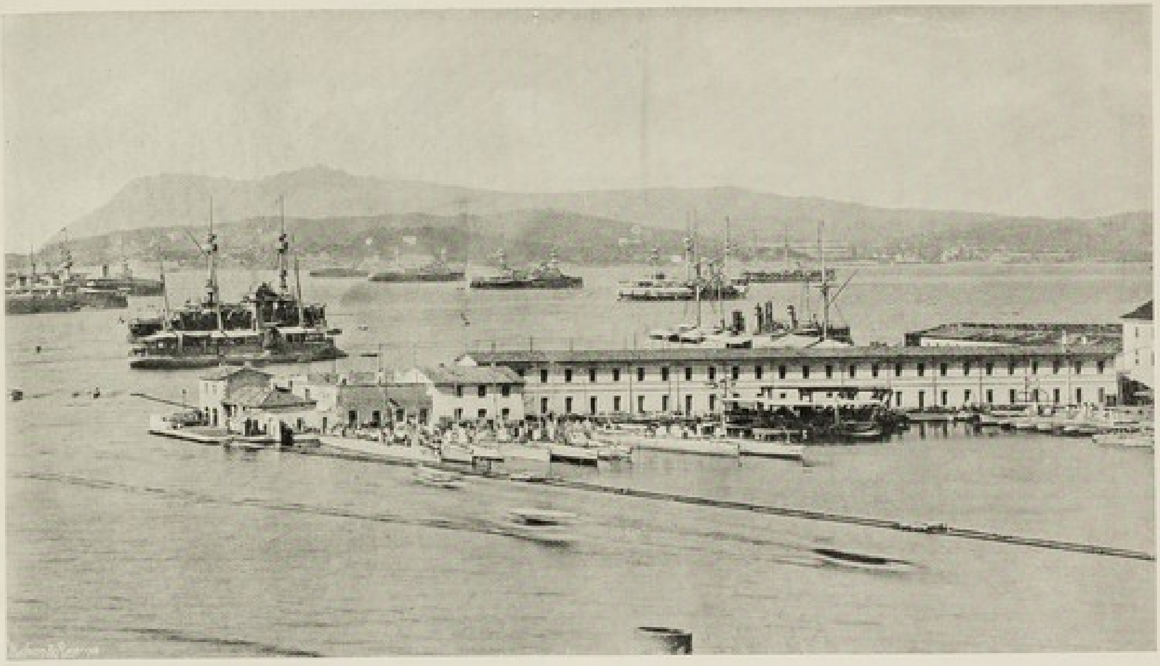
There also is the resting-place of Admiral Latouche-Tréville, who died while Nelson was blockading the place in 1804—the same who issued once from the harbour and went back to spread the report that he had driven the English away, making Nelson boil with rage. The fort and batteries on this side, the left of the entry, cross their fire with a dozen batteries on the north and east sides (on the right of the entry), and there are many other guns covering the harbours and forbidding approach to the land flanks on either side of the entrance.

The fleet, of which many ships are depicted in our illustration, is the finest fighting force the French possess. There is a certain grim suggestiveness about those heavy fighting masts with their tops bristling with guns, as well as in the peculiarly solid lines of the ships; but, as a matter of fact, these ponderous upper works are really the great fault of the French vessels, because



Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

GETTING THE GUNS IN TRIM.



The Naval Arsenal at Toulon.

they make excellent targets, and besides endanger the stability of the ships. Many fighting masts have indeed been removed. Since M. Lockroy returned to office, the squadrons have been remodelled. That in the Mediterranean is now very strong, and is under command, in the person of Admiral Fournier, of an officer of great resolution and originality, who is reported to be a man of extraordinary energy, and who certainly has the full confidence of the Minister who selected him, in a manner, out of his turn. One curious arrangement in the squadron is that three of the battle-ships—the "Magenta," "Marceau," and "Neptune," which are among the outermost ships in the picture—are given up to the special work of gunnery and torpedo training. Many think this a mistake, since it necessarily interferes with the readiness of the ships for action. Admiral Fournier has his flag in the splendid battle-ship "Brennus" (11,395 tons), which has the unusual feature of mounting two turret guns (13·4-in.) abreast forward and only one aft, with a powerful secondary armament of ten 6·4-in. quick-firers. Insufficient protection for the base of the turrets is the defect of the ship. Rear-Admiral Roustan, second in command, has the "Charles Martel" for his flag-ship, and the other battle-ships in the squadron—the "Bouvet," recently commissioned, "Carnot," "Jauréguiberry," and "Masséna"—are all of the "Martel" type; that is to say, they displace about 12,000 tons, and have two 12-in. guns singly in turrets fore and aft, and two other turret guns of 10·8-in., one sponsoned on each beam, as well as a secondary armament of eight 5·5-in. quick-firers, also in turrets. The three new battle-ships which are now completing for trials, and can join the Mediterranean Squadron within a few months, have an arrangement of coupled guns as in our own ships.

The cruisers of the squadron are formed in a special light division under Rear-Admiral Maréchal, the fine armoured cruiser "Pothuau" being the flag-ship, which has in company the "Latouche-Tréville," "Chanzy," "Cassard," "D'Assas," "Du Chayla," "Galilée," "Lalande," "Lavoisier," and "Linois," the first two being powerful armoured cruisers, and the others of the protected class. There are also several torpedo gun-boats attached to the squadron—like that on board of which we illustrate a scene—as well as half-a-dozen sea-going torpedo-boats.

Of course the squadron does not represent anything like all the strength of France at Toulon or in the Mediterranean. The cruiser "Bugeaud" with some smaller vessels is away in the Levant, and many torpedo-boats have lately been despatched to Corsica, Bizerta, and Algeria. There lie also at Toulon, fully manned and ready for sea, the four coast defence battle-ships of the "Valmy" class, which have lately come from the Channel. There also is a mobile defence composed of many torpedo-boats; and a number of ships in reserve—old ironclads, vessels of a fairly modern type, newer cruisers, and many gun-boats—are capable of soon being made ready for sea, and the dockyard hands have lately been busy upon them. Toulon also has great building and repairing facilities, and vast quantities of coal and Naval stores, so that it is certainly an exceedingly strong base for operations in the Mediterranean.



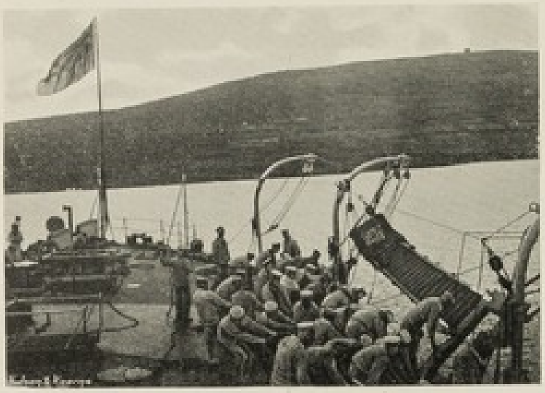
Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

A CESSATION OF WORK IN A TORPEDO-BOAT.

"Out Torpedo Nets."

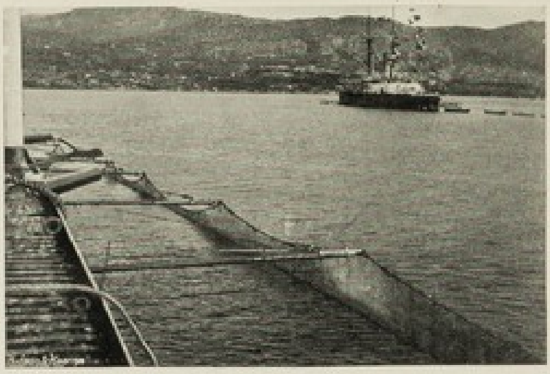
[From a Correspondent.]

ONE of the most frequent exercises in the Fleet is that which is undertaken when the signal flies from the flag-ship "Out torpedo nets." And it is not to be wondered



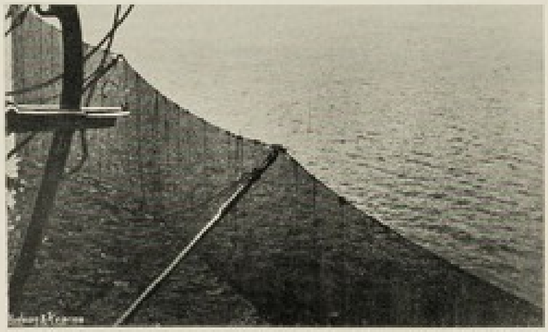
GETTING IN ACCOMMODATION LADDER.

at, for it is an exercise that brings all hands into work, and provides ample scope for the display of smartness and alertness. In our large illustration the scene depicted represents one small portion of the energy brought into being



THE "CRINOLINE" IN PLACE.

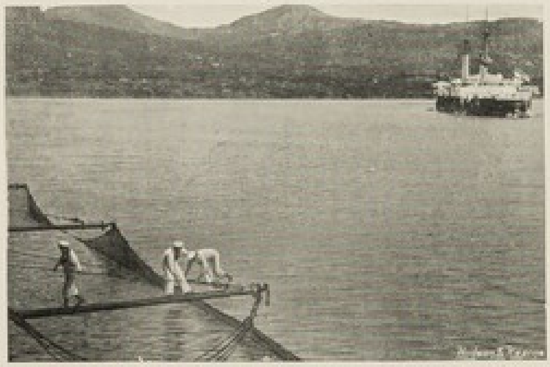
throughout the whole craft, for it shows us the quarter-deck of a first-class battle-ship, with the stern netting being unrolled preparatory to being slewed out into place to form a portion of the girdle of wire-netting which, when the



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

SWINGING NET IN-BOARD.

evolution is successfully finished, will encircle the whole ship. One of our smaller illustrations also gives a scene of busy work, for it shows the raising of the heavy accommodation ladder at the quarter-deck port side preparatory to its being stowed in-board, a necessary preliminary to the preparation for "general quarters." In the next one, the men seen on the torpedo booms, from which the net suspends, have just finished making fast with rope some of the netting which in the hurry of getting quickly out-board has carried away. Accidents will happen sometimes, but in no Navy in the world are they more quickly rectified than in that which sails under the White Ensign.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

MAKING GOOD A DEFECT.

The third of our illustrations shows the way in which the crinoline of netting surrounds the ship, and also the grating which fringes the spar-deck, and on which the netting is stowed. The last illustration gives an excellent idea of the way in which the booms are raised, and the netting swung in-board for stowing when no longer required.

A new net defence was tried some few months back, and proved so successful that it has now been adopted by all the ships of the Channel Squadron. Although the mesh is smaller than that of the Service net formerly in use, yet the rings are of a thickness to render the cutter, now fitted to the head of the torpedo, harmless.

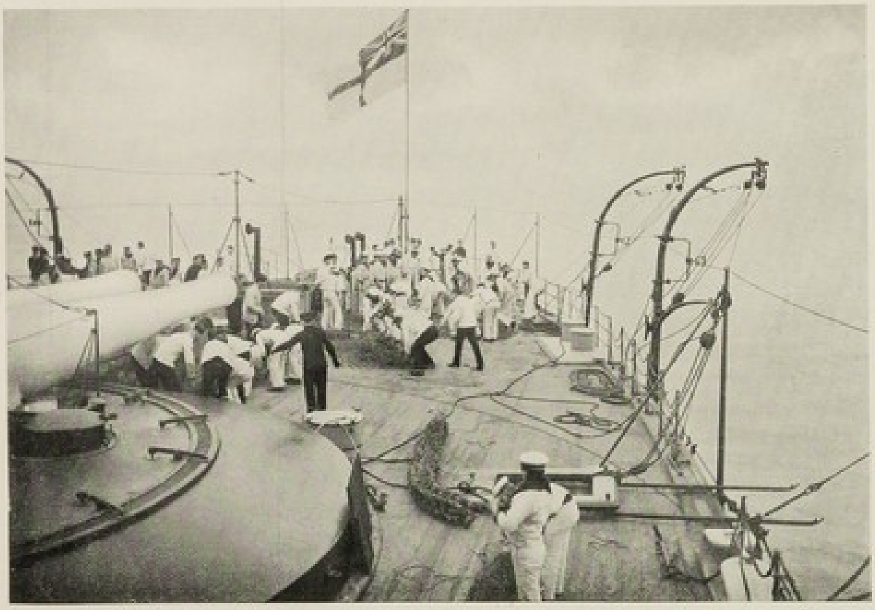


Photo Gregory. Copyright.

GETTING OUT STERN NETTING.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

APROPOS of the article on the Second Black Watch which appears in this issue, I may note that the regiment has a very smart athletic record, especially in the football field. Sergeant-Major Conolly (now a warrant officer and regimental sergeant-major), Colour-Sergeants Black and Anderson, and Sergeants Dunn, Howden, and MacDougall, have all aided the team. In 1890 it won the Army Cup, beating in the final the Second Scots Guards by 3 goals to 1. In 1894 it again won the same cup, this time in the final defeating the Gosport team of the Royal Artillery by 7 goals to 2. In the following year it again reached the final, with, curiously enough, the same team as opponents, but this time the result was reversed. Four years after the team was instituted it won the Irish Charity Cup. From the team several have, on leaving the Service, gone to the big League clubs. For instance, Stewart, who is now captain of Everton; Hill, who plays for Sheffield United; another Stewart, gone to Crewe; and McKenna, who plays for Darwen. Nor is it only in the football field the regiment excels. Lieutenant Tait holds, or held, the amateur golf championship, and I am not sure that he did not win the open—at any rate, he has not been very far off it.

* * * *

"SALISBURY PLAIN."—You are not the only reader who has stumbled at the expression, "Corps Troops." The commander of an army corps, in addition to the three complete divisions forming the bulk of his command, has at his disposal the following, which, from their belonging to the army corps and not to the divisions composing it, are called corps troops:—1 squadron of cavalry, 2 batteries horse artillery, 6 batteries field artillery, 1 ammunition column, 1 field company R.E., 1 pontoon troop, 1 telegraph battalion, a balloon section, engineer field park, 1 battalion infantry, 1 machine gun section, 1 dismounted company army signallers, 1 company Army Service Corps, 1 company bakery column. The last-named item consists of 5 officers, 317 non-commissioned officers and men, 28 riding horses, 248 draught horses, 6 water carts, 1 forge waggon, 31 general service waggons, and 24 travelling steam ovens.

* * * *

THE only British war-ships carrying the 110-ton gun are the "Benbow" and the "Sans Pareil." Each of these ships mounts two of these pieces—the "Benbow" one in each of two turrets, fore and aft; the "Sans Pareil" both guns together in one turret. The only other ship in our Navy to mount these big weapons was the unfortunate "Victoria," sister to the "Sans Pareil." The full charge for the 110-ton gun is 960-lb. of brown prismatic powder, which costs £80. The steel projectile weighs 1,800-lb., and costs £120—making a total of £200 (including small items such as fuses, etc.) for each round with full charge and armour-piercing shot.

* * * *

"GENTLEMAN-RANKER."—In order to answer my correspondent's question more fully, I may add that the cavalry is divided into heavy, medium, and light, according to the size of the men and horses. The three regiments of Household Cavalry, with the 1st (Royal) Dragoons and the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), form the heavy cavalry; the Dragoon Guards, Lancers, and 6th Inniskilling Dragoons are the medium, and the Hussars are the light. It is difficult to answer your second question, as there is no known source whence it can be ascertained how many gentlemen are serving in the ranks of one regiment as compared with those in another. A few years ago there were many in the Household Cavalry. Perhaps no regiments have more of them at present than the 10th Hussars and the 17th Lancers; but if a well-educated young man wishes to rise from the ranks, he is likely to meet with less competition, and be more easily singled out, by enlisting in an ordinary regiment of the Line. If a recruit expresses a preference for a certain regiment his wish is always respected when practicable. In the event of the regiment being abroad, its recruits would be sent to the depôt at Canterbury, where they would be trained until fit to take their place in the ranks of the regiment. Should the recruits be too few to form the required draft, volunteers from other cavalry regiments would be invited to make up the number, but they could not expect to be re-transferred to their old corps. The only regiments of cavalry that are supposed to be at war strength in the United Kingdom are those first for foreign service, at Aldershot. As to the Army Service Corps, the sword, carbine, and revolver are carried when parading with arms.

* * * *

THE correct pronunciation of the word Trafalgar is undoubtedly with the stress on the last syllable, Trafalg*ar*—as the Spaniards to this day pronounce it. Thus it is correctly given in the well-known lines of Byron and Scott, and thus it used to be invariably pronounced in the Navy and in England generally for ten or fifteen years after Nelson's battle. There are numerous notes to the effect scattered over the pages of the later volumes of the *Naval Chronicle*, and in various fugitive sets of verses in magazines of the period I have named. By degrees, in the twenties of this century, our English habit of throwing the stress or accent from the last syllable back towards the beginning of a word affected, among others, the word Trafalgar, which then first came to be pronounced Tra*fal*gar, as now. To quote a similar instance at hazard, what we pronounce *bal*cony our grandfathers in their early youth used to pronounce bal*co*ny.

* * * *

IN 1797 three regiments, viz., the 22nd, the 34th, and the 65th, being almost skeletons from mortality in the West Indies, were ordered to be completed to 1,000 rank and file by enlisting boys of from ten to sixteen years of age. This measure was taken partly as a recruiting experiment, partly in order to relieve pauper parishes of the burden of supporting pauper boys. The regiments in question were termed "boy regiments." It was believed that by sending these battalions to the Cape of Good Hope they would become acclimatised and be better able to stand service in India than recruits sent direct from England. In the memoirs of John Shipp, who, at the age of thirteen, was enrolled in the 22nd Regiment, we find some interesting facts concerning one at least of these boy regiments. It would seem that though the bulk of the rank and file consisted of boys—nay, children—there was a strong cadre of soldiers. After serving at Colchester and Guernsey, the 22nd arrived at the Cape in 1800, and Shipp was almost immediately sent up country to take part in operations against the Kaffirs. In 1805 the regiment landed in India, and Shipp, rising rapidly through the non-commissioned grades, won his commission at the age of twenty by his gallantry at Lord Lake's unsuccessful siege of Bhurtpore. Falling into debt, he sold out, but afterwards re-enlisted, and once more rose to the rank of officer, only to lose his commission again by sentence of court-martial on account of an intemperate correspondence with a field officer of his regiment. From his statement it would appear that the boys of his "boy battalion" were in every way drilled, armed, and treated like adult soldiers. As a proof I may mention that at the Cape, Shipp, then only fifteen, was tried by regimental court-martial for desertion, and sentenced to 999 lashes, which brutal punishment was remitted by his humane colonel. I have no knowledge of the experiment of "boy regiments" having ever been repeated.

* * * *

THE younger generation of Naval officers need, perhaps, to be reminded that they are indebted to Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay for the system under which officers' messes are supplied with mess-traps. Sir John Hay, on commissioning the "Indus" in 1856, pointed out to the Admiralty the inconvenience and wastefulness of the system then in force under which officers were compelled to provide their own gear, each individual member having to contribute, for instance, two pieces of silver and two table-cloths, the latter of which, although remaining his property, were, of course, useless if he was removed into a larger ship. The question of replacements under such circumstances naturally presented many difficulties, and entailed great expense on the not too liberally furnished pockets of the members of the mess, to say nothing of the necessary sacrifice of serviceable articles for a mere song at the end of the commission. The suggestion made by Sir John Hay was adopted by the Board, and the present system of providing mess-traps from the victualling yards introduced. It is doubtful, however, whether the supply might not be more advantageously made by the dockyard at which the ship actually commissions, so as to facilitate the selection of articles by those who will actually have to use them, and especially with regard to the service on which the ship is to be employed. Such an alteration of system would be attended with the further advantages of facilitating the exchange of articles not required, and also of diminishing the risk of breakages in transit.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes asking the meaning of the Turkish title "Bimbashi," which he has seen used in accounts of the advance in the Soudan. "Bimbashi" denotes major, which is the lowest rank to which, as a rule, British officers are appointed. Everyone knows that "Sirdar" means commander-in-chief, but the Turkish names for other ranks are not usually known, and it may be of interest to my correspondent to know that "Farik" means lieutenant-general, "Lewa" major-general, "Miralai" colonel, and "Kaimakam" lieutenant-colonel. The ranks of sirdar, farik, and lewa carry with them the title of "Pasha," while holders of the ranks of miralai and kaimakam are "Beys." The title "Effendi" is given to native officers holding ranks from that of second lieutenant up to that of adjutant-major, which is the highest rank held by them in English officered regiments.

* * * *

I MUCH regret that last week, in an article on Chatham Naval Hospital, the Deputy-Inspector-General was said to be Dr. T. H. Knott, the principal medical officer in charge until the early part of this year, when he was succeeded by Deputy-Inspector-General Robert Grant, M.A., M.B., R.N., whose portrait appears in our illustration.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by one Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. The story proceeds to show how and in what manner Bufton's whilom victim places before him an opportunity for the great revenge he desires to obtain.

CHAPTER XII. *(continued.)*

NOW it happened—as so it often will happen in real life, in spite of the jeers of imbeciles who regard, or profess to regard, coincidences as things which occur only in the more or less hard-bound brains of dramatists and romancists—that on the evening previous to the rencounter between Sir Geoffrey Barry and Granger, Bufton had written to the latter that he intended to be in Stepney on that night. Also he informed him that, from an unexpected source, he had gotten some little money together, and that, if Lewis pleased, he might possibly be able to join him in his "affairs."

Wherefore, at eight o'clock on this boisterous March night, the two men who had once been friends were again seated together; this time in Granger's house in the East End, instead of in Bufton's fashionable lodgings of the days of his prosperity.

"And so," said the host—as he passed over to his guest some spirits and water, he having stated, without apology and with a fine sneer on his lip, that Tokay and Champagne, such as had once flowed freely (on credit) in the old apartments of the Haymarket, were beyond his means.—"and so you have found some money, eh? How have you done it? *Tricheries des Grecs*—'packing,' 'marking,' 'substitution,' or what not? Or has Madame la mère been kind? Consented to a little more blood-letting. Humph!"

"Nay, nay," Bufton replied. He looked more like his old self now than when Granger had seen him last, since, doubtless owing to the welcome advent of a little ready money, he was adorned in a manner better corresponding with the old style than he had been lately.

To wit, he wore now a neat brown frock, a brown silk waistcoat, and black velvet breeches, while upon the table by his side lay a brand-new three-cornered hat, neatly fringed.

"Nay, but sometimes fortune befriends us. I have been a-racing at Drayton, and—and—well, I have won a few score guineas!"

"Wherefore, I presume," said Lewis Granger, "you have come here to pay me some of them. I should be rich—that is, rich for me—if I had all you owe me. All," he added, emphatically, "that I hold your acknowledgment for."

"Oh! I protest, my friend——," exclaimed the other.

"Protest nothing. But, instead, remember. Recall two years ago. There is a sum of two thousand pounds for Glastonbury's bill; two thousand pounds, and my ruined life; for which latter I do not hold any acknowledgment, though, also, I do not forget."

And he regarded Bufton with so strange a glance that the visitor looked uneasy.

"Lewis," he said, "I have repented of that. You—you—know I have. And at my mother's death it will be paid. I can do no more," and he rubbed his chin as he spoke, which action, for some reason that Granger could not have explained, irritated him as much as ever. Perhaps because it recalled other instances when he had sat and watched him doing the same thing.

"Then," continued Granger, "there is the bond for five thousand guineas—the marriage bond," speaking with emphasis; "the marriage bond. I worked hard in that matter——"

"Curse the marriage bond!" cried Bufton. "Curse it, and the marriage, and all concerned with it. That has sunk me, ruined me for ever. Oh! Lewis," he went on, "do you know what I live for now? Now! now!"

"Annulling it; breaking it, I imagine."

"No!" the other almost shrieked, "no! it cannot be broken; they say I am bound, tied for ever. No! it is not that, but vengeance on the cat who snared me, and—and—vengeance on the man who has married the true heiress. He insulted me in her park, he defeated me; me—I who knew every trick of fence; and he drove me forth. Also, I do believe he was aware of that scheme and, if he did not aid in it, he at least did not prevent it."

"You ruined her sister, drove her to her death. You have much to answer for," Granger said, his voice hard and stern; so hard and stern that, almost, it would seem as if he were egging the man on to frenzy for a purpose.

"Bah!" cried Bufton, "I would have provided well for the girl, done all except marry her. That was impossible. I needed an heiress, and I got that other. That thing; that dancing, singing thing; fit only to be the wife of her mistress's coachman, or some porter."

"Wherefore you desire vengeance?"

"Vengeance! Oh, my God! if I could but have that on her and him—him, this insolent, supercilious sailor. If I could. If I could."

"Yet you were always an admirer of superciliousness yourself."

"Bah!" he cried again, "amongst wits and men of fashion, yes! There it is suitable. But this fellow, this broken-down, impoverished man of birth, who can do no better than go a-sailing. And to be supercilious to me!"

"Vengeance, eh?" said Lewis Granger, meditating—pretending to meditate. "Vengeance."

"Ay, vengeance on both; but I know not how to obtain it."

"Do you know," said Granger quietly—softly, indeed—"that both are in this neighbourhood? Not two miles away from where we now sit."

"What!" cried Bufton, full of astonishment. "What! Both here; two miles away! It is impossible."

"Nevertheless, it is true. Sir Geoffrey is in command of a French prize called 'La Mignonne,' which lies off Bugsby's Hole. Anne—Bufton," with his eye full on the man before him, "is in attendance on her mistress, Lady Barry."

"Oh! And Anne—Bufton. Damn you! Why call her that? Why——"

"You say your wedding is unbreakable. Therefore she is—Anne Bufton."

"How do you know all this? Do not play with me. Answer me truthfully, in God's name!"

"I know it well. Barry has been with me, trying to get men for the fleets. But," and now the clear tones in which he always spoke became, if possible, more distinct than ordinary, more—if the term may be used—metallic, "I have a better market than supplying the fleets with men. There is a Dutch schooner—the 'Nederland'—lying further down the river, whose skipper pays me higher. She is in truth a—well! a kidnapper. Those who get on board of her, men and—and—yes!—and women—she takes women too!—think that they are going out to become planters, farmers, people to whom land is granted. That is, the men do think so, while the women—oh! it is in truth cruel——"

"The women. Yes, the women! What of them?"

"They think they will find husbands. But they, too, are sold. All are sold to the plantations, or as good as sold: they are indented for a term of years. They are, in solemn fact, slaves; slaves herding with those whose death warrants have been commuted; with the scum and offal of the old world. The women die fast, the labour is terrible. Their hearts are broken."

"But how do you, how does the Dutch skipper get such?" Bufton asked, his eyes glistening. Already there was dawning a hideous idea in his mind, accompanied by a horrible vision of "women dying fast, their hearts broken," in the slavery of the colonies.

"It is not hard to do," Granger said, still speaking slowly, and very calmly. "Some are enticed with flowery promises, some are made drunk, while some—poor rustics these—going along lonely ways near the river, have been set upon and carried, gagged, to a boat, and sent off to the 'Nederland.' You scorn me," he said, with an appearance of frankness as well as of self-depreciation, "for being concerned in such a trade as this! Yet, remember, I am a ruined, degraded man. Remember also by whom, and so forgive and pity me."

"I do! I do!" Bufton exclaimed with heartiness, thinking, even as he did thus exclaim, what a fool was this old tool and creature of his to so expose his method of business. Yet he had something else to think about now besides Granger's simplicity; something of far more vital importance than that to meditate upon.

"How," he asked, "did you say it was done? How? With, let us say, the women. Will the master of this ship receive any taken to him? And—and—is he not in danger of being overhauled: How can he slip away to sea past the guns of Woolwich and Tilbury?"



"Farewell to the Mignonne."

"They let him come up the river," said Granger, "why not, therefore, let him go down and out to sea? Also, his papers are examined when he *comes*, when he is empty of such stuff as he departs with. And till he is at sea, they—his cattle—are under hatches."

"Under hatches," Bufton muttered, his long chin stuck out before him, "under hatches. So that screens—the screams of women—oh! yes—they could not be heard. Of women wrenched away from——"

"Loving husbands, eh?" said Granger, controlling his features, which he feared would betray him.

"Bah! Loving husbands. No! Who cares for loving husbands? None! none, you fool!" And now there came upon the man's face that hateful sneer which always made Granger's blood boil, and a desire to strike him on those curling lips arise. "No, dolt! Instead, the screams of women wrenched from those whom they have snared into a noose, those whom they have tricked and hoodwinked. My friend, you are but a simpleton."

"Oh!" exclaimed Granger, coldly, with a well-assumed air of indifference, "oh! that's it, is it? It is only Anne—Bufton—you seek vengeance on?"

"Only Anne! Only Anne Bufton, as you elect to term her. Who else, in God's name, should I seek to vent it on—in such a way?"

"I know not," Granger said, with an inimitable shrug of his shoulders, while at the same time he turned up the backs of his fingers and appeared to be regarding his nails with interest, "if you do not know yourself."

"What do you mean? Speak. There is something in your mind. What is it?"

"I thought," Granger replied, "that you sought vengeance on Barry, too."

"On Barry! What can I do with him? Damme! The Dutchman would not take him, the captain of a king's ship, would he? Even if we could get him there."

"Perhaps he would, if he did not know who he was, if he were disguised—did not appear as a Naval officer. Such things have been. Yet it was not of him I thought."

"In Heaven's name, who then?"

"I fear 'tis you, Algernon, who are the dolt, the idiot, not I; or, perhaps your own marriage made you forget that he too has lately entered into the holy bonds. He, too, has a wife, on board 'La Mignonne.'"

"My God!" Bufton exclaimed. "My God! You have thought of that! You—you whom but a moment ago I derided. Ay! ay! you are right, 'tis I who am the fool. Oh! what a vengeance. Oh! oh! On him, this haughty bully, this blustering sailor. But—oh no! no! no!" he cried, "it is impossible; it could never be. Get her out of an armed vessel and sell her into slavery in the colonies. It is impossible! Impossible!"

"Doubtless it is impossible," Granger agreed. "'Tis true. It is not to be thought on. I am a fool. Yet," he continued, again speaking very slowly and incisively, "she will get herself out of it, out of 'La Mignonne,' ere long. He sails in a day or so, and then she, Ariadne—the heiress whom you by rights should have had—comes ashore with Anne and her mother, the woman Pottle. They cannot go in his craft."

"How know this?"

"Partly from what Barry said to-day, after he had got men from me; partly from encountering your wife by Stepney Church a day or so ago. She speaks kindly of you now, Bufton; protests she thinks often of you; would pass her life by your side if you would have her."

One must not write down the horrible exclamations that issued from Bufton's lips as he heard these words—the execrations on the woman who had entrapped and ruined him. Yet, when he was calmer, he continued to the other:

"'Thinks kindly of me!' 'Would pass her life by my side!' Ay! she shall think kindly of me—in the colonies. In the fields, where she shall toil till her heart bursts, till she drops dead. Lewis! Lewis! Can it be done? Can it? Can it? And you have power here; have men at your call. I will pay. I have two hundred guineas. Help me, and we will ensnare them both. Oh! what a vengeance on that wanton and on Barry! Help me, Lewis!"

"I will help you," the other said; "vengeance *is* sweet."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Broken Sword.

Ariadne had been happy for five days beyond the time she had expected to be—five days beyond the one when her husband selected those men out of Lewis Granger's house to go forth and serve the King; for he, still looking about in likely quarters, sending also a pressgang ashore under the command of an old grey-haired lieutenant who had never found promotion—a man old enough to be Geoffrey's father—and still another gang under the command of his master-at-arms, had been enabled to thus long delay his departure. But now—now—the time had come to part; he had the full

complement of men their Lordships had directed him to procure, and from their Lordships also had come a message by an Admiralty tender, bidding him sail for the fleets at once.

Wherefore poor Ariadne, tearful and woebegone, was now superintending the preparations necessary for quitting "La Mignonne," while Geoffrey was intent on comforting her in every way in his power.

"Yet, cheer up, dear heart," he said, again and again, to her. "Remember, 'tis not for long—at present. Once I have delivered these men into the ships requiring them (and some are no farther off than the Nore), then back I come to seek for more. We shall not fight Conflans yet; he advances not in spite of all his threats to invade us. So, heart up, mine own; in a week 'La Mignonne' will be anchored here once more, and thou on board with thy fond husband."

"But a week, Geoff, a week! Alas! to me it seems an eternity. And then to think of what is to follow. Also, they say that that corsair, Thurot, is at the mouth of the river. If that should be so!"

"I hope it may. If I could but seize him now, what a feather in my cap 'twould be. He is a brave sea-dog, although he is a Frenchman."

"I shall be distracted during your absence. I know not what to do. Oh, Geoff, what is to become of me!"

"You are to stay in the lodgings, my dear one," her husband said, "which we have chosen over there"; and he nodded his head towards the shore. "They are sweet and clean, and you can observe our anchorage. Therefore, you will see 'La Mignonne' sail. Also," he added, with a happy thought, "you will see her return. Think on that."

Ariadne did think on it in the hours after he had left her, her husband going on board at midnight in preparation for his departure at dawn. Think on it—ay! indeed she did—as also on his last kiss pressed to her lips before he left, and of many, many, others he had given her, as the hours flew by and evening turned into night; thought on it each time she crept from her bed to the window of the lodgings he had taken for her, to see if yet the daybreak was at hand (though she knew well enough that it could not come for still some hours); if yet the ship that held her husband, her lover, was making ready to depart. And always by her side stood Anne, who had been bidden to come and sleep with Ariadne on this the first night of her desolation since she had been married; Anne, who had long since determined never to part from her mistress again.

She had done it once when, in the exuberance of her youthful spirits, and proud of the possession of a good voice, which she well knew how to manage in the *bravura* style, as well as a considerable facility for dancing in a manner fitted to obtain popular applause, she had left her home at Fanshawe Manor to earn her own living in London as a public performer. But, alas! what had been the result? Her little sister, who had gone with her as companion, after both had pleaded long and frequently to her mistress and their mother for permission to do so, had encountered ruin at the hands of a scoundrel, and death as the result of her shame; while, as for herself, what had happened? What! A life destroyed through her impetuous determination to exact a terrible atonement from the villain who had done her sister to death; an existence destroyed and rendered barren, loveless and blank, through her tempestuous desire for vengeance.

She had left her mistress once; now she vowed often that never would she do it again. Never again.

"I have indeed made myself an Iphigenia, as Sir Geoffrey calls me," she would say to Ariadne during the passage of those eight months, "by wandering from your and mother's side; but, never again. Henceforth I stay with you, if you will let me."

And the two girls, who had never been parted since they were children, except for that year of a wild life on Anne's part in London; the two girls, of whom one had now become a happy wife, and the other a wife loathing and despising the man whom she had trepanned into marrying her—the man on whom, if chance came in her way, she would exercise still further vengeance—had kissed and embraced each other, and vowed that they would always remain together. For, although Anne called Ariadne her mistress, and was spoken of as the latter's maid and servant, they had from infancy been always more like sisters than aught else, and had grown up together loving each other fondly, while Anne's three extra years of age had made her like the elder and graver sister.

Now, together and alone—since Mrs. Pottle had departed some day or two before to Fanshawe Manor, to which they were to follow later, when "La Mignonne" would have sailed on her final cruise to join the fleet and take part in fighting France—they watched for the dawn to come; watched for it, knowing that with it the lights on the frigate's masts would be put out, the sails be bent, and then—then—Ariadne would be desolate.

At last the dayspring was at hand. Towards the east, beneath the dark blue and wind-swept heavens, they saw the primrose hue coming; soon they knew that there would appear a brighter, more vivid yellow, and then the sun, and with that sun, departure. Already poor Ariadne could see, even without the perspective glass which Geoffrey had left behind for her use, that all was excitement and bustle aboard the ship. Already the pipes were sounding, they could hear the hawsers coming on board, the men were singing too; and then Ariadne, her hand clutching Anne's arm, saw the outer jib loosed to the light south-westerly breeze which was blowing from where London lay.

"Oh, Anne!" she whispered, "it is the first time he has left me since we were wed. The first time, and now he is going. Look at those hateful sails, and—how can they sing?"

"Be brave," said Anne, whose husband was not going away to sea; Anne, who, had he been doing so, would certainly have felt no regret; "heart up, you are a sailor's wife."

But that did not comfort the girl, who watched now, without understanding, everything taking place; for, although she knew not the use of fore and main top-gallant sails and spankers, nor anything of mainsails, nor mainroyals and mizen top-gallants, nor staysails and jibs, she could see that "La Mignonne" was moving, going down the river towards where the sea was, with, on it, perhaps, the great French fleet and also the dreaded Thurot, who was reported to be lurking near.

"He sees me!" she cried, "he sees me! Oh, God! he waves a handkerchief from—what is it?—the poop. He sees me—ah! Anne—Anne—look—oh!" she cried, "the ship is passing round that point. Oh! Anne, she is gone."

"Heart up," again said Anne, comforting, yet still resolute. "'Tis but for a week. He will come back, my dear."

Then she led the girl back to her bed, and getting into it herself, took her in her arms and caressed and soothed her.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, not more than a mile off from where the two women were, Lewis Granger was himself preparing to begin a new day. It was necessary that, here, he who in London had rarely left his bed until the morning was almost gone, should rise early, for he had much business to attend to besides that of trafficking in what he termed his "cattle," business such as supplying all kinds of vessels with flour and meat and provisions of every sort. He was not, in truth, the owner of this concern which he conducted, but, instead, only the superintendent or manager of it for a very wealthy man whom he had known when he was himself a gentleman. A wealthy man who, having lost his former superintendent, and meeting Granger by accident about the time of Bufton's marriage, suggested that, as the latter said his circumstances were low, he should take the position.

"You have been a sailor yourself, you know; also you are an Essex man," this person remarked, as they sat in a coffee-house; "therefore you understand something about the requisites of the sea. And you may make some money. There is, of course, a good percentum, and, in absolute fact, you can grow well-to-do." After which he explained to Granger what his occupation would be.

Whereon he, knowing that, henceforth, even the beggarly keeping which he had had from the man who had once ruined him was certain to come to an end after the latter had been tricked into marrying Anne Pottle took the position. It would at least be food, he told himself.

And now he was indeed growing well-to-do; in those eight months which had gone by since the day he had parted from Bufton he had been making money fast, both for himself and his master; making money by ways which once he would have scorned and have reviled himself for—by crimping and kidnapping, by hocus-pocussing men and making them drunk, by inducing simpletons to believe they were going to freedom and wealth in Delaware and Virginia and Massachusetts, or in Jamaica or Barbadoes, when in truth they were going to slavery, and, as often as not, to death. By, also, helping to fit out ships which, calling on the West African Coast, should purchase from one successful tribe of negroes the prisoners they had taken from another which they had defeated, and, transporting those who lived—the others, as well as the sickly ones, being flung over to the sharks—should sell them also into slavery.

He was growing well-to-do, was putting by money, even while he stifled his conscience as to the way in which it was acquired; almost he had begun to forget that he, a gentleman, a King's sailor, with no worse faults originally than those of dissipation and a love for gambling, had been ruined, degraded, disgraced by a scheming scoundrel. And, also, almost was he forgetting that he had sworn to have an awful vengeance on this scoundrel, this man who had deprived him of the woman he loved and had caused her to cast him off. He came nigh to forgetting that his mother died of a broken heart, a heart broken by his ruin and disgrace.

(To be continued.)

The Torpedo School of the Navy—The "Vernon."—V.

TO the Britisher, defensive mines derive their chief interest from considering what obstacles our fleets, assisted by our mobile Army, may have to overcome when they have gained command of the sea in any waters. But offensive torpedo warfare is of immediate practical interest, as not only will our own torpedo-boats, armed with Whitehead torpedoes, and the ships' steam pinnaces, fitted with spar torpedoes, or with arrangements for firing torpedoes from an apparatus called dropping gear, fitted to the boats' sides, be in daily use, but our fleets, masking or blockading the enemy, will, with the assistance of guard-boats and destroyers, have to be in constant readiness during the night to meet the attacks of these mosquitoes of the ocean. It was largely to avoid the wearisome anxiety caused by the presence of these vessels at Santiago that Admiral Sampson resorted to the stratagem of sending the "Merrimac" in to block the entrance of the harbour. This was the only device that proved successful against "the Davids"—the spar torpedo-boats of the United States Civil War, whose few attacks were such a strain upon the blockading fleets.



OUTRIGGER BOAT EXPLODING TORPEDO.

The small boat to the left is waiting to pick up fish stunned by the force of the explosion.

We illustrate the explosion of a spar torpedo, the torpedo at the time of exploding having been about 10-ft. below the water-line, though, as seen in the illustration, it has had time to throw up an immense body of water, and to cause the spar to recoil several yards in. The spar when fully out, as carried in a steam-boat of about 12-yds. or over in length, allows of the centre of the explosion being 11-yds. in a horizontal distance from the boat, and this is considered a safe distance with the 35-lb. of gun-cotton used. This also allows of the pole being slipped over the net defence which is sometimes placed round a ship for protection against Whitehead torpedoes, and yet being able to touch the ship's bottom with the boat brought up by the nets. In the illustrations it will be noticed that the crew are not visible, as they are all under cover forward as a protection from gunfire. In case a search-light should be unexpectedly turned on them, the whole of the boat, even to the men's faces and hands, would in a real attack be painted a dull black, as this colour shows up least. The time for firing the torpedo by electricity is the moment it is against the bottom of the ship, and this can be told by the spar commencing to crack. The great danger of this method is that the boat has to approach right up to the ship, and the improvements in machine-gun and small-arm fire have made it much more dangerous since the United States Civil and the Russo-Turkish Wars. On the other hand, with the Whitehead torpedo a boat can fire her deadly missile at a distance of 600-yds.

The secret of the Whitehead torpedo was bought from Mr. Whitehead by the British Government in 1870 for £15,000, the same amount as given to Fulton for his



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MEMBERS OF CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS.

torpedo experiments just sixty-five years before, and a less sum than the British Government offered him to suppress his inventions altogether. As first adopted, the torpedo had a speed of about 8 knots, and for a long time we were content with a gun-cotton charge of less than 30-lb. The speed is now as high as 30 knots, and a charge of nearly 200-lb. is carried. What this means can be seen by the fact that in 1877 the 12-knot "Huascar" was able to steam away from the "Shah's" torpedo as it watched the track caused by the air-bubbles coming up to the surface from the torpedo.

One of the methods by which the speed was increased is curious, as showing how liable common-sense is to error. Nine out of ten men would, if asked to say which was the best for speed of the three heads of torpedoes shown to the front of our illustration of the "Vernon's" Whitehead room, instantly reply the sharp-pointed ones on the side. As a matter of fact the blunt head is the best and most modern one, and the speediest of all would be a torpedo with a spherical head. These heads contain the explosive, and the illustration shows the pistols on two of the heads. These pistols, on hitting the ship, are so constructed that a striker is driven into a detonator, which, exploding, sets off the gun-cotton charge. To prevent this happening accidentally on board ship, a safety-pin is inserted, and this can be seen in the illustration. It was this safety-pin which the Russians omitted to remove before firing on the occasion of an attack on some Turkish ships.

In another of our illustrations of the Whitehead room can be seen the rear ends of the torpedoes with the screw propellers for driving them through the water, and the rudders for keeping them in a fixed direction and at the adjusted depth below the surface. To the left is the air-charging apparatus. In order that the torpedo may run along for a range of 1,000-yds. at about 28 knots, it must have a very considerable quantity of air to work the engine, and this is done by charging beforehand to a pressure which may be over 1,300-lb. on the square inch. This supply is concentrated in a certain portion of the torpedo called the air chamber. It is not until the torpedo is fired that the mechanism operates which allows the air to find its way from the air chamber to the engine. It is a sight well worth seeing when the screw propellers are being revolved in the air. So rapid is the speed of revolution that one sees, instead of the propellers separate and distinct, only a confused blurr, suggesting some of the pictorial representations of the famous fight between the Kilkenny cats. One quite expects, when the calm and collected torpedo-instructor turns off the air, to find the propellers, like the cats, vanished into thin air. Naturally the vicinity of the propellers is a dangerous place in which to have one's fingers if a torpedo is charged with air, and indeed there have been many accidents. Needless to add, the internal mechanism of these torpedoes is complicated to the beginner, and varies considerably in different types, so that constant practice is given to officers and men in taking to pieces and putting them together again.

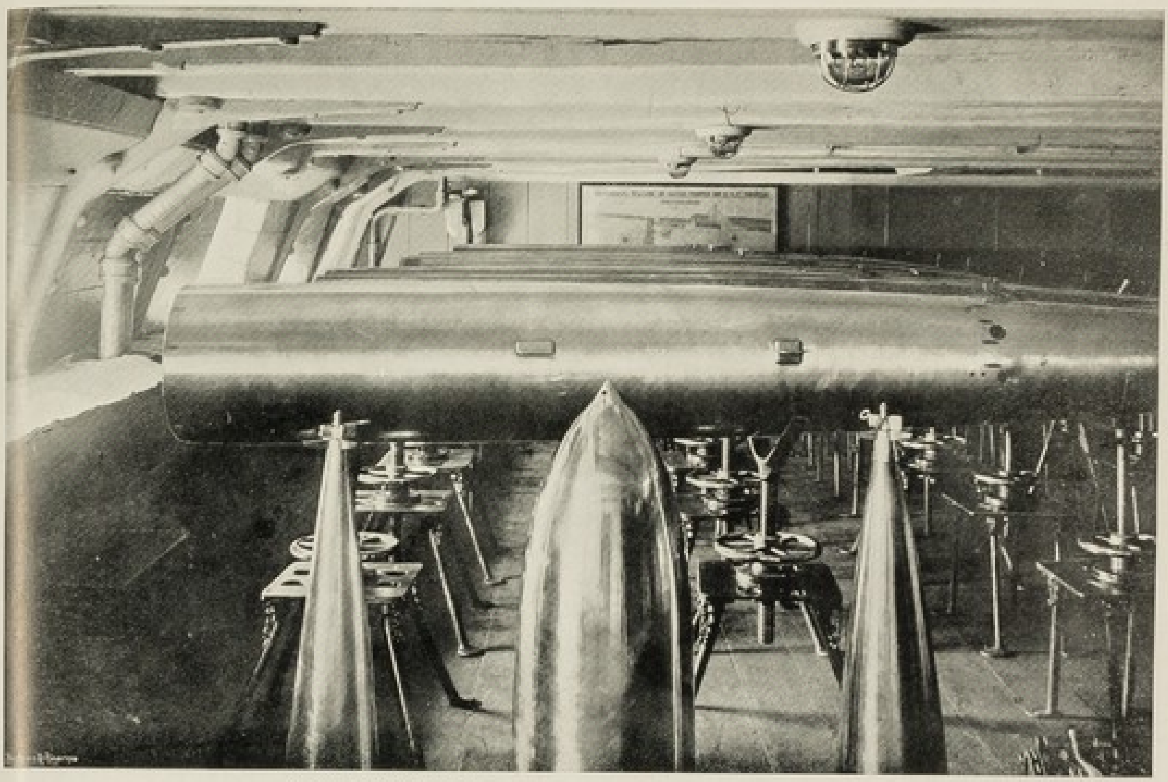
We remarked a short time ago that the Russians wasted at least one torpedo in the Russo-Turkish War through forgetting to take a safety-pin from the pistol before firing. Want of care, precaution, and practice lie at the root



 H. & K.

EXPLOSION OF OUTRIGGER TORPEDO.

The torpedo is on the end of the spar, and is fired by electricity when in contact with a ship's bottom. The crew are all in the conning-tower, where they are protected, to some extent, from the fire of the enemy.



THE WHITEHEAD ROOM: HEADS OF TORPEDOES.

of this and all failures. In the Torpedo School "*test, test*, and *test*," and again, "*drill, drill*, and *drill*," are an epitome of the order of teaching. We give three illustrations which show the care that has to be exercised.

In the first of these we show a spar torpedo ready to be launched out. The men are on the tackle fastened to the heel of the spar, and the officer is about to order "Rig out." While cruising to her destination the spar would be in, with the torpedo in the air as shown; but there are two occasions on which the order to rig out would be given. The first is before starting, when, with the spar in the fighting position or rigged fully out, everything would be tested, and the second is when approaching the enemy. On the second occasion everything would be carefully tested again to make certain that nothing has occurred in the interval to cause the torpedo to fail to fire at the critical moment. Then the officer can steam for his target with an easy conscience that everything has been done to ensure success. Take, again,

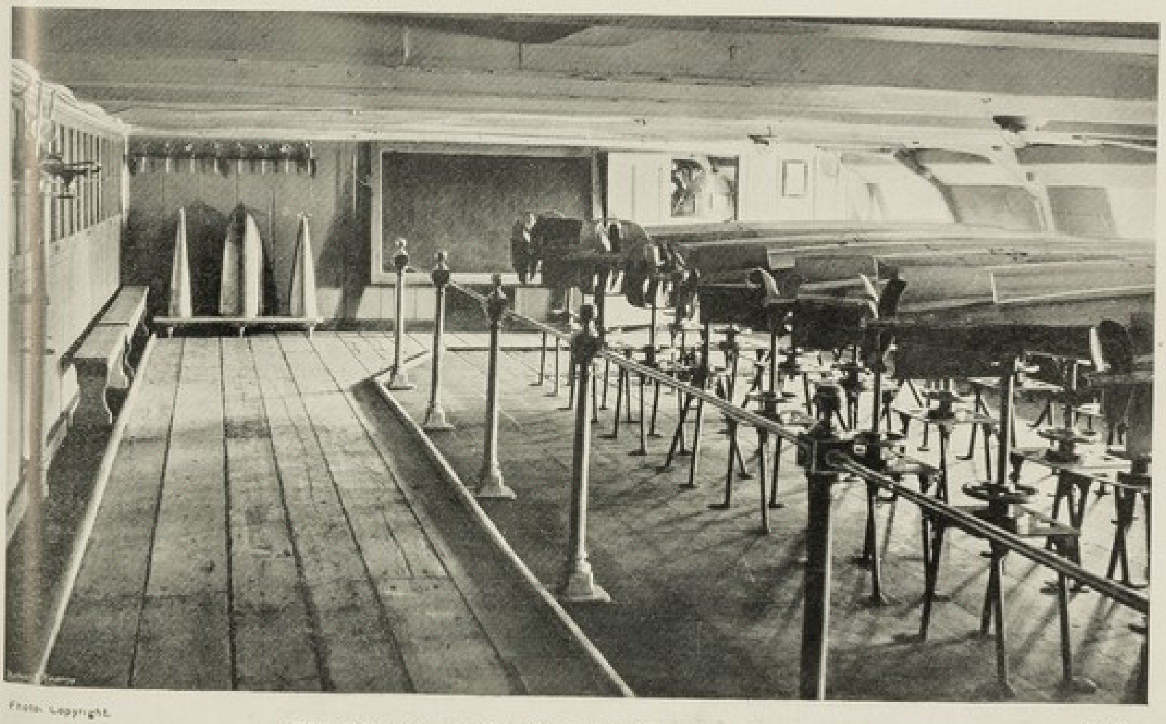
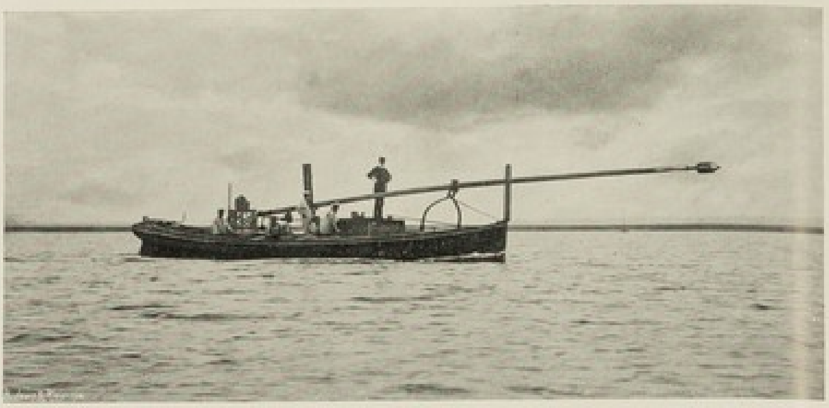


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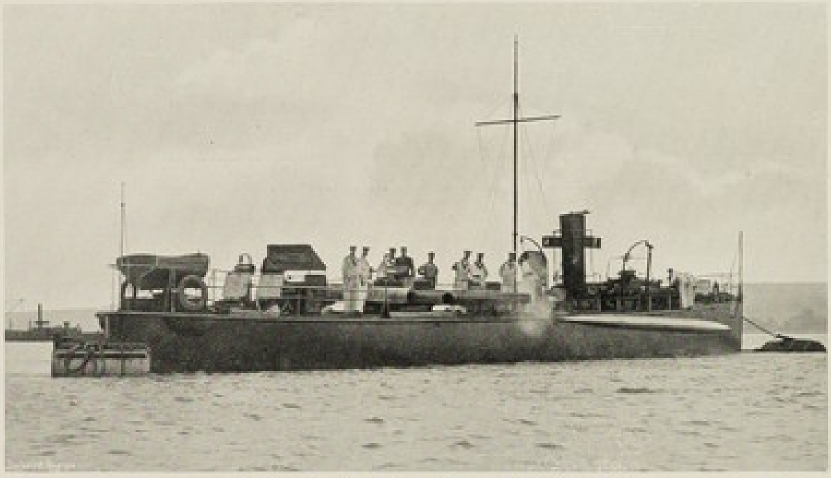
THE WHITEHEAD ROOM—TAILS OF TORPEDOES.

the illustration entitled "the recovery of the torpedo." Since each torpedo costs about £300, it is of the first importance that everything should be carefully tested to ensure its floating, as the torpedo has very little buoyancy. In the illustration the torpedo is being hoisted in after a run, but the picture will equally serve for some of the tests carried out before running. Slung from the derrick, and weighted so as to carry it down below the water, the torpedo would be kept under for about five minutes and then again hoisted in, to see if water has leaked in, as a few pounds will make the difference between floating and sinking. Then the torpedo is again hoisted out to see if it will float of itself. This done, the mechanism tried and well oiled, what is called "a standing shot"—one fired from a vessel without way through the water, moored, as in the illustration, or with the engines stopped—would be taken at a target a short distance off, to see if the torpedo runs all right. If this is satisfactory the torpedo may be safely used. Somewhere near the target one or more row-boats would be waiting to pick up the torpedo, the boats' crews wearing life-belts, as the chapter of accidents may cause the torpedo to deviate to the right or left and come to the surface in that least desirable of ways—by planting its nose through the bottom of one of the picking-up boats. To prepare the picking-up boat for the critical moment when a torpedo is about to be fired a red flag is hoisted at the yard-arm. When recovered the torpedo is towed alongside the vessel, care being taken not to bump the torpedo unnecessarily, as every dent in its steel casing will cause it to present an untrue surface in running through the water, and, therefore, to deviate from a true course, necessitating fresh adjustment of the rudders. The same precautions would be observed in hoisting in as will be seen in the illustration, where men are attending lines secured to the ends of the torpedo, enabling them to prevent it bumping the side of the boat.

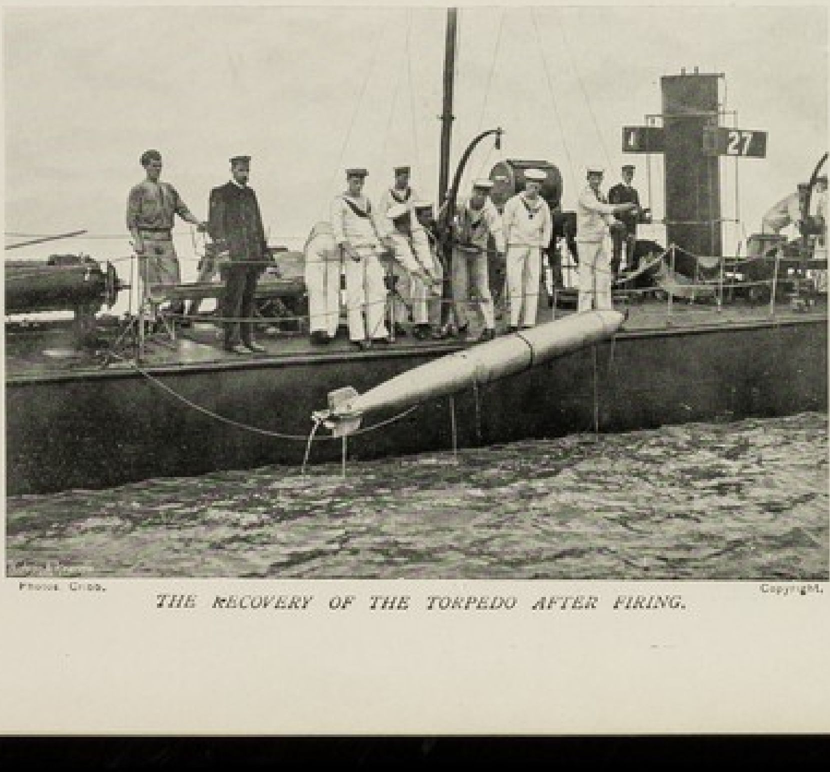
There are many schools in our country which fit men for a profession, but there are very few like the Torpedo School, which at the same time undertakes a large amount of pioneer work in the field of invention. At the present moment, the hydrophone, or the use of a telephone under water to detect the approach of a vessel at night or in a fog; the new telegraphy without connecting wires, quite independently of Marconi's ideas; the gyroscope in a torpedo, forcing it to travel in the direction in which it was first fired; numerous mines, instruments, etc., are engaging its attention, and for the purposes of these investigations the Admiralty makes a grant of £50 per annum. Even a member of the Peace Society will nod approvingly when he hears that if the Czar's conference were to have the effect of laying up the Navy to-morrow, the great majority of the men that have been through the Torpedo School have been thereby rendered so handy in electrical work, etc., that they would readily find employment in civil life. The school could go on to-morrow, and easily accommodate itself to a new course of instruction, leaving out the explosives for destroying life, and retaining those for levelling obstructions, etc., and keeping all its work which pertains to electrical engineering.



PREPARING TO LAUNCH OUT.



A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO LEAVING TUBE.



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THE RECOVERY OF THE TORPEDO AFTER FIRING.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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THE "CABINET" OF THE "FURIOUS."

CAPT. LEWIS E. WINTZ, COMMANDER J. R. BRIDSON, AND LIEUT. R. PHILLIMORE.

On Board the "Furious."

THE "Furious" is a second-class cruiser, launched at Devonport in December, 1896. She is one of four sister vessels, and is armed with four 6-in., six 4·7-in., eight 12-pounder, and three 3-pounder quick-firing guns. She will steam 19½ knots, and has special protection of 2-in. armour forward, being designed to act as a ram if necessary; she also carries two rudders, one being between the propellers.

The "Furious" is at present attached to the Channel Squadron, and is commanded by Captain Lewis E. Wintz, whose portrait appears on the front page, together with those of Commander J. R. Bridson and Lieutenant R. Phillimore, the latter being seated on the captain's left. Captain Wintz has distinguished himself on more than one occasion by jumping overboard and saving life; and in 1878 he was awarded the Stanhope gold medal, being adjudged to have performed the most gallant feat of this nature during the preceding twelve months. This medal was founded in memory of the late Captain Chandos S. Stanhope, R.N., to be awarded annually as above.



THE CAPTAIN AND WARD-ROOM OFFICERS.

The groups of the ward-room officers and ship's company call for no special remark, though they are interesting, as additions to the large number of characteristic groups which have already been given, and in which the personnel of the

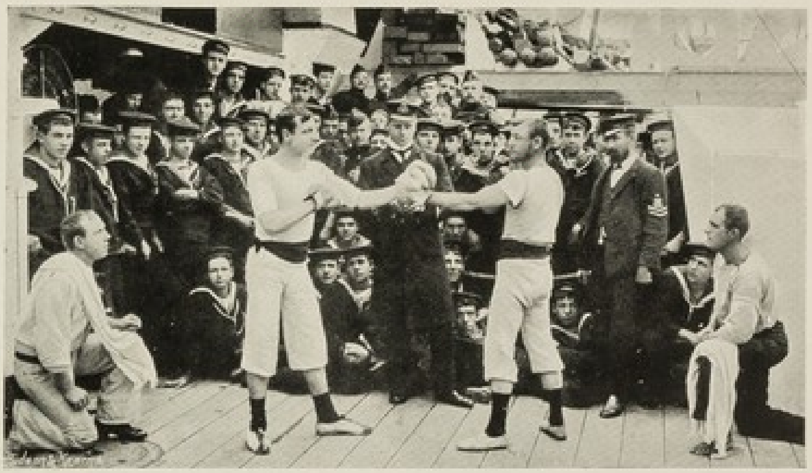


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THE COMPANY OF THE "FURIOUS."

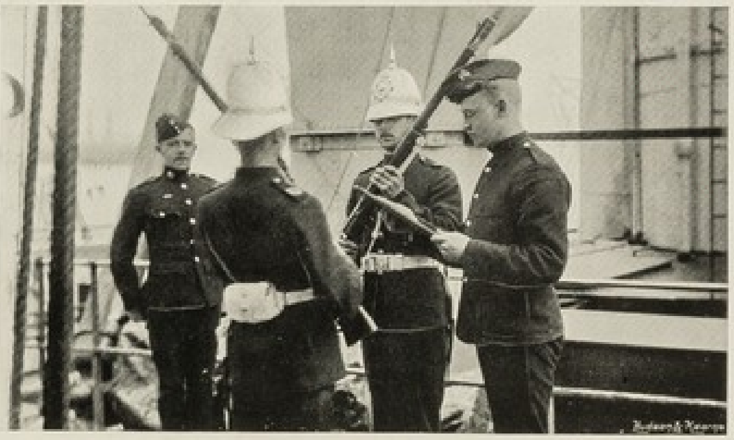
Navy is so well illustrated. One seaman has playfully framed a shipmate's face in a life-buoy, after the fashion of "grinning through a horse-collar."

Gymnastic exercises of all descriptions are practised nowadays in the Navy with far more precision and science than formerly; and among others the noble art of self-defence receives due attention. Jack has never been behindhand in settling disputes by the practical method of a fair stand-up fight, which is usually distinguished, however, by more ardour than science; but in the picture here given we have two champions in a glove contest who have evidently taken some pains to master the technicalities, and face each other in the most approved posture of the modern boxer; the right-hand combatant displays a generous allowance of biceps. Note the correct attitude also of the two seconds, and the combination of confidence and solicitude in their countenances. A critical audience of Marines—many of whom are very good with the gloves—and Bluejackets forms a good background. In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned that a Naval lieutenant a short time ago held the proud position of amateur champion; and it is very obvious that the practice of boxing is well calculated to develop the most desirable qualities in a man whose profession is fighting.



"THE NOBLE ART."

The divers, in their quaint costume—a sort of travesty of the armour of the Middle Ages—have been rendered tolerably familiar to our readers by pictures which have appeared from time to time in this and other journals. Few, however, have the knowledge necessary to appreciate the responsibilities of the diver, or the difficulties and dangers he is not unfrequently called upon to encounter. To put on the diving dress and descend in five or six fathoms of water is an easy operation, and anyone trying it for the first time will find little difficulty in bringing up some object from the bottom in proof of having duly reached it, and will suffer only very slight inconvenience from the pressure. It is a different matter, however, to go down in twelve, fifteen, or twenty fathoms for the recovery of some heavy object which has to be slung in a safe and seamanlike fashion, and the chain or tackle attached to it to raise it safely to the surface. The pressure at these depths is sufficiently heavy to cause considerable inconvenience, and a man must have all his wits about him in order to perform his task efficiently and avoid dangers which may arise from tangled rigging or other obstructions. A diver who loses his head may very well lose his life; the air-tubes or the india-rubber dress may be injured, or the former become inextricably entangled, and in the latter event no skill or care on the part of those above water can save him.



RELIEVING SENTRY.

The air-pump is always attended by someone with an intimate practical knowledge of the whole subject, and a code of signals, by means of different numbers of jerks on the rope, is established; the diver being also provided with a slate, on which he may write various information, and signal for it to be pulled up.

Divers are most frequently employed in the Navy to examine some defect in the ship's bottom, and among them are usually some skilled artificers who are qualified to give an expert opinion, or to effect small repairs under water. The diver receives extra pay when qualified, and also a certain allowance for every hour during which he is employed. The diving apparatus in use in the Navy is that of Messrs. Siebe and Gorman, and has been brought to great perfection.

The operation of relieving a sentry is a familiar one on board ship; the old and the new sentry stand with their rifles at the "port," while the corporal in charge reads over the orders for the post.



Photos. C. F. Hewitt. Copyright.

DIVERS READY FOR ACTION.

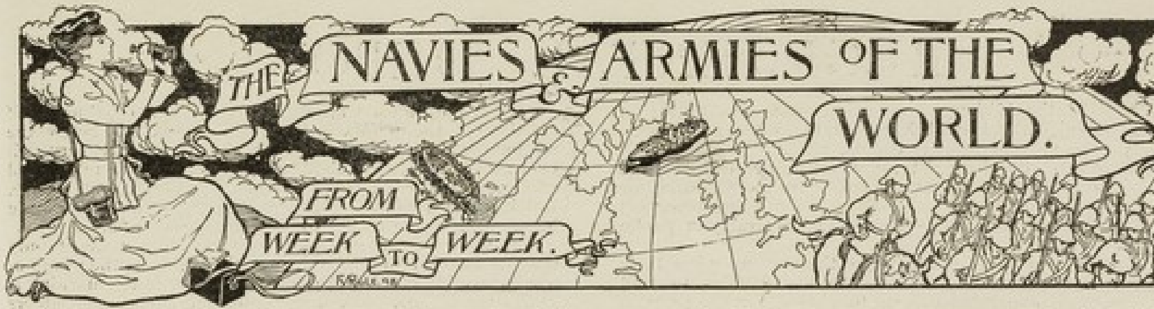


Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

"HIS TURN NEXT."

THE SHIP'S BARBER AT WORK ON BOARD A MODERN BATTLE-SHIP.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



IT cannot have been by design that the "Formidable" was launched on November 17. If there had been any plot in the matter she would have been sent into the water on the 19th or the 21st, the two nearest available days to the 20th, which being a Sunday was out of the question. Still, that or the nearest to it was the proper date. Accident, if that is the right name for the facts that she was ready and the tide suited, arranged that she should be launched so near the date when we took her namesake from the French at Hawke's battle of Quiberon. She was then the flag-ship of the French second in command to Conflans, M. du Verger, who made a gallant fight in her, and did not surrender till he had lost about as many men as were hit in all the British ships engaged in the action—that is to say, 200. I do not know whether it is in memory of this event that the name is restored to the Navy, but trust it is. Take it all together, the capture of the "Formidable" was as creditable a piece of work as the Navy ever did. It was not only that she was well defended, though this no doubt counts for something. Still the defence of the "Formidable," creditable as it was to M. du Verger, was not more to the honour of the French Navy than many another piece of fighting it has done. The stand which Desherbiers de la L'Etenduère made to protect his convoy against the greatly superior squadron of Hawke in the previous war was more glorious, and many other examples might be quoted. The point in the battle of Quiberon is that it was fought in circumstances which would have deterred most officers—most good officers, indeed—from attacking at all, namely, in a heavy gale and on a lee shore. M. de Conflans, in the despatch which Froude quotes, says he could not believe that the British admiral would come on in such a storm and towards such a coast. The position was perilous for himself, said M. de Conflans, but he had his ports at hand, such as they were, but for the enemy there was nothing, nothing except the nerve and the seamanship of Hawke and his fleet, which the French commander did not estimate at quite their proper value.

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Why have we no "Quiberon" in the Fleet? We have a "Hawke," and, very properly, we have also a "Belleisle," and the battle might just as well be known by that name as by the title it bears. As a matter of fact, we call it the battle of Quiberon. "Belleisle" reminds us chiefly of the taking of the island, which was a consequence of the victory and a useful and creditable piece of work, but no very heroic achievement. There was plenty of good fighting by the troops and of hard work by the Navy, but, after all, given the size of the force we employed and the isolation of the enemy, the end was inevitable. That he was isolated was due to the victory of the previous year. But we have always been rather irregular in our choice of victories to keep in memory by the names of ships. We have an "Agincourt," but no Sluys, a "Barfleur," but no Quiberon, yet Russell's victory was of the useful and creditable order rather than the heroic, when compared with Hawke's. This oversight may be amended by naming one of the new battle-ships "Quiberon." We shall probably never get our ships' names arranged on national principles, but we can try to work in the right direction. It would pass the wit of man to give a satisfactory reason for christening a battle-ship "Benbow," unless it be that there is something in the name which strikes the ear, and sounds peculiarly appropriate to a stout "tarpaulin" admiral.

* * * *

By one of the coincidences which make the reading of the calendar full of varied interest, these November days, the 20th and 21st, saw a very different feat by a very different man in the annals of the British Navy. It was on November 20 that Vernon came outside of Porto Bello, and on the 21st that he took it in 1739, twenty years before Quiberon. The coincidence is in the calendar only, for at the time we still kept to the old style, which differed by ten days from the new. Still, the two things were near enough, and some reflections are suggested by a comparison between them and the reception they respectively met in the country. Strange as it may seem, the taking of Porto Bello, no great triumph, created more jubilation than Quiberon. Vernon's one success is, I believe, the only Naval triumph—or even victorious fight of any kind of ours—which gave its name to a place in our country. There is a seaside village, small town or suburb of Edinburgh, called Porto Bello, which is said to have been so christened because an old sailor, who had served there with Vernon, built himself a cottage on what was then an unoccupied beach and called it by the name. It is doubtful whether many inhabitants of the place could tell where the Spanish-American Porto Bello is, why we went there, what we did, and what followed. The glorification over Vernon's expedition is a proof that Nelson was not wholly right in saying that a victory near home was always better rewarded than one far away. It is, however, clear demonstration that reward is not always given strictly according to merit. The capture of Porto Bello was a small enough affair. In the Seven Years' War, or the Great War, it would have attracted little notice. But it came after a long period of uncomfortable peace, when the nation was longing to see something done against the Spaniards, and it was followed by years of failure, Carthagena, Santiago de Cuba, the collapse of the expedition to Panama, the Mathews and Lestock business. Except Anson's voyage, there was little, indeed, to be proud of in those years, and so Porto Bello shone out as a bright particular star. So the admiral's head went on to signboards innumerable, and reigned there without a Naval rival (he had a serious military one in the person of the Marquis of Granby) till he was invaded by Keppel. Truly fortune distributes popularity like kissing, which, as everybody knows, goes by favour. Benbow has become a name for nothing in particular, Vernon for a small easy success, Keppel because he was supposed to be prosecuted by an unpopular Minister, though his management of his fleet in the battle off Ushant was timid and common-place in the last degree.

* * * *

Why has the British soldier, as a rule, fought better than anybody else? The question is worth asking, and an answer of the kind called by the French reasoned—that is, supported by good arguments—might surprise some. The good old patriotic explanation that the "Briton" is braver than other people has something in it, but not very much. After all, "Britons" come of many stocks, Teutonic and Celtic, and it would be difficult to show that one breed of them fights better than another. Besides, they have run away a good deal from one another at home, and on select occasions they have run away abroad. On the day before Talavera, for instance, two of the Duke's regiments fired into one another, were seized by panic, and ran. There were some French horse very close, and if there had not also, fortunately, been an old and steady British regiment at hand, a very ugly disaster might have followed. That story, as Carlyle might have said, is significant of much. The real explanation of our uniform success (for really it all but amounts to that) lies in this, that no nation has enjoyed so fully the advantage of fighting with small and very highly-drilled corps. It was so in the Middle Ages, at Crecy, at Poitiers, and at Agincourt, in Marlborough's wars, throughout the eighteenth century, and in the Peninsula. We were not commonly the majority even in the mediæval battles. Gascons, who were his subjects, and mercenary soldiers of all nations swarmed in the armies of King Edward or King Henry. In later times we never were the majority. His English-born soldiers (taking English to include men from all parts of the British Isles) were never more than about a fifth of any of Marlborough's armies. The proportion was greater in Wellington's armies; but even there the English were a minority, when we deduct the German Legion, the Portuguese under English officers, and so forth. If all these victories are ours, it is partly because an Englishman held the chief command—though that, by the way, was not the case at Minden—but chiefly because the British troops present were "the Old Guard" of the Army; in other words, the most drilled, the most carefully picked of all. The question why that should have been so is precisely what a good history of the British Army ought to explain.

* * * *

There is something in this which ought to console those who feel disposed to groan over the small size of our Army, and the bad quality of our recruits. In point of relative size we are as well off as we ever were, and as for the quality of our recruits, it is what it always was. In the old times we took what we could get, from 5-ft. 2-in. high upwards, and from sixteen years of age to thirty-five. Our Army did remarkably well in spite of all that, because it was thoroughly drilled, because we sent small bodies into the field, and therefore could see that they were very good. The British officer may often have been what Carlyle calls him—a valiant military pole with a cocked hat, perfectly fearless, and always ready to keep his men at the throat of the enemy; but these qualities were enough—with thoroughly drilled men at his back. That of course was necessary. Without that quality Englishmen will run, as they did at Castlebar before Humbert, Frenchmen at Pondicherry in the first siege, and as in the case of those European recruits of Clive's who used to bolt and hide in wells when the guns began to shoot. They ended by becoming respectable soldiers. Yet the condition on which we can hope to have soldiers of the old stamp is that we are content not to have very many. The Spaniards have a very true saying, that the good was never much. All the very famous armies of the world have been small, and on the whole it must be so, since the larger the number the greater the chance that you will include the unfit, and the less the prospect that the officers will get them thoroughly in hand.

* * * *

The late Major Esterhazy—that is to say, late Major, not late Esterhazy—is not a person whose bare unsupported word is to be rashly taken. Yet there is something not unworthy of note in his story that he was egged on to challenge Colonel Picquart. We sometimes hear laments that duelling has fallen out of use among us. A tale of this kind is useful as bringing out the essential absurdity of the practice. Here is a case in which A. is accused by B. of gross misconduct. A. is an accomplished swordsman, and for good cause. He has had occasion to rely on his power of silencing criticism by a challenge. B. is a hard-working officer, who has had better to do than to spend hours of every day in the fencing room, or practising at a target. A. not being able to give a better answer, challenges B. to mortal combat. Now if everybody is bound to accept a challenge, A. has it in his power to put a stop to the accusation by killing his accuser. Supposing that various influential persons have an interest in getting rid of the accuser, one sees how easily the mouth of this latter may be stopped, for you cannot renew a charge against a man with whom you have fought. In this particular case Colonel Picquart had the resolution to refuse to meet a man "who belonged to the justice of his country," but it required some courage of mind to take that course, given the prevailing opinion of Frenchmen on the subject of duelling. The episode ought to make duelling ridiculous in France, but probably it will not. The famous critic, Sainte-Beuve, ought to have killed this foolishness long ago. He was called out by somebody whom he had "slated." It happened to be a rainy morning, and they were to fight with pistols. Sainte-Beuve insisted on holding up an umbrella. When the other side protested that this was making a joke of the whole tragic business, he answered that they might have a right to ask him to stand fire, but they had no right to ask him to risk a cold, and that he would not get wet to please them.

DAVID HANNAY.

REGIMENTAL DEPÔTS.

SINCE the Military Forces Localisation Act of 1872 divided the United Kingdom, for military purposes, into seventy brigade depôts, afterwards called regimental districts and renumbered, the depôt—apart from its efficiency as a place where stores, horses, or men are collected and made ship-shape before being forwarded to the units requiring them—has risen considerably in public estimation.

In the old purchase days it was the custom, when their regiments were stationed outside the British Isles, to send all the newly-appointed officers to depôts, for the purpose of undergoing a course of elementary instruction in drill and other purely military duties, now, of course, included in the curriculum of Sandhurst and Woolwich; and, needless to add, any young Hopeful's appointment to one was hardly received with an outburst of joy on the part of his parents or guardians. For, if the truth must be told, the young officer, during his few months' residence, learnt little more than the manly art of imbibing brandy and soda, while from sheer *ennui* the temptation to fall into worse habits often proved irresistible.

Again, the depôts that existed before Mr. Cardwell's re-organisation scheme could not, with any justice, have been described as tempting residences, being, with a few exceptions, draughty, tumble-down edifices, and insanitary to the last degree. No wonder, therefore, that their unfortunate officers lived out of them as much as possible, and that their equally unfortunate men preferred the public-house tap-room to their cheerless quarters.

However, the very first outcome of this new parcelling-out of the country into minor military districts was the construction of excellent barracks, a mile or so outside the principal county towns selected. These include within their walls an armoury, a hospital, barrack-rooms in separate blocks, quarters for the married men, orderly-room and other offices, wash-houses, canteen with sergeants' mess and library adjoining, fully-equipped officers' mess accommodation, and stabling. The staff of an infantry depôt, such as we are now describing, consists of the following officers:—The colonel commanding the regimental district, whose duties embrace the command of the depôt itself, the command, training, and inspection of all the infantry of the militia, volunteers, and reserve forces within its district, the superintendence of recruiting, and the charge of the arms and stores in the armoury; one major; one captain; two subalterns; the adjutants of the respective militia battalions (one of whom acts as the depôt adjutant during the non-training period); an officer of the Army Pay Department; an officer of the Medical Staff Corps; and the militia quartermasters who hold the honorary rank of captain or lieutenant.

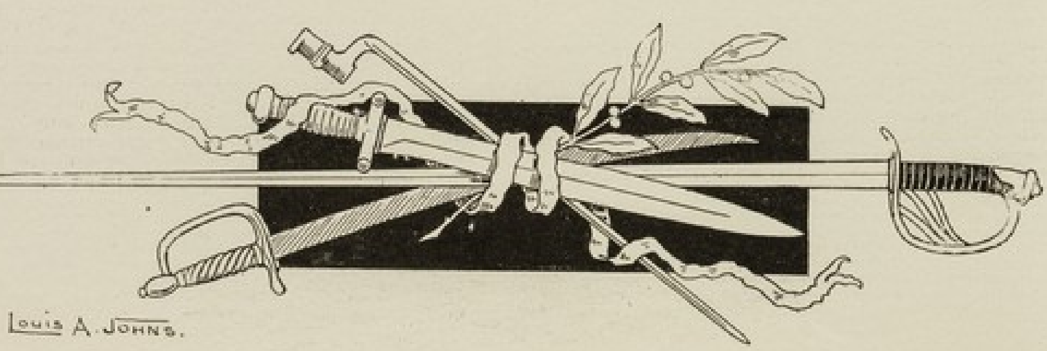
The tour of duty at a depôt is as follows:—For the commanding officer and various adjutants five years, for the other Line officers, except the quartermaster, two. The duties at a depôt are rather hard to define. Nominally it is the recruiting centre of the district for the territorial battalions, the young Line recruit who enlists there being kept for at least three months learning his drill, and when efficient he is despatched to his regiment in one of the periodical drafts; while the militia recruits are brought up in batches for so many weeks' drill. If, however, during any month the number of militia recruits undergoing instruction at the depôt amounts to forty, an additional officer in the shape of a subaltern from one of the militia battalions may be employed, and the quota may be increased in proportion to the number of recruits present—that is, for any number of militia recruits up to 75, one subaltern; from 76 to 150, two subalterns; from 151 to 250, one captain and two subalterns; and so on in multiples of a hundred. Militia officers thus engaged may be retained at the regimental depôt as long as their services are required; but they are always liable to thirty days' notice of dismissal if the number of recruits should fall below the minima just mentioned. The militia officers are very well paid for their services; they not only receive the full pay of their rank, but, in addition, the 4s. a day messing allowance, which brings a militia subaltern's pay up to 11s. a day, while his comrade of the Line is only in receipt of 6s. 6d.

It must not be supposed, however, that a depôt only recruits for Line and militia. On the contrary, the group of would-be soldiers outside the orderly-room in the morning is a very varied one. The down-at-heel tramp rubs shoulders with the jilted clerk, who hopes, probably, to experience better luck in the attractive uniform of the "Death or Glory" boys—it is wonderful how popular are the 17th Lancers with unfortunate lovers. A collier is comparing notes with a sturdy young agricultural labourer, who must weigh at least fifteen stone. "And what d'ye want, my lads?" enquires one of the sergeants. The collier, who has two brothers in the county regiment, serving in India, wishes nothing better than to join them, but his heavy bucolic comrade wants to ride into battle. "Dragoons, of course?" "Plaize, zur, I'd loike to be an huzza," is the answer. That even in the enticing of Tommy Atkins there is some competition is proved by the presence of a recruiting sergeant of the Guards, who is prowling round the group ever on the alert to snap up any promising lad for Her Majesty's Household Brigade; while the bonus for obtaining a recruit for the Household Cavalry is so high that, should any would-be soldier six feet in height and of fine physique show himself inside the barrack gates, there will ensue a regular scramble among the recruiting staff to carry off the prize.

To return to the depôt duties, the drill is mainly of an elementary description. The requisite number of non-commissioned officers to train the young soldiers are specially selected for their efficiency and smartness, and the Linesmen, commonly termed "duty men," who are brought in to leaven the establishment, must possess similar qualifications. The tour of duty for non-commissioned officers is three years, but this does not include the case of the quartermaster-sergeant, the orderly-room clerks, and other responsible officials, who are retained there for a much longer period. An important individual in any depôt is the barrack-sergeant. Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred are not even aware of the existence of this strange departmental corps. Indeed, thanks to the weird semi-French military uniform in which the Government clothes it, many might, at first sight, take its members for civilians masquerading as hotel porters. No Government, however, could possibly possess more zealous servants than these always prove themselves to be; they unbend to no one below an engineer officer, and when these two fall out, as sometimes happens, over a drain, for instance, there is great joy in the sergeants' mess.

Although the list of officers attached to each district reads like the nucleus of a sociable little mess, the real facts are somewhat different. The senior officers are nearly always married men who live out of barracks; the volunteer adjutants are some miles away; hence the number of dining members—for that is the point of view from which it must be considered—not unfrequently dwindles down to two or three.

It must indeed be admitted that both among officers and men depôt soldiering soon palls. Again, the contrast between an Indian station, say, where a regiment is on full strength, and where the companionship of a host of brother officers permits of sport of all kinds, and a dull county town, or, worse still, a smutty manufacturing suburb with little or no society, is rather a trying experience. A day's leave, however, is never difficult to get, and an officer who is anything of a shot can rely upon plenty of invitations.



The Winning of the "Formidable."

By Edward Fraser.

LAST Sunday was the 139th anniversary of a very famous battle—of a victory that in our Naval annals ranks second only to Trafalgar. And the British nation may be said to have commemorated it with special emphasis a week ago in the launch at Portsmouth of the new mighty first-class battle-ship "Formidable."

> "'Twas long past noon of a wild November day
> When Hawke came swooping from the West;
> He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay,
> But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.
> Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight
> Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,
> But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's glare for light,
> When Hawke came swooping from the West."

Hawke's trophy of the victory of November 20, 1759, was the flag-ship of the French admiral second in command, the second finest ship in the French Navy of the time—the "Formidable," of eighty-four guns. Two French seventy-fours foundered suddenly, with every soul on board, in the heat of the battle; another seventy-four, and the French flag-ship, the magnificent "Soleil Royal," were run ashore and burned on the morrow of the battle; others were wrecked later; one prize only was brought off to grace the victor's triumph and be enrolled under her original name on the British Navy List. That was the splendid three-decker from which the battle-ship "Formidable," just launched, through a continuous line of "Formidables" of our own, directly inherits the name.

There is another side to the story also, to be mentioned in passing, that should make the "Formidable's" name one of particular interest to the British Navy and the nation at large, and to others as well. No harder fight for the honour of the French flag was ever made at sea by any French man-of-war than was made by the "Formidable's" officers and men on that November afternoon in Quiberon Bay. It has, furthermore, ever since served to redeem for Frenchmen the only too mournful memories of "*la Journée de Monsieur Conflans*." Ever since then, continuously to the present day, the French Fleet, in honour of the "Formidable" of Quiberon Bay, has, as a point of honour, preserved the name for one among their finest battle-ships.

In the first week of November, 1759, a violent gale from the south-east forced Hawke's fleet, which had blockaded the French in Brest all the summer—we were then waging the Seven Years' War with France—off the coast, and back across into Torbay, where Hawke arrived on November 9. The news of Hawke's whereabouts soon got to France, and orders were promptly sent to M. de Conflans to put to sea. The weather moderating, on November 14 Conflans, with eighteen sail of the line and frigates, passed the Goulet. His orders were to raise the blockade of Quiberon Roads, in the north-east corner of the Bay of Biscay, destroy or drive off the British blockading squadron of fifty gun-ships and frigates there, and then escort across to the English South Coast the large fleet of French transports that had been waiting their opportunity for months at Quiberon with forty regiments of soldiers on board for the invasion of England.

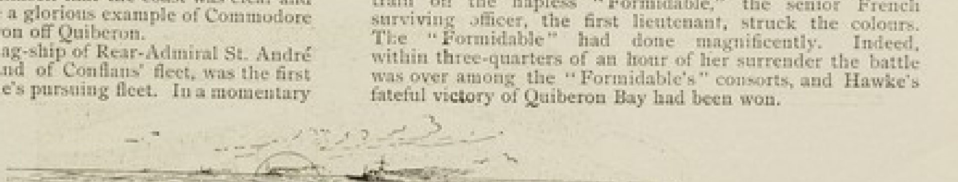
The same day that the Brest fleet put to sea Hawke's fleet, which had been waiting in Torbay for the gale to die down, weighed anchor. Twenty-four hours out a Channel cruiser told them that the French had left Brest. Off Ushant they learnt that Quiberon Bay was the enemy's destination, whither Hawke at once directed his course, beating against a stiff south-easterly gale that lasted three days. On November 19 the gale began to blow from the south-west, with threatening wild and stormy weather; Hawke, however, stood on for Quiberon under all sail that his ships could stand, with the result that between eight and nine on the morning of the 20th the look-out ships of the British van came in sight of Conflans' fleet.

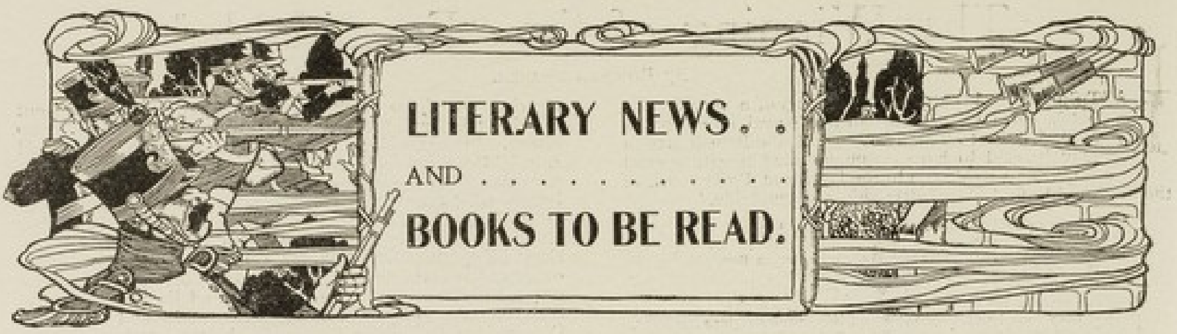
The French, like Hawke, had been checked by head winds from the south-east, and were, when Hawke discovered them, just nearing Belleisle. The French rear ships apparently saw the British van at the same time; just as M. Conflans had satisfied himself that the coast was clear and that he was going to make a glorious example of Commodore Duff's little British squadron off Quiberon.

The "Formidable," flag-ship of Rear-Admiral St. André de Verger, third in command of Conflans' fleet, was the first French ship to sight Hawke's pursuing fleet. In a momentary clearing up of the thick clouds to westward, the look-out in the "Formidable" spied a strange fleet coming up astern. Promptly the alarm-signal was made to the "Soleil Royal," Conflans' flag-ship, and all eyes in the French fleet were turned on the strangers. At first the French could not believe what they saw. The strangers could not possibly be Hawke's fleet! "They are," said M. Conflans, "most probably English victuallers on their way to supply those English ships off Quiberon." And for a space he and his officers congratulated themselves on a piece of luck. Conflans ordered his fleet to form line of battle and lie to, so as most conveniently to deal with first the victuallers and then with Commodore Duff. De Verger, in the "Formidable," however, was not so sure of the new comers from the West, and then another break in the storm, a few moments later, proved his suspicions well grounded. The clearing horizon disclosed that the strangers to windward were a big fleet of men-of-war—which could only be the British Channel fleet. Conflans himself discovered this at the same time. Abandoning his half-formed line of battle, he gave the instant signal to make all sail for Quiberon Bay. His fleet was inferior to Hawke's in numbers, and he hoped to get under shelter of the rocks and shoals of Quiberon, where he trusted the English ignorance of the hidden dangers of the coast would lead Hawke to destruction.

The British fleet meanwhile was following fast, and, just at two o'clock, as the French were rounding the south-east point of Belleisle, the first shots flashed out on both sides.

As flag-ship in charge of the French rear, the "Formidable" in the circumstances held by right the post of honour. She took her place as rear ship, prepared to face her fate. It soon came. The brunt of the opening battle fell entirely on the "Formidable." Ship after ship of the advancing British fleet, as each came up, attacked her hotly. First, the British "Warspite" led off with two crashing broadsides in succession, delivered at close quarters. Then the "Dorsetshire," captained by Peter Denis—Anson's dashing old lieutenant of the "Centurion" days—gave the big Frenchman a similar salute. The "Formidable" returned to both the "Warspite" and "Dorsetshire" an equally vigorous reply, after which the two British ships passed ahead for the French centre. Then came up the English "Resolution," seventy-four, to deliver another equally fierce attack. The "Resolution," though, did not pass on. Remaining broadside to broadside, she stayed to engage the "Formidable" as closely as the weather would allow. Next, while the "Formidable" was fighting the "Resolution," Howe in the "Magnanime," another seventy-four, came up and ran alongside. "Lord Howe, who attacked the 'Formidable,'" says Horace Walpole, "bore down upon her with such violence that her prow forced in his lower tier of guns." The two ships, indeed, rubbed sides so closely that the French ship's port-lids were torn away. Howe passed on in turn, and then Keppel, in the "Torbay," attacked the "Formidable." The "Magnanime" and the "Torbay" were the two smartest ships of the British Navy of the day, and under their terrific pounding the "Formidable" was almost silenced. Still, though, De Verger's flag flew aloft, although the gallant admiral himself had fallen, with both his first and second captains, and between two and three hundred men—half his ship's company. Keppel also now passed on ahead, and one after another came up, and joined in with the ever-persistent "Resolution," the "Revenge," the "Montagu," the "Swiftsure," the "Defiance," all likewise seventy-fours. Each of these gave the devoted "Formidable" two or three broadsides as they pushed past. By now, indeed, she could only return a feeble fire. Those left of the gallant "Formidable's" men still, however, stood to their guns with heroic endurance, until just at four o'clock the inevitable end came with the arrival of the giant three-decker "Royal George," Hawke's own flag-ship. But to stand up to the "Royal George's" overwhelming broadside was more than honour called for. Just as the "Royal George's" red-muzzled guns began to train on the hapless "Formidable," the senior French surviving officer, the first lieutenant, struck the colours. The "Formidable" had done magnificently. Indeed, within three-quarters of an hour of her surrender the battle was over among the "Formidable's" consorts, and Hawke's fateful victory of Quiberon Bay had been won.





WE have had a plentiful crop of Naval biographies within the last few years, and I have to draw your attention to two, though one—Admiral Colomb's valuable "Sir Cooper Key"—must wait another week. Few lives deserved better to be written than that of the gallant officer who played so prominent a part in the operations in the Black Sea in 1854-55. Therefore let us give thankful welcome to Captain Eardley-Wilmot's "Life of Vice-Admiral Edmund Lord Lyons" (Sampson Low, 21s.). It is really a penetrating study of the operations in the Black Sea, possessed of very sterling qualities, and prefaced by an account of Lyons's earlier career. Lyons was born in the famous days of hemp and canvas, and he lived to witness the operations of the French floating batteries at Kinburn, and to commend (in vain) ironclad construction to the Admiralty. Love for the sea was in the blood. Edmund had one brother a midshipman in the "Victory" at Trafalgar, and another who was mortally wounded at Navarino, while the military strain brought forth a brother, a Royal Artillery man, who was killed at Copenhagen, and two half-brothers, who were in the East Indian Army. According to the evil old custom of the time, Lyons was entered as a first-class volunteer some months before he actually went afloat in 1802. Two years later he was engaged in the active work of watching Toulon in the "Active," one of Nelson's frigates, and in the same ship he passed the Dardanelles with Duckworth in 1807, after witnessing the terrible burning of the "Ajax." It illustrates curiously the changed conditions of the Service to read that, among the unhappy wretches seen clinging to the bowsprit of the doomed vessel were two women, each with an infant in her arms. I should have liked to dwell a little upon many aspects of Naval life illustrated in these interesting pages, and upon Lyons's diplomatic career, for the gallant officer was as clever a statesman, if not always as successful, as he was a capable seaman, and for fourteen years held the responsible post of British Minister at Athens.

* * * *

I think it may be taken for granted that, when the Admiralty appointed Lyons as second in command to Vice-Admiral Dundas in the Mediterranean, they depended more upon him than upon his chief. Their confidence was not misplaced, for few more energetic, honest, and capable officers have ever trod the quarter-deck. Hamley, with curious persistency, has regarded the rear-admiral as a hot-headed and rash personage, whose evil advice swayed Lord Raglan to indiscretion. We have, I think, all the greatest respect for Hamley, but we must not blind ourselves to the fact that he had limitations, and it is nothing short of absurd to place upon Lyons's shoulders the responsibility for the attack on the north side of Sebastopol, or to blame him for the Naval bombardment. Throughout the operations Lyons was indefatigable. He knew Sebastopol well, for he had visited the harbour in 1829, and seen Admiral Greig's fleet there, thinking its appearance did him little credit. Therefore, in 1854, armed with naval, diplomatic, and topographical experience, Lyons was the right man in the right place. He was responsible for the disembarkation of the troops, and inspired others with his own confidence; and, in maintaining communications between the fleet and the army, he accomplished by zeal and activity what many younger men would have failed to achieve. Dundas had neither the enterprise nor the genius of Lyons. With all his energy and ardour there was fine strategic insight in Lyons. He had always in view the destruction of the arsenal and fleet at Sebastopol and he discouraged all subsidiary efforts. His was a practical mind. He saw difficulties and surmounted them; he witnessed the practice of the French floating batteries at Kinburn, and immediately advised the Admiralty to construct the like. These whole-hearted, honest, downright seamen are the best product of the country, and Captain Eardley-Wilmot has been remarkably successful in giving us a life-like picture of a prince among them. He writes with simplicity and ease, and evinces broad-minded candour and impartiality. His book is a most valuable addition to Naval history. It clears up disputed questions, and is a discerning and trustworthy narrative of facts. I am sure the work will rank high amid the biographical volumes of a season that has produced many that are very notable.

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Mr. Jane is versatile, as all the world knows. He has written much that is amusing, some things strangely enigmatic, and some very practical. So intense is his interest in and so sound his knowledge of Naval tactics that he has invented a Naval war game, and is talked about where Naval men foregather in the Naval centres of the globe, the more so because he is the author of "All the World's Fighting Ships." Now there appears "The Torpedo in Peace and War" (Thacker), an oblong picture book. If you would know torpedo-boat life, turn over its pages. They reproduce its character with convincing veracity—the throbbing of engines, the vibration of the slender craft, the green seas coming over, the smashing of crockery, all the incidents and accidents of the lives of men who go down to the sea in vessels of the class. The idea is to reproduce the social side of torpedo-craft life as Mr. Jane has seen, experienced, and enjoyed it during manœuvres, and he makes you partake of this cheery and healthful enjoyment. The pictures are straight from the life, and most of them capital, though a few obscure, like the dim picture of "Torpedo-boats Coming Down Against the Moon," which is perhaps one of Mr. Jane's jokes, of which there are many.

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From the contemplation of sea life I turned to a volume in which I was prepared to find strong character and incident, as the readers of this paper will, for it is by Mr. Bloundelle-Burton. But I certainly was not prepared for all I have discovered in "The Scourge of God" (Clarke, 6s.). This powerful writer has never done anything so good. It is a tale of the Camisards, a romance of religious persecution, and the "Scourge of God" is no other than the Grand Monarque. The record of religious persecution is a terrible one, and when we think of the episodes of Calvin and Servetus, the fate of men like More and Fisher, the burning at Smithfield, the hanging, drawing, and quartering at Tyburn, and the bitterness of the wars of religion in France, we feel that we have escaped to healthier atmosphere at last. But in the constancy, devotion, and fidelity of such times there is an abundant spring of romance, and Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is a past-master in the art of weaving human emotion with historic fact. He has now surpassed himself. The vigour of his plot, the roundness and fidelity of his characters, the engaging and picturesque nature of his descriptive work, the air of mystery in the book, the general strength of its conception, and the stirring virtue of its incidents, all contribute to the merits of a really admirable historic story. Within its lines the history is as good as the romance, though the diverse characters and counteracting influences at work are naturally not reproduced. The book is essentially a romance, and the true charm of romance never escapes Mr. Bloundelle-Burton. Stories of such virile strength and literary power are unfortunately rare.

* * * *

I have already alluded to Mr. G. W. Steevens's "With Kitchener to Khartoum" (Blackwood, 6s.), and I recur to it in order to chronicle the appearance of the eighth edition, which is in my hand. Criticism seems superfluous when the verdict of the public has pronounced unanimously in favour of the book. As a series of pictures of Egypt, the Soudan, and the operations of the Sirdar, it is capital. Mr. Steevens has few equals as a correspondent and descriptive writer. With observant eye and grasp of essentials, he selects just what the reader wants, and his rapid generalisations are generally accurate and sound. The informing merit of the book is its enthusiastic admiration for our soldiers and sailors in their work, and for the splendid achievement of our effective control of the Nile. Sometimes, I confess, I wish Mr. Steevens had given facts where he digresses into gossip, but his gossip is always readable, and, after all, the book is not intended to be a careful and matter-of-fact account of the campaigns. Yet, for the general reader the narrative is sufficient, and Mr. Steevens will always lead him aright.

* * * *

The two Naval biographies alluded to are not the only ones that have lately appeared. There is a cheap edition of the "Life of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.," by Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald (Blackwood, 6s.), to take account of. It is unfair that Tryon should be judged by the last fatal act of his life. To know the honest, steady, earnest, persevering, and valuable work of his very successful career, Admiral Fitzgerald's discerning pages must be consulted. The loss of the "Victoria" is really a psychological problem. On one side is an officer of practical mind and great experience giving an order that cannot be fulfilled without disaster; on the other, such discipline, and such devotion and faith in the leader, that the necessary step is not taken to avert catastrophe. If error was at the root of the disaster, discipline was the contributory cause; yet discipline is the guiding principle and the absolutely essential vivifying spirit of the Naval service. With Nelson in the "Camperdown" no mishap would have occurred, but we cannot command Nelsons, nor provide for breaches of discipline. These thoughts are called up by the publication of Admiral Fitzgerald's new edition. The loss of the "Victoria" seems now almost old history, but it is well to have the solid yet brilliant qualities of its unwitting author described in this very acceptable popular volume.

* * * *

Sir Lambert Playfair has had a very long career in the public service, and many will be glad to know that his reminiscences will appear in *Chambers's Journal* early next year. They will doubtless take a permanent shape later on. The accomplished author was long resident in Algeria, and besides writing the handbook in Murray's series, he is the author of a most interesting account of the Barbary corsairs under the title of "The Scourge of Christendom." His half century of experience covers also his service as political agent in the Seychelles and at Zanzibar, and his notes include reminiscences of the Sultan of Zanzibar, the discovery of the Aden Reservoirs, events in Somaliland, and dealings with the French at Perim. Truly the career of a British public servant is strangely and picturesquely varied, and, Sir Lambert Playfair having already shown himself a capable penman, I have no doubt his autobiography will be very interesting.

* * * *

Among the artistic volumes forthcoming are two to be issued by Messrs. Bell. Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "Renaissance Architecture in England" is a pronounced success, and, though the order is inverted, we are now promised in a uniform volume "A History of Gothic Art in England," by Edward C. Prior, with illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley. I have seen excellent specimens of the drawings, which are pictures in themselves, and, at the same time, are architecturally valuable. The other book I refer to is "Thames-side and Suburban Reliques, South of the River," by T. R. Way and H. B. Wheatley, to be a finely artistic volume, uniform with that on the northern suburbs, of which very few copies will be offered.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On Board the "Ganges."—II.

THE picture which is given in this number of the boys assembled on the quarter-deck, and clustering at every available spot to sit, or stand, or hang on, for their portraits, is a striking one, and affords evidence in itself of the care which is bestowed upon them. A careful investigation with a magnifier will not reveal a single countenance which is otherwise than robust and healthy.

The diet is very liberal, as it should be for growing lads; and a boy who has only just scraped through the medical examination as regards height and chest measurement, will in a few months develop in a remarkable manner, and this in spite of the fact that the lads sleep every night under conditions, in respect to the cubic space per individual, which would strike terror into the heart of a hygienic expert.

The same applies to the crews of sea-going men-of-war, and yet they become, and remain, great hulking fellows, with bronzed faces, pictures of health; so that the very fact of living afloat, with regularity of routine and plenty of open-air work, would seem to counteract entirely any ill-effects which might arise from overcrowding between decks at night. The frequent airing of the bedding—which may be seen in the picture fluttering from a treble row of lines on either side—is in itself a very wholesome sanitary measure.

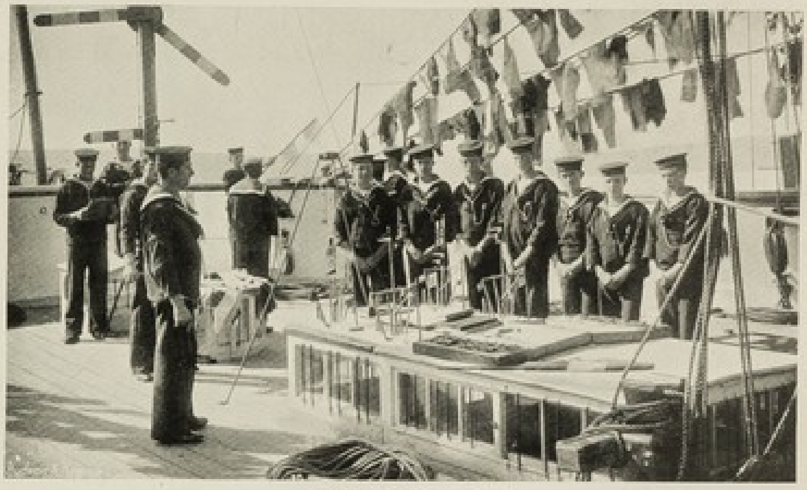
In another picture is a class at knotting and splicing, with a critical audience of instructors in the background.

Two of the lads are engaged in stropping a block, which requires some experience and deftness to render it a neat and serviceable job, and is a very pretty piece of work when it is well done. Others are practising different methods of joining two pieces of rope; the two on the right of the picture have arrived at the last stages of a "long splice," the most perfect of all methods, while another is making what is termed, for some reason, a "Matthew Walker" knot.

Signalling is an interesting and important subject, and is much more elaborate than in former days; combinations of flags are shown by means of little tin flag-models displayed on pigmy masts and yards; the semaphore is easily taught with the apparatus in actual use. The combinations which signify the various letters, etc., are very readily learned, and there is a certain fascination about it which does not belong to the ordinary flag.

The rifle is utilised, as shown in another illustration, for a form of physical drill specially calculated to expand the chest and render the back and arms flat and supple. It is a trifle heavy, perhaps, compared with the ash poles which are used in shore institutions for the same exercise, but it comes in very opportunely when the boys are already assembled for rifle exercise.

The curriculum includes a course of gunnery, and everything necessary to render a lad efficient in the rudiments of his profession when he joins his first sea-going ship.



A SIGNALLING CLASS.



KNOTTING AND SPLICING.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. PHYSICAL DRILL WITH RIFLES. Copyright.



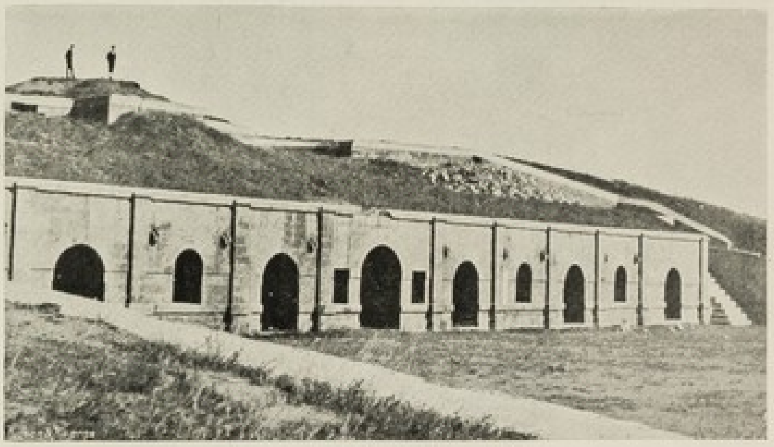
Photo. R. M. Chicken. Copyright.

ABOARD THE "GANGES"—BRITANNIA'S EMBRYO BLUEJACKETS.

Our Latest Possession in the Far East.—II.

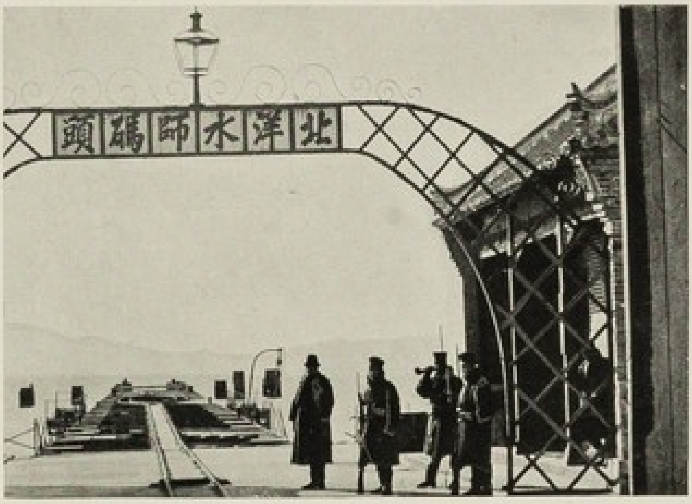
[From a Correspondent.]

WE now give a number of illustrations of the island of Leu-Kung, which, as has been explained, divides into two channels the entrance to Wei-hai-Wei Bay. One picture is of the island as seen from the landing-place near the customary anchorage of the junks, and shows the hilly nature of the soil and the commanding position the lofty eminence holds over the bay. Obviously, in the plan of defensive works which has been prepared, Leu-Kung-Tao must hold a prominent place. It is stated, in fact, very credibly by those on the spot, though with what precise degree of accuracy is not known, that there will be no important fortifications on the mainland. When the Japanese under Marshal Oyama, the victor of Port Arthur, had captured the land forts at Wei-hai-Wei, they were able to turn them upon the unfortunate squadron of brave old Admiral Ting. Though no such circumstance is to be contemplated in our case, it seems unnecessary to expend large sums upon mainland fortifications when so much remains to be done at Leu-Kung-Tao, for there is on foot a scheme of creating there a repairing-yard and dock.



EAST FORT, FROM THE RIVER.

The Japanese did nothing when they were in occupation of the place, having only barracks on the mainland, in which the marines of the "Undaunted" and "Grafton" were lately quartered. The work of the Mikado's soldiers was to dismantle completely the forts and workshops, and when they evacuated the place, they took everything of any value away with them. Only one gun remains in the most northerly of the forts on the mainland, and all the land forts are more or less destroyed, chiefly, indeed, by the fire of the Chinese before their surrender. The eastern and western forts on the island are, however, intact so far as the masonry is concerned.



THE PIER, LEU-KUNG-TAO.

One of my illustrations, of the rear of the east fort, shows clearly the character of the Chinese defences. The guns were all mounted on the Moncrieff system, with disappearing carriages, the pits for them being sunk below the level of the ground in such a way that the position of the forts was not easily discovered, and the guns were only visible when raised to the firing position. In the picture the men are seen standing at the edge of these deep gun-pits. The pieces thus mounted in the island forts were not destroyed by gunfire. They were excellent ordnance with costly mountings, and the Japanese carried them away.

Enormous sums of money were at one time expended by the Chinese upon fortifications, and these at Leu-Kung-Tao were examples of the best of their kind. The fatal mistake the Celestials made was to discredit their European advisers. Li Hung Chang, who in his prime was an enlightened statesman, was indefatigable in looking after every matter that concerned the defence of the Gulf of Pechili, and placed full confidence in that devoted officer Captain Lang, R.N., under whom the nascent organisation of the Chinese fleet made astonishing progress, as well as in other officers who were entrusted with the building of fortifications and military works. All these, however, were intrigued out of their positions by jealous subordinates, in spite of the strongest Minister of the Celestial throne. But the Chinese Naval and Military authorities are not displaying much activity at present in regard to new fortifications or ships, all the time of the Tsung-li-Yamen being given up to politics.

Thus it is quite certain that the Chinese at Wei-hai-Wei did not make the most of their opportunities. There was some good practice, nevertheless, especially from Leu-Kung, against their own land forts, then held by the Japanese, one shell, for example, striking one of the guns in the eastern fort nearest to Wei-hai-Wei in the middle, and breaking it in two like a carrot. The Japanese, how-



From Photos. by a Naval Officer. Copyright.

THE MAIN ROAD, EAST VILLAGE.

ever, were more successful, for, though Leu-Kung-Tao was able to hold out to the last, the magazine of the active little fort on Channel Island, called by the Chinese Jitsu, was struck by a shell, and the fort was almost completely demolished.

One of my illustrations depicts the small iron pier at the larger island. This was really the coaling jetty of the Chinese, and still serves its purpose. The Naval and gunnery schools were just on the right, and beyond them the causeway to Observatory Island.

The Naval Hospital, which is also illustrated, was near, and was a quite characteristic Chinese building, which has been pulled down since we occupied the place. There are no European houses either on the mainland or in the island, and, if the proposed scheme for a Naval yard and dock at Leu-Kung-Tao be carried out, many existing dwellings will be removed. The east village, here depicted, is on the other side of the island.



LEU-KUNG-TAO, FROM THE LANDING-PLACE.

The islanders, whose singular method of land-carriage is shown in one of the pictures, are mostly fishermen, small traders plying in junks, or agriculturists. Three-fourths of the island are under cultivation, but land being required for other purposes, and the Chinese system of tillage not being very salutary, this is to be given up, and it is likely that many of the island dwellers will either migrate to the shore or find some other avocation.

We have been in possession of Wei-hai-Wei about six months, and within that period a good deal has been done, but until the place has a garrison of some strength, it may be reckoned more of a danger than an advantage. In regard to the general question of the value of Wei-hai-Wei, there are divergent opinions. Mr. Balfour himself remarked when he announced our acquisition of the place, that though it would "balance the possession of Port Arthur" — a fact which cannot be averred with full confidence — the precise advantages to be gained would depend on the progress and development of events, or whether it is thought desirable to fortify it, what character of fortifications ought to be put up, and many other circumstances. As to the necessity for some kind of fortifications, there can be no manner of doubt, and this is just the question that has now been reported upon.



THE OLD NAVAL HOSPITAL.

Wei-hai-Wei belongs to that class of Naval positions known as secondary Naval bases. Sir Vesey Hamilton, who was Commander-in-Chief in China in the important days of 1885, and who necessarily gave great thought, in the light of his strategic knowledge and insight, to the possibilities of war in Chinese waters, has expressed disapproval of the policy of taking "fixed secondary bases." He holds that Hong Kong should be our principal base, and that, in case of hostilities, secondary bases should be occupied and used according to the varying exigencies of war.

Lord Charles Beresford, on the other hand, has advocated the fitting of Wei-hai-Wei as a proper Naval base, a course involving a large sum of money. It may be said, in regard to the occupation of temporary bases in time of war, that, in the present fever of world-expansion, land-grabbing, and Chinese decomposition, the best positions are apt to be seized upon, to the barring of opportunities sought in immediate need.

Our acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei, at least, forecloses the place from the occupation of others, and steps must necessarily be taken to make our holding of it effective.



From Photos. by a Naval Officer. Copyright.

THE "HANSOM" OF CHINA.

Drums and Drummers.

FROM time immemorial the drum has been *par excellence* the war tocsin of the world, whether it be the monkey-skin war-drum of the African savage or the smartly-bedizened, war-honour-decorated musical instrument whose music makes the smartest Line regiment step out with a little extra swing and vigour. Boys for the band, or "drums," are recruited from various sources, many being "sons of the regiment," and some of the best are recruited from the Duke of York's School. If they show high musical talent they may elect for a purely musical career, but a very large percentage enter the combatant ranks on reaching to "man's service." And those who do so elect make some of our best non-commissioned officers, a fact not to be wondered at considering that they have been under military discipline from their childhood; and specially, indeed, may this be said of the boys from the Duke of York's School. They are, of course, taught in their regiments, and in ordinary Line regiments learn bugle, drum, and fife.

In light infantry and rifle regiments the "fife and drum" band is, to use an Irishism, a bugle one. In Highland regiments the pipes take the place of the fifes.

Of our illustrations, three show drum instruction by the sergeant-drummer, as the "drum-major" is now officially termed. One shows the first position taken for instruction, and another the second, while the third shows how the necessary flexibility of wrist is acquired. Drummers, who, be it remembered, are also buglers, mount guard and sound calls for all the daily routine from "revally" to "lights out."

Another illustration shows that in the band-room, as even in the best regulated of families, accidents will happen, and that sheep-skin is not everlasting. The establishment of drummers, buglers, fifers, pipers, and trumpeters is, of course, for purely military work, and apart from the regular brass band. This latter is kept up by the regiment, but the bugles, trumpets, drums, and fifes are supplied at the public expense. In fact, the "band" and the "drums" are two distinct organisations.

The smart-looking "laddies" shown in our illustrations, belong to that fine old corps the Worcestershire, and the sergeant-drummer instructing—Sergeant Patrick—is the brother of the sergeant-drummer of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, whose portrait appeared in our first issue.



FIRST POSITION—ONE HAND UP.



SECOND POSITION—BOTH HANDS UP.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

WRIST PRACTICE.



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

AN UNFORTUNATE CONTRETEMPS.

Departure of the 56th Field Battery R.A. for Egypt.

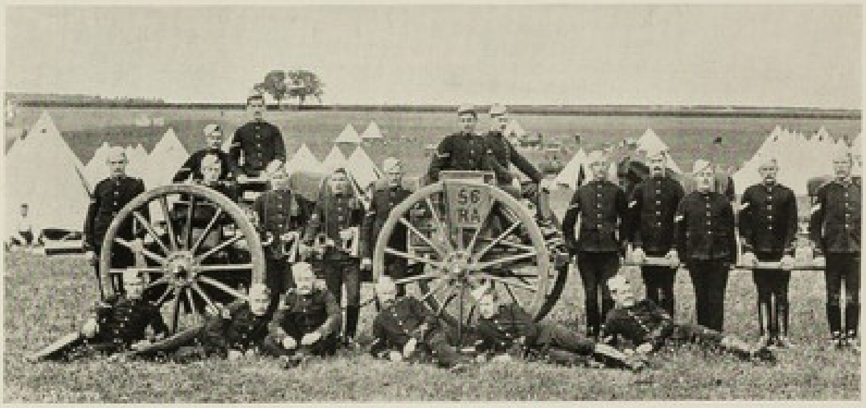
GOING out to Egypt in relief of the 32nd Field Battery Royal Artillery, which so distinguished itself at Omdurman, is the 56th Field Battery, and some interesting pictures of this smart battery we this week give our readers.

The battery has been in readiness to start on active service all this summer, and we may be sure that had it had its chance it would have well upheld the renown of the glorious corps of which it is a unit.

One of our illustrations shows a group of the officers in front of one of those bell tents so well known to all who have ever seen a military camp. In command of the battery is Major Prinsep, while under him as second in command is Captain Lennox the subalterns of the battery being Lieutenants Drake, Foster, and Deshon.

In another of our illustrations the battery is shown on a dismounted parade, with, in the background, the bell tents of their camp, and the lines where the horses are picketed. There is in no army in the world a higher standard in drill, physique, and general efficiency than that attained to by our Field Artillery, and a glance at the illustration will show that the 56th Battery is well up to the level of the standard maintained by the corps.

Another illustration shows one of the guns and limbers of the battery, with an interesting group around. This comprises the battery sergeant-major and the bombardiers of the battery, the latter corresponding to corporals in other branches of the Service.



ONE OF THE GUNS.



OFFICERS OF THE 56th BATTERY R.A.

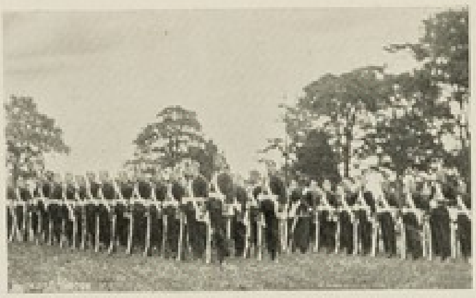


Photos. Russell & Sons.

THE BATTERY ON PARADE.

Route March of the Borderers.

THE practice of route marching through recruiting grounds seems to be growing in favour with commanding officers. That it does good service in making the regiment popular in its recruiting district is beyond doubt. It must often be the case that the route march is the only occasion when the people of a district see the regiment that is named after their locality; for although there is always the depôt, that does not represent much to the popular mind, and the public need to see a battalion marching, with its band at its head, in order to feel their local patriotism touched, and to experience a feeling of pride in their own regiment.



READY TO MARCH.



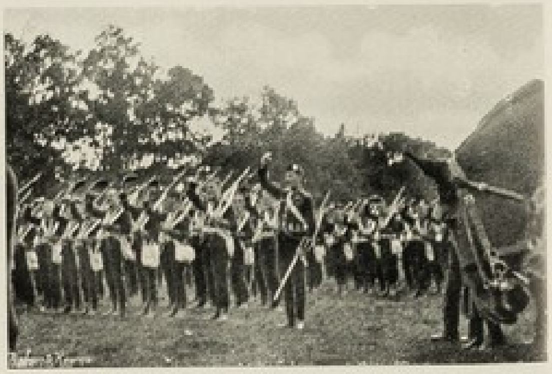
A WELCOME BY THE BERWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.



THE BAND OF THE 1st K.O.S.B.



AT FOULDEN HOUSE.



IN DORMONT PARK.

The 1st Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers has just completed a most successful route march through the Border Counties. Everywhere the regiment received the most hearty welcome, and the result as regards recruiting has been satisfactory.

The accompanying snap-shots, taken by an officer of the battalion, give some idea of the incidents of the march. In the first illustration we see the regiment formed up ready to march off after entering Berwickshire. At Founden the battalion was entertained to breakfast by Captain J. B. Wilkie, of Foulden House, and the Berwickshire Yeomanry turned out to escort the Borderers. The Yeomanry presented a smart appearance in their Dragoon uniforms. The second illustration shows Major Romanes, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, speaking to an officer of the Berwickshire Yeomanry, behind whom are some of the men.

Among other places where the battalion was entertained was Dormont Park, in Dumfriesshire. It belongs to Captain Carruthers, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and is one of the oldest and prettiest places in the county. All the tenants and labourers on the estate were invited to meet the battalion, and the whole gathering was most hospitably entertained by Captain Carruthers.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

ENTERING A DUMFRIESSHIRE VILLAGE.

One of the snap-shots shows the men in Dormont Park cheering Captain Carruthers for his kindness. By the way, what an excellent thing it is for a regiment when its officers belong to the district in which the regiment is recruited. It is good in every way both for the officers and the men, and good, too, for recruiting, the sons of the tenantry naturally finding an extra inducement to join the regiment when there is a chance of serving under the laird's son, or possibly under the laird himself.

Our last illustration shows the battalion marching into a village in Dumfriesshire. At the head, on the left, is Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Godfray, lately promoted to command the battalion, while on the right is Major R. J. Romanes.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

⁂ *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE billet of ship's barber in the Royal Navy is one that is always filled by a private of the Royal Marines selected from among the detachment serving on board, and by the Queen's Regulations the men filling the rating are allowed twopence a day, in addition to pay and other allowances, the fact of their being so employed being further officially noted in red ink under the men's names in the ship's ledger. All officers and men are allowed to wear beards and moustaches by the Queen's Regulations, but in the alternative they must be clean shaved. Moustaches are not to be worn without the beard, nor the beard without moustaches, except in the case of Marines, who, whether afloat or ashore, may wear beards and moustaches, or moustaches only, as each individual wearer may elect. *(See illustration on page 220.)*

* * * *

"A MAN OF KENT" writes that, looking through an old almanac of the middle of the last century, he finds his county then represented in the Navy List in the names of some sixteen men-of-war: "Kent," "Sandwich," "Canterbury," "Medway," "Chatham," "Deptford," "Rochester," "Dover," "Eltham," "Folkestone," "Woolwich," "Greenwich," "Deal Castle," "Maidstone," "Queenborough," and "Sheerness." He asks if any of these names exist now. Looking through the Navy List I can only find two, "Medway," borne by an old third-class flat-iron gun-boat now at Bermuda, and "Sheerness," borne by a Navy tug at that port. It certainly seems a pity that the Admiralty does not pay the attention our old-time Admiralty used to pay to keeping up such local English names for our ships of war. Almost every one of the Kentish names that my correspondent mentions has a stirring fighting story of its own. Some of the names, such as "Dover," "Maidstone," and "Deptford," date back to Blake's time, and nearly all of them also were gallantly represented in the Navy in Nelson's day. Apropos of the same subject, only last week I came across an old newspaper of March 26, 1762, describing the launch of the "Kent," seventy-four, at Deptford Dockyard. Says the account: "At her head was a large carved figure, representing a Man of Kent (in allusion to the name), dressed in the habit of our English Saxon ancestors, who so bravely opposed William Duke of Normandy."

* * * *

"PISTOL."—The questions which you ask cannot be properly answered in one note, or even in two, but they involve facts of great interest at the present time, and shall be dealt with as well as space will allow. First of all, with regard to the authorities on the use of the pistol and revolver, it is universally acknowledged that Mr. Walter Winans heads the list as the champion revolver shot of the world. He has never been approached either in this or any other country, and his feats in London and at Bisley are fresh in the memory of all who take an interest in revolver shooting. His almost miraculous performances may be illustrated by the following circumstance: He fired three consecutive shots at a target, each bullet passing through the same spot, and making only one perforation. It was at first suggested that only one bullet had been fired, as but one hole could be seen in the target. This temporary doubt in the minds of others, on a matter about which he himself was absolutely certain, induced him to design an arrangement by which all the bullets that hit the target are detained as witnesses in a further chamber.

* * * *

ONE of the recognised authorities on pistols and revolvers is Colonel Fosbery, V.C., whose lecture, delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, and printed in the *Journal* about eighteen months ago, will be found full of instruction and practical wisdom. He speaks as a man who may at any time have to take his life in his hand, relying on the weapon which he carries, and therefore he sets small store by long-range pistols of small calibre, even if they shoot straight. What the soldier requires is an effective arm at a short range—one that is capable of stopping an opponent's advance the moment he is hit. That an accurate long-range weapon fired with skill may prove no protection is shown by this quotation from Colonel Fosbery: "An officer carried a Colt's Navy pistol which fired a sharp-pointed picket bullet of sixty to the pound, and a heavy charge of powder, its range being at least 600 yds. This he proceeded to empty into the Sepoy as he advanced, but having done so, he waited just one second too long to see the effect of his shooting, and was cloven to the teeth by his antagonist, who then dropped down and died beside him."

* * * *

REPEATING pistols there are in sufficient number, and beautiful instances they are of ingenious mechanism, but the question arises whether they have the stopping power which Colonel Fosbery and the Services generally feel to be requisite. Their calibre is so small that men can walk about for days after being riddled by their projectiles. Colonel King-Harman, in his pamphlet on "Sword and Pistol," published a few years ago, says: "Had any good professional pistol-maker in England been given *carte blanche*, and told to produce the most accurate and strongest man-killing revolver in the world, he would probably have been able to do so." It is not too late to expect a development of that kind. The essential condition is that it should be immediately effective as a weapon at close quarters, and it is probable that such a one will very soon be available.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Would a captain be promoted to rear-admiral over the heads of several other captains, under any circumstances?" The Queen's Regulations are clear on the point—*e.g.*, in Article 238: "The promotions of flag-officers and captains, when vacancies take place, or when additions are made to the Flag-Officers' List, are . . . regulated by seniority. As vacancies occur on the Active List, the captain first in seniority who has served his time for his flag will be promoted, but Her Majesty's undoubted right of selection is reserved. In the event of a captain, whose seniority brings him in turn for advancement to the rank of flag-officer, preferring to continue as a captain, he may be placed on a Retired List of Captains. No captain who shall have declined service when called upon, or against whose character there may be anything affecting him as an officer and a gentleman, shall be considered eligible for advancement to the rank of flag-officer."

* * * *

"PRECEDENCE."—On April 2, 1756, the Artillery was ordered to take the right of all foot on parade, and of Dragoons when dismounted. From the time of its formation in 1793, the Royal Horse Artillery always took the right of *all* cavalry, but in July, 1869, the Household Cavalry (1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards—the Blues) were, as a Royal body guard, ordered to take the right of all troops *when the Sovereign should be present.* On all other occasions the Royal Horse Artillery continued to "precede" the Household Cavalry. However, since 1873, it has only done so when accompanied by its guns. The Royal *Marine* Artillery (originally formed in 1804) takes rank immediately after the garrison companies of the Royal Artillery.

* * * *

IN reply to "H. E.," who writes from Chelsea, it is almost unnecessary to point out that everything—davits, ventilators, rails, etc., that would in any way interfere with the arc of fire of any part of a ship's armament—is unshipped and stowed away when a ship clears for action. Those boat davits which do not interfere with the line of fire are not unshipped, but support the boats belonging to them, they being turned inboard and secured. In reply to his second query, as to why the smoke stacks of the "Nile" have been lengthened, the reason is for the purpose of improving the draught in the stokehold. I may also thank him for the kind things he says of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and can assure him that the object of all connected with it is to make each issue better than the preceding.

* * * *

SIR J. C. D. HAY, in his recently-published "Lines from my Log Book," gives a graphic account of the victualling of the Navy about 1834: "The state of provisions here" (at Ascension), he writes, "was abominable, and it was no wonder the ships' crews on the West Coast were not always healthy. The salt beef had been salted in 1809, twenty-three years before, and could only be eaten, after it was boiled, by grating up with a nutmeg grater. The pork was a little better, but the biscuit was a caution. The store-houses were dry, clean, and airy; but the biscuit, baked by a contractor at the Cape of Good Hope, had been long in store, and positively swarmed with weevils and maggots. None was to be obtained to replace it, and in order to make it eatable—I will not say palatable—the bread bags, filled with this biscuit, were dragged out into the great square. On each bag was placed a fresh caught fish. The maggots came out of the biscuit into the fish, and the fish was then thrown into the sea. A fresh fish then replaced the one thrown away, until, at last, nothing more came out of the biscuit, when it was pronounced fit for food and served out to the squadron."

* * * *

THE same book (Sir J. C. D. Hay's "Lines from my Log Book") contains what will be to many students of Naval history a novel explanation of the introduction of lime juice into the Navy. Hitherto it has been accepted as a fact that the introduction was due to the representations of Dr. Harness in 1793, and the fact is recorded in the "Nautical Chronicle" of 1816, but Sir J. Hay remarks that it originated in the benevolence of a merchant, who, witnessing the ravages of scurvy, supplied lime juice, during his lifetime, gratuitously to the Navy, and, at his death, bequeathed a sum of money to the nation to perpetuate and extend his benefaction. If this statement is correct, who was this benevolent merchant, whose memory surely deserves recording, and what has become of the "sum of money"?

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, the "Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by one Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. But on his doing so his former friend lays before him such a scheme for obtaining vengeance on the woman who has hoodwinked him, and on, also, Sir Geoffrey Barry, who has married the real heiress, as well as on the heiress herself, that he turns his whole attention to this matter alone.

CHAPTER XIII. *(continued.)*

"AY," he said to himself, as now he dressed in preparation for his day's work, "ay! I had almost forgotten. Almost! And then he must needs find his way here, as full of evil as before. And the bait took—he swallowed it greedily. Anne's sister—I—my mother—the woman I worshipped, are not enough. He is a cormorant of cruelty, and seeks still more victims. Well—there shall be more. His craft and devilish subtlety shall find another. Yet how—how—how is it to be done? I must think."

It was still early, not yet seven o'clock, but because of evil habits which he had contracted of late years, and which he could not now break off, much as he endeavoured to do so, he went to a side table where, taking up a dram bottle—a thing always to his hand now—he drank from it.

"It nerves me," he muttered; "will serve me till it kills me at the last. And it clears my mind. Others it makes drunk, but me it fortifies—at present!"

He did not drink again, however; did not pour down glass after glass—such an act as that was reserved for the nights when he stupefied himself regularly ere seeking that sleep which never came easily; instead, he put the bottle away, after standing regarding it fixedly.

"Strange," he muttered, "strange. Glastonbury is drinking himself to death at Ratisbon, they say, because he possesses Sophy, but not her love; I am drinking myself to death here because she loved me—perhaps loves me now—and I have lost her. Through him, that venomous snake; that reptile!"

Almost might an onlooker have thought, could one have been present, that the wretched, broken man had taken his dram and was indulging in such thoughts with a view to strengthening himself in some resolve which he had made. Would have thought so could he, that observer, have seen Lewis Granger go to a cupboard next, and, plunging his hand in, draw forth a sword in its scabbard. A naval sword, the handle of which he grasped, bringing out from the sheath, as he did so, but half a blade—a blade broken short off halfway down. Might have thougut so could the onlooker have seen the man turn up the scabbard now, and let the other half fall out with a clang to the floor.

"I broke it," he whispered once more, and from his eyes the tears welled forth and rolled down his cheeks, "on that night, the night after I saw its point towards me when they led me back to the main cabin of the 'Warwick' to learn my doom. That I was condemned! Broke it, as my life was broken—my future—my all. Ruined by him."

Then he replaced the two pieces of the blade in the sheath and returned the latter to the cupboard, kissing the weapon ere he did so. "I loved you so," he whispered again, his lips trembling, "hoped so much from you; that you would bring me honour, renown; make my mother proud that she had borne me, Sophy proud to be my wife. And now. Now!"

He closed the cupboard after thrusting the weapon back, and prepared to descend to his room below. Yet, by this time his mood had changed again; again he was the Lewis Granger of everyday life—sullen, evil-looking. And he wept no more. Instead, there was upon his face the sardonic expression most usual to it.

"Barry did believe yesterday—at last—not that I was innocent, but that I might by some strange chance be so. He did, he did! I saw it in his softer look, heard it in his gentler speech. And, for reward, I am about to play his fair young wife and that man's own wife into his hands. I am about to do that!"

Whereon he laughed so loud and long at this thought, that the crone preparing his breakfast below shook her head ominously, and wondered if her master was beginning a fresh day with a fresh drinking bout.

CHAPTER XIV.

BUFTON IS IMPLACABLE.

THE "Nederland," the Dutch schooner—she was a two topsail one—would have been out of the river some day or so ago; would have slipped down past Woolwich and Tilbury and the Nore on one of these dark, moonless nights, and with no more lights showing than necessary, had it not been for three facts. One was that her master was not at all sure that the infernal captain of the "Mignonne" might not see fit at any moment to slip after her and make an inspection of what she contained, if he observed the slightest sign of her departing in a more or less mysterious manner; although the aforesaid person did not think he would dare to board her while she lay in the river, and was, consequently, under the protection of the colours she flew. Another reason was that "Mr. Lewis," who was a great help to the worthy master, had requested him not to hurry his departure more than was necessary, as the former considered he might be able to provide the latter with some more suitable merchandise; while, also, there was still a third and more powerful reason behind the other two. This was that François Thurot of Boulogne, who had been a licensed corsair, but was now a naval officer of the French King, was reported to be cruising outside in the Channel, and would be as like as not to seize on any ship coming out of the Thames, no matter what flag she flew. For Thurot's system was to attack anything he observed leaving English waters, on the plea that he mistrusted all vessels found in them (or quitting them) as sailing under false colours, and if he discovered he was wrong, it was easy to allow them to proceed on their voyage. Nor, as a matter of fact, did he often find himself wrong, he being well served by his spies—especially by a despatch-boat he owned called the

"Faucon," and another called the "Homard"; nor would he have done so in this case.

For, in absolute fact (as anyone, no matter whether it were Sir Geoffrey Barry or whether François Thurot, would soon have known, had they gone on board the schooner), though she might be called the "Nederland" at the present moment and might be sailing under the Dutch flag, she was nothing of the kind, but was in absolute fact the "Amarynth" of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, and her captain an Englishman, that is to say, a colonist.

None had, however, up to now, attempted to molest him in the Thames, since all connected with the Navy were otherwise busily employed in preparing to resist the threatened attack of Conflans; and the master was now only waiting to hear from "Mr. Lewis" to depart. That is, to depart if he should also get the information that the dreaded Thurot was anywhere else than where he was at present reported to be. But whether he got it or not, he would have to go ere long. For his "merchandise" was an eating and drinking cargo, and consequently, an expensive one.

He stood on his poop on this present morning, after having seen the "Mignonne" glide down the river under a pretty full spread of canvas, and after having respectfully dipped his ensign; but now it was two hours later than that occurrence, and he was watching a shore-boat sailing out under a lugsail, and undoubtedly making for his ship. A shore-boat which he did not put himself to the trouble of hailing, or causing to be hailed, since he recognised its occupant and passenger as "Mr. Lewis."


"He recognized its occupant and passenger as Mr Lewis."

"Good morning, sir," he said, with due down East emphasis, as now the boat came alongside his schooner. "Good morning, sir. I thought I should see you again before I up'd."

"Ay," said Granger, "I thought so too. I felt sure you wouldn't have up'd and gone away without seeing me. Don't you require my services any more?"

"Oh! well—why, yes. There's more room in the hold yet, you know. All the same, sir, I've got a cargo, and I may as well be getting along with it. Come into the sayloon." Whereon he led the way to a cabin under the poop which he kept for his own private use. While, as he went, he asked, "Where is that Thurot?"

"You're safe enough from him," said Granger, "if all accounts be true. They say he is at Gottenburg victualling. Also there are too many of our ships of war about. the 'Mignonne' went out, too, this morning."

"I seen her. I'll go out also—afore she comes back. A week away, eh?"

"Indeed, it may not be so much. Barry, her captain, bade me have some more men ready for him by Sunday night, and this is Tuesday. That's not a week."

"I'll shift," said the master of the so-called "Nederland"; "I'll shift afore he comes back. I don't want him taking any of my children away from me. They're valyble."

"Do you want any more?" asked Granger, looking at the master over the glass which he now held in his hand, the Puritan colonist having produced liquid refreshment from a locker. "Could you avail yourself of two—or even one—more?"

"The trouble is a-making of 'em com-*fort*-able till I get 'em to sea. Then it is of no account. But if they aren't com-*fort*-able till we're away they might suspect. However, p'r'aps I could make shift with one or two. Don't know any, friend Lewis?"

"I might do so. Perhaps, as you say, one or two. Yet," he said after thinking a moment, "it could not be till Monday night."

"Till Monday night! Why! sir, that will never do. By then the captain will be back. And I am mortal afeard of him. If he boarded me," he said, sinking his voice to a husky whisper, "he'd find seventy on 'em below! Seventy thirties is over two thousand. Two thousand guineas' worth of stuff, male and female. A mort o' money."

"He will not board you. I know a way to prevent him. I will tell him that I can provide all he wants further and—and—well, the flag protects you. England will never quarrel with the Dutch; at this time—even now—the Government hopes they will join her against France."

"They eats a fearful deal," the Puritan said, with an eye cast down to the lower decks, "*now*. Later they won't eat so much. I must away—unless—unless I could be certain of getting something."

"You shall get something. I promise you. Only your men must fetch it. Send your quarter-boat ashore on Saturday night and, if there is nothing for her then, do so again on Sunday night; and I guarantee you something. Only, by Monday morning, by midnight of Sunday, you must be off and away."

"What will it be," the skipper asked, "a he or a she?"

"It might be either. But—this is good stuff that I shall send you. Listen. That which will come will not do so willingly; there is a family feud in this matter, such as has often been gratified before in similar ways. If it is a man, he may show fight, protest it is all a mistake, cry for help and make a disturbance; if it is a woman, she will weep and scream. Your ruf—your men must be prepared for a scuffle, as well as to silence all."

"Trust me," the skipper replied, with a loathsome wink. "If a female, we know how to stop all cries. If a man—ha!—so long as we don't kill him all is well. He will have the sea voyage to recover in. That's good for broken crowns to heal in."

"So, so. Now listen. The man you get—or both, if I can send two, but at least one—must be sold so that he finds no chance of ever returning to England. His family hate him; he is—well! no matter. What can you do?"

"I can go bail he never gets back. Only—only—thus! he will not be worth much to me. How can I pay you for what is no good, or very little?"

"The family pays me. I shall not want the 'usual' from you. And—if—when next you revisit us you can tell me that his relations are never likely to be troubled with him again, why—then—there will be something for you."

The New Englander thrust out a brawny, freckled and sunburnt hand, and seized that of Granger, then he said:

"So be it. The family of this—this—'tis I suppose some flyblow—may be at ease. And—as you may send more than one—I will be very sure to treat all alike. I shall put into Charleston for the sale of some goods I have, and your men, or man, or woman, too, shall be sold to a buyer from the French States. He will not let him, or them, ever return to England. All, or one. Is that it?"

"Ay, all or one," Granger said; "do that, and there will be no confusion." Though to himself he added, "There can be no confusion. There is no 'all.'"

"And the place?" the skipper said; "the place is—where? The same as before. In the Marshes, eh?"

"In the Marshes; that is it. Plaistow Level is best, this side of the creek. 'Tis bare and desolate even by day; at night not even a solitary gunner seeking for snipe is about. And—and—along the road that follows the river bank the stuff will come. Be ready with your boat and men on the night I warn you of. Thus you shall snare your bird."

"You will warn me, and it will most like be Sunday?"

"It will most like be Sunday. The hour you shall know. Also, how to distinguish your prize. And then you will away to Charleston. Be ready to sail at once with the cattle who are for the French colonies."

"Fear me not. I will be ready. Ere Monday morning comes we shall be out of the river."

They shook hands on this, the skipper filling the glasses once more, and so they parted, Granger dropping into the boat and being rowed ashore, after having again promised to warn his confederate of the certain hour and day when his new victim might be expected.

"And," he repeated in a whisper, so that none of the crew who stood near should hear, "remember, this is a prize. You pay nothing for it; and if, when you return, you can give me good news for the family, you will have—well, I dare to say fifty—a hundred guineas. Is't enough?"

"It is enough. I shall not fail."

In less than an hour Granger was once more back in his office attending to his master's business, checking accounts brought in to him by dealers and ships' furnishers; paying money and receiving it. But ever and again his eyes glanced at the clock which hung above the fire-place, while he muttered to himself, "He should be awake by now."

Bufton had been accommodated with a bed that night by his "friend," there being a spare room in the house, and now, since it was eleven o'clock, the latter went up to arouse him. He found him, however, leaving the apartment at that moment; and, after some banter as to the late hours he kept, escorted him to the parlour, where he took his meals and sat when not occupied in his office.

"Well!" he said, when some breakfast had been put before his guest. "Well! I have been about your business to-day—your great revenge; and—and all is arranged. Only I have one fear—that you will repent; that your heart will turn to kindness."

"Will it, think you?" said Bufton, with a cruel sneer. "Will it! Never fear. Yet tell me, what is it that is to be done?"

"They are to be inveigled, those two helpless women—they are very helpless, remember!—in some way to Plaistow Level. How that is to be done, you—we—must think over; then, once there, they will be seized upon by a boat's crew from the 'Nederland,' and carried on board. Being in the ship—well! you know the rest."

"But when? When, man? That cannot be done in a moment. We must have time wherein to inveigle them. When is it to be?"

"I have thought of that. Of how to give you time. Only, it must be done before the husband returns, and that is on Wednesday." (Surely Granger's memory was failing him!) "On Wednesday—to-morrow week. What say you, therefore, to Sunday night? By then, surely some scheme can be contrived to lure those two helpless women to their doom."

"Contrive! Contrive! Faith! my mind is not quite so quick as it was. Contrive! But how?"

"It may be done, perhaps. Yet, Bufton, think of what you condemn them to. Think, I say. To what is slavery, though not called by that name—to misery, despair. And both are young and both are fair. If they fall into the hands of unscrupulous planters, or the French colonists in the South, in Louisiana, then—then!—and one is your wife, Bufton, while the other is an innocent, gentle woman, though your enemy's wife. Think on it."

If Lewis Granger was, indeed, trying to arouse some sentiment of humanity in Bufton's heart, he had taken the very worst way to do it; while, if he was but working on one of the worst sides of the man's nature—if, in truth, he was laying a spark to a train of fire already smouldering—he had taken the surest way. For, now, with his most evil look upon his face, and with the sneer so hateful and obnoxious to Granger, he looked up and said:

"What in the devil's name care I what befalls them? Anne Pottle was merciless to me; let her die in the colonies, or go to the first Southern planter's arms that open to her. Either way it quits me of her. While for that other—that white-faced wife of the insolent sailor—well! he will have missed his heiress as much as I have done. And," he continued, chuckling, "if both of us lose our wives, may be we can find others."

"You are implacable."

"I am implacable. Curse them all, have they not ruined me between them!"

"With Anne I could, perhaps, understand your desire; but with the other—she has not wronged you. And—you have a sword—there is another revenge open to you."

"Help me, or don't help me," Bufton cried, rapping his fist upon the table; "but curse your infernal preaching! Only, if you refuse, never now shall you have one farthing of that money at my mother's death. Never; never."

"I will help you once again. But this is for the last time. I have helped you too often—have ruined myself for you once. It is for the last time."

"Ay! for the last time. I swear it."

"So," said Granger inwardly to himself "do I. For the last time."

After which they put their heads together as to how Ariadne and Anne were to be entrapped to Plaistow Marshes, and to the spot where the boat would be waiting to convey them to the schooner, and afterwards to slavery, or disgrace, or death.

CHAPTER XV.

Plot and Counterplot.

"A letter is the way," Granger said, as they continued their discourse; "a little letter. Only, who is to write it? Your Anne—your wife," he added, observing Bufton wince, "knows your handwriting. You used to pen some charming *billets-doux* to 'A. T.,' you remember. Unfortunately it was the wrong 'A. T.' But, then, we did not know that."

As he spoke, his eyes, which now missed nothing, saw Bufton's hands close on the knife and fork which were in each, as though he would commit murder with them—on one person, at least!—and he knew that the poison of madness which he was distilling was sinking into the rogue's soul. Sinking in, and doing its work!

"And," he continued, "although neither of our 'A.'s'—neither the true heiress, whom Barry has gotten; nor the false, whom you possess—know my handwriting, Barry himself does so, and he might find the precious thing when the women are gone. Yet, somehow, a letter—a lure—must be written."

"But how? How? Who is to write it, then?" and Bufton's voice seemed hoarse, raucous with emotion, as he spoke. "You have a clerk. Is he——"

"Bah! And let him know our secret! To sell it to Barry, and—and—land us at Execution Dock! No, let me think." Whereon he thought, or appeared to think, and to be sunken in meditation. Yet, if he were only now working out a further strain of his revenge it was somewhat remarkable! Then, presently, he spoke again:

"There is," he said, "hard by here a man who keeps a small shop and sells necessaries to the sailors. Also, because they are ignorant creatures—not one in fifty can read or write—he indites letters for them to their wives and mothers ere they sail; sends their fond love to their Mollys and Pollys. Since he knows me, I scarce can ask him to——"

"Write a letter for you," Bufton interrupted. "And can I, with a coat like this?" and he touched his sleeve. "With my appearance? He would suspect."

"I will prevent him from suspecting," Granger replied, his eyes upon the other. "You have finished your breakfast, I see. Therefore a little walk will refresh you. You shall go and ask him to write you a letter." Saying which, Granger rose from the table, and, going to a sea-chest in the corner of the room, took out a large roll of linen for bandages, such as he sold amongst other things to skippers of ships and surgeons' mates. This he twisted into the usual shape of a sling for a wounded arm and bade Bufton bend his elbow, while the latter muttered "I do not understand this tom-foolery."

"You will," said Granger, and, as he spoke, he enveloped the other's right hand in a swathing of the stuff.

"Now," he said, with an easily-assumed smile, "away with you. The fellow's name is Gibbs, the place he lives in is Orange Row. And you are a gentleman who has arrived from Harwich, whose arm is injured. You have a sprained wrist—a whitlow on your thumb—anything will do. And you must have a letter written at once, since you cannot write it yourself. At once. You understand."

"My God, Granger!" the other exclaimed, "you are too clever." And there was such a look in the man's face as he spoke—a look almost of consternation at the other's scheming mind—that Granger began to fear Bufton would become alarmed at his astuteness, especially as the latter added, "What trick can you not devise?"

"Nay. Nay," cried Granger, with heartiness, "'tis for a friend, an injured friend—misjudge me not. Also, remember—the money that is to be repaid me at your mother's death. I work for that—friendship apart. Now be off to Gibbs."

"But what to say? What to have written?"

"Ha! I protest, almost had I forgotten. I am but a sorry schemer after all. Let me think." And again he pretended to be immersed in thought.

"Say," he went on a moment or so later, "say—only mention no names—not one—my clerk shall address the letter; say that—that the captain's ship is aground near Ham Creek. That, too, he is injured sorely—an arm broken—a fracture—therefore that he cannot come nor write, but wishes—to—see—his wife. Tell her the road is through Plaistow Marshes; that if she follows it—the road that runs by the river bank—'twill bring her to where the ship is aground. That will be sufficient. She will take Anne with her for a surety; thus we nab both."

(To be continued.)

The Volunteer Medical Staff Corps.

IN the recent campaign which the military genius of Lord Kitchener and the splendid valour of the troops under his leadership brought to such a phenomenally successful issue as to win the warmest encomiums from the highest authorities in Europe -a campaign as remarkable alike for its conception and execution as to fully warrant its description by our neighbours across the Channel as a mathematical problem —nothing, perhaps, calls for greater praise than the admirable arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded.

It is safe to say that in no previous campaign, either of this or any other country, have the medical arrangements been so perfect.

That the medical staff of the Army have always been noted for their devotion to duty and self-abnegation is a truism; but individual self-sacrifice, however praiseworthy, counts for little in a campaign without perfect training and organisation.



SOME CHIEFS OF THE VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.
SURGEON-LT.-COL. J. E. SQUIRE, SURGEON-GEN. T. F. O'DWYER, CAPT. G. T. RAWNSLEY.



A BATTALION OF THE VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS ON PARADE.

Up till the year 1884 the only recognised military organisation for the relief of the wounded in war was the regular Medical Staff Corps, or, as it was then called, Army Hospital Corps. In that year volunteer companies of the corps were formed among the students of several of the London hospitals, the movement owing its inception chiefly to Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Squire, the officer shown on the left of the first picture, and who now commands the battalion of Volunteer Medical Staff Corps in London. The officer on the right, as the illustration is looked at, is Captain G. T. Rawnsley, R.A.M.C., the popular adjutant of the London companies, while in the centre is seen Surgeon-General O'Dwyer, the principal medical officer of the Aldershot Division.

The whole of the pictures represent scenes in our great camp, where the companies assemble for practical training in field work every year. What may be described as the elementary part of this training is shown in the picture where six squads are being exercised in stretcher drill by an officer.

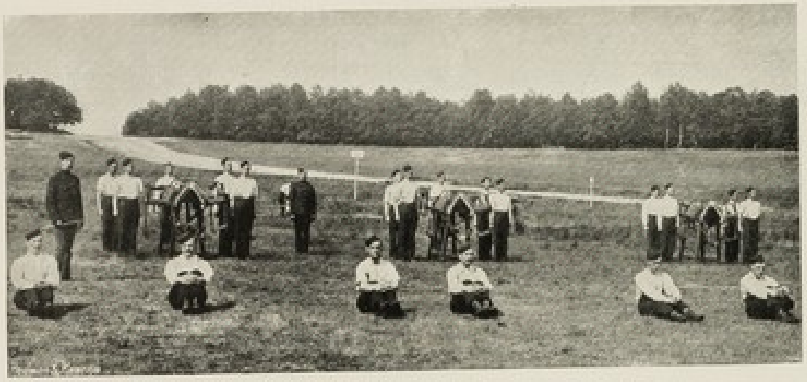
The greatest pains are taken at this stage to habituate the bearers to the careful handling of the wounded, the stretchers being lifted and carried without the slightest jolt or swing. After the battle of Omdurman the wounded were carried in this manner from the battle-field to the river steamer on the Nile, a distance of something like a mile and a-half. Another picture shows a party being instructed in waggon drill. When the nature of the country admits of their use, ambulance waggons are used to carry the wounded from the "collecting station" to the nearest field hospital. The collecting station is placed as near as possible to the fighting line, from whence the stretcher parties carry the wounded to the waggons.

Each waggon carries two patients



Photos. Gregory. Copyright.

THE CACOLET IN USE.



CACOLET DRILL, VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.



EXERCISE IN STRETCHER DRILL.



HAND-SEAT DRILL, VOLUNTEER MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.



Photos Gregory. *INSTRUCTION IN WAGGON DRILL.* Copyright.

in a recumbent position and four sitting up. The illustration shows the men in the act of "loading." The stretcher, which is provided with wooden rollers, fits accurately on the floor of the waggon, so that from the moment that the man is first placed on it there is no need to move him until he arrives at the field hospital.

It is, however, comparatively seldom that the use of the ambulance waggon is practicable in British operations, as in the absence of good roads it is worse than useless.

An admirable substitute is found in the cacolet, or chair, and pack-saddle. This is specially intended for use with mules in mountain warfare, though by no means confined thereto. During the recent campaign cacolets were used with pack-camels with excellent results. Indeed, in countries suited to these animals they are infinitely superior to mules for this purpose. In hilly, broken country the mule is almost indispensable. One of our illustrations very clearly shows the method of adjusting the pack-saddle and cacolets. It will be observed that wooden trestles are being used to represent the live animals, a very necessary precaution in the earlier phases of the drill, for, as many people have found to their discomfiture, a mule is occasionally an awkward gentleman to deal with.

There was a particularly trying one at Aldershot some years ago. He would stand as quiet as a lamb, his eyes blinking sleepily till he had betrayed the most timid recruit into believing that the tales told of his trickery were base calumnies. He would allow the saddle to be adjusted, the cacolets to be lifted on to the hooks, and the men representing wounded to be lifted to their seats; then he would look round inquisitively, and finding everything to his satisfaction, would suddenly arch his back, his heels would fly out, and in an instant the two unfortunate "patients" would find themselves on the ground making strenuous attempts to disentangle themselves from the discarded pack-harness.

The cacolet is an iron framework shaped like a chair, with a wooden seat and foot-rest, and is carried one on each side of the animal, the patient being strapped in. This will be clearly understood from another picture in which the two men are shown seated in the cacolets, which in this case are carried by what appears to be a very steady old "trooper."

In India the method adopted for the transportation of sick and wounded is the "dhoolie," a sort of box stretcher, with a canvas cover or hood. The dhoolie is carried by native bearers or kahars, four men being allowed for each dhoolie. This was the method adopted at Dargai. Where there are good roads, "tongas," or bullock carts, are brought into service. In our illustration the men are practising hand-seat drill for use when stretchers are not available.

One more picture shows the London companies of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps on parade as a battalion. In addition to the five companies located in London, there are four companies in Scotland, two in Manchester, and one each in Woolwich, Maidstone, and Leeds; and as many of the members belong to the medical profession, and all are men of superior education and intelligence, their use to the country can hardly be over-estimated.

The Royal Irish Regiment.



COLONEL AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 5th BATTALIONS ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.

THE accompanying illustrations of officers and non-commissioned officers of four battalions of the Royal Irish Regiment must be almost unique, for it is very seldom that four battalions of a regiment can be brought together. The 1st Battalion, which returned home in 1885, is stationed at Limerick. It is commanded by Colonel J. H. A. Spyer. The 2nd Battalion, which was formed in 1858, is now in India, and took part, it will be remembered, in the recent Frontier Campaign. The campaign was made the more memorable for the Royal Irish by the fact that the regiment towards the close of the campaign lost its colonel, Sir Henry Havelock Allan, V.C., who was murdered by the tribesmen in the Khyber Pass. The depôt of the regiment is at Clonmel, and the officer in command there is Colonel W. W. Lawrence. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th Battalions, which are commanded respectively by Colonel M. G. Lloyd, C.B., Colonel F. Trant, and Colonel R. C. Knox, are Militia Battalions, the 3rd being the Wexford, the 4th the North Tipperary, and the 5th the Kilkenny. The last time the 1st Battalion was in action was in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, when its services in the boats on the Nile, and the splendid marching and fighting qualities displayed by it in the desert, won high praise. Previously to that campaign it was employed in the Khyber line during the Afghan Campaigns of 1879-80, and was also engaged in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, including the affairs at Kassassin and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The ribbons worn by several of the officers and non-commissioned officers indicate that they have won the medals awarded for these three campaigns. On the field-service caps is the regimental badge, the Harp and Crown with shamrock wreath. The motto of the regiment, "Virtutis Namurcensis Præmium," explains how this badge was won.



Photos. J. Thomson.

OFFICERS 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 5th BATTALIONS ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.

Revisiting Old Battle-fields—Lewes and Evesham.

"SLEEPY" is the word so o ten and so contemptuously applied to our old country towns. They have been left out of the hurry and bustle of modern days, and show little of the life and energy which is expected of every place and every person in this nineteenth century. So they suffer our disdain when may be they deserve our envy.

Lewes is one of these quiet little places which lets year by year go by with few events of importance to mark their flitting. But it can now afford to rest, its past history being of sufficient interest and importance to be contemplated with satisfaction and pride.



Photo. Bliss. *MOUNT HARRY, NEAR LEWES, FROM THE EAST.* Copyright.
Looking across the Valley of the Ouse.

The event with which it is connected in the mind of every student of history, from the veriest child upwards, is the great battle called after its name. Mount Harry and the Priory of St. Pancras, whose photographs are reproduced here, are both intimately connected with that event in the civil war between Henry III. and his barons. Up till now tradition has held its own, and the inhabitants of the town, listening, have believed that on Mount Harry itself the battle was fought; but the modern critical spirit has raised doubts about this, and places the site of the conflict on the eastern extremity of the ridge, almost two miles distant from Mount Harry.



Photo. Wilson *EVESHAM.* Copyright.

That the Priory of St. Pancras gave shelter to the King and many of his followers in their flight, is, however, a matter of history, so in studying the scene of the battle we can still confidently include the ruins of this once grand old place. The King himself was in Lewes, whilst Simon de Montfort awaited the attack with his men arrayed in three divisions on a hill two miles above the town on the north-west. From there a ridge runs southward to the plain two miles west of Lewes. South of this again the ground rises to a hill on which stand Kingstowne Mills, east of which there is a hollow from which the ground slopes again, the east side leading to the castle. The battle was opened by a furious attack on the left led by Prince Edward, who rashly pursued the flying foe for a distance of four miles. He returned to find the King's own division completely routed, the Royal left wing put to flight, and the whole battle utterly and hopelessly lost. This battle left Montfort master of England, but it was only for a short time; for on August 4, 1265, he was killed and his followers defeated at the battle of Evesham.

Above the town of Evesham lies the Green Hill, across which runs the direct road to Worcester. By this road Edward sent Gloucester in pursuit of Leicester, whilst he himself marched North, and then turning, reached the ford at Prior's Cleeve, some miles above Evesham, where Montfort had halted.

Leicester soon realised his danger. So ordering his men to advance—the King a prisoner in their midst—he marched towards the hill, which the Prince descended to meet him. Gloucester coming up shortly after, there ensued a terrible struggle, the hottest part of the fray taking place at a spot known as the "Dead Men's Eyot" to this day. The battle raged furiously until Simon was felled to the ground and literally hacked to pieces on his stubbornly refusing quarter. A pool called Battlewell marks the spot where the Earl is supposed to have fallen.



Photo. Bliss. *LEWES PRIORY RUINS, WITH CASTLE IN BACKGROUND.* Copyright.

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Photo. Lambert, Weston & Son. Copyright.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER,

COMMANDING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Regimental Colours and Plate.

IN the esteem of all officers their regimental colours and plate take a high place. To the former in most cases attaches a value based not on their market price, nor on the original cost of the silk and tinsel. No, these are but small items compared with the sentiment surrounding these "flags," as the civilian is apt to style them. They may never have borne the brunt of battle. It may be that they are unscathed by the fire of the enemy; but are they not the



Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.—H. & K.

COLOURS AND PLATE OF 2nd BATTALION WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

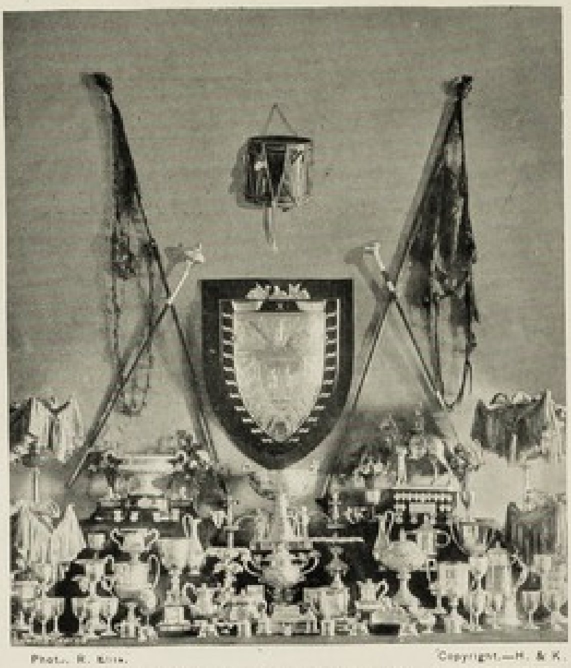


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.—H. & K.

COLOURS AND PLATE OF 1st BATTALION LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT.

successors of others that have waved victorious on many a field before being laid to rest, with honour, in the aisle of a cathedral or church?

Blood-stained they may not be, but on them are recorded the names of battles in which the regiment has taken part. It was found that the custom of carrying colours in war led to unnecessary bloodshed, and for that reason they have long since ceased to grace the battle-field. Still, however, they are treated with the highest honour, and are ceremoniously saluted by Tommy, as Jack salutes the quarter-deck. New colours are issued from time to time to replace those that have become worn, but so proud are most regiments of their old banners riddled with shot, that in many cases the new comers have been kept in store for thirty years, until little has been left but the bare poles.

Each battalion of infantry has a "Queen's" and "regimental" colour. These are usually carried by the two junior officers on parade. When new colours are about to be taken into use, it is customary for some lady (often a member of the Royal Family) to present them. The presentation is an interesting ceremony, including as it does the consecration of the new colours by the officiating chaplain. The most impressive part of the ceremony is, perhaps, the marching away of the old colours to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." More solemn must it have been fifty years ago, when, in the minds of the older soldiers at least, there must have sprung up a score of tender memories—of "old acquaintances" never to be forgotten.

Colours in use are usually kept cased in the officers' mess-room, only to be unfurled on "high days and holidays." Old colours, on the other hand, are for the most part placed in some church, but sometimes they are retained at headquarters for many years after they have ceased to be used. For instance, two pairs are shown in the illustration of the colours and plate of the Somersetshire Light Infantry.



Photo. Wyrall & Son. *PLATE OF 3rd HUSSARS.* Copyright.



Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

COLOURS OF 2nd BATTALION ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

In every mess is to be found a collection of plate. This, too, is displayed on great occasions, though certain pieces are continually in use. In the same way as do the colours, a jug or cup may recall past events or faces of those long since departed.

Each regiment or battalion has, of course, its shield or trophy for shooting, competed for yearly by the various units. There are jugs, cups, and centre-pieces, all bearing inscriptions and presented by officers on joining, on promotion, or on leaving the Service. The centre-pieces often take an allegorical form, perhaps depicting a soldier of the regiment when it was raised, and another of more modern date. With these are generally intermingled the regimental badges and battle honours. If the regiment is known as a "sporting" one, appropriate trophies are found representing polo and racing, and occasionally one sees a piece of valuable spoil taken from the enemy, such as a sword or gorget. No wonder then that regiments are proud of their valuable plate—always the accumulation of years, and often valued at several thousand pounds. When not in use the plate is carefully stored in a strong box and placed in the silver room, as it is called. For additional safety a man of exemplary character is "told off" to clean the plate, who sleeps in the room where the treasure is kept.



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.—Hudson & Kearns.

COLOURS AND PLATE OF 2nd BATTALION SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Some Prizes and Prize Winners.

IT cannot be doubted that among all lovers of sport none are keener than soldiers. It is not only with the rifle and sword that they excel.

All arms of the Service are equally renowned for their powers in the domain of field sports. Nor are the volunteers far behind their regular comrades. One of the accompanying illustrations represents the officers and men of No. 1 Company of the 2nd Devonshire Volunteer Artillery, a corps of the auxiliary forces well skilled in gunnery.

The team here represented was this year successful in winning the Devon County Cup for shooting with 64-pounders. The competition is open to both artillery corps in Devonshire, and the cup is presented by Sir William Pearce, Bart., M.P. for Plymouth. A second picture represents the non-commissioned officers of all three regiments of Household Cavalry, with the cup presented by their officers to be shot for annually.

The competition this year took place recently at Runemede Rifle Ranges, and resulted in a victory for the "Blues." Since the first competition in 1887 the 1st Life Guards have secured the cup no fewer than eight times, the 2nd Life Guards thrice, and the Blues once.

The game of polo has of recent years become most popular with British officers both at home and abroad. Few infantry battalions, however, when stationed in the British Isles, can, for reasons not altogether unconnected with finance, indulge in this most exciting game.

Most cavalry regiments at home have their teams, but it must not be forgotten that the officers of such corps are usually more blessed with this world's goods than are their brethren of the infantry. Yet the latter arm is not wanting in sporting instincts.

When quartered in India officers are not slow to join in sports which at home are not within their reach, and in many parts of India we find polo challenge cups competed for by the unmounted branches of the Service only.

Such is the Infantry Polo Association Challenge Cup of the Madras Presidency. The competition for this cup is one of the most important in all India, and the prize is a handsome one, as reference to our illustration will show. It was competed for last month, and was won by the West Riding Regiment. It is made of solid silver, standing $18\frac{3}{4}$-in. high from the base to the top of its handles. In diameter it is $9\frac{1}{2}$-in. The body of the cup bears a representation of a game of polo, in which one of the players is portrayed endeavouring to save a goal. The lower portion of the cup is handsomely embossed with a mixture of fluted and floral work; the base and handles are also ornamented.

It stands on a plinth, furnished with ten silver shields, on which are to be inscribed the names of the winning teams each year.

The cup forms an elegant addition to the plate in possession of the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, the officers of which are versed in every species of sport. As is usual in the case of "sporting" regiments, the winners of the cup are also thorough soldiers.



Photo. Barten, Son, & Co. Copyright.

INFANTRY POLO ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

THE WINNERS OF THE DEVON COUNTY BIG GUN COMPETITION.



Photo. Hafferty. Copyright.

A GROUP OF THE N.C.O.'s OF THE 1st and 2nd LIFE GUARDS AND ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE).



THE *Revue du Cercle Militaire* has taken the opportunity to preach a little sermon to its countrymen, taking for its text the capture of the Samory, and the road-making work which is being done in Madagascar by the troops under the orders of General Galliéni. It addresses itself "to certain among us who represent us (of the Army to wit) as the laggards of barbarism in the bosom of civilisation." The *Revue* might have gone far on that subject. When in one great military Power we hear generals declaring that military and civil justice are two different things, and that the first must not be tied down to strict rules of evidence; when in another great military Power we hear that an officer who has committed a most brutal murder (and that, be it observed, for the second time) has been punished only by dismissal and three years' imprisonment, it would appear that a good deal of barbarism does lay in the bosom of civilisation, as our French contemporary puts it, in its figurative way. The *Revue* does not touch upon these aspects of the question, for reasons which the reader can easily supply for himself. It keeps to less argumentative points, such as that the world is all the better for being well rid of the Samory, and that roads in Madagascar, where none existed before, make a change for the better. Few will dispute these sound propositions. Life will be more endurable in West Africa in future, and as for the traveller in Madagascar—

> "If he had seen these roads before they were made,
> He would have lifted up his hands and blessed General Galliéni."

But it might have gone a little further, and even, so one thinks, have ended with a practical suggestion.

* * * *

European nations owe West Africa the suppression or Samory and other beneficent measures of the same kind. It is a fact nowise to our honour that we have among us done very much to make him possible. That region of the world would hardly have produced any civilisation for itself, but what poor chance it ever had was totally ruined for it by the European slave-hunters. First came the Portuguese, who kidnapped for themselves, and encouraged native adventurers to do so by buying their captives of them. Then we came, in the person of John Hawkins of Plymouth, and robbed the Portuguese, and paid the native slave-hunters on our account. The Dutch followed, and did just the same. French and Danes turned up in the course of time, and were not a whit better. Among us we wrecked whatever approach to an organisation of the State or colourable imitation of law and order the miserable blacks had. The least we can do now is to make amends for the hideous wrong we inflicted. Samory is probably not intimately acquainted with history, but if he knows anything about it, he might give a pretty effective answer to lectures on the iniquity of slave-hunting from people who only gave up the practice themselves, as it were, the day before yesterday. The use which General Galliéni makes of his soldiers—to make, or at any rate to protect the making of, roads—is most commendable. But could he not induce some of his men to settle there? The French, it is true, do not take kindly to colonisation. Still, as their Army is largely drawn from the peasant class, and composed of men who have no land at home, it ought not to be impossible to persuade a certain proportion of them to settle down if they were offered grants of land on fair conditions. Care would have to be taken to supply them with French wives, and to keep them from sinking into the native population, as so many of the first settlers in Canada did. We do not hear that any effort of the kind is being made, or is likely to be made. Madagascar will in all probability repeat the history of other French colonies. It will be a place to which officials come because they must, and where they stay no longer than they can help.

* * * *

It must be acknowledged, not without a certain sense of shame, that some of our neighbours show more disposition to study their Naval history than we do. At any rate, they publish finer books, whether or no they read them when published. Even poor bankrupt Spain, which makes such a very poor use of its Fleet, and has always been so unsuccessful at sea, can find money in its Treasury to pay the expenses of printing Captain Cesareo Duro's history of the "Spanish Fleet," which has now reached its fourth volume, and is really a good book. But the Dutch have lately published a most noble tome, the Log of Tasman, the famous explorer. This is one of the most imposing volumes I have seen for a long time. It gives a fac-simile of the text of the Log, followed by a reprint and an English translation. It is in folio, and on beautiful paper. Of course this is "an edition of looks," and not the kind of book one expects to see often. Besides, the kind of material required to make it does not exist in unlimited quantities. But then we do as good as nothing in a public way. Whatever is done is the work of the Navy Record Society, which is a private company, and has to contend with the difficulties which hamper all bodies of the kind. If the State did nothing in the way of publishing historical records, there would be nothing to be surprised at in this neglect of the Navy, but it spends a great deal on State Papers, Chronicles, etc. It will find money for anything except, apparently, that which illustrates the Naval history of England. That it will not publish at all, or only when it is mixed with, not to say smothered in, other matter.

* * * *

Our French friends keep pegging away at their privateering and their *guerre de course*. The other day some anonymous admiral wrote in the *Figaro* more than a column and a-half of platitude, followed by a paragraph to the effect that France must prepare to fight England by capturing the ships which import food. The admiral does not say what is to be done when the ships belong to a neutral Power. He probably believes that France has only to declare bread-stuffs to be contraband of war, and that neutral Powers will accept her ruling. The answer of America and Germany would soon disabuse her of that delusion. The United States threatened to go to war with us on that very quarrel more than a hundred years ago, when they were a small Power. It does not seem highly probable that they would allow their trade to be interfered with now when they are very strong. But apart from that, do any of these French writers remember what has happened in the past? In the war of the Austrian Succession, the number of merchant ships captured from us by the Spaniards and French was about equal to the total of our captures from them. This is as favourable an example as could well be chosen for them. Our Navy was then, all things considered, at about its poorest. It was the Navy of Mathews and Lestock, of Peyton and Cornelius Mitchell. Moreover, it was directed from headquarters with a plentiful lack of common-sense and honesty. Further, at that period English under-writers were allowed to insure foreign ships against loss by capture, so that we paid for what we took, as well as lost by what was taken from us.

* * * *

These things being thus, it would seem that the Austrian Succession War was a very costly business for England. So it was, but it was more costly to France and Spain, because the number of their vessels taken bore a greater proportion to their total shipping. We ended the war, doubtfully successful as it was, as we began it—that is to say, as the greatest trading nation in the world. Does any sane French officer suppose his country's Navy could do more now? One would like to see a well-thought-out calculation of what a French cruiser, looking for English grain and meat carrying ships in the North Atlantic, and bound as she would be to economise her coal rigidly, could do in the way of chasing. Of course, they could do a great deal of damage; but could they starve us out? That is the question. They may also as well ask themselves how the case would stand between us, considering that the damage they did us would be set off to their hurt by the total stoppage of their oversea trade. Of course, if they can do nothing else, they must fall back on this war of pirates, useless for good as it has been proved to be by fifty experiments. But if this is so, they will perhaps do well to abstain from "a policy of pin pricks," and not get into a war with us at all. It rests entirely with them to keep out of one.

* * * *

There seems to be a good prospect that the chief difficulty in the way of using oil in the furnaces of our war-ships will be removed. Whether it is better to use oil than coal is a question on which I advance no personal opinion, but rely on those who understand it, with the desire to be instructed. But supposing that the liquid is superior to the solid fuel, there has always been one strong reason against employing it in the British Navy, which was that we produced none ourselves. If we took to it while no mines were known to exist in Great Britain or her colonies, we should have put ourselves at once into the position of those countries which possess no coal mines, or only mines of an inferior quality, and were therefore dependent on foreign markets. Russia and the United States had liquid fuel in abundance, but it could hardly be the wish of Great Britain to make herself dependent on them. Within the last few months, however, it has been discovered that our oldest colony, Newfoundland, is able to supply the want. Large deposits have been found in the western parts of the island. As yet six wells only have been sunk in the oil region, but the supply is reported by experts to be abundant, and the quality good. Well, this is very good news in any case for Newfoundland, whether the British Navy takes to using petroleum or not. It is an excellent thing to have for sale, and Newfoundland has been sadly in need of some stroke of good fortune for many years past. The French shore alone is a pest from which she has suffered grievously.

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Of course the question whether oil ought to be adopted in the Navy is another matter. We do not hear as yet that the countries which possess it have rejected coal. Then one does not quite see that a single oil region in Newfoundland would be enough. Even supposing it to be very rich, it might not be able to meet all the demands of the Navy, and of commerce. The expense, too, of providing store-houses for the new fuel all over the world has to be considered. It would certainly be very great, and the advantages of giving up coal for oil must be shown to be immense before we could incur such a burden. Finally, there is this to be taken into account, that the change would make the Empire dependent on Newfoundland, which, with all due appreciation of the loyalty of our oldest colony, is not a step to be taken except upon mature consideration. So while congratulating Newfoundland most sincerely on having discovered a new source of wealth, we still do not think that the substitution of oil for coal as the fuel of our war-ships is a step likely to be taken at an early date.

DAVID HANNAY.

In the Days of Duelling.

By T. T.

TO the subjects of Queen Victoria it is, happily, a lost art; but sixty-five years since duelling was sufficiently in vogue to induce an anonymous writer to publish a book "containing much useful information," ironically dedicated to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., and James Silk Buckingham, Esq., M.P., as "entertaining the opinion first promulgated by the immortal Falstaff, of happy memory, that discretion is the better part of valour."

The author advises "all my countrymen who go abroad to use the pistol instead of the sword when they have the choice of the weapon, as the balance of killed and wounded is now much in favour of the French, who, upon the termination of the late war, amused themselves by occasionally spitting some half-dozen of our travelling young fashionables before breakfast." He recommends "Purdey, in Oxford Street, as the maker of the best duelling pistol-locks," care in the selection of a stock which fits the hand comfortably, and to eschew "saw-handles." Barrels should be 10-in. long, and half-rifled, which, considering that throughout his volume he poses as a man of the strictest honour, is puzzling; for he admits that a wholly rifled pistol is considered an unfair weapon, therefore one not appearing to be rifled should be substituted. On "The Chances" he writes: "Many a poor, long-armed, straggling fellow has received the *coup di (sic) cœur* (or fatal stroke) who might still have been in existence had he known how to protect his person in the field," the necessary protection consisting in standing sideways and drawing in the stomach. "Should the party be hit," presumably because he could not draw in his stomach, "he must not feel alarmed." This seems difficult, as a man with a bullet in his stomach can hardly be expected not to display some little natural anxiety, for, as is admitted later, "a shot in the digestive organs must be particularly annoying to a *bon vivant*." To aldermen his advice is "the old method of fighting—the back to the adversary, and discharging over the shoulder." "The chances of a man's being killed are about fourteen to one; and of his being hit, about six to one." He arrives at this conclusion by dividing a man's body, when opposed to his adversary, into nine parts. Therefore he says: "As in only three of these a wound would prove mortal, the chances are three to one against his being killed, and five to one against his being hit; that is, however," he hastens to add, "provided his antagonist has never read my work; if he has, the case may be different"!

The combatant is told "not to allow the idea of becoming a target to make him uneasy, but to treat the matter jocosely." He is to laugh away the evening over a bottle of port, and play a rubber of whist, but he must avoid drinking to excess, or taking "any food that tends to create bile," because "bilious objects are not seen either distinctly or correctly." This would rather be a valid reason for getting as bilious as possible; a man with an attack of jaundice should be invisible, and able to blaze at his antagonist in perfect safety. If he cannot sleep on retiring to rest, he is to read Byron's "Childe Harold"; his servant is to call him at five, and give him a strong cup of coffee; then he is to smoke a cigar, and "on his way to the scene of action" he is to take a brandy and soda, as a most "grateful stimulant and corrective."

No wonder our author recommends him, at this point, to draw in his stomach. "If he dies, he is to go off with as good grace as possible"! On the other hand, if he hits his antagonist, he is to take off his hat to him, and express regret.

A challenge is not to be in rhyme, such as "a certain poetical, brandy-loving major-general of marines" wrote to a brother officer who ran off with his wife:

> "Wounds of the flesh a surgeon's skill may heal,
> But wounded honour's only cured with steel."

An Irishman is not to be chosen as second, for nine out of ten have such an innate love of fighting, they cannot bring an affair to an amicable adjustment; and the first duty of a second is to prevent the affair coming to a serious issue. Other advice is for the second to take care his principal is not inconvenienced by the sun, and to get his antagonist with something dark behind him, when it will be much more easy to hit him.

As may be inferred, the author holds by duelling, for—"The man who falls in a duel, and the individual who is killed by the overturn of a stage-coach, are both unfortunate victims to a practice from which we derive great advantages. It would be absurd to prohibit stage-travelling because occasionally a few lives are lost by an overturn; and unless men endeavoured to destroy each other they might live to a patriarchal age, and multiply so rapidly that the soil would soon be insufficient to supply them with nourishment"—with which *reductio ad absurdum* the volume may well be put back on the shelf.

The Army in the Navy List.

By Edward Fraser.



AS most of us know, it is a custom to commemorate in the names of our men-of-war the great battles of our history. And rightly so. As national memorials, the so doing makes such names special incentives to those to whom is entrusted the upholding of our national honour. The achievements of both Navy and Army are laid under contribution, it being justly acknowledged that the Navy and the Army are sister Services, and their feats of arms to the common good. How this is done by using Army victories as Naval war-ship names is our subject here, reserving for another time the tale of to what extent the Navy commemorates in its ship-names its own brave deeds. The subject is as interesting as it is curious, and one that, in these days of happily revived patriotism among us, all should know.

We owe the origin of the practice to circumstances in themselves peculiar. It was not to express national rejoicing or to commemorate any great national event that the custom first came in. Quite otherwise. The idea of so commemorating events of our history does not seem to have occurred to anyone until just at the close of the Great Civil War, when it apparently first struck no less a personage than Cromwell himself as a possibly useful means of encouraging his own partisans among the Military Party in the struggle for supreme power between Cromwell and the House of Commons then in progress. Thus the practice at the outset was designed from a purely political point of view. Until Cromwell, in the year 1653, began to name some of the new men-of-war laid down on the first alarm of the Dutch War, as these were launched, after Civil War victories of ten years before, no notion of so celebrating military success in war had, it would seem, ever entered the mind of anyone. Even so great a national event as the defeat of the Spanish Armada had not been thus commemorated. This is how Cromwell began, drawing his list of names from various battles and sieges of the Great Civil War, the names being, further, in each instance appointed by the Lord Protector himself. First of all, "Basing," in memory of the taking of Basing House, in Hampshire; then "Colchester," where the Royalists made their last desperate stand; "Fagons," after a village in Wales, where a bloody little fight took place; "Gainsborough," where the Ironsides, under Cromwell's own leadership, made their first victorious charge; and so on with "Gloucester," "Grantham," "Islip," "Langport," "Lyme," "Maidstone," "Marston Moor," "Nantwich," "Newbury," "Preston," "Torrington," "Tredah" (the native Irish name for Drogheda of sanguinary memory), "Winsby," and "Bridgewater"; "Naseby," to which ship Cromwell gave his own effigy as figure-head, as Evelyn relates; "Dartmouth," "Pembroke," "Wexford," "Cheriton," "Dunbar," "Bradford," "Coventry," "Lichfield," and, finally, "Worcester," in memory of Cromwell's "crowning mercy" achievement. Two leaders of the Parliamentary Army, Essex and Fairfax, were also specially commemorated in the names of two ships of the Navy—the first occasion that any of our men-of-war ever received the names of personages outside the circle of the Royal Family. Cromwell, however, though repeatedly pressed, firmly refused to name a man-of-war after himself.

Within a month of the Restoration, Charles II. had put his pen through all but four of Cromwell's men-of-war names, substituting for them others of his own choice. The four spared were "Gloucester," "Pembroke," "Essex," and "Fairfax," the King letting it be understood that the names, on being allowed to stand, were to have a new significance. The "Gloucester's" name was to be continued in honour of the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, the young Prince immortalised by his answer to his father, Charles I., on the evening before the King's execution: "Do not let them make you a king while your brothers, Charles and James, are alive," said the doomed King; and the little ten-year-old boy replied, "Never—they must cut my head off first." The name "Pembroke," which Cromwell gave as a special compliment to himself, in memory of the first notable military operation that he conducted on his own account, with no superior officer at hand, the siege of Pembroke Castle, in 1648, was similarly retained on the Navy List for a new reason. To the Royalists of the

Restoration the siege of Pembroke Castle represented not a victory for the Commonwealth, but a fight between two sections of the Roundheads, the Parliamentarian forces. The name "Essex" was retained in honour of one of the King's chief supporters at the Restoration, Arthur Capell, whom Charles created Earl of Essex in 1660, and the name "Fairfax" because the old Lord Fairfax (of the Civil War) 'verted at the last, and took a prominent part in the final placing of Charles on the throne. Three of Cromwell's names, in addition, Charles changed into names commemorating battles of Royalist valour in the Civil War. The man-of-war "Basing" he renamed the "Guernsey," in memory of the splendid resistance made by the Royalists of Castle Cornet; "Fagons" he renamed the "Milton," in memory of the dashing Royalist forlorn-hope venture to recover South Wales in 1643. The third name, "Worcester," undoubtedly the most personally offensive to the new *régime* of all of Cromwell's names, the King altered to "Dunkirk," on the plea that the capture of Dunkirk by the Ironsides in 1657 had been made at the expense of a foreign foe by men who were English soldiers.

James II., in the same spirit as Cromwell, added the name "Sedgemoor," after the scene of Monmouth's unhappy overthrow. But the "Sedgemoor" did not figure long on the roll of the Navy, the little fifth-rate—so called—coming to grief by wreck very soon after her naming. Also Dutch William, in his turn, did a similar thing to celebrate his most striking success on the battle-field over the followers of the hapless Stuart cause in the "Boyne" man-of-war, a name that continued to exist on the Navy List down to the present century. But our nobler triumphs on foreign battle-fields now begin to appear in the Navy List, the series beginning with the famous name of "Namur," placed on the Navy List by King William in 1697, in honour of a very notable achievement of the English Army in Flanders. Queen Anne followed suit by placing the names of Marlborough's two greatest victories on the Navy List in two 90-gun ships, and Marlborough's own name in a third. The three—"Blenheim," "Ramillies," and "Marlborough"—have been retained ever since in the Navy, handed down from ship to ship in succession to our own times.



The Black Prince at the Battle of Crecy

The victor of the brief campaign in Scotland of "the '15," the Duke of Argyle, was honoured by George I. by having his name given to a man-of-war, her name being taken from the old "Bonaventure" of 1716 for the purpose; and in like manner the chief events of "the '45" were commemorated in the Navy in two men-of-war names. One was "Culloden," given, in 1747, to a new 74; the other, "Inverness," given to a sloop-of-war in honour of the defence by the garrison of Fort George, Inverness, against the Highlanders of Prince Charlie. These were a return to the bad old custom, and its last effort.

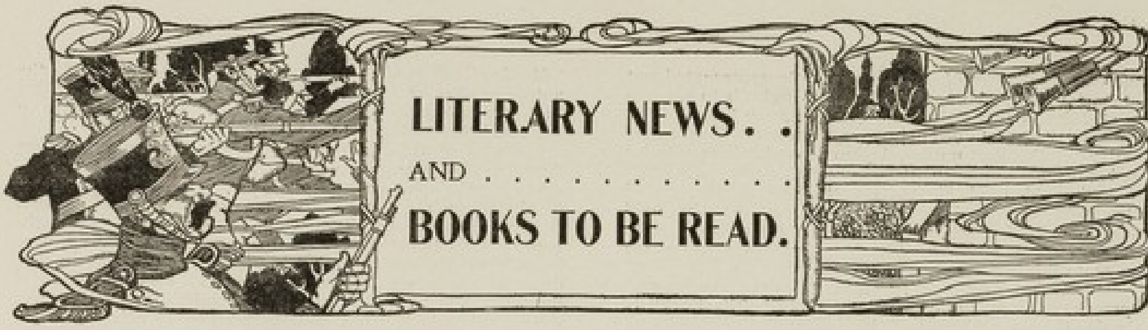
The Seven Years' War added three names of Army victories to the Navy List—"Quebec," "Montreal," and "Canada"; the first two the names of 32-gun frigates, the last that of a 64-gun ship launched in 1765, from which the iron corvette "Canada," recently broken up, directly took her name. Curiously, there has never been a "Wolfe" among our ships of war, nor, until many years later, a "Minden." Possibly, in this last case, it was owing to the notorious affair of Lord George Sackville's misconduct. Our first man-of-war "Minden" was indeed so named only in 1810, and then at the instance of the Prince Regent.

A gap of nearly forty years intervenes before another Army exploit appears commemorated in the British Fleet. And then the affair so honoured was the memorable repulse of the French convict expedition in Fisgard Bay, South Wales, when the red-shawled market women of the neighbourhood, by their unexpected appearance on the hills near by, so upset the nerves of the French general, that he surrendered at discretion to Lord Cawdor and a handful of local militia. The two frigates which brought the convicts over were captured on their way home, and to one the name "Fisgard" was given in memory of the event.

Next we have the British Expedition to Egypt of 1801 commemorated in the name "Alexandria," given to a French frigate of 32 guns ("La Régénérée") taken at Alexandria in September, 1801. The name of the heroic victor of the battle which opened the campaign, Sir Ralph Abercromby, was added a few years later. A third Army exploit of the period, the battle of Maida, fought in 1806, came on the Navy List in the name of "Maida," given to one of the French men-of-war captured in Duckworth's action off San Domingo, fought in 1806, the year of Maida.

Between 1807 and 1810, at the instance of the Prince Regent, the three historic names, "Black Prince," "Crecy," and "Poictiers," were first placed on the Navy List for three new men-of-war. "Agincourt" we owed to Lord Spencer some years previously—in 1796. The Peninsular War, it is somewhat curious, added only four men-of-war names to the Royal Navy—"Barrosa" and "Talavera," and both "Wellesley" and "Wellington"; all names given to various 74's. And then Waterloo, in its turn, found its special memorial ship, or rather three ships, for the name "Waterloo" was shifted from its original possessor, a 74, to an 84, and then on to a 120-gun three-decker. This last "Waterloo" is afloat, and in useful employment at the present moment under another name. The "Warspite," moored in the Thames off Charlton, is the identical ship. One has, indeed, only to look at the figure-head of the old man-of-war (cut down to a two-decker now) in passing down the river to start the story. The figure-head is a bust with a face and nose—especially the nose—that all can recognise as an admirable representation of the great Duke of Wellington. This ship that we pass off Charlton was, in the first instance, the 120-gun three-decker "Waterloo." In 1862 the vessel was renamed "Conqueror." Then finally, when, in 1876, the "Conqueror" became a boys' school-ship, the old ex-"Waterloo" took over her third name as the "Warspite" from her predecessor at Charlton, the old "Warspite" of 1807, destroyed by fire just a little before.

The series closes with the names of certain Indian victories given to ships of war of the Royal Navy and Indian Marine: "Seringapatam," first appointed to a man-of-war at the instance of the Duke of Wellington in 1819; "Meeanee," given in 1849; "Sutlej," given in 1855; "Plassey" and "Assaye," given in 1891; and the names "Abyssinia" and "Magdala," appointed in 1870, in commemoration of the successful issue of Lord Napier's masterly Abyssinian Expedition.



LITERARY NEWS. . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

THERE are two points of view from which Admiral Colomb's "Memoirs of Sir Cooper Key" (Methuen, 16s.), may be regarded. They may be looked upon as a picture and a contrast of the old Navy and the new, or as a record of the energetic work of a Naval administrator in a time of radical change. One aspect of the memoir arises, of course, from the other, for the development of Naval material, which affords Admiral Colomb the opportunity of giving us several delightful and not less valuable chapters, was the "environment" in which this volume so satisfactorily depicts him. Almost from the beginning it is possible to trace Cooper Key's aptitude for dealing with the administrative and material sides of the Navy. The "Russell," in which he made his first practical acquaintance with the Service in 1835, belonged to the class of ships that fought at Trafalgar. From her he passed to a 26-gun frigate, the "Cleopatra," in 1839, and, after the "Excellent" and the College, to the "Curacoa," a sixth-rate, in which the young lieutenant found himself being towed down to Gillingham Reach by a steam tug, the "Monkey," which was an early exponent of the new system of propulsion. From the "Curacoa" he exchanged at Monte Video into a "steam frigate," the "Gorgon." Then came the "Bulldog," the "Amphion," in which Key served in the Baltic in the Russian War, and the "Sans Pareil," the last-named being a screw line-of-battle ship. In recounting Key's life in these successive vessels, as in telling of his service in the Steam Reserve at Devonport, as captain of the "Excellent," Director of Naval Ordnance, and finally as First Sea Lord, Admiral Colomb does yeoman's service in depicting with loving hand the evolution of the Navy through those momentous years. It is profoundly interesting, and I do not know where else so excellent an account of Naval life and the development of modern conditions is to be found as in these pages.

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All the things I have spoken of—it would have been a pleasure to dwell upon them—contributed to mould Cooper Key's character. As an energetic, acute, resourceful administrator—and it is as an administrator we must regard him—he was generally abreast of his times. He never was ahead of them. Of the lessons of history he knew nothing; of command of the sea he appears never to have dreamed; for the ship of the future, having limited strategic conceptions, he groped but dimly. His were not the qualities of a leader or a pioneer. In 1859 he fatuously urged upon the Admiralty the defenceless situation of Portsmouth, which needed forts for its protection "in the absence of our fleet." The Royal Commission met, and how money was squandered is a matter of history. Seven years later he was actually content to regard the "Staunch" class of gun-boats as an adequate local defence. He clung to the old type of guns because he could not see the full advantage of the new. But the chief accusation made against Sir Cooper Key was that in 1884 he did not use his position and antecedents at the Admiralty to secure a predominant Navy. The Service distrusted him, and it is now seen that he was content merely to protest against the Cabinet proposals, and did not think it necessary to resign. Lord Northbrook declared that if he had had millions he should not have known how to spend them, and Key shared his uncertainty. It was not, be it marked, an utterance of blind satisfaction with what existed, as has been supposed, but a confession that the Admiralty did not know what kind of ships to build. It is, therefore, evident that Cooper Key, with all his perspicacity, alertness, enthusiasm, and insatiable zeal, did not look sufficiently before him, nor know precisely whither he was being led. Yet he was a good and gallant officer, an honest and conscientious public servant, and a truly admirable man, and I promise that Admiral Colomb's discerning biography and masterful study of the changing conditions in which Sir Cooper Key lived will be found as immediately interesting as it must be permanently valuable.

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Not for a long time have I taken up so pleasant a book of its class as Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson's "Reminiscences of the Course, the Camp, and the Chase" (Arnold, 10s. 6d.). This is a record of life, and is redolent of the things it deals with. What are they? Yorkshire celebrities—"Flying Dutchman" and his fleet progeny, many a man and many a horse famous on Knavesmire forty years ago. Then sport in those times and these, being mainly a sketch of the former by way of contrast; a good deal about dogs; and an excellent definition of sport as the pursuit of wild creatures, absolutely uncontrolled in their movements and in full possession of their wits. It is a question that suggests discussion, but it cannot be discussed here. Next we are led to Eton, where the author was an adept with the foil, and was by no means allowed to practise single-stick lest he should spoil his fencing-wrist. Colonel Meysey-Thompson then bids us walk with him across the heather and shoot grouse over dogs. Driving, which was scarcely known in those days, has wonderfully increased the bags and sent up the value of the moors. Hence the author diverges into his experiences at Aldershot, and gives a curious instance to show that horses see well in the dark. A capital chapter on sires and brood mares, and racy examples of Irish humour, gleaned during the author's service in the Emerald Isle, are followed by a curious account of regimental prisoners, of whom one at Birr was an ex-gallery reporter, who became leader of a gang of pickpockets, and afterwards favoured the Army by enlisting. Colonel Meysey-Thompson proceeds to describe his experience of the Ashanti Campaign with the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and incidentally gives his opinion, after nine years' experience of skirmishing, as adjutant, and five years' experience of the present "attack," as commanding officer, that for light infantry work the present system cannot compare with the old. Before leaving Ashanti, to deal with abundant other topics of military and sporting interest, Colonel Meysey-Thompson gives some instances of the extraordinary skill of the "scouts," who were picked warriors, chiefly Houssas, and whose performances rivalled the scouting achievements even of Fenimore Cooper's Red Indians. One might go on citing other features of Colonel Meysey-Thompson's admirable volume. He is a capital *raconteur* of such things, and I commend him to you.

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Another sporting book that will be welcome to all lovers of the gun is "The Snaffle Papers," by "Snaffle" (Thacker, 10s. 6d.). Now "Snaffle," as all sportsmen know, is the pseudonym of a practical sportsman of great experience, and a capable writer at the same time—a man, I would say, in whose footsteps it is good to follow. Therefore, let all who desire to pursue game in this country or abroad—in Herzegovina, Albania, Austria, and more distant countries like Ceylon and Japan—make haste to get the book. Those, too, to whom in their arm-chairs vivid descriptions of events by flood and field are dear, will certainly enjoy the volume. The author is truly a pleasant descriptive writer, and he carries you along merrily with him. Quaint episodes and humorous incidents are not wanting. "Snaffle" has no liking for hunting foxes by halloas, which he does not consider sport at all. Picture Jones, the huntsman, galloping up to a halloaing boy: "Where did you see him, boy?" A long stare. "Zee wha-a-at?" "The fox, of course!" A deep cogitation. "Aint seen narrun." "Then what the devil did you 'alloa for?" "'Cos I'se paid to. I'se flaying rewks." Excellently has Mr. Harry Dixon depicted the scene. "Snaffle" is a man of strong views on some points. He does not like shooting for ladies, and it positively raises his bile to hear of them deer-stalking. These are butcherly details that are not for them. This writer is a whole-hearted and healthy sportsman, who would shake hands with Colonel Meysey-Thompson. They are both fine types of the true spirit of British sportsmen.

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A little volume, entitled "The Story of Geographical Discovery," by Joseph Jacobs (Newnes, 1s.), has attracted me very much. Nothing in this world should be more interesting than the story of its discovery, though many people, I think, are apt to overlook one of the most entrancing subjects of enquiry. To tell how the world became known is the purpose of Mr. Jacobs. His is no dull narrative of voyages here and there, but a vertebrate account of the successive phases of world-exploration, and of the causes at the root of them. There is the search for the Spice Islands as a leading motive, with the need of titillating the mediæval palate at its base, though here I think our author simplifies too far. True the El Dorado idea came later in its pronounced form, but the Spice Islands were mysterious entities that held the possibility of an El Dorado. It was the witching influence of the gorgeous East that was the inspiration of the Portuguese and Spanish explorers. The same idea sent men north and south, east and west, into tropic heat and arctic cold. All is very ably told in this concise and well-written volume. Geography, that much-neglected science among us, will be vested with new interest after the perusal. The old explorers were men of might, and boys and girls will make pleasant acquaintance with them in these pages. The maps and illustrations are all good, and the author has gone to sufficient authorities.

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One gratifying feature of the present publishing season is the excellence of the illustrations one finds in many volumes. Christmas literature, to which I shall draw attention soon, is particularly rich. Mr. W. Rainey, R.I., has done excellent work for Messrs. Nelson, and for Messrs. Blackie, whose volumes are adorned also by the pencils of Mr. Wal Paget and Mr. Ralph Peacock. Messrs. Seeley, who are famous for their artistic books, have secured the services of Mr. Sidney P. Hall and Mr. George Morrow. But to catalogue good things is not the purpose. What I desire to emphasise is the generally high level attained. That excellent craftsman, Mr. Talwin Morris, has done remarkably effective work in bindings for Messrs. Blackie and others. Ladies take a large share in the adornment of books also. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have been holding an exhibition of ladies' work done for their own publications, including drawings by the Marchioness of Granby, and by Misses Jessie Macgregor, Winifred Green, Alice Woodward, and others. All these work for the multitude, but many volumes are distinctly intended for the few. One of the most notable of these will be the Countess of Warwick's "Old English Garden"—an illustrated account of her pleasure grounds at Easton, in Essex—which Messrs. Hatchard are to publish.

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Another interesting feature of the season is its richness in biography. Of the lives of Lord Lyons and Sir Cooper Key I have spoken, and there is a new edition of Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald's "Sir George Tryon," published by Blackwood. Shakespeare among writers, and Pitt among politicians, to name no others, have both found new biographers. Modern political biography seems swallowed up in the Bismarck boom—Busch; now the great Bismarck himself, published by Smith, Elder, and Co. on Tuesday; Jules Hoche's French view; and the republished "Table Talk" are among the products.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Church of England Soldiers' Institute.

ONE of the last functions which the Duke of Connaught attended at Aldershot before turning over his command to Sir Redvers Buller was the celebration of the sixteenth anniversary of the Church of England Soldiers' Institute. It was the largest meeting that has ever taken place in connection with the institute. The Duke, who was accompanied by the Duchess, in addressing the meeting, commented on the fact that one of his first public duties on taking over the Aldershot command was to open the billiard-room of the institute.

The institute, as may be seen from our illustrations, provides not only recreation, but ministers also to the spiritual needs of our soldiers, and at the same time provides for their bodily comforts. It is, indeed, practically a club for the men, and has done inestimable good in raising the tone of our soldiers. In spite of its name, the institute is not carried on in a sectarian manner, but is intended for all.

Numbers of men, not only of the Church of England, but of other denominations, find a welcome there. The Duke of Connaught, in appealing for support for the institute, pointed to the great improvement in the moral tone of the Army, and said that such institutions as the Church of England Soldiers' Institute and the Army Temperance Association were in a great measure responsible for it. It is satisfactory to learn that the financial condition of the institute has improved. An anonymous donor has given £800 to the fund, and the Queen sent a donation of £20.



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THE CANTEEN OF THE INSTITUTE.



Photos. Wyrall. *A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.* Copyright.

ADMIRAL MONTOJO.

WE publish to-day a portrait of Admiral Montojo y Pasarón, who was in command of the Spanish squadron destroyed at Cavite. Through an unfortunate mistake the portrait which we gave recently was that of the admiral's brother, who also holds flag rank in the Spanish Navy. The personal gallantry of the defeated admiral, and of his officers and men, aroused universal admiration, for he, like Admiral Cervera, with the certainty of defeat, fought an excellent fight and maintained the honour of the Spanish flag. Many have criticised adversely Admiral Montojo's handling of the Spanish squadron, but it was hopelessly inferior, and the secret history of the war will undoubtedly justify the brave admiral's action.



ADMIRAL MONTOJO Y PASARON.

Guardians of the Peace.

ON the Continent, and indeed in many of our own colonies—in some of the latter almost entirely so—and in Ireland, the police is to a greater or lesser extent a purely military force. In Great Britain, however, it is a purely civil force, but at the same time there is now being encouraged a strong tendency to fill the ranks of the police from men who have done military service. Exceptionally so is this the case in the



CAPTAIN NOTT-BOWER,
Head Constable of Liverpool.

Liverpool Constabulary Force, and for this reason it possesses a special interest to all those who have at heart the welfare of the men who have served their country in Navy or Army.

In Liverpool, as in all great towns, the Fire Brigade is a part of the police organisation, and specially fitted for work of this character are those who have learnt smartness and alertness by a spell of life on board Her Majesty's war-ships. In truth, the ex-salt makes the finest fireman in the world, and for a very easily-explained reason. He is disciplined, he has been "suppled" and made handy, he has learnt to quickly take in the order given to him, for years his training has impressed on him that when his "job" is clear before him his duty is to do it as thoroughly and as smartly as it can be done without marring its completeness by undue haste. Curiously enough, however, there is no one now in the Liverpool Police who has served in the Navy. The Liverpool City Police, including the Fire Brigade, which is a department of it, comprises in all some 2,000 men, and is officered by a head constable, an assistant head constable, and nine superintendents. The Head Constable, Captain Nott-Bower (whose photograph we reproduce), passed his military career in that fine old corps formerly known as the King's (8th), and now the King's or Liverpool, Regiment. After that he served in the Royal Irish Constabulary of which it is not too eulogistic to say that it is the finest military police force in the world, and then, after holding the position of Chief Constable of Leeds, was appointed to the position he now occupies.

The next of our illustrations is an excellent type of the splendid class of men of which the Liverpool Constabulary is composed, and represents a sergeant of the mounted branch of the force.



SERGEANT, LIVERPOOL MOUNTED POLICE.

The next shows us a constable, and we have in him a specially fine sample of the corps, for Constable Collins



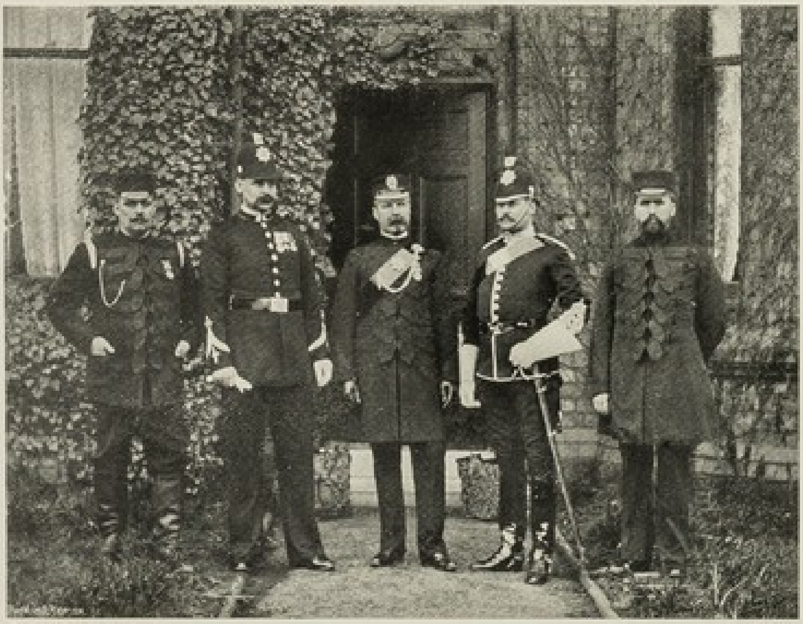
CONSTABLE COLLINS,
Liverpool Constabulary.

stands 6-ft. 2-in. in height and measures 49-in. round the chest. His soldier service was in the 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the old 23rd, and in it he gained the Indian general service medal with two clasps for frontier campaigns. Constable Collins would be a bad man for a Hooligan to tackle in a row, and he would probably be quick enough to forestall the knife-using type of rough before he could get his death-blow home. In what, in a sense, is the greatest mercantile port in the world, there are some rough customers, and the "Bobby's" lot is not always a happy one. Note the chevron on his right sleeve. This denotes that he belongs to the "merit class," as does also the sergeant whose portrait we give. In the latter case, however, it is not distinguished by a badge, but it carries with it two shillings a week extra pay. In the case of constables, the entry to the merit class means a shilling a week extra pay, and can be earned either by some specially plucky or meritorious act, or by length of consistent good service.

In the case of Constable Collins, the merit badge was earned by a gallant risking of his life in the stopping of a runaway horse. For the first badge, constables are eligible who can show fifteen years' good service and certified efficiency, and five years' "clean books."

A second badge can be gained by constables—which of course carries with it another shilling a week extra pay—by putting in twenty years' service with certified efficiency and ten years' clean books.

The next group is one of very great



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

SUPERINTENDENTS AND INSPECTORS, LIVERPOOL CONSTABULARY.

interest, for it shows some of the most important officers of this splendid force. Superintendent James Tomlinson controls the E Division, and was formerly a corporal in the 1st East Suffolk Regiment. Chief Inspector Crawley is bandmaster to the force, and was formerly bandmaster of the King's Royal Rifles. Chief Inspector Thomas is Deputy-Superintendent of the Fire Brigade, and was formerly a corporal in one of the smartest cavalry regiments in the Service, the "Death or Glory" Boys, officially known as the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers. Inspector J.

Our next two pictures of the force are illustrative of the Fire Brigade department, and represent in one an ordinary fire-engine together with men of various ranks in the force, and in the other a chemical fire-engine. The latter is of special interest, for the Liverpool City Police Fire Brigade is the only one in the United Kingdom that has adopted these engines.

The two pictures afford a good contrast, and in the latter the lightness of the whole structure is worth noting, and the absence of all heavy mechanism beyond the hose reel.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

SUPERINTENDENT J. N. RACE, LIVERPOOL MOUNTED POLICE.

McDonnell rose in the course of his military career to the responsible position of sergeant-instructor of musketry of the 1st Scots Guards, and he is now drill instructor and schoolmaster of the force. The fifth officer, shown also in our full-page illustration, is Superintendent James Nimrod Race—a very horsey name in truth, and one very appropriate, for he now fills the important post of superintendent of the mounted police, and was formerly a rough rider and afterwards troop sergeant-major in the 13th Hussars.

Underneath the fire-engine pictures a group of the river police is shown, and when one recollects what a huge mercantile port the great city on the Mersey is, the onerous nature of the duties of this branch of the force can be easily understood.

The remaining two illustrations are very typical of the strongly military element that pervades the whole force, and show a squad of the mounted police and a march past of the foot constables. Indeed the military element is stronger



FIRE-ENGINE, LIVERPOOL POLICE BRIGADE.



CHEMICAL FIRE-ENGINE, LIVERPOOL POLICE BRIGADE.

perhaps in the Liverpool Constabulary than in any similar force in the kingdom. At present no less than 383, that is to say over twenty per cent. of the whole force, have

"heard the revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in 'pore.'"

Six of these have served in the Household Cavalry, seventy-five in the cavalry of the Line, forty-nine in the Brigade of Guards, while the remaining 253 represent other corps. The Watch Committee is, in fact, loyally anxious to employ old soldiers and sailors, and has strenuously worked to this object.



LIVERPOOL RIVER POLICE.

To instance this one may point out its recognition of one of those little things which iron-bound officialism is so apt to ignore, never realising that sentiment is a thundering big factor in the training and moulding of men. Under regulations medals for war service are only worn on special occasions, such as a Royal visit, or some big municipal function. Recently, however, the Watch Committee has sanctioned the wearing of medal ribbons—both war and those for saving life and other acts of bravery—by constables when in uniform.

The standard for enlistment in the force is a high one, both physically and morally, for candidates — who must be between 22 and 29 years of age—have to be 5-ft. 10-in. in height with a corresponding physical development, and must be adequately certified as of good moral character and antecedents. After a short course of drill and physical training, and an educational course in which the men are instructed in their duties, their powers, the police regulations, and the writing of reports, the recruits take some turns both at night and point duty with an experienced constable, and then, if passed as efficient, are posted to divisions.

The band and the mounted police are exclusively recruited from the Army. The latter number some fifty, and are a very important branch of the force, for apart from their being always available as mounted police when necessary, their services are utilised as drivers for all police vehicles, prison vans, patrol waggons, ambulances, and fire-engines. In both the band and mounted police men are taken an inch or so under the fixed standard of height if in other respects eligible.

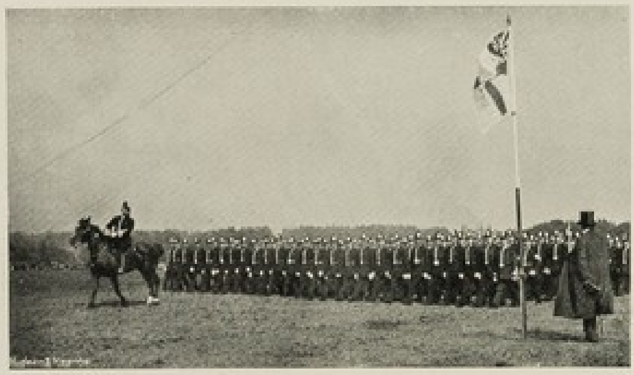
Constables commence at 25s. per week on appointment as probationers, and rise to 31s. a week, this amount being paid to those of the first-class. Sergeants get from 36s. to 40s. per week. In the other ranks the pay is, sub-inspectors £100—£120 per annum, inspectors £120—£150, chief inspectors £150—£200, superintendents £220—£300, chief superintendents £300—£400. Besides these advantages special extra pay is given for certain duties, and sergeants and constables receive full pay, less a shilling a day, when sick, but no deduction whatever is made if the illness is caused by injuries received when on duty. The pension rules are also well framed and liberal. Any officer, sergeant, or constable can retire after twenty-five years' service with a life pension of thirty-one-fiftieths of his annual pay, or if he puts in another year his pension is equivalent to two-thirds of his pay. If incapacitated by injury received in the discharge of his duty, he is pensioned for life, irrespective of what length of service he may have put in, and if incapacitated by ill-health he gets a pension or gratuity according to his length of service.



MOUNTED SQUAD, LIVERPOOL POLICE.

Promotion of course goes by selection in the case of from one *grade* to another, but in all the ranks promotion to a higher *class* in the same grade is earned automatically by length of service, provided that conduct is good and the man efficient. Every opportunity is given to those who wish to improve their professional knowledge with a view to promotion.

Enough has been said to show that for time-expired men of good character no finer field of employment offers than the police, and we need offer no apology for introducing into the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a description of what, though it is of course purely a civil organisation, is yet closely connected with the military forces of the Crown.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

MARCH PAST OF THE LIVERPOOL CONSTABULARY.

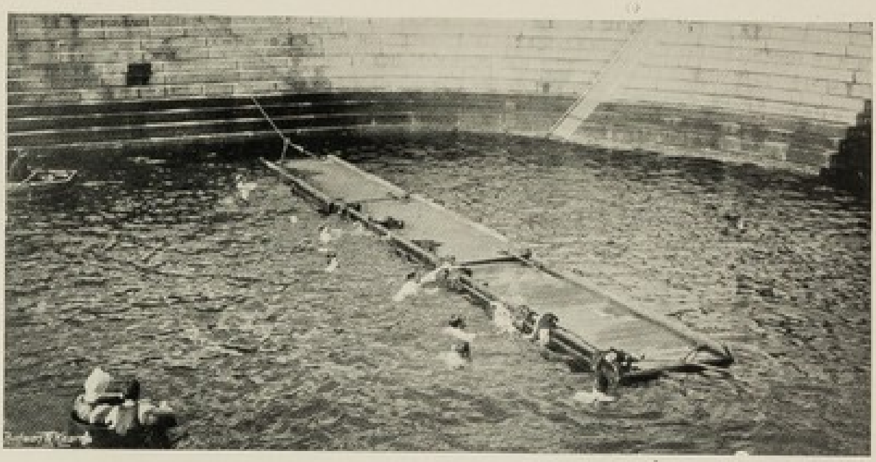
Sport at the Royal Naval Engineering College.

TWO of the illustrations given here represent events in the swimming sports at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Keyham. These swimming sports are an annual event, and take place in one of the dry docks flooded especially for the purpose. One of the illustrations shows what is, perhaps, the most amusing race of all, viz., the swimming in clothes race.

The most exciting part is at the end of the race, when all the competitors, who must be fully dressed before, even to the extent of a collar and tie, have to divest themselves of all their clothes in the water and place them on the floating pontoon.

The one who succeeds in getting out of his clothes first is proclaimed the winner, on the condition that he has not lost any of his gear; and sometimes the first place has depended on whether a collar stud or tie has been dropped and sunk to the bottom of the dock in the excitement of trying to be first.

The other illustration shows the college boats and the new boat-house just erected on the beach where the old floating ferry starts from. Well to the front is seen the "racing four," which last year had the proud record of being first in all the local regattas. On the right is seen the large sailing cutter, the "Polly," a craft well known to many generations of "students," and which has weathered many a dirty bit of weather in the Channel, notably a severe gale last Easter Monday off the mouth of the river Yealm, where two local fishing boats were lost the same day. The majority of the boats, however, it will be noticed, are Service galleys and whalers, and many are the exciting adventures gone through in these. River boating is also gone in for extensively, and many are the places that have become dear to students up the beautiful rivers Tavy and Tamar. Weir Head and Calstock on the Tamar, and Maristow on the Tavy, are visited by numbers whenever the tide suits. Cricket and tennis also flourish in the summer, and matches being arranged with all the best local teams, and the skill and proficiency gained in these sports and pastimes will stand any student in good stead throughout his career in the Service.



THE SWIMMING IN CLOTHES RACE—UNDRESSING IN THE WATER.



THE START FOR THE OBSTACLE RACE.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

THE NEW BOAT-HOUSE AND COLLEGE BOATS.

The Diving Schools of the Navy.

THE training of divers for the Navy has been a subject of important consideration of late years, owing to the valuable services these men can render when a ship has stranded or has become unmanageable through her propellers being fouled by hawsers. In the case of sheathed ships, it is possible to clean their copper without docking; but the more general and not least useful work of the diver is the recovery of articles lost overboard.

Divers in the Navy are selected from men of any rating in the seaman, stoker, or mechanic classes who volunteer, and who are pronounced medically fit for the work.

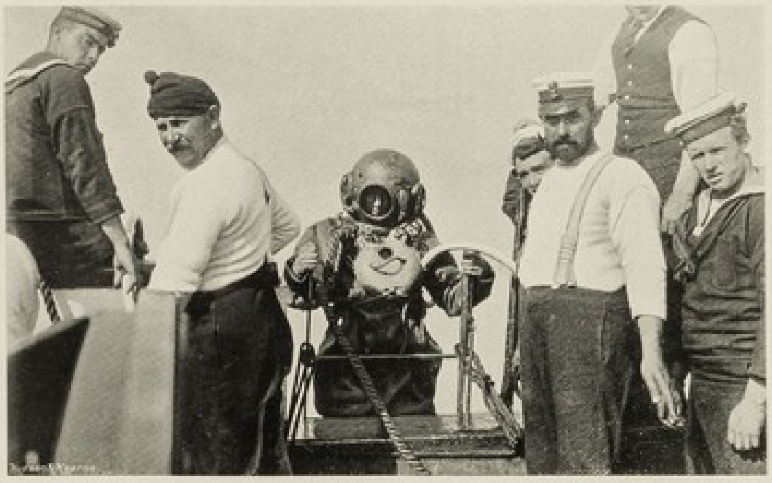
To train a man as a diver, he is put through a course of forty working days, during which he learns all the details and management of the apparatus used, and is constantly exercised under water, either in searching for lost articles, clearing propellers, coppering ship's bottom, or shackling and unshackling cables; his power of endurance is tested by his having to stay 1-hr. in 72-ft., ¾-hr. in 90-ft., and ½-hr. in 120-ft. of water, and, of course, he is expected to go beyond these depths, within certain limits, should occasion arise.



DRESSING AND UNDRESSING.

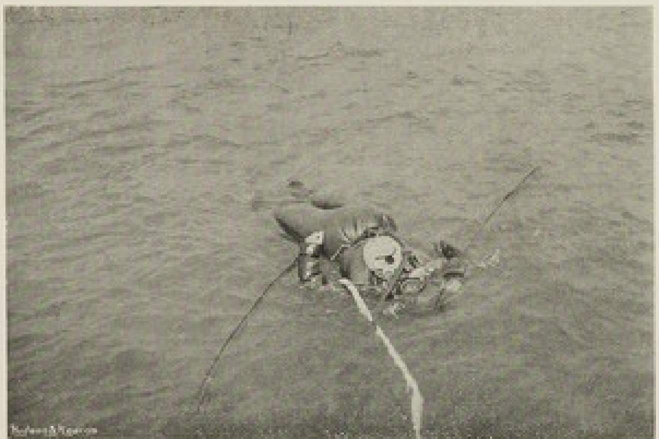
The short course (ten days) for officers, gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, and gunners, is obligatory to them, as these officers are in charge of the diving operations and apparatus in Her Majesty's ships.

Lieutenants qualifying for the special duties of torpedo and gunnery have also to go through a short course of diving to enable them to take charge of these operations in Her Majesty's ships. The course consists of ten days, commencing, after learning the details of the apparatus, by being personally conducted in shallow water by the instructor, Mr. Duffet, gunner R.N., and gradually increasing the depth until the divers feel comfortable in ten fathoms; they are then considered to have sufficient experience and to be capable of going to all ordinary depths. The large illustration shows a group of the class of lieutenants of the "Vernon" Torpedo School. The central figure is Mr. Duffet, and the Bluejackets in the background, all themselves divers, are the attendants who man the air-pumps and attend the divers when below.



READY TO DESCEND.

The diving establishments are the "Excellent," "Cambridge," and Sheerness Barracks, where a staff is kept constantly employed all the year round in training divers to meet the requirements of the Fleet. Trinity House men are also trained here. After a man has qualified he gets a retaining fee of 1d. per day, and so much per hour when actually working under water, the amount varying from 1s. 6d. per hour to 5s., according to the depth. He is kept in practice by having to exercise once every quarter in a depth of 72-ft. for 1-hr. The diving dress first introduced into the Navy was a French pattern, but it was very cumbersome, and necessitated the diver having a tube in his mouth to inhale the air from the pump. Then came Siebe, Gorman & Co.'s patent, which did away with that defect and allowed the diver to breathe naturally. The diving apparatus in general use at the present time was the invention of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman & Co., of London, as far back as 1829, since which date it has been greatly improved and adopted by the Admiralty, War Office, and by most European countries. The dress is made of strong water-proofed twill, with openings at the collar and wrists only. A metal corselet is secured to the collar with a water-tight joint, the wrists are of thick india-rubber, and fit tight. The helmet, fitted with front and side glasses, screws on to the corselet; boots with leaden soles are worn on the feet, and lead weights hang on the breast and back. In depths over 90-ft. a basketware crinoline is worn round the waist, inside the dress, to relieve the body from the great pressure of the water. The dress complete weighs about 180-lb. The pump is a double cylinder one, capable of supplying two divers with air, or one only at a great depth. Gauges show the pressure of air and also roughly indicate the depth the diver is at. All ships carry a complete set of diving apparatus, flag-ships two sets.



From Photo. By a Naval Officer.

DIVER BLOWN UP TO THE SURFACE.

An accident which sometimes befalls the new hand. The vertical position can be regained by opening the cuff and allowing air to escape.

The experiences of a diver are varied; he may be called upon to dive on a sunken wreck where passengers have been lost with the ship; and in one case that we know of, when a large emigrant ship was lost in the presence of a British fleet, several of



OFFICERS' DIVING CLASS—THE "VERNON."

our divers were employed recovering some 400 bodies that were lost, and every man was anxious to find as many as possible, each body recovered being valued at a sovereign. This caused keen competition amongst the divers, so much so that one of them is even credited with having stolen some bodies that another diver had collected ready to send to the surface. Of course the said diver denied the accusation, but still he is termed a "body-snatcher" by his messmates to this day.

Three or four hours is considered a sufficient length of time for a diver to remain under water, but on one occasion a diver in one of the training establishments became jammed by the ship settling down on his air-pipe when she rested on the mud with the falling tide. This necessitated his remaining there until the next tide lifted the ship, a period of over six hours. Another case in which a diver had a very awkward experience may be mentioned. A torpedo from the "Hood" was lost in 22 fathoms (132-ft.), which is somewhat beyond the usual depth for ordinary divers. After two unsuccessful attempts the diver reported the torpedo found and signalled for a rope. He then signalled that the rope was bent on to the torpedo, and the men above waited for the signal to pull it up. Nothing happened for some time, and no reply could be obtained from the diver. Fearing something was wrong, another diver was sent down to assist. He came up and reported the first man upside down and foul of the rope on the torpedo, and that he could not approach to assist, as the man was struggling. At last it was decided to haul up torpedo and diver together. The rope made fast to the torpedo was twisted round the diver's arm, and the whole weight came on it. When the man was got on board the arm was found to be broken; he had been down over two hours in an inverted position, but he survived. This speaks well for both diver and apparatus. A diver can be communicated with by means of prearranged signals, or pulls on the air-pipe and life-line, which he answers in a similar manner, or by a slate lowered to him, and by a telephone or voice-pipe. Two divers can carry on quite an animated conversation under water by placing their helmets in contact and shouting to each other. A diving telephone of a new pattern is under experiment in the Diving School. The receiver and transmitter are, of course, inside the diver's helmet, and an armoured wire is led up his breast rope to a similar instrument strapped to the attendant above. It is very convenient, and adds greatly to a diver's safety and comfort. During the experiments a diver was "blown up" to the surface from a great depth; his dress had become inflated owing to improper manipulation of his air-escape valve. This sudden transit from a great to a low pressure is very dangerous, and is especially so if the man loses his nerve and struggles. In this case, however, the officer in charge was able, through the telephone, to calm the man and assure him of his safety. At "fire and collision stations" a diver is always rigged, ready to lead a hose into a smoke-filled compartment, or to examine, and if possible repair, the damage in a flooded compartment in the case of collision or grounding.



GENERAL VIEW OF OPERATIONS.



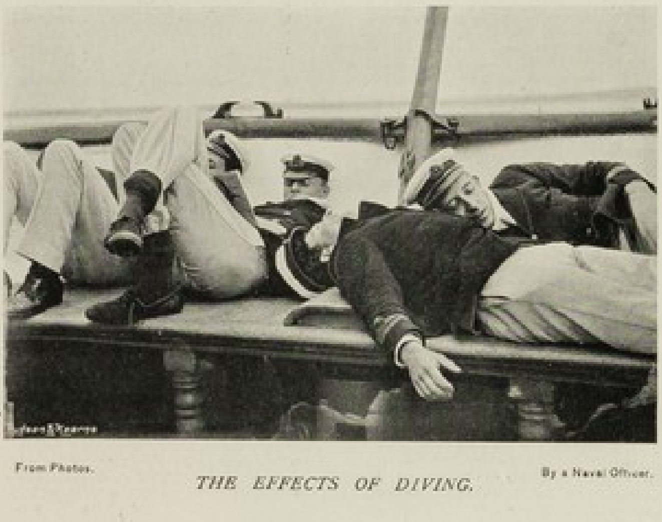
READY AND WAITING FOR THEIR TURN.

Where docks are not available, the services of divers can be requisitioned for cleaning the ship's bottom, ridding it of weed and barnacles, the presence of which in some cases may account for a decrease of two or three knots in the speed of the ship.

For this purpose rope ladders passing under the ship, or stages which can be lowered and fleeted along, are used. The divers sitting along the stages each undertake an allotted portion with scrubbers and scrapers.

Of record depths there are a few, but what is known at present in the Service is about 140-ft. This was when trying to recover a Brennan torpedo lost in the Solent in 1892; but probably the greatest depth ever reached by a diver in the ordinary apparatus is 204-ft. to the ship "Cape Horn," sunk off the coast of South America. At that depth the diver must have sustained the enormous pressure of 88½-lb. to the square inch.

There is a new diving dress patented by Messrs. Buchanan and Gordon especially for sponge and pearl fishing, which will enable a man to go to a depth of 240-ft., or even more, but this is not at present in general use in the Navy.



From Photos. THE EFFECTS OF DIVING. By a Naval Officer.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS BUTLER, K.C.B., who has just been appointed to the command of the troops in South Africa, is universally acknowledged to be one of the very best officers in the English Army. Wherever he has been, whatever he has done, he has always left behind him the impression of having a really extraordinary capacity for "doing the right thing," and doing it, too, as a simple matter of course. Since he entered the Army as an ensign of the old 69th Foot, forty years ago, Sir William Butler has filled over a dozen Staff appointments, and served in seven campaigns, and has distinguished himself in each and every one of them. His early war service was in Canada, where he took part with Lord Wolseley in the bloodless but interesting Red River Expedition. In Ashanti, in 1873-74, he came prominently to the front, and in the Zulu Campaign of 1878-79, the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and the Soudan operations of 1885-86—he commanded a brigade at the action of Giniss—he repeatedly showed himself a gallant, sound, and resourceful soldier. Since 1890 Sir William Butler has served as a colonel on the Staff and a brigadier in Egypt, in command of an infantry brigade at Aldershot, and in command of the South-Eastern District. It is almost superfluous to mention that to Sir William's accomplished wife we owe the "Roll Call," "Scotland for Ever!" and a number of other classical military pictures. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

"R. C.," who thinks of joining the Navy as a midshipman, cannot do better than purchase a Quarterly Navy List, published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. On page 690 he will find all the information he requires.

* * * *

"E. F."—The present Active List establishment of Admirals of the Fleet is three, and there is no intention on the part of the authorities, as far as I know, to increase it at present. The forthcoming promotion in January next of Sir Nowell Salmon to Admiral of the Fleet, about which a paragraph has gone the round of the Press and caused a correspondent to write to me, is nothing more than the ordinary course of things. On January 13 next, our senior Admiral of the Fleet on the Active List, Sir Edmund Commerell, G.C.B., who was appointed to the rank on February 14, 1892, will retire compulsorily under the age clause on reaching the age of seventy. Thereupon the vacancy will be created which Sir Nowell Salmon, G.C.B., as senior on the Admirals' List, will naturally step into.

* * * *

"MUSICIAN."—During the Thirty Years' War, which so convulsed the whole of Central Europe from 1618 to 1648, most of the leading princes contributed bodies of troops to the different armies. Those that remained after the termination of hostilities were not, as formerly, disbanded, but remained under their respective Sovereigns, prepared again to take the field should circumstances so require. Events thus combined in directing the thoughts of all European monarchs to their newly-constituted standing armies. Each one vied with the other in endeavouring to establish a perfect and reliable system of drill and discipline, nor did any fail to realise the practical value of music as an important factor in the fortunes of war. No fixed rules obtained with regard to instrumentation. They varied according to the caprice of the colonel or bandmaster.

* * * *

WHEN the names of our new armoured cruisers, "Cressy," "Aboukir," and "Poictiers," were announced a little time ago, several French newspapers objected to them as "wounding the *amour propre* of France." Recently, when the Port Guard-ship Squadron was on its cruise to Liverpool, Bristol, and elsewhere, a French paper made a remark reflecting on the names "Nile" and "Trafalgar" "as characteristic of our offensive English way towards foreigners." This reminds me of another story. The present boys' school-ship "Warspite," off Woolwich, was originally the "Waterloo." Under that name in 1852, she was about to go to the Mediterranean, as flag-ship, for her first commission. The "Waterloo" had been specially fitted out, when, at the last moment, the Cabinet, in an undignified way our Ministers have at times of showing complaisance to foreigners, on the strength of a comment in a French paper, put pressure on the Admiralty to keep back the "Waterloo," and send out in her place another ship. It was just after the *coup d'etat* in France, and it was thought in high quarters in England that the name "Waterloo" might hurt the feelings of the new master of France, Louis Napoleon. Of course, the Cabinet had to be obeyed, and the "Waterloo" remained in home waters—which she never afterwards left. Ten years later—in 1862—the "Waterloo" was ordered by the Admiralty to be renamed. "Conqueror" was the new name chosen, to replace, as it was given out, the wrecked 91-gun ship "Conqueror" lost off the Bahamas in 1861. The change, though, did not go down quite quietly. The French Naval Attaché in England is said to have taken exception to it and made a complaint. "'Waterloo'! 'Conqueror'!" he is said to have exclaimed; "Mon Dieu, the change is ten thousand times for the worse!" But the Admiralty proved obdurate, and, saying that no offence was meant, decided that the new name should stand. The name "Warspite" dates from 1876, when the ship took the place of the school-ship destroyed by fire.

* * * *

AMONG the many improvements in the conditions of social life to which the English nation is indebted through the initiative of the Prince Consort, not the least is the abolition of the practice of duelling. Prior to 1844, the alternative to an officer, either of the Navy or Army, on receiving an insult was to incur the risk of a felon's death, or to be stigmatised as a coward, which practically involved the resignation of his commission. The Prince Consort, inspired by the circumstances attending a military duel in 1843, brought his influence to bear to introduce Courts of Honour as a substitute for appeals to the sword. The proposed innovation did not meet with the approval of the Duke of Wellington, who had himself been "out," or of the Naval or Military authorities; but the discussion thus raised led to an amendment of the Articles of War in 1844, and from that date it was permissible for honourable men both to receive and accept apologies.

* * * *

AT first sight there is no obvious connection between the arbitrary seizure of church lands by Henry VIII. and the Royal Navy, and yet it is certain that, but for the funds thus placed at his disposal, Henry would not have been in a position to establish dockyards, build ships, and organise a permanent Navy to the extent which has become historical. Moreover, by throwing off the yoke of the Holy See large sums of money which were formerly drained out of England as the price of dispensations and indulgences, and the cost of pilgrimages, etc., became available for home use. The consequence was a great stimulus to commerce, and as a sequence an increased necessity for a Navy adequate to protect that commerce. Such windfalls in a nation's history have not always been attended with equally satisfactory results. The industry of Spain practically received its death-blow by a sudden accession of wealth from the West Indies; it is doubtful whether Germany derived more good than harm from the milliards extracted from France; it is early days to say what ultimate effect the indemnity wrung from the Chinese will have on Japan; while when America and Spain come to settle up matters on a "financial basis," there will probably not be much left after paying the war bill to cover the cost of disorganised commerce and other incidental expenses of the costly game of war.

* * * *

THE extra rank enjoyed at one time by the officers of the Foot Guards was substantive, not honorary, or even brevet (Army) rank. James II. granted (July 30, 1687) to the Foot Guards that their captains should hold the additional rank of lieutenant-colonel, and on January 14, 1688, he made their captain-lieutenants junior to lieutenant-colonels. The title of captain-lieutenant was used when the three first companies of a regiment were commanded by field officers. In July, 1691, their lieutenants were ordered to rank with captains, and in 1815 George III., in recognition of the gallantry of the Guards at Waterloo, ordered their ensigns to rank with lieutenants. Although the date of the warrant of King James conferring this rank was July 30, 1687, the dates of the commissions (which were signed at Windsor) were earlier, that of Captain Sir Thomas Stradling, 1st Foot Guards (now the Grenadiers), to rank as "youngest lieutenant-colonel of Foot," being June 3, and that of Major John Huitson, Coldstream Regiment, June 2. This privilege of the Guards was abolished by Royal Warrant, June 25, 1872, applicable to all officers who joined after August 26, 1871.

* * * *

IT is not often that the pulpit is made the vehicle for the dissemination of important war news, but such happened in 1868 when the despatch announcing the fall of Magdala, the death of Theodorus, and the release of the captives, reached London on Saturday night and was sent on to Sir Stafford Northcote, who was in attendance on the Queen at Osborne, and, therefore, destitute of the means of making the news public until Monday morning. Similar intelligence having, however, reached Reuter's Telegraph Company, the chairman communicated it to the Vicar of St. Saviour's, the church he attended, who read the telegram from the pulpit, and thus conveyed the first intimation to the public of the outcome of an expedition which had been followed with keen interest.

* * * *

IN our last issue there appeared three reproductions from photographs of the 56th Battery R.A. These were credited to Messrs. Russell in mistake, but were actually taken by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker Street, W.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. But on his doing so his former friend lays before him such a scheme for obtaining vengeance on the woman who has hoodwinked him, and on, also, Sir Geoffrey Barry, who has married the real heiress, as well as on the heiress herself, that he turns his whole attention to this matter alone. What result that attempted revenge has is now to be shown.

CHAPTER XV. *(continued.)*

"BUT will she not know that Barry cannot yet be back?"

"Bah! We do not send it to-day. He will not be back until Tuesday or Wednesday, though, to appease her qualms, he has told her he comes on Sunday. Dost see? On Sunday afternoon she will get that letter. On Sunday night by dark—it still gets dark early, Bufton—she will be in the Marshes. We can easily silence their jarvey, and—and—by Monday morning, if the wind is good, they will be out to sea. While, if it is not, they will still be on their way. The tide—which I have studied—will take them."

"You forget nothing."

"I never forget anything. Now, since your wounds are dressed," and again Granger laughed, "since you are equipped, as well go on to Gibbs. You know what to say. Can you remember?"

"Every word. Fear not my memory. And—no name mentioned."

"No. No. Gibbs. Orange Row. That's the man. Also tell him to sign the letter in the name of Bertram Norris."

"Bertram Norris. Who is he?"

"The first lieutenant. The officer who would write in such a case."

Whereupon, having received his last instructions, Bufton departed.

When he was gone, Granger threw himself into a deep chair by the fireside, and, to his astonishment, found that he was in a slight tremor, that there was a palpitation going on within his frame.

"So!" he thought to himself, as he sat there, "this will not do. I am a long, long way off success yet; a long, long way from the end of what I have set myself to do, and already my nerves are ajar. I must quiet them. In the old way, the old cursed way that grows on me day by day."

Whereupon, as he did so frequently now, he did again, and finding his bottle, drank a dram. "If I could do without it," he whispered to himself. "If I could do without it! Yet, why should I? It brings oblivion, forgetfulness. Shuts out the picture of my mother's grave, of Sophy's face."

It was now the time of day when few people visited his place of business—for in this region all the world dined at midday—and he sat on and on waiting for Bufton to return with the letter. Sat on meditating, thinking always.

"I did not like the look he gave me as I disclosed my ruse for getting that letter written," he reflected; "almost I feared I had scared him, alarmed him with my astuteness. I must not do that! No. No. For if he once takes fright I lose him and—the chance is gone for ever. I must not do that."

He looked at the bottle eagerly—wistfully—then, strong in his determination, rose from his seat and thrust it almost violently away from him into the place where he kept it.

"Later, when all is accomplished," he muttered, "when there is no more to be done, I can drink myself to death. And—with satisfaction."

"Pity, pity," he continued now, still musing, "that it could not take place to-night or to-morrow night. Yet that must not be. Barry must be back, as he will be on Sunday night. It must be Barry whom he attacks in the Marshes, or, at least, thinks he will attack. That will make assurance double sure. Double sure. Oh! my God," he cried. "Let me make no mistake now. None!" And as the unhappy man uttered this cry he sprang from the chair on which he sat, and commenced to pace up and down the room.

"If Anne aids me," he whispered, "if she is staunch, we have got him in the net. He is ours. She will be free, and I—no—not I!—but those two women whom I loved better than my life, avenged."

Later that evening, when Bufton had returned to his end of London, leaving in Granger's hands the letter which the writer, Gibbs, had penned at the former's request and for the sum of a shilling; and leaving also the entire management of the whole of their scheme to the other, Granger set out to walk towards the place where Ariadne and Anne were installed in their lodgings. He had not, however, let his confederate, or, for such he was—his victim—depart without a few words of impressive counsel to him.

"If," he said, "you fail to be back here again on Saturday night and ready for your part in Sunday night's work, namely, to assist the Dutchman's sailors in carrying the women off in their boat—and also to assist in identifying them—your last chance is gone. You will never get rid of Anne, and you will have had no revenge on Sir Geoffrey Barry. I shall be unable to help you farther."

"Never fear. I shall not fail if I am alive. Yet one thing troubles me."

"What is it?"

"This. Even though that wanton, Anne, goes to the colonies, it does not free me. She may live for years there if she falls into good hands—she might even live to return."

"Might she?" said Granger, in a low voice, while as he spoke he directed a glance into the other's eyes that spoke as plainly as a thousand words would have done. Then, sinking that voice lower, he said, "I know the master of the 'Nederland.' I have had transactions with him before. You understand?"

"Yes," whispered Bufton, fascinated, as those eyes seemed to pierce him with the fire they emitted. "Yes—my God!—I understand." Then, a moment later, after a pause, and still held by that glance, "Yes—I understand. *How much?*"

"Bring," Granger said hoarsely, "a bag of fifty guineas; he shall know that you will hand it to the coxswain in command of the boat, and—and—and you will be a wid——"

"Soon?"

"The first dark night at sea. She will throw herself overboard in despair."

"Throw herself overboard! Throw herself over—— Ah! Yes. Yes. Yes. I comprehend. Throw herself overboard!" And, laughing and chuckling, Bufton departed, though not without muttering once more "Throw herself overboard."

And now, rejoicing over the dust he had cast in the man's eyes, wondering, in truth, how he could ever himself have been tricked and ruined by so easy a knave and fool as Bufton was, Granger went on towards Blackwall steps, and, when there, stood listening for eight o'clock to sound from Stepney Church. Then, as he heard the hour strike, he walked swiftly towards a woman dressed in black who was approaching him.

"Well!" she exclaimed, coming close up to him and letting her veil fall away from her face. "Well? Does he take? Is the trap set?"

"Ay, with his own bait, Anne. See here," and he took a paper from his pocket and held it out to her; "'tis his own ratsbane with which he has set his own springe. And he paid a shilling for it."

The girl took the paper and read it beneath the light of an oil lamp glittering hard by, while laughing a little in that soft musical voice of hers as she did so; then gave it back to him, whereon he tore the letter into shreds, and, walking to the quayside, dropped it into the water. "It was a shilling wasted," she said, as he came back to her.

"Nay, a shilling well spent. While deluding him with the idea that he has set a snare for you and Lady Barry, it induces him to walk into it himself."

"And," she asked, her bright, wicked-looking eyes glistening beneath the sickly rays of the lamp, "what is to do next? What will happen?"

"Terrible things. Amongst others, you will be so overwhelmed with your horrid fate that you will fling yourself overboard one dark night at sea. Lady Barry, too, will become the prey of a licentious Southern planter. Sir Geoffrey will perhaps go mad with despair. Is it not terrifying?"

"Nay, do not bite," she answered, while still she laughed softly. "But tell me what in truth is to do—with him?"

"He will await you in the Marshes with the Dutch skipper's men. Only—you will not come. Instead, Sir Geoffrey will do so. At least, I hope he will do so. And our good friend, who will learn that by some ill fate you cannot meet him, must be content with having Barry set upon and transported to the colonies."

"A likely tale!" Anne said. "Can you make him believe that?"

"I think so. I can induce him to lead Sir Geoffrey to his doom. All depends, however, on Barry getting back. If he returns not by Sunday afternoon we may fail."

"He will return," Anne said. "A Redriff lugger which he met outside at sea has come in with a letter from him, saying that he has distributed almost all his men amongst the ships of war at the Nore and Chatham; that soon he will be back. Perhaps before Sunday."

"So! That is well. There is, however, one other thing to do. Namely, to get Barry to the Marshes, so that thereby we may secure the other. Or rather *keep* him in them. For if you and your lady came not he might take alarm and thus depart himself."

"But will he not go there expecting us, and, waiting, be seized upon? Cannot that be done?"

"It is impossible. At once he would suspect. No, he must go with me to the Marshes; then, but not before, he must know that you are not coming, but that Barry is. And he must make sure of Barry before he will approach anywhere near where the boat's crew is. Anne, we must get your master there somehow. Remember we have a coward to deal with; a man who, if he is half a fool, is also wholly knave. We know that."

"God knows we do," sighed Anne, laughing no more as she thought of her dead sister. "Well! how is it to be done? Neither Ariadne nor Sir Geoffrey would join in any further plot. She regrets the other one—the plot of the marriage."

"Somehow," said Granger, "it must be done. This is our chance. If we miss it now it will never come again. And we have three clear days still to meditate upon it. Meet me here again in forty-eight hours; by then I will have devised some means."

CHAPTER XVI.

Weaving the Net.

Ariadne was happy again; happy once more for a short time. "La Mignonne" lay at her old anchorage on the Saturday night following the events just detailed, and in her state-room, or main cabin, Geoffrey sat at the head of his table, and she was opposite to him. The solitary lodgings were discarded for a time—if they were ever to be occupied again, which was not likely, since, when the frigate went to join Hawke's fleet, Ariadne would retire to Fanshawe Manor, there to wait and wait and watch for his return, and pray to God that that return might be allowed. The lodgings were discarded now, perhaps for ever, and she was with her husband. Oh! how happy she would be, she said again and again, if only they had never more to part, or, parting, that he had not to go forth upon so perilous an enterprise as that of fighting the French.



"*This is our chance.*"

But to-night, as they sat together, she would not allow even this sad prospect to distract her. To-night she was resolved to be gay and bright, and to make her husband's return to what she called "home" a happy and cheerful one.

"For," she said to him, "who knows but that, after all, you may not have to go to the fleet, that you may not have to fight the French——"

"Hush, Ariadne, hush," he said. "No more of this, I beseech you, if you are a true wife of mine. What! I, a sailor, with war going on, and not take part in it. Great heavens! what kind of a sailor then should I be, and what likelihood of ever obtaining my flag? Nay, Ariadne, my sweet, never speak like that."

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me, Geoff. But I love you so, so fond and true. And it breaks my heart to part from you even for an hour. Yet, alas! I know that it must be, will be, until you are a great man. Oh! I wish you were an Admiral. Then you would have all you desire."

"Then," he replied, "I should be commanding fleets instead of single ships. Ariadne, you must be brave."

He was very gentle to her as he spoke; gentle always, not only because he loved her, but because he knew what a sad lot was that of a sailor's wife in those days. The whole world was once more plunged in war, although but two great Powers, England and France, were the principal combatants; and between those two it was war to the knife. One side or other had to triumph, and the triumph would be final for many years to come. We were determined to possess ourselves of Canada, the American fisheries, the sugar trade of Guadeloupe, and the whole of the African trade at last if it could be done, and already we were fast possessing ourselves of India; while, to draw off our attention from those far-off places, Conflans was meditating an invasion of England herself. The year, which was afterwards to be termed and known as the "Great '59," was indeed likely to prove a stormy one. And, amidst this storm, none would play a greater part than the Navy of England. Hawke, Dennis, Boscawen, Speke, and Keppel—the most illustrious names of the time—were all upon the seas; men were being sought for everywhere and obtained by every means possible; through crimps and impressment, by large bounty and offers

of increased pay. Even now, Geoffrey Barry had returned with "La Mignonne" empty of all the men he had taken away with him five days before, and an Admiralty tender had brought him instructions to procure more and more. And what he was doing was being done by scores of naval captains in other parts of England.

He recognised, indeed, that the lot of the sailor's wife was a hard one in those days; a mournful, heart-breaking one. For loving women might be parted from their husbands for months and years, even supposing that the latter lived through the storm and stress of their careers; while even this was, after all, the brightest side of both the sailor's and the sailor's wife's existence. The other side was a violent death at any moment, or, which was perhaps almost as bad, captivity of considerable duration in a French prison, and with no knowledge of that captivity coming to those at home waiting for the loved one's return.

Even now, as Geoffrey sat in his own cabin facing the wife whom he worshipped so fondly and truly, he knew that ere long he would have to leave her side for months—to return, it might be, a successful conqueror, but, as was equally likely, a crippled, wounded man. Or, which also was equally probable, never to return at all.

"I have to find a hundred more men somewhere," he said now, "to take away from here next week. And how to do it I do not know. I wonder if that man Granger, or Lewis, as he now calls himself, can be any further assistance."

He had told Ariadne, before he went on the short cruise from which he had this morning returned, of his rencounter with Granger, the man who, she would remember, had been Bufton's best man at the marriage into which he had been entrapped by Anne Pottle; also he had told her of how this man had been once an officer in his own Service, from which he had been court-martialled and removed for scandalous behaviour. And he had stated that the man had again asserted his innocence, as he had asserted it on the day of his trial, and that, at last, he was inclined to believe in his assertion.

"For," he said, "there was something in his manner, something in the ring of his voice, that had the appearance of truth. My God! if he was innocent he has been cruelly dealt with."

But, now, the very mention of Bufton's name caused Ariadne considerable agitation: agitation of so extreme a nature as to remove from her mind any feeling of interest or compassion which she might otherwise have felt in Granger's fate.

"Oh! Geoffrey," she exclaimed. "That man! That man! Your mention of him recalls to my mind what I meant to tell you. I saw him, here, in this neighbourhood, but the other day. The day on which you sailed. What can he—that beau—that fop—be doing here?"

"You saw him here! In this locality!" her husband exclaimed, in astonishment. Yet only in astonishment for the first moment, since he added instantly:

"Yet perhaps it is not so strange either. Those two, Lewis and he, were fast friends."

"Friends! How could they be friends, Geoffrey? Have you not said that this man, Lewis, or Granger, accused him of being the absolute scoundrel in that affair for which he was ruined and disgraced? And, also, Anne says that he it was who assisted her in the self-sacrificing vengeance which she exacted from him. How can they be friends?"

For a moment Geoffrey sat meditatively again, then he replied:

"In very truth, it does seem impossible they should be so. Unless—unless this man, Granger, also considers that he too was avenged by Anne's act—or—or—not being satisfied with that, still seeks for more."

"What further vengeance can he take on him?"

"Heaven alone knows. Yet one thing I can imagine, can guess from Granger's manner. He is a strong, resolute man, as is easy to see. If, as I do believe is the case, if that other ruined him, he would never forgive. He helped to lead him towards Anne's vengeance; he would not falter in exacting his own."

"Yet what could he do against Bufton here? In such a place as this?"

"I cannot guess. Indeed, all I can hazard is but guesswork. Still, I cannot understand that fellow being here."

"Suppose," said Ariadne, "that he himself, this man Bufton, were here on a mission of revenge. Against——"

"Against whom, child?"

"Against Anne. Doubtless he has never forgiven her for what he must regard as the ruin of his existence. Suppose that! Also, perhaps, he hates you for obtaining the wife he thought he was himself going to possess."

But at this latter Geoffrey laughed loud and long. Was he not, he asked his wife, the most powerful man in the neighbourhood at the present moment? Did not "La Mignonne" lie armed in the river, and was she not manned by a stalwart crew?

"As well," he said, "might the rogue meditate harm against the old Tower of London lying farther up the stream. While as for Anne," he continued; "well! Anne is aboard my ship, and, when ashore, is able to take her own part, especially as she never goes on land at night. And, dear heart," he concluded, "this is not Naples nor any part of Italy, where people can be hired for a handful of silver pieces to take the lives of others."

Yet, all the same, his girl-wife was not convinced, and, although she would not say so, she dreaded the time when she and Anne should be left behind, and Geoffrey gone to join the fleet.

Meanwhile, not a mile away from where the frigate lay, namely, at Granger's house, a different conversation was taking place between that person and Algernon Bufton, who (true to his word and his deep desire for revenge, which he had been brooding over ever since he had had the idea instilled into his mind) had now returned to the neighbourhood of Blackwall. And here he meant to remain, or, at least, in the locality, though farther down the river, until midnight next day (Sunday). By which time he hoped to see the topsails of the "Nederland" fill, and the schooner depart with, on board of her, Anne Pottle, his wife, and Lady Barry, her mistress, bound for the American plantations.

"All is arranged, all settled now," said Granger. "I protest," and he laughed a little as he spoke, "that you in your most brilliant days—and you were good at schemes in those days—never could have arranged anything more cleverly."

"Tell me the scheme," Bufton almost growled now, wishing at the same time that his old dupe would not for ever be harping upon his whilom aptitude for tricking other people. "Tell it to me," he said. "Though," he continued, "I must aver that, if I was once good at schemes, I found an apt pupil in you. You have profited by my instructions"; and he smiled one of those complacent, self-satisfied smiles of his which had gone almost as far towards making Granger hate him as had done that cruel trick by which the man had ruined him.

"The scheme is this," he said now. "The letter will be delivered to Lady Barry by a sure hand when she comes out of church to-morrow. And you may be very confident she will lose no time. Also that she, with her companion—your beloved wife!—will hasten towards the point named, where the creek runs into the river. And the boat will be there to take them off, no matter how they resist."

"One thing alone I fear," said Bufton. "Supposing that she, the mistress, proclaims her rank and position; declares that she is, damn him! his wife—is Lady Barry. Will the master not be afraid?"

"Never. Not he! His sails will be bent, he will be ready to drop down the river at once. Also," he added, "I have taken good care to warn him that, whatever protest may be made by the victim—victims—no heed shall be paid to it. No heed paid to any statement as to position or rank. The master is warned that they will be lies."

"Good," chuckled Bufton. "Good. All lies. No heed will be paid to them."

"None at all," Granger said, with emphasis. "They will be absolutely useless. Likewise it is a common thing for persons brought on board to make such protestations. Women often enough declare themselves to be persons of position, ladies of rank, in the hopes of being released; and men call themselves gentlemen, noblemen. But never are such things of avail."

"Good. Good," cried Bufton again, snapping his fingers in ecstasy. "Oh! good. So that there is no chance! No hope!"

"None. Once on board that schooner there is no hope until America is reached. Instead, such despair that——"

"That people sometimes throw themselves overboard," Bufton interrupted, rubbing his chin, and with a baleful look in his eyes.

"Ay—'tis so. But," and now Granger's eyes seemed to pierce those of the other, "the master expects those fifty guineas we spoke of."

"He shall have them," said Bufton. "Oh! he shall. Alas! poor Anne. I fear she will be driven to the despair you spoke of. Later, I shall assume mourning for her—when I have heard the news. 'Twill be but decorous perhaps."

"I *know* she will be so driven. Now, listen to what you have to do. It would be best that you keep here until to-morrow afternoon. Then, when dusk is coming, we will proceed towards the creek (pray Heaven 'La Mignonne' returns not first!), having taken care to have the letter delivered, and there we will await their coming. Once they arrive at the spot, 'tis done in a moment."

(To be continued.)

Heaving the Lead.

AMONG the various nautical accomplishments which the boys in our training-ships are called upon to acquire, there is none more important than that of becoming an efficient leadsman; and it is accordingly taught with great thoroughness, the first part of the process consisting in mastering the various marks on the lead-line, and then in applying this knowledge to finding the depth of water while the ship is stationary by simply dropping the lead to the bottom. The boys of the "Calliope" are engaged in this instruction, in an apparently insecure position at the end of



Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.

A GOOD CAST.

the "swinging boom," as it is called, though it is held securely by ropes in the picture to prevent it from swinging.

The boy at the extreme end is the individual to whom the instructor's attention is at the moment directed; he is holding the lead-line out in his right hand, the lead being



Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.

A TAUT LINE.

under water, while the instructor questions him as to the value of the marks which pass through his hand. Another instructor, with an audience of three boys, points out the marks as they pass down.

There is obviously nothing very difficult in these preliminary stages; but from this point to becoming an accomplished leadsman, capable of getting a sounding while the ship is moving briskly, is a "far cry." The men in the two other pictures have, however, acquired skill and confidence in the art, and they whirl the lead round, with a taut line and a stiff arm, very dexterously, and are no doubt able to call the soundings correctly.



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

TEACHING YOUNG SEAMEN HOW TO HEAVE THE LEAD.

Additions to the Fleet.

A VERY pleasing business and ceremony at all times is the successful launching of a ship. It is pleasing as business to those in charge, who are responsible for the success of the operation; it is pleasing as a picturesque and interesting ceremony to those who as guests and spectators are privileged to be present on the occasion.

To the former, to those responsible for the new ship, it means the successful completion of a piece of work. It is in point of fact a matter of special significance—nothing less than the safely passing of what is practically the most critical moment of a ship's earlier career. The launching of a modern ship, though to the average member of the public it may appear only a matter of detail, a mere matter of routine in the everyday conduct of the ship-building yard, is to the builder and superintendent of the yard a very serious affair, owing to the uncertainty that must necessarily attend the removal and transference of such a mass as a ship's hull from dry land to the water. In point of fact, considering the conditions in which in many cases launches have to take place, it is really a matter of wonder that the operations so often come off with such safety and success.

In nearly every instance, wherever a launch takes place, whether at a Royal dockyard or at a private ship-building yard, the space of water available for the reception of the new ship is strictly limited, with the result that vessels have to be checked and held in restraint often from the very first moment that their whole bulk is water-borne, that they are in the water at their full length. Remembering the momentum with which such a mass must go down the inclined plane of the ways to clear the slip in safety, the bringing into immediate control of a bulky mass such as a hull, weighing often some 4,000 or 5,000 tons, cannot help in any circumstances being a risky operation.

And of course with all this there is to be considered the ever-present possibility of an incomplete launch, the ever-existing uncertainty that attaches to the mere mechanical process of sending a ship off. Witness, as an instance that cannot fail to be in the memory of many readers, the case of the big French first-class cruiser "Pothuau," whose appearance at the great Jubilee Naval Review of last year created such interest among all who witnessed the magnificent spectacle.

The "Pothuau" when launched in 1895, with all probable conditions of success, stuck fast halfway and hung up on the slip, where she remained for weeks, until it almost seemed quite a chance whether she would ever get afloat at all. Even in the days of our wooden men-of-war, when the conditions attending a launch were in every particular and detail vastly simplified compared with the necessities of the situation that exist to-day, the safe launching of a man-of-war was at all times a great chance.

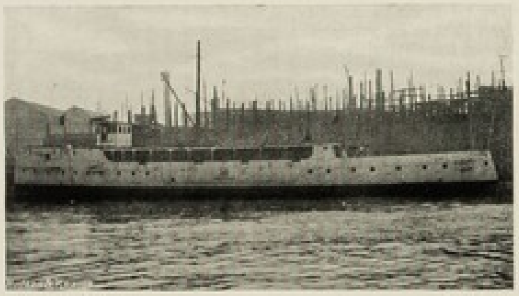


Photo. J. Thomson. Copyright.

THE GUN-BOAT "DWARF."



Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

LOOKING OVER THE TAFFRAIL.

Of all these difficulties and risks, the general public at a launch take little heed, as a rule knowing nothing, or apparently knowing nothing, of them. The celebrities and others who attend on such occasions, ordinarily expect the ship to take the water with the precision of a piece of clockwork, beginning to move the instant the bottle of wine is broken on the stem. If she does not go off like this it is all and entirely "some stupid man's fault," for which he can be called to account and told off with as much justice as a police magistrate punishes a malefactor.

The spectator sees nothing and thinks less of the anxious study and consummate skill indispensable to bring about a successful launch. He cares nothing—for he knows nothing—of the inseparable risks; what close care has to be bestowed on the making and the fitting of the cradle; how the unguent of tallow and other greasy materials for the inclined ways has to be exactly compounded so as to ensure the reduction of friction to the lowest minimum; how the exact checking force requisite to bring the ship to a dead stop when in the water has to be worked out as a mechanical problem of extreme mathematical intricacy. Of all this the average visitor at a ship launch takes little heed, or it might be, or

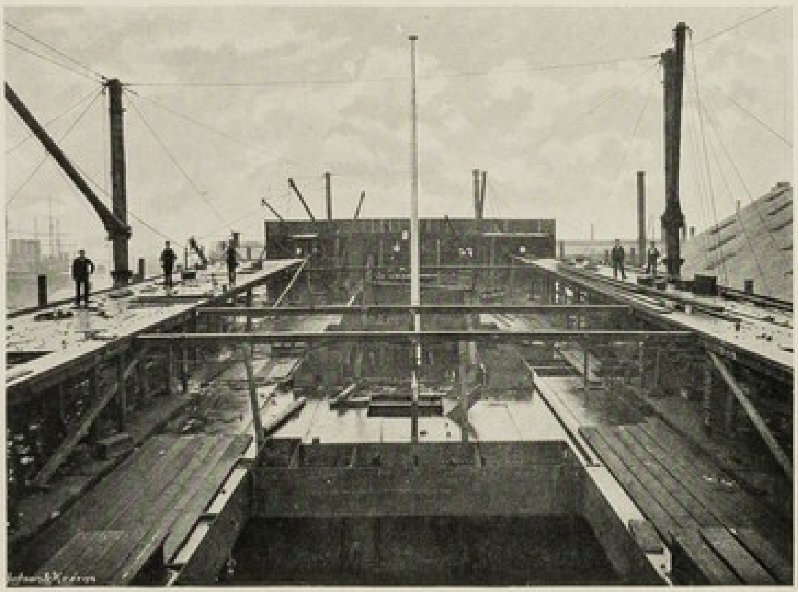


Photo. Cribb. Copyright.

IN THE "FORMIDABLE"—BEFORE LAUNCHING.

perhaps a launch in the circumstances might not be so romantic an affair as it appears to some people. But *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, as the old Latin maxim has it; and so off goes his hat, and he cheers and congratulates his neighbour light-heartedly, and tries, if near enough, to catch a smile from the pretty lady who broke the bottle of champagne. All this applies equally to the launching of a big merchantman or a man-of-war.

There is, though, an additional 'nterest in the launching of a man-of-war for the spectator; and particularly when the event comes off in one or other of our great Royal dockyards. A man-of-war launch, for the spectator, is a threefold ceremony indeed: the baptismal ceremony itself; the official display of pomp and picturesque detail; the historical Naval associations that attend the launching. These all intertwine, so to speak, pomp, detail, and associations al' blended together. The launching ceremony in itself, first of all, is a survival of almost prehistoric antiquity, and represents to us of these days the original idea of primeval man of propitiating the dreaded deities of the sea.

Christianity has stepped in, and, adopting the usage, has turned it to a formal dedication of the vessel to the Honour of the Country and the protection of the Almighty. Just as the naked savage of centuries ago, old-time writers say, sprinkled the prow of his new vessel with a few drops of wine as an expiatory offering, so we now dash a bottle of champagne upon the bows with an invocation to "Success to the ship and those who will sail in her." The garlanded and flower-decked prow, as in the earliest days of which we have record it was the custom to adorn new vessels, is represented by the garlanded wire or string or ribbon by which the modern-time bottle hangs. And the flags that grace the hull from stem to stern, arranged in precise order according to the time-honoured custom of the Service, are similarly a survival representative of the earliest practices of antiquity on such occasions.

Two contrasted launches which



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ON THE LAUNCHING PLATFORM.

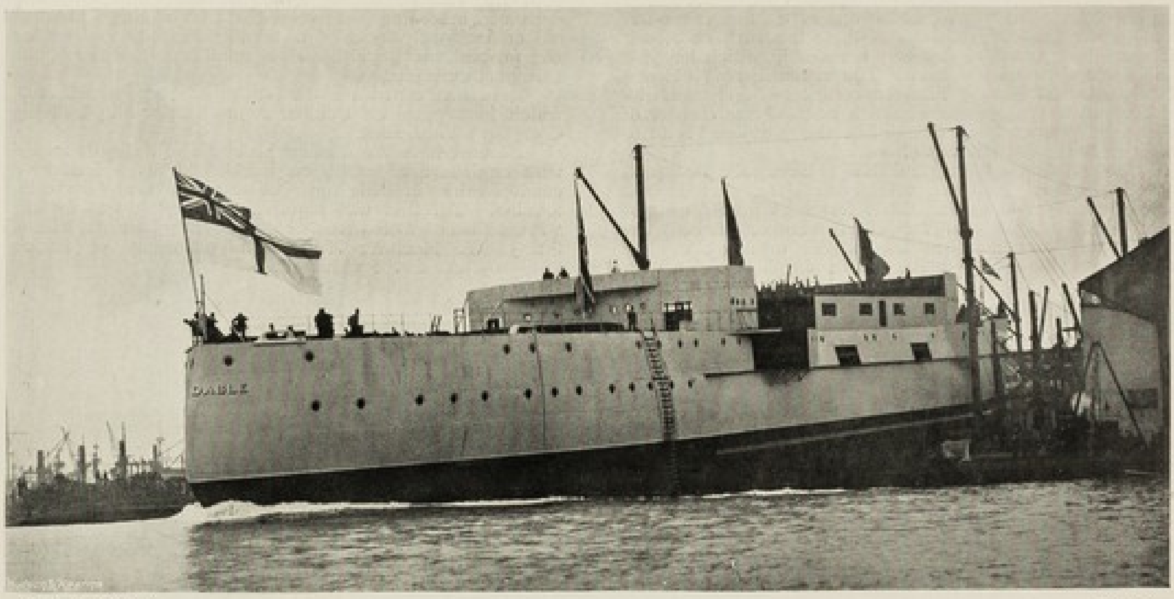


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LEAVING THE SLIPS.

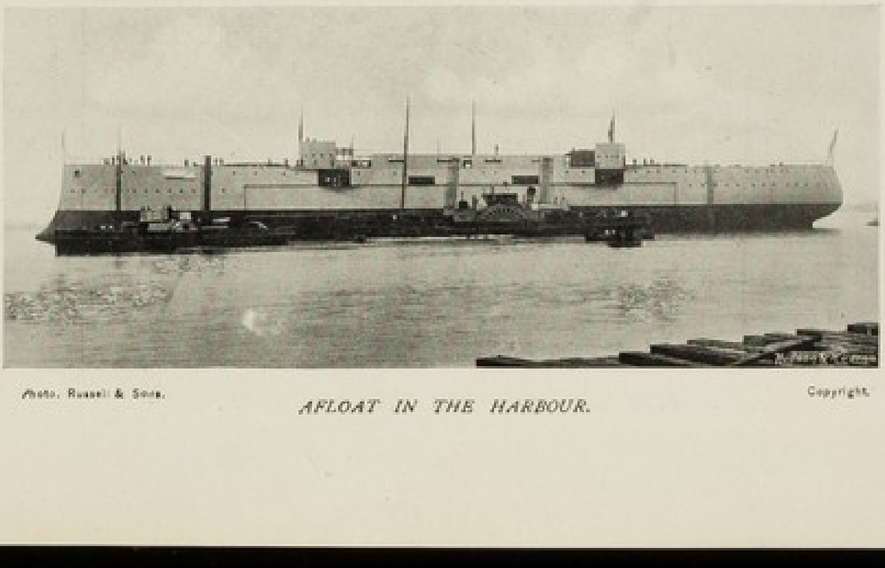


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AFLOAT IN THE HARBOUR.

have taken place quite recently are among the subjects of our illustrations. One is that of the little "Dwarf," a 700-ton shallow-draught twin-screw steel gun-boat, intended for river service under the British flag in the East, which has just been launched on the Clyde by the London and Glasgow Engineering and Ship-building Company. The second is the giant 15,000-ton first-class battle-ship the "Formidable," launched at Portsmouth Dockyard on November 17, and named by Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach, the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The "Formidable" is the biggest battle-ship ever launched for the British Navy up to the present time, and her launching weight of 4,500 tons is the heaviest ever placed in the water at Portsmouth from a building slip, although other yards have done bigger things in this way, notably Devonport, last summer, with the launch of the "Ocean" from a slip with upwards of 7,000 tons. The "Formidable" is a sister to the "Irresistible," about to be launched at Chatham, and to the "Bulwark" building at Devonport, and the three are what are called "improved 'Majestics,'" which fine vessels they will resemble closely in externals when finally ready for sea.

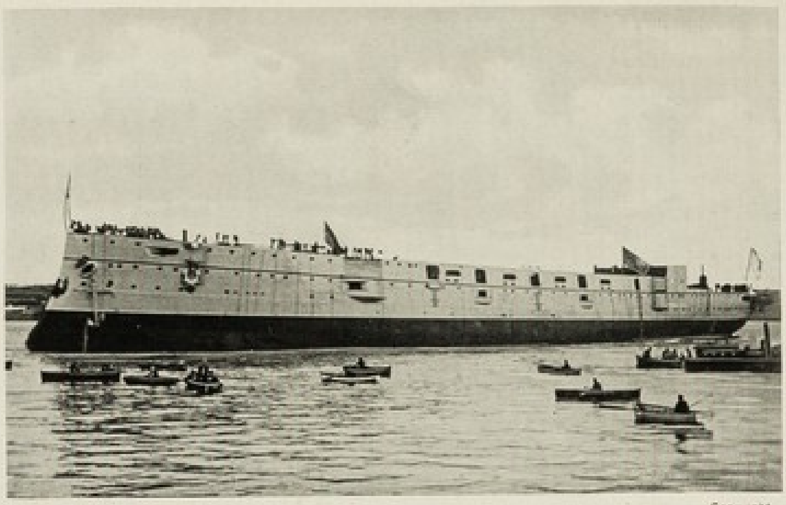


Photo. H. Reynolds. Copyright.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "SPARTIATE" AT PEMBROKE.

In the "Spartiate" and the "Prometheus" we have two of our newest cruisers, each of a type of which great things are expected. The "Spartiate" is one of the fine 11,000-ton four-funnel first-class cruisers of the "Diadem" class, one of the future sisters of that very useful ship, which has just joined the Channel Squadron. The "Prometheus" belongs to the new "P" class of third-class cruisers of 2,135 tons displacement, a type of vessel much needed, and a sister of the smart "Pelorus," which too, like the "Diadem," is a late addition to the Channel Squadron.

The "Spartiate" was launched at Pembroke Dockyard on October 27, and our illustration shows her in the act of taking the water. Mrs. Burges Watson, wife of the Admiral-Superintendent at Pembroke, named the "Spartiate" and launched her in the orthodox way by cutting the silken cord to release the dogshores, and with the usual accompaniments of a religious service, a bottle of champagne, and "Rule, Britannia!" from a military band (the South Wales Borderers). Our illustration shows what a war-ship generally appears like on these interesting occasions, with the exterior of the hull practically complete, and decorated, according to a custom at least a century and a-half old at dockyard launches, with the Admiralty foul anchor flag forward, the Royal Standard amidships, and the White Ensign at the stern.

In marked contrast is the launch of the "Prometheus," which took place on October 20 at Earle's Ship-building Company's Yard, Hull.

Here we have the unusual spectacle of a ship launched with engines and boilers on board, and in so forward a condition that in little time she could be ready for commission. All that was required, practically, was for the "Prometheus" to receive her guns. Lady Maclure, wife of Sir J. W. Maclure, M.P., deputy-chairman of Earle's Company, named the "Prometheus."



Photo. Turner & Drinkwater. Copyright.—H. & K.

A TYPE OF THE "PROMETHEUS" AT HULL.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 97.] *SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1898.*

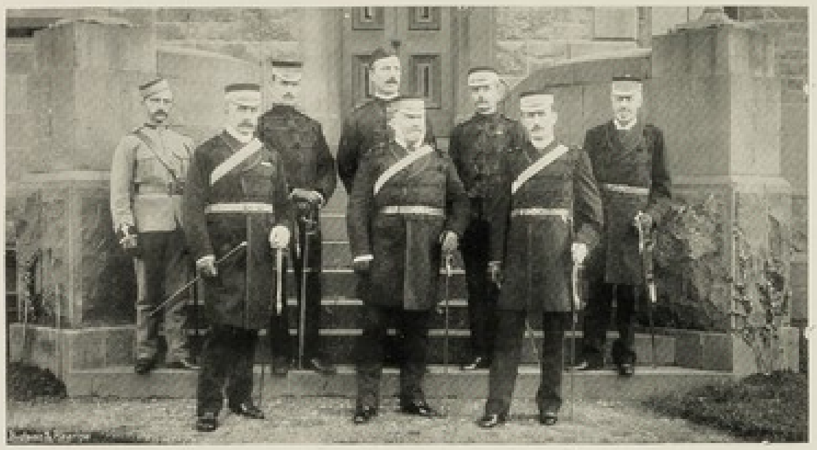


Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. HOLLED SMITH,

COMMANDANT OF THE VICTORIAN FORCES

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—I.



STAFF OFFICERS, VICTORIA DEFENCE FORCES.

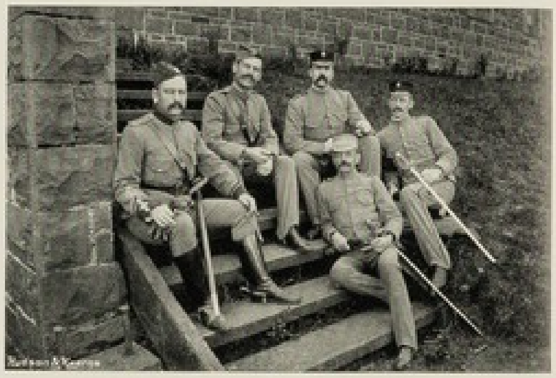
IF an intelligent Board School scholar, after mastering the definition of an island, were requested to point one out on a map, he would infallibly select Australia as the most prominent example, and would not be at all surprised to learn that it is the largest in the world. If he were a very keen and up-to-date scholar, and became acquainted with the existence and position of the Suez Canal, he might have the temerity subsequently to question the accuracy of the statement, seeing that Africa is a great deal larger than Australia, and is undoubtedly, at the present day, surrounded by water. Geographers have not as yet, however, officially recognised M. de Lesseps' artificial strait, and Africa consequently remains, technically, a continent, leaving to Australia her pride of place among islands, together with a very strong claim to be regarded also as a continent Before proceeding to describe the military forces, it will be as well to remind our readers of the extent of the island, and of the manner in which the several colonies are disposed, together with their relative areas.

Without going into strings of figures, which convey but little to the ordinary and non-statistical reader, some idea of these dimensions may be gained from the fact that Australia is about twenty-six times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and only about one-fifth less in extent than the continent of Europe.

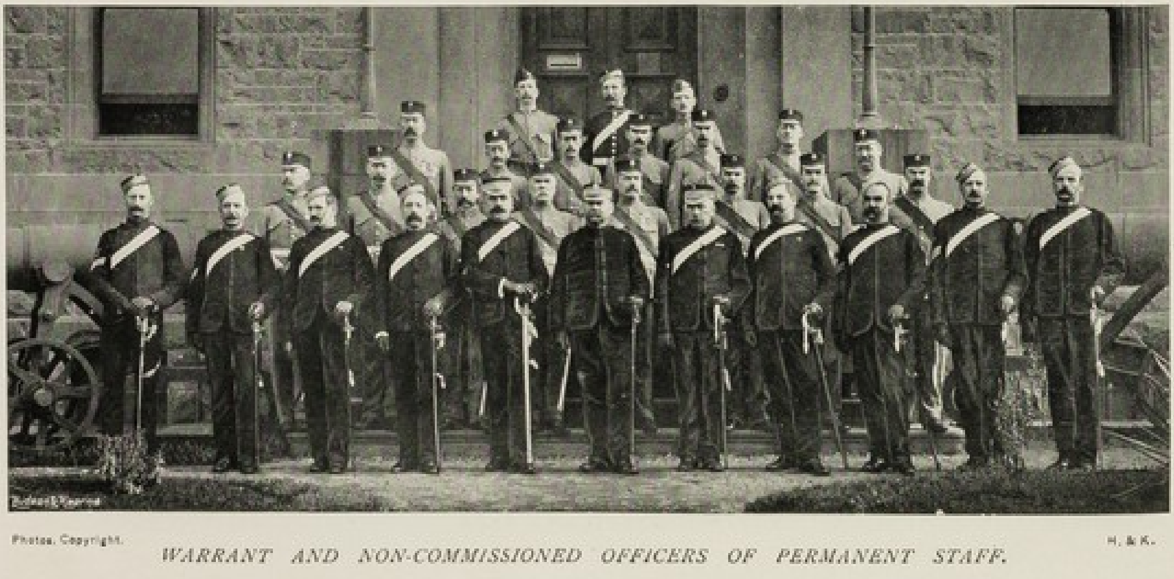
The colony of Western Australia occupies, as its name implies, a great slice of the western side of the island. South Australia lies next to the eastward, but its name does not imply that it reaches across the entire depth of the island from north to south, which, however, is the case, the northern part being known as the North Territory The remaining



CAPTAIN HARDING AND ASSISTANTS.



TAKING IT EASY AFTER WORK.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

WARRANT AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF PERMANENT STAFF.

portion is occupied by the three colonies of Queensland, in the north-east, New South Wales on the east and south-east, and Victoria squeezed into a corner between the south-west boundary of New South Wales and the eastern boundary of South Australia. Their relative areas are as follows: Western Australia comprises 34 per cent. of the whole, South Australia 30, Queensland 23, New South Wales 10, and Victoria 3 per cent.

Each colony has its own military force distinct from the others, though their systems and organisations are in most respects very similar.

Victoria, though the smallest, is by no means the least important of the Australian colonies. It was formerly attached to New South Wales under the name of the Port Phillip District, but in 1851 it was separated, and entered on an independent existence. Like other colonies, it has seen some vicissitudes in regard to the constitution and organisation of its military forces; but by the Discipline Act of 1883 the old *régime* was entirely superseded by the present scheme of organisation, and the land forces of Victoria are now constituted as follows: Permanent Forces: Headquarters Staff, 4; Militia and Volunteer Permanent Staff, clerks, etc., 56; Permanent Section of Engineers, 31; Victorian Artillery, 288; making a total of 379.

Militia: Headquarters Staff, 6; Field Artillery, 269; Garrison Artillery, 676; Submarine Mining Engineers, 171; Infantry Battalions, 1,724; Army Service Corps, 39; Medical Staff and Ambulance Corps, 55; total 2,940.

Volunteers: Mounted Rifles, 800; Victorian Rangers, 850; making a grand total of 4,969, maintained upon an annual expenditure of about £113,000.

The present commandant is Sir C. Holled Smith, formerly of the King's Royal Rifle Corps—known of old as the 60th Rifles—in which he served with distinction in Zululand, in the Transvaal, and in Egypt, being repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and receiving advancement in brevet rank on three occasions. He has the local rank of major-general, and has held his present position since December, 1894, to the advantage in every respect of the Victorian forces. A portrait of this distinguished officer is given as the frontispiece; and another illustration shows the interior of the office of the Minister of Defence—the Hon. W. McCulloch—who stands before the fire, while the Secretary of Defence — Commander Collins, R.N.—imparts some information to him from a portentous document.

The Victorians take a



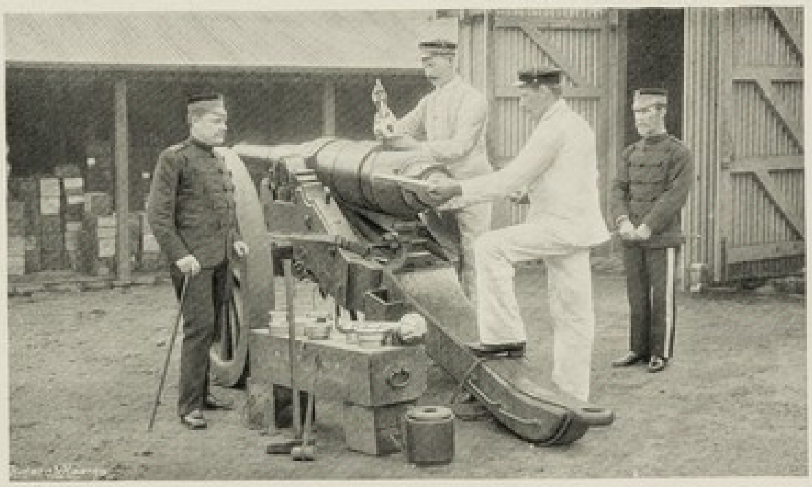
THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE IN HIS OFFICE.



OFFICERS, METROPOLITAN BRIGADE, GARRISON ARTILLERY.



SERGEANTS, METROPOLITAN BRIGADE, GARRISON ARTILLERY.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

RE-BUSHING A 40-POUNDER GUN.

serious view of their responsibilities in regard to the defence of the colony, and the various branches have attained a high degree of efficiency. The drills are regularly attended, and the officers and men take a pride in the condition of their respective corps; nor are they wanting in good material as regards physique, as will be seen from the various illustrations to be given of them.

In the group of staff officers the central figure in front is Colonel Freeman, who has on his right Lieutenant-Colonel Bingham, Staff Officer of Artillery, and on his left Lieutenant-Colonel Hood, Assistant-Adjutant-General.

The post of Inspector of Ordnance Machinery is held by Captain Harding, who appears in one picture with his six skilled assistants, and in another superintending some repairs to a 40-pounder gun.

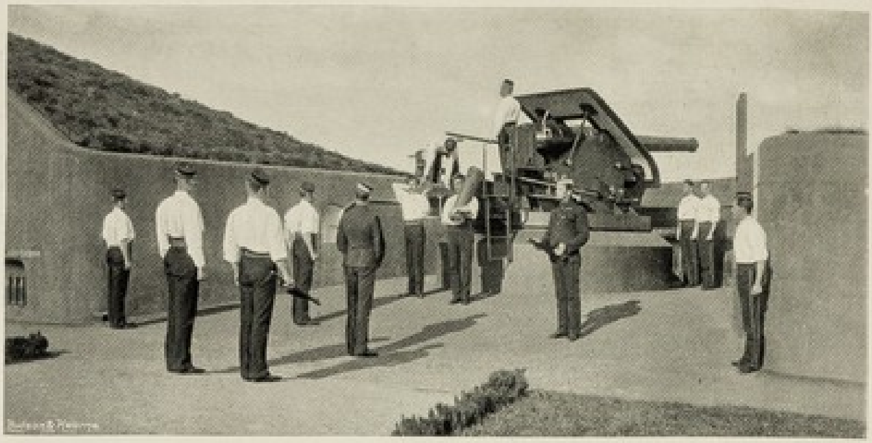
The warrant and non-commissioned officers of the Permanent Staff form a fine group of soldierly looking men, many of them wearing medals which they earned when attached to the Imperial forces. Below this group is seen a little party of staff officers having a quiet cigar during "stand easy" time after an inspection.

Having given some idea as to what manner of men are the members of the Permanent Staff, the five last pictures have to do with the Militia Garrison Artillery, which has, as has been seen, a total strength of 676, and is divided into the Western District Brigade, having charge of the Geelong and Western District Batteries, and the Metropolitan Brigade, working the North Melbourne, Williamstown, and Harbour Trust Batteries. The former is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Umphelby, and the latter by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Hall. The groups of the officers and sergeants of the Metropolitan Brigade require little comment; they speak for themselves, and speak somewhat eloquently by their smart and workmanlike appearance.

Three of the pictures show some of the detachments at work; and the two guns represented display a great contrast, one being a modern 6-in. breech-loader, with its long muzzle pointing far outside the shield, and the other a short, stumpy muzzle-loading gun of far larger calibre, but less power. The new order has not as yet been adopted in its entirety, and so the Victorian gunners have to be masters both of the old style and the new.

These pictures are taken in Fort Gellibrand, at Williamstown. The remaining one shows a detachment at the Harbour Trust Battery engaged in the operation of raising the "gyn," or shears for lifting a heavy gun into its carriage, etc.

The tackle, with the huge blocks, lies on the ground, and will presently be attached to the gyn-head. The details of all the exercises are precisely the same as those taught in the Royal Artillery at home; and the uniform is similar. The pregnant motto of the Gunners—"Ubique"—is thus illustrated in a very wide sense; for the results of their skill and experience are available in our most distant colonies.



NEW STYLE—LOADING A 6-in. BREECH-LOADER.

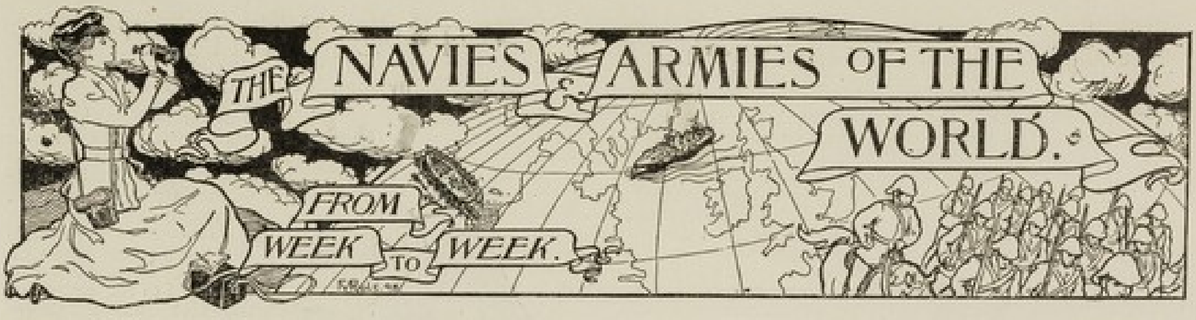


RAISING THE GYN.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

OLD STYLE—LOADING A 10-in. MUZZLE-LOADER.



WOULD it not be possible in these days of advanced science to take an able sailor officer and an able soldier officer and combine them? It ought surely to be possible to put them into some sort of Medea cauldron, boil them together, and work them into a third something which would be capable of seeing both sides of the question. Till we do, it looks as if we shall never arrive at a clear understanding of what is meant by "defences." The whole question, which ought surely to have been argued out by this time, has come up again as brisk as ever, and one foresees a long line of renewals. The soldier officer says (and in the vast majority of cases the landsman says with him) if the Navy fails, what are we to do? and you know you never can be positively sure that you will not fail a little, if not a great deal, and then where shall we all be? The sailor officer says (and some landsmen agree with him) you make the Navy strong enough, and then even a local failure will not lay us open to invasion. What you are going to spend on fortifications had far better be spent on ships. It is pure waste when it is spent on forts which can never be attacked till our fleet is beaten off the sea, and when that has come to pass, the enemy can ruin our commerce, and bring us to terms without incurring the trouble and expense of invasion. Of the two cases the second is, in my opinion at least, incomparably the stronger, though for some mysterious reason it seems to be the most difficult to understand. Yet there is also something to be said on the other side.

* * * *

The reply must not take the form of quoting the defence of Sebastopol as a proof that a great fortified arsenal can hold out for a year against two armies and two fleets. In the first place, we have no reason to suppose that an enemy would have to suffer what the allies endured during their first winter in the camp on the Uplands. In the second place, when it has come to this, that Portsmouth can be besieged a year by an enemy whose communications by sea are not cut in all that time, the game is up for us. The real justification for land defences, volunteer corps, etc., in Great Britain is that the sense of security is worth paying for. As a mere matter of logic St. Vincent was right as against Pitt. Gun-boats and land forces were not our proper defence against Napoleon's invasion. Pitt ought on his own principles to have seen as much. In a letter written to his brother, "the late Lord Chatham," as he was called, because he was always behindhand with his work, on March 2, 1803, Pitt says, "At all events I am sure you will agree with me that we ought to be prepared for the possibility both of an immediate rupture (*i.e.*, with France) and for his (*i.e.*, Napoleon) following it up—or, rather, accompanying it—by attempting to strike in the first instance some sudden blow on any vulnerable point. I conclude this will be so strongly felt that no time will be lost in putting into immediate readiness whatever means we possess, *and especially those of floating defences on the coast, on which so much of our security against a coup de main must depend.*" It may seem strange that so great a statesman and so powerful a reasoner as Pitt did not see that the best of all floating defences would be one which kept watch outside the enemy's port of departure. It was, so one thinks, a weakness in him to think of anything less effectual, and to approve of schemes for fortifying London. Yet Pitt was a great statesman and a powerful reasoner, and it is bold in many of us who are infinitely his inferiors in intellect to assume that he could not see what is obvious to us. It is all the bolder, too, when we remember that he was much the friend both of Duncan and of Nelson, and can hardly have escaped hearing the Naval view. If he had been posed by now familiar arguments, he would probably have answered that, even if they were all unanswerable, still the sense of security which these things would give was worth a sacrifice. It encouraged Englishmen to stand firm, and to hear that the enemy was at sea with comparative indifference. It was in fact on this very ground that he defended his approval of fortifications for London, and there is a good deal to be said on that side so long as it is not made an excuse for weakening the fleet. After all, there is a great difference in the position of the invader who can say, "If I avoid the enemy's fleet there is nothing to resist me, and I may do immense damage before I am interfered with," and the invader who says, "Even if I avoid the fleet I shall find fortifications and troops to deal with, and I shall almost certainly have run all this risk for nothing."

* * * *

That the Spaniards are an amazing people is a truth which has no doubt been grasped by the rest of the world pretty firmly within the last few months. The "cosas de España" are altogether peculiar; but the last story beggars definition. It is to the effect that the Carlists are openly recruiting men in the great towns at three pesetas—*i.e.*, half-a-crown—a head per diem, and are offering commissions, in preparation for a civil war. All this goes on under the very nose of the authorities. When the incredulous foreigner reads this kind of thing, he rubs his eyes, and comes to the conclusion that the newspaper man is romancing, let us call it, or that all Spain is Carlist. Yet the fact probably is that the newspaper man is not far from the truth, and that Spain is not a jot more Carlist than it was. Of course, the same human mind refuses to believe that recruits for an Irish rebellion could be openly hired in the streets of Liverpool, or that a Royalist rising in La Vendée could be prepared in Bordeaux. The same human mind would be quite right, but if it hurries to the conclusion that because these things could not be done in England, or France, they cannot be done in Spain, it will be much out of its reckoning. In a country which sees a war with a Naval Power coming for years, and yet does nothing to get its fleet ready, which when the war has begun sends a squadron to sea with no great guns in one of the ships, and half the heavy armament of another split, all things are possible. So it is quite on the cards that a Carlist rising is being prepared in broad daylight. Whether anything will come of it all is another story. The Spaniards, who abound in excellent proverbs, have one, or two rolled into one, which says, "De lo dicho á lo hecho va gran trecho y de hablar de la guerra y ir en ella"—"It is a long road from said to done, and from talking of war to going to war." There is a vast deal more of the "dicho" than of the "hecho" in the things of Spain.

* * * *

We must not say that history repeats itself, and yet it is curious to note how often minor quarrels and preparatory armaments have preceded the outbreak of a great war. Just now, for example, one remembers the Nootka Sound dispute which came just before the great Revolutionary War, and is half disposed to wonder whether the Fashoda question is not more or less akin to it. No doubt there are wide differences. The Nootka Sound quarrel was with Spain. France only intervened, and that indirectly, as Spain's friend. Yet she would have struck in if her domestic embarrassments and the growing revolution had not compelled her to refrain. It is here that the similarity of the two cases is most marked. Now as then there is unrest in France, and nobody can be sure of what will happen. Now as then French finances are in disorder, though there is nothing to-day quite answering to the bankruptcy of the old monarchy. France has rarely been in that condition without setting something on fire besides herself. The revolution of 1830, which upset the government of Charles X., was followed by intervention in Belgium. The revolution of 1848, which drove out Louis Philippe, was followed almost immediately by the expedition to Rome. The Russian War came on the very heels of the *coup d'état* of 1852—while the Empire went down in a disastrous war, followed by a frightful internal convulsion. It is an old saying that when France is content Europe is at peace, and assuredly no man can maintain that she is in a placid humour to-day, at least not that portion of the nation which really governs. Therefore it may be the case, after all, that the Fashoda incident may, like the Nootka Sound dispute, be as one of those clouds which are seen flying out of the north just before the outbreak of the "bora" in the Adriatic. If so it will be lucky for us that both have resulted in an "armament."

* * * *

The formation of a Special Service Militia is one of those measures or even makeshifts of ours which have gone all through our history, and of which it may be said that they are theoretically absurd but practically effective. Each particular hair on a French military organiser's head would stand on end at the illogical absurdity of forming a force for home defence, and then encouraging the best men to volunteer for something else. He would assuredly, after laughing consumedly, describe the plan as a *gachis*, a hash, or mishmash. But then Colbert, with his lordly scheme for a French Navy, in which everything was elaborately provided for, would have derided our poor little device for forming a corps of officers by sending a handful of "King's Letter Boys" into ships, with directions that they were to be treated as gentlemen, and allowing the pay and rations of a petty officer for their support. Yet the poor little device made a better corps of officers than Colbert's stately *ordonnances*. As regards the Militia, the "Special Service Militiaman" is only a modern officially recognised version of what always existed. During the great Napoleonic war, when the Militia was embodied, and was in fact as much on constant service as the regular army, men constantly passed from its ranks to the regiments in the Peninsula. Indeed, officers were encouraged to bring men over by promises of commissions in the Army. There are cases of men who brought over whole companies, and became captains in the Line.

* * * *

The very ingenious writer who contributes the "Looker-on" pages to *Blackwood's Magazine* argues this month that however unwilling Russia may be to be dragged into a war, she could not avoid helping France against us if it came to fighting, because she could not suffer the French Navy to be destroyed, since it is the only counter-balance to our own. One might give reasons for doubting whether she could prevent that disaster to her friend; but, leaving matters of opinion aside, it is certain that this view is borne out by a curious story told by Sir Robert Wilson in his account of his experiences in the campaign of 1812, which he saw as English military attaché with the Russian head-quarters. It was after the battle of Malo Yaroslawitz, in which Napoleon was repulsed and driven back for his retreat on to the country exhausted by his advance. Wilson, acting partly as the mouthpiece of some Russian officers who feared to speak for themselves, urged Kutusoff to make a vigorous attack on the now beaten enemy. The Russian generalissimo listened for a time in silence. At last he broke out, saying that he would not destroy Napoleon, and giving his reasons. They were that it was contrary to Russia's interests to beat the French Emperor completely. If she did, said Kutusoff, France would be ruined for the benefit of England only. He said that we were already too strong at sea, and if France were ruined there would be no counter-balance to us and we would become the tyrants of Europe; therefore he meant to let Napoleon escape. Kutusoff was probably lying, and even if not, there was more cunning than wisdom in his calculation. He only imposed upon his country the cost of two terrible years of war in 1813 and 1814, and France was beaten all the same. Yet the point of view was not an unnatural one for a Russian, and it probably gives whatever reality there is to the Franco-Russian Alliance. DAVID HANNAY.

Story of the "Irresistible."

By Edward Fraser.

"IRRESISTIBLE," the name of the battle-ship to be launched at Chatham on December 15 by one of the Queen's daughters, the Princess Christian, is on the face of it a first-class fighting name. Certainly so—and one particularly appropriate in the present year, with our Navy as it is admitted to be. Yet, strangely, there is about the name in its origin quite another story.

There was something like very grim irony in giving such a name in the first place to a British man-of-war. The year when our first "Irresistible" was laid down and named was perhaps the most humiliating in our annals, next after the year when the Dutch came up the Medway. It was in 1779, when France and Spain in combination held command of the Channel, capturing British ships in sight of our own Channel fleet, which the enemy forced to retire into port without firing a shot. To one of a number of seventy-fours, hurriedly ordered in the alarm that filled the country, Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, to whose incapacity our humiliation was mainly due, gave the name "Irresistible." It was certainly in the circumstances an ironical choice. There is, though, another side to the story. The ship—the "Irresistible"—was actually launched, it happened, after the situation had righted itself in the year of Rodney's victory and the relief of Gibraltar—1782. So, on the other hand, the "Irresistible" may be said in the name also to commemorate the recovery of British supremacy at sea, and two notable victories in which the British Navy proved itself once more irresistible. Another point, by the way. The launch just now of the "Irresistible" as a sister ship to the new "Formidable" at Portsmouth is an interesting coincidence. The capture of our first "Formidable" at Quiberon introduced the class of man-of-war names to which the "Irresistible" belongs; also, our first "Irresistible" was built on the lines of this same "Formidable," as a later sister of the "Formidable" which, built for ourselves on the model of the same French ship, was Rodney's famous flag-ship in the year the "Irresistible" was launched.

The two battles credited to the "Irresistible's" name in our Naval annals both fell to our first "Irresistible." The first was Lord Bridport's battle of Belleisle of June, 1795. The "Irresistible" led Lord Bridport's fleet, and, together with the flag-ship, the "Queen Charlotte," was the first in action, and had a principal part in bringing about the capture, or recapture, of the "Alexandre" (an ex-British seventy-four, lost in the previous year), one of Lord Bridport's three prizes. The "Irresistible's" second battle was with Jervis on "Glorious Valentine's Day," 1797. Here she went into battle next ahead of the "Victory," whom in the first part of the fight she helped to beat off the Spanish windward division in its attempt to break our line. In the later part of the fight the "Irresistible" was one of the ships that specially engaged and nearly captured the Spanish four-decker, "Santisima Trinidada." As the battle closed, Nelson came on board the "Irresistible" from his shattered "Captain," and hoisted his broad pennant in her. Nelson remained seven weeks in the "Irresistible," and in her for part of the time commanded the inshore squadron off Cadiz.

In the next year the "Irresistible" returned to Chatham, her home port, whence she never went to sea again. Built in haste in the unfortunate circumstances already spoken of, the ship had to pay the penalty of scamped work, and after lying seven years in the Medway, was broken up some six weeks before Trafalgar.

Our second "Irresistible," by what seems another piece of gentle irony from Whitehall, though it may have been meant as a compliment to the victors of Trafalgar, was the recaptured "Swiftsure," one of the survivors of Nelson's prizes. Brought to England, the "Swiftsure" was in 1806 renamed "Irresistible," and then made a prison-ship in the Medway, which *rôle* our second "Irresistible" filled until the ship-breaker claimed her after Waterloo.

Our third "Irresistible," laid down and named during the Russian War, was launched in 1859, just the year, by another accident of irony, that the British Navy was at its weakest during the present century—the year of the great invasion scare and the Defence Commission which officially declared the idea of an all-powerful British Navy unattainable and ordered the sea-coast forts. Our third "Irresistible" ended her days in the seventies as depôt-ship at Bermuda.

The ship launched next Thursday will be the fourth of the name, and none surely will say that a better name could be chosen for our newest big battle-ship just at this present time, to typify the position of Great Britain in the world. Ready, aye, ready; that the whole world knows at this moment Great Britain is through her Fleet, and, in consequence, irresistible. In the circumstances of the sending afloat of our steelclad "Irresistible," the fortune of the name has changed.

THE BAGPIPE.

By John Storer, Mus.Doc.



"Dr JOHNSON APPEARED FOND OF IT."

WHO of us has not heard at some time or other of heroic deeds performed by our troops under the influence of the inspiriting strains of the bagpipe?

It has now been for so long a time associated with "Bonnie Scotland" that one is apt to run away with the idea that it always has been pre-eminently the National Scottish instrument, as undoubtedly it is at the present day. This, however, is far from being the case.

According to Dr. Stainer in his "Music of the Bible," it is the same kind of instrument as the last one mentioned in Daniel, chap. III., verse 15, namely, the *symphonia*, but wrongly translated in our version as dulcimer.

The *symphonia* is now generally supposed to have been of the bagpipe species, and the reasons given by the above-named author for this are the original meaning of the word *symphonia*, "sounding together," which may quite well be applicable to the melody combined with the drones, and also the fact that at the present time the Italians have a rude bagpipe called by them a *sampugna* or *sampogna*, and that the *chifonie* or *symphonie* of the Middle Ages was of the same genus of instrument. No doubt the origin of the bagpipe in the first instance was something after this manner. It at first consisted of pipes, two or more, without a bag, and blown directly from the mouth. We know that the strain on the cheeks and lips of the players of these double or triple pipes must have been very great, as they were accustomed to wear a kind of bandage round their cheeks to give support and strength to the muscles. This bandage was called by the Latins a *capistrum*—that is, a leather muzzle or headstall. To relieve this strain, a wind-bag made from the skin of a kid or goat was the inevitable improvement. At what period this development took place it is impossible to say; but the instrument with bag and pipes was well known to the ancients, not only to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, but in Persia, Assyria, India, and China.

Its introduction into England dates from a very early period, as is evident from an antique found at Richborough, in Kent, last century by Mr. Pennant. During the Middle Ages it was universally known throughout the length and breadth of Europe, being one of the principal instruments used by the wandering minstrels, jongleurs, and gleemen. In Germany it was termed a *sacpfeiffe*, in Italy the *sampogna*, *piva*, or *cornamusa*. This last name really means a horn pipe, and most likely referred to the material out of which the "pipe" portion of the instrument was constructed, as is the case with the Arabian bagpipe of the present day. From the Italian *cornamusa* the French got their term *cornemuse*, and both in Italy and France the name for a small pipe without a bag became a *musetta* or *musette*. From this latter name a piece of music written in bagpipe style, with a drone or pedal bass, came afterwards to be called a musette. Returning to England, we find that in Chaucer's time it was quite an established instrument, for he represents the miller in his "Canterbury Tales" as being skilled in playing it: "A baggepipe well couth he blowe and soune." And Strutt quotes a MS. recording many payments to bagpipers in the reign of Edward III., about 1335.

The first people to use the bagpipes in war (as far as we have evidence) were—the Scots, of course. O dear no; not a bit of it. Long centuries before they ever heard the exciting skirl of the pipes that to them are now so dear, there were certain of the Roman infantry regiments who, as told us by Procopius, used to be stirred to deeds of prowess by the stimulating sound of the pipes.

When they were introduced into Scotland is not known with any certainty, but certainly not before the fifteenth century; that is about the time they began to gradually fall into disuse in England, as musical art developed. It is true there is a tradition that bagpipes were used by the Scots at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, and it is even said that the tune played on this memorable occasion was "Hey taitte, taittie." This story, however, rests on no tangible evidence. The earliest historical mention of bagpipes as forming part of the military music of the Scots was at the battle of Balrinnes in 1594.

The earliest extant Highland specimen was formerly in the possession of a Miss Glen in Edinburgh. It was dated 1409. With the exception that it is wanting the large drone (which, by the way, is a modern addition, dating only from the beginning of the eighteenth century), it is the same as the instrument of to-day.

Perhaps a little more minute description of the present Highland pipe will not be out of place. The wind blown into the bag from the mouth of the performer goes to the three pipes of fixed pitch called the drones, and to another smaller pipe called the chanter. This last is of conical shape, with seven holes in front for the fingers, and one behind for the thumb of the left hand. It has a double reed, like the oboe or bassoon, and possesses a compass of an octave and a note, from G in the treble staff to A above. Upon this pipe the melody is played, the others forming a fixed drone bass. The scale of the chanter's nine notes is not a diatonic one, the intervals not being tuned according to our modern system. In general effect the scale resembles our scale of A, with a minor seventh. The fourth, also, is very much out of tune to our ears; and here we may remark that, as many of the old bagpipe airs are in what is termed the pentatonic scale, that is, with the fourth and seventh omitted, it is probably to be accounted for that, because of the imperfections of these particular intervals on the instrument, composers, who were no doubt always players, avoided them when making their tunes. A good example of this kind of melody is Mackinnon's "Lament."


Bagpipes in the Navy

In playing the bagpipe, a special characteristic of good performers is the frequent introduction of lengthy groups of passing notes. These are termed "warblers," and often consist of five notes, and even seven are common. The bagpipe has not often been used in the services of the church, yet there is a record that it was used in the Catholic Church at Edinburgh in the year 1536. Of late years it will no doubt be remembered that the Scots pipers took a prominent part in the grand military service held in York Minster under the late Dr. Naylor.

Soon after its establishment in general use in Scotland, each burgh had one or more town pipers, somewhat after the manner of the town bands of mediæval Germany described in a former article. They also formed part of the regular retinue of a Highland chieftain. This office was often an hereditary one. The most famous of these hereditary piper families was the MacCrimmons, who were for several generations pipers to the MacLeods of MacLeod. The last of the MacCrimmons died in 1822.

Even in burghs the office was not unfrequently hereditary. For instance, at Jedburgh the family of the Hasties were town pipers for over 300 years. The burgh piper has now, to a certain extent, disappeared, but the clan piper is still a prominent personage at weddings, funerals, and other festivities, and the piper is by no means the least important person of the Royal household at Balmoral.

Of its use in the battles of the British Army, two incidents out of many that will no doubt occur to each reader may be mentioned as showing the exhilarating effect the sound of the bagpipe has on the Highlander. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the British troops were repulsed, and were retreating in great disorder. A general of division, noticing the bad behaviour of Fraser's regiment, complained to a field officer belonging to that corps. "Sir," said the officer, "you did wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning, as nothing encourages the Highlanders so much as the sound of the bagpipes on the day of battle. Nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow then like the devil," replied the general, "if it will bring back the men." The pipers were then ordered to play a favourite martial tune, which as soon as the Highlanders heard they rallied, returned, and turned the tide of the battle.

Another example was in 1781, in India. This was at the battle of Porto Nuovo, in which General Coote, with 8,000 men, defeated an army of twenty-five battalions of infantry, 400 French, from 4,000 to 5,000 cavalry, and above 100,000 matchlock men with forty cannon. The only British regiment present on this occasion was the 75th Highlanders, which was on the right of the first line, and led all the attacks, to the full approbation of General Coote, whose notice was particularly attracted by one of the pipers, who always blew the louder and more martial tones whenever the fire became hotter than usual. This so pleased General Coote that he cried aloud, "Well done, my brave piper, you shall have a set of silver pipes for this." He was as good as his word, for he afterwards presented the regiment with £50 in order to purchase a new set of pipes.

In the early part of this century bagpipes were in use in the ships of the Navy, and some vessels carry pipers still.

Of other pipes in use besides the Highland, the Irish or union pipe is the most important. It is a much more perfect instrument than the Scottish one, as it not only possesses a complete chromatic scale (from D below the staff to D above), but also the drones (which, unlike the Highland pipe, are fixed upon one stock) possess keys which are played with the wrist of the right hand, thus giving an harmonious bass. From the softness of the reeds used it has a very sweet tone. The wind-bag is not supplied from the mouth, but by a pair of bellows placed under the arm. This bagpipe, in spite of its superiority as a musical instrument, is rapidly dying out. In Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Scene 1, we find:

"Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe."

This refers most probably to the "ullan" pipes, in which case the Irish pipe would be the one here referred to. In conclusion, although to most cultivated ears the bagpipe is not a thing of joy or pleasure, it is, nevertheless, a curious fact that it has a fascination for those who have little or no ear for the music of any other instrument, and no less a man than Dr. Johnson, whose musical knowledge was, in his own words, limited to being able to distinguish the sound of "a drum from that of a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar," seemed nevertheless to take pleasure in the tones of the bagpipe. "We had music of the bagpipes every day at Avondale, Dunvegan, and Coll," says Boswell in his Hebrides journal. "Dr. Johnson appeared fond of it, and used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone." The picture thus conjured up of the great lexicographer is, to say the least, most diverting. Certainly there is no accounting for taste. However, if the bagpipe stirs men to do and to dare as undauntedly as it has done and still does do with our Highland regiments, it would be a dark day for the British Army should its strident tones ever become a thing of the past, and therefore even those amongst us who dislike it most as a musical instrument (or, if they prefer it, "instrument of torture"), yet may, on account of its associations and its undoubted stimulating effects, honestly and heartily say, "Long may it flourish."

LITERARY NEWS. . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

THE already very voluminous literature of the Indian Mutiny has just received the addition of two other volumes—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Gordon-Alexander's "Recollections of a Highland Subaltern" (Arnold, 16s.), and more recently Colonel Vibart's "Sepoy Mutiny," which I shall notice presently. Colonel Gordon-Alexander, who was a subaltern in the 93rd Highlanders during the memorable months he writes of, has produced a volume that is mainly argumentative. He made a practice of recording important events, or things heard, at the time, or within a day or two, and on some particular occasions he made notes actually on the spot. These notes had lain apparently in obscurity for almost thirty years, when a casual circumstance led Colonel Gordon-Alexander to read the late Colonel Malleson's and Lord Roberts's books, General Shadwell's and Archibald Forbes's lives of Colin Campbell, Sir William Russell's "My Diary in India," and some other Mutiny volumes. In all these he discovered inaccuracies, and particularly in Colonel Malleson's work, whereby he was moved to pen the volume to which I now draw your attention. Its value is that it is a record of facts, almost of direct observation, and, at least in some particulars, the evidence seems conclusive. Hence I cannot but regard it as a very valuable addition to the literature of the subject, and I am glad the author has been tempted by his old fighting instincts to emerge from his retirement. Unhappily before the volume appeared, that lamented officer Colonel Malleson was dead, or we may be sure, like the good fighter he was, he would either have defended his position stoutly or have frankly withdrawn. I think in nearly every case he would have had no choice but to do the latter. At the tremendous storming of the Secunderbagh, where the 93rd had 76 killed and wounded, he said that a young officer named Cooper was the first to enter, immediately followed by Colonel Ewart. The critic avers that the first man in was Captain Burroughs, followed by three or four privates, then Cooper, then Colonel Ewart, and then himself. Afterwards the 93rd occupied the Shah Nujuf, where Captain Peel of the Navy and Lieutenant (now Vice-Admiral Sir Nowell) Salmon so distinguished themselves; and here again Colonel Gordon-Alexander has corrections to make. So, too, in regard to the storm of the Begum Kotee, where Adrian Hope did *not* lead either of the parties; and once more in regard to the manner of the death of that brave, gentle, kind, courteous, and true soldier. It may be said that such criticisms are of the dry-as-dust order, but they make the substance of history, and men do, above all else, cling to the credit of brave and honourable deeds. But Colonel Gordon-Alexander's book is more than a record of such. It is a well-told, closely-jointed, thoroughly comprehensible narrative of the splendid service of the old 93rd at Lucknow, and in the Rohilkund Campaign. The author was himself fighting and writing on the spot, and there is the impress of life and fact in what he records. I would compliment the publisher, too, upon the excellent portraits and plans he has furnished.

* * * *

Some readers of this paper will have heard of Frank Wilkeson's "Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac" (Redway, 3s. 6d.), for the book was first published in America. It is a volume of original character, written with a great eye to the dramatic and picturesque, and therefore eminently readable. Its high merit is that it presents the life of the Federal soldier, of the man in the ranks, with convincing force. For its facts I have no great respect; for its judgments, scarcely any. It is as a picture, strong and vivid, of the old American volunteer in the camp, on the march, and in the field that you may value it. You will recognise him as own brother of the long-legged, unshaven, strenuous fellows who lately were fighting at Santiago. "Who beside our enlisted men can or will tell their countrymen how the volunteers who saved the republic lived in camp; lived in the field; on the march; what they talked about, how they criticised the campaigns, and criticised their officers and commanders; how oft they hungered and thirsted; how, through parts of campaigns, and through entire campaigns, they slept, unsheltered, on the ground, and too often in snow or mud; how they fought (honour and glory for ever and ever to these matchless warriors!), and how they died!" Then comes the naive remark: "I was one of these private soldiers." Now we begin to understand how the distinction is set up between the "epauletted history," written mostly to repair damaged reputations, and this unvarnished tale, and to comprehend why other unhonoured veterans are called upon for their actual experiences, and to say what their commanders refused, or neglected, or failed to do. Moderation and forbearance of statement, says Mr. Wilkeson, have been his error. Moderation, indeed! He condemns volunteering—the net in which he himself was gathered—as "the unprincipled dodge of cowardly politicians," which ground up "the choicest seed-corn of the nation," wasting and destroying everything that was good, and "leaving the cowards, shirks, egotists, and money-makers to stay at home and procreate their kind." In short, Mr. Wilkeson, if we take him seriously, is partly a misanthrope and partly a reformer. As the first, he sees ignorance, incapacity, and jealousy in everything written about the war, except what was penned by Grant; as the second, he indulges in some delightful logic. Successful commanders, like great poets, are born, not made; Cæsar, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Grant were not the product of schools; therefore abolish West Point, which produces only shoulder-strapped office-holders! Yes, the abolition of West Point is necessary for the military salvation of the United States! I have said enough to show how very curious, original, and striking is this remarkable narrative. The enlistment, the marching to the front, the battle of the Wilderness, the fighting around Spottsylvania, the flank movement, and the events of Cold Harbour and Petersburg fill the book with a very dramatic story. The puzzle is, "Why has the author nursed his wrath so long?"

* * * *

After reading this strange record of the American "soldier in battle," I turned to Major E. S. May's "Field Artillery with the Other Arms" (Sampson Low, 6s.), to find that well-experienced officer quoting the precious logic I have alluded to, and utterly shattering the feeble deduction in a profound introductory chapter on the study of military history. Major May is dealing with the employment of field artillery, illustrating it from history, and discussing its re-armament with quick-firing guns. In a masterly chapter on the analogy between the tactics of all the arms he deduces the principles of artillery tactics. Here is an illustration of his method:—"Now the destructive power of modern guns in position awaiting an attack endows them with an advantage analogous to that conferred in strategy by interior lines. If the batteries of the attack struggle up into position one after the other, a converging fire of overwhelming weight can be turned upon them, and they are thus exposed to the danger of being wiped out in detail." I shall not attempt to give you an idea of the great and important subjects Major May treats with such competent skill. Let it suffice to say that he deals with the distribution of guns, the handling of masses of artillery, the choice, occupation, and change of positions, the co-operation of infantry and artillery, and of horse artillery and cavalry, and with ammunition supply, a matter of supreme importance. He then turns to the question of quick-firing guns, which is now being discussed all the world over. Major May himself has lately been carrying out experimental fire with these guns at Okehampton, and is thus especially competent to deal with the subject. He has no manner of doubt as to the advantage of the system. He points out that rapidity of fire is not the only advantage. Almost as great is the gain in the facility of aiming, loading, and firing. At a time like this, when the German artillery is being greatly increased and provided with a quick-firing gun, and when artillery problems are constantly under discussion, there can be no question of the value of Major May's admirable volume.

* * * *

All these are volumes of serious purpose; but next week I shall be able to direct attention to some of the more popular works of this busy publishing season. Meanwhile, I commend a few special articles in the December magazines. In *Macmillan*, all who value deeds of arms and the conditions of knightly prowess and courtesy, will read with pleasure Mr. David Hannay's "The Point of Honour." In *Harper* there is a stirring record of the gallant rescue of the "Winslow," on board which Ensign Bagley was killed, from the position in which she never should have been placed. The illustrations are particularly good. The war with Spain has given opportunities to many American writers and artists, which they have not been slow to take advantage of, and in the art way, at least, much very fine work has been done. *Chambers's Magazine* briefly describes the system of recruiting foreign armies. No one can fail to be interested in the *Rivista Marittima* of Rome, the fine official monthly of the Italian Navy. It has just completed an exhaustive account of the Spanish-American War, and now gives admirable pictures of the Spanish ships after the battle of Santiago, while it directs special attention to the arguments of Captain Mahan and Major Callwell. I will not omit to mention the *Artist*, most delightful of all the art magazines. Its special merit is its eclectic character, and the direct service it renders to students and home-workers, whether they wield the brush or the chisel, are carvers, decorative artists or modellers, or direct their attention to the camera. There is an amusing colloquy between Wellington, fresh from Aldershot on his monstrous Copenhagen, and the Emperor Napoleon, who rolls down Park Lane in an antiquated coach. They marvel at the unfinished state of Decimus Burton's arch, the idea being to induce the authorities to place Adrian Jones's quadriga on the top, and they go off exploding with laughter when they learn from one of the old soldiers on the plinth of the new Wellington statue that the place is reserved for the sublime presentment of the Last of the Plantagenets—the Master of Malwood!

* * * *

It is something to hear of a new novel by Charles Lever. That is what Messrs. Downey and Co. promise early in the next year. The brilliant, witty writer of dashing and heroic stories turned out almost a library for the entertainment of his contemporaries and successors, but "Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier" has been overlooked. It appeared serially in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and has been buried ever since the sixties. Of course, it is a story of adventure, and its title is enough to tell us that it is a yarn of Jacobite times. The career of a son of Prince Charles Edward is the theme, and Mirabeau is a central figure. All Lever's best biographer seems to have known of the book is that the novelist was asked to write a story for the *Dublin University Magazine* after the death of James Macglashan. "Gerald Fitzgerald" was the result, and the title was taken from the name of a college chum. One is inclined to fear that the story may be below Lever's level, and that such a disservice may be done to his memory as Dr. Garnett lately inflicted upon Shelley by reprinting some of his deservedly forgotten writings. However, when the name of Lever is mentioned, those who revel in his style will look for good things.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Malta Naval Hospital.

A VERY noticeable and prominent object that catches the eye at the outset as you enter Grand Harbour, Malta, after passing between the two guardian forts at the harbour mouth, St. Elmo and Ricasoli, is the imposing colonnaded front of the Naval Hospital at Bighi. The position of the hospital is admirable, the buildings having an admirably clear outlook seaward, and standing high on the bluff-headed promontory of Bighi, which juts out into Bighi Bay, with the smaller inlet of Rinella Bay on the right, and the larger estuary of Calcara Bay, English Port, dividing the Bighi promontory from Vittoriosa and the triple-tiered fortress of St. Angelo, on the left.

Directly facing the hospital across the waters of Grand Harbour is Valetta itself, the whole *coup d'œil* forming one of the most pleasant and agreeable pictures that it is possible to imagine, and all that could be wished for to gladden the eyes of our convalescent seamen. The second of our photographs of Malta Naval Hospital gives a view of the buildings of the institution, as we have taken them, as the scene strikes one on entering Grand Harbour, particularly when coming in from the westward round St. Elmo.

The present building at Bighi is, of course, a comparatively modern structure, but there has always been, since the British occupation of Malta at the beginning of the present century, a Naval hospital of importance in the island-fortress. Malta Naval Hospital, in point of fact, dates its first importance



THE P.M.O., SURGEONS, AND NURSING SISTERS OF MALTA NAVAL HOSPITAL.



Photos. L. Weber. Copyright.

VIEW OF MALTA NAVAL HOSPITAL FROM THE MOUTH OF GRAND HARBOUR.

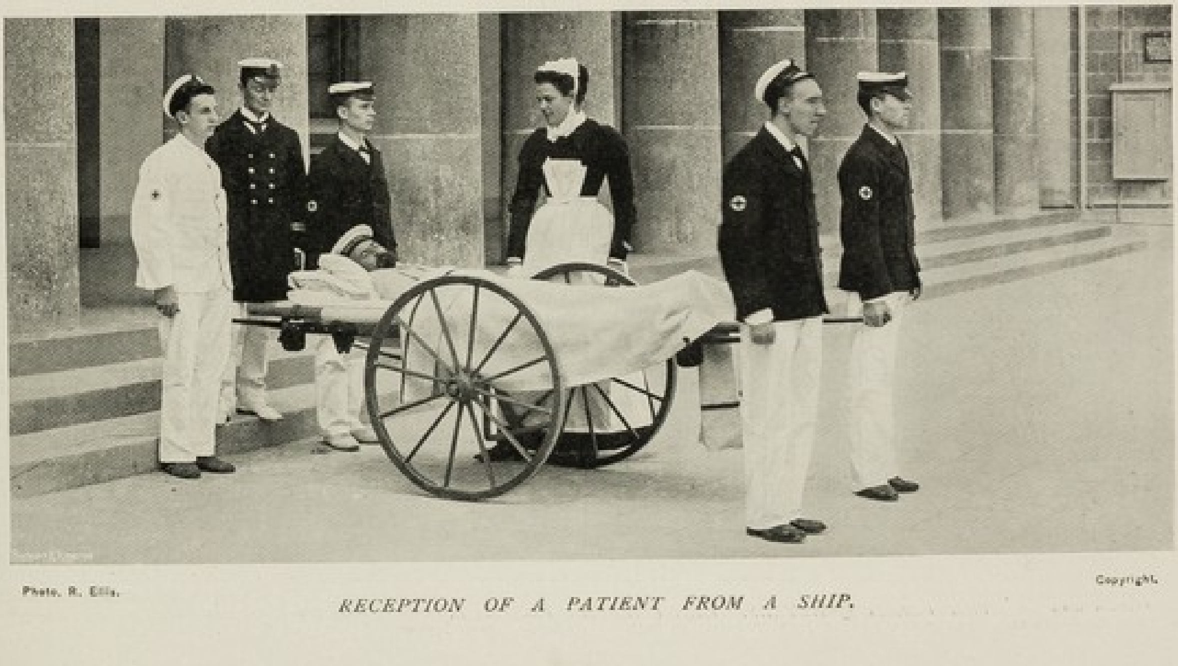


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

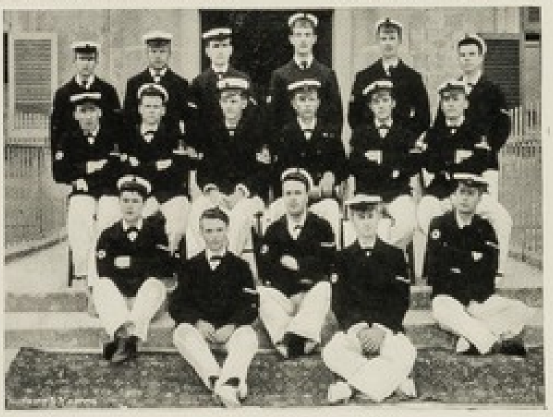
RECEPTION OF A PATIENT FROM A SHIP.

from the year 1803, when Nelson came out to the Mediterranean station as Commander-in-Chief to direct the blockade of Toulon on the outbreak of the Great War with Napoleon. Nelson made Malta his special base of operations, owing to certain advantages and facilities that for his special purpose it possessed, in his eyes, over Gibraltar. And during the ten years that the Great War with France lasted after Nelson had quitted the Mediterranean in the year of Trafalgar, the special use of having a Naval hospital at Malta commended itself with the same force to Nelson's successors on the station — Collingwood and Lord Exmouth.



IN ONE OF THE WARDS.

The Naval Hospital establishment at Malta at this time comprised one surgeon in charge, one agent, and one dispenser, with a working sick berth staff of attendants that apparently was locally recruited. As was the case with all our Naval hospital establishments at this period, Malta Hospital came under the general supervision and care of the old Transport Board Office, particularly under the department of the Board then known as the "Department for Sick and Wounded Seamen (Sub-division, 'Foreign Service')." After the Great War, Malta Naval Hospital took the place that it practically holds to-day, as one of the most important of Naval medical establishments outside the great home Naval hospitals of Haslar and Plymouth, next after which it ranked. In the "forties" the old establishment of the hospital, comprising a surgeon, dispenser, and chaplain, was enlarged, the staff of officers now comprising a deputy-medical inspector, a surgeon (who was also storekeeper), and an assistant-surgeon. This was the constitution of the hospital staff, as regards its higher executive, at the time of the Russian War in 1854-55. An additional surgeon was appointed in the



Photos. L. Weber. *THE SICK BERTH STAFF.* Copyright.

"sixties," and then in 1884 the old-fashioned so-called "nursing staff" of men, which, as in all our Naval hospitals up to that time, had been old sailors or often civilians, was replaced by a trained staff of ladies with a superior position. The lady nurses were first appointed to Naval hospitals in 1884 as an experiment, the four chief hospitals of the Service—Haslar, Devonport, Chatham, and Malta—being selected as the places for the experiment to be tried.

That it answered goes without saying, and in one of our illustrations we see three of the four "sisters" who at the present time are on the nursing staff of Malta Royal Naval Hospital.

It may be interesting to note, by the way, that they hold officer's rank, stand next in degree after the surgeons, and are borne on the Civil Service List as being eligible for pension. The uniform, of a pattern duly sealed at Whitehall, is a charming one, of fine dark blue serge, with a dainty little shoulder-cape faced with scarlet.

The present medical establishment at Malta comprises the following officers: Naval officer in charge, Rear-Admiral Rodney M. Lloyd, C.B. (the Admiral-Superintendent of Malta Dockyard); Deputy-Inspector-General, J. H. Martin, D.S.O. (in medical charge); the Chaplain, Rev. R. D. Lewis; Surgeons, T. Austen, and T. E. Honey, M.D.; the Store-keeper and Cashier, Mr. D. J. Low, R.N. The four "Sisters" are Miss Mary J. Pinnager, Miss Florence A. Moore, Miss Florence H. Porter, Miss Amy Munn. The ward staff consists of twenty—one chief sick berth steward (Mr. Hannaford, R.N.), one first steward, four second stewards, and fourteen sick berth attendants. The average number of patients in ordinary times is from 150 to 200.



Photo. R. Ellis. *THE P.M.O.'s QUARTERS, MALTA NAVAL HOSPITAL.* Copyright.

With the Channel Squadron at Gibraltar.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]



A LATE ADDITION TO THE FLEET—THE 1-rater "THRUSH," BELONGING TO COMMANDER STODDART OF THE "JUPITER."

SEVERAL paper-chases on foot, a sailing regatta, and two entertainments by the "Magnificent" and "Mars" respectively, were the sum total of frivolity during our stay at Arosa Bay, against which may be set a week of many drills, Whitehead torpedo exercises, and various other instructions, to say nothing of the daily boat-race round the fleet. Of this last, there is no doubt that the sailors, marines, and stokers really enjoy their pull, and the exercise and excitement never seem to pall upon them. Naval discipline is perhaps a trifle relaxed on these occasions (one high in authority has even gone so far as to call it "legalised piracy!"), but it is more than compensated for by the tremendous enthusiasm and hard work of the boats' crews, and by the way the healthy rivalry of ship against ship is kept alive, for, in the Navy as elsewhere, competition is the real secret of efficiency.

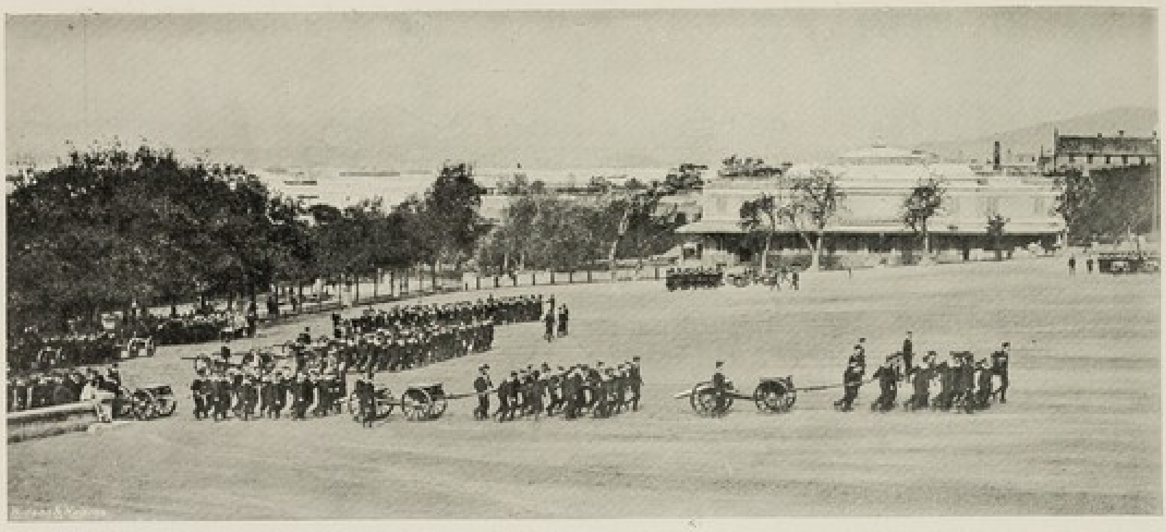
Apropos of this I send an illustration of what is not at all an unusual event, and that is a good fouling match; as, however, the pains and penalties visited upon a coxswain who gets his boat knocked about are considerable, the damage done is practically *nil* as a rule.

I also send a picture of the last addition to the fleet. This is the "Thrush," a 1-rater belonging to Commander Stoddart of the "Jupiter." In her day, under the name of "Fay II.," she raced a great deal, and was one of the crack boats of the Solent and Riviera regattas. Even now she would doubtless make a very good show against any other 18-ft. boat. In the same illustration may be seen the "Hannibal,"



Photos. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

BATTLE-SHIPS COALING ALONGSIDE THE NEW MOLE.



FIELD GUNS' CREWS AT DRILL ON THE ALMEDA AT GIBRALTAR.

while in the distance is a high sharp peak, on whose summit is erected the cross and tablet dedicated to the "Victims of the Sea," which was illustrated in these pages just a year ago. Cross, tablet, and rock chapel are, I regret to say, falling into decay, and even the "Serpent" memorial stone itself is chipped and rapidly becoming illegible. The "Serpent" was lost, it will be remembered, in November, 1890, and the tablet was let into the rock by the Admiralty in memory of those lost.

The squadron had a smooth and pleasant passage round to Gibraltar, and on Monday, October 31, anchored as usual off the New Mole. Here the first breath of the late crisis was felt, the ships being ordered to complete with coal to the full bunker capacity, a thing not usually done. I give an illustration showing two battle-ships coaling alongside the Mole, with the rock scorpions running it in in baskets at the rate of 140 tons an hour.



Photos. A. Debenham. Ryde.

A "FOULING MATCH."

The Mole extension works have progressed wonderfully since our last visit, and huge blocks of rock can be seen sticking out of the water here and there, showing that the foundations are nearly complete. Beyond the taking in of these extra tons of coal the possibility of war has had no effect upon the customary routine, though arrangements were made for mobilising the torpedo-boat flotilla here if necessary, one boat being appropriated to each battle-ship.

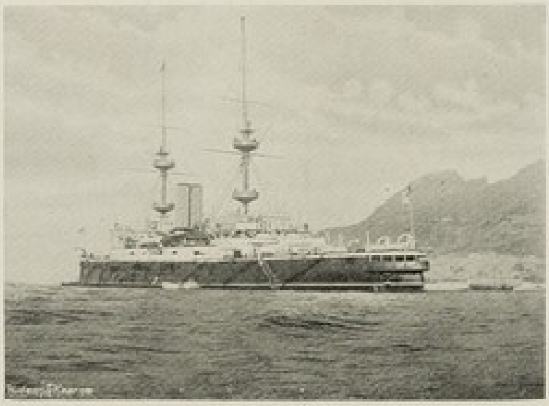
The Channel Squadron just now is perfectly prepared for any emergency, and probably has never before been so powerful or in so thoroughly efficient a condition.

Landing parties were exercised, as is customary here, the battalion of seamen (nearly 3,000 strong) landing one day and the marines and field-guns the next. I illustrate the field-gun crews at drill on the Almeda, where quite a large number of people assembled to witness them. No less than twenty-two guns were present, and they gave a very fine exhibition, one that is always popular with the spectators. At the end of the morning's work the whole were paraded and marched past the vice-admiral at the "quick," and afterwards at the "double," to the music of the massed bands of the fleet. Two other illustrations show the "Prince George" at her moorings, and a Gibraltar bum-boat.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE GIBRALTAR BUM-BOAT.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE "PRINCE GEORGE" AT "GIB."

The West India Regiment.

THIS is not the first time that we have had the satisfaction of reproducing pictures relating to the gallant and distinguished West India Regiment for the benefit of our readers. In March last, in connection with the West African difficulty, we published an excellent portrait of Sergeant Gordon of the "2nd West," the only native soldier now serving who wears the Victoria Cross; also a group of non-commissioned officers and men paraded under a subaltern at one of the West Coast stations. In November again we printed an interesting illustrated account of the West Indian troops in the last Ashanti Campaign. A special interest, however, is attached to the set of pictures we publish to-day, because we have recently had a battalion of the regiment actually sojourning for a short time in England. This was the new 3rd Battalion, which was only raised last year, and which broke its journey out to St. Helena at Portsmouth, leaving the latter port of embarkation on November 26. One could wish that the visit had not been such a fleeting one, and that a larger public could have had a sight of a complete battalion of this picturesque and most serviceable corps.



A CAMP OF ISOLATION, JAMAICA.

It may be added, that only a few weeks previously the 2nd West India Regiment had returned to Kingston after a long spell of African service, the home-coming of the battalion being made the occasion of a very notable demonstration. Meanwhile the 1st Battalion has been doing yeoman's service in the Sierra Leone Protectorate, where from quite the beginning of the year thousands of square miles have been in a state of serious revolt. Some idea of the nature of this service may be gleaned from the fact that since the outbreak of the disaffection the 1st West India Regiment has lost, *killed and died of wounds*, the commanding officer, Colonel Bosworth; the adjutant, Captain Macdonald; and Lieutenants Yeld, Ricketts, and Corbett, as well as five officers killed and wounded, and numerous killed and wounded among the men.



Photos. J. W. Cleary. OFFICERS OF DEPÔT, W.I.R. Copyright

While on the subject of the losses to which, from the peculiar nature of its service, the West India Regiment is liable, we may add that since August, 1897, the regimental death-roll from war casualties, yellow fever in Jamaica, and coast fever in Africa, has reached the terrible total of twelve officers, including two colonels and two adjutants.

Turning from these painful details to our pictures, that of the sergeant and corporal bugler of the 2nd West needs no particular comment beyond a hint to take note of the handsome uniforms, consisting of scarlet zouave jacket trimmed with yellow braid, blue zouave breeches, white dress waistcoat, and white spats. These are shown to advantage again in the picture of the depôt recruiting party, in which are included two drummers wearing the white drummer's braid. The British officers in this group are Lieutenant Hingley, W.I.R. (recruiting officer), and the medical officer, Captain Salmon, R.A.M.C. On the left, as you look at the picture, is our old friend, Sergeant Gordon, V.C.



From a Photo. A DEPÔT RECRUITING PARTY, W.I.R. By a Military Officer.

Of the two British groups, that in which white uniforms predominate shows the officers of the depôt of the West India Regiment at Up Park Camp, Jamaica. This depôt is in every way similar to the depôt of a home territorial regiment, and is at this moment commanded by an officer, Colonel C. F. W. Moir, who only the other day was commanding the 2nd Leicestershire Regiment, and who will be noticed in the middle of the group wearing a field-service cap. At one time there was a tendency to regard the West India Regiment as a corps apart, and to appoint any but a West India officer to the command at Up Park would have been considered quite a strange proceeding. But to-day it is much more clearly recognised that the West India Regiment is really an ordinary Line infantry regiment, composed, as to the rank and file, of coloured men. The corps

is maintained, paid, clothed, and so forth, from home, just like all the home territorial regiments, and the officers are Line officers who can be transferred, promoted, or exchanged into any British cavalry or infantry regiment. The other British group shows the medical officers and the non-commissioned officers and men of the medical establishment of the West India Regiment.

A painful relationship exists between this picture and that of the pretty little camp with its foreground of tropical foliage, and the Kingston Harbour and Caribbean Sea in the distance. Alas, this is not an ordinary camp, but a sadly extra-ordinary one—a Camp of Isolation, at Shortwood, about six miles out of Kingston, into which the depôt and three companies of the newly-raised 3rd Battalion were moved during the last yellow-fever epidemic in Jamaica. This terrible outbreak raged from August, 1897, to January, 1898, and among its victims were no fewer than seven Naval and Military officers.

Any detailed account of the West India Regiment, and its history, would be impossible in the space at our disposal; but it may briefly be said that the corps is 110 years old, and that its services are very insufficiently represented by the battle honours on its colours. Whenever fighting has been necessary on the West Coast of Africa, the West India Regiment has almost invariably been in the forefront of it, and at times has suffered severely without having even the consolation that it had qualified for a medal.



Photo Gregory. Copyright.

SERGEANT AND CORPORAL BUGLER, 2nd W.I.R.

Led by their own officers, the cheery and powerful blacks of the West India Regiment have penetrated all sorts of African fastnesses, and without a murmur have helped to bring many a barbarian kinglet of their own colour, and very nearly their own blood, into sullen subjection to British rule. To the officers is due a yet larger award of merit, for what is a comfortable climate to "Quashie" often means either death or constant illness for the healthiest of white men. Many a crownless martyrdom has been suffered by these gallant holders of the Queen's Commission in the mere routine of their work, and it is earnestly to be hoped that things may be made a little more comfortable for them by the formation of the 3rd Battalion and by that of the West African Regiment. The latter corps will, at any rate, relieve them from some of their dreariest and most unhealthy stations, and lessen their chances of exposure to those weird and dreadful African diseases which are hardly less to be dreaded than "Yellow Jack."

Mention of the West African Regiment in this connection raises a question which by many will be thought to be of even greater interest and importance to the corps which forms the subject of this sketch than its own past history and present state of efficiency. Slowly but surely England is building up, apart from her magnificent Indian Army, a body of colonial troops which in a few years will be a well-nigh perfect organisation of its kind, admirably adapted to our colonial requirements, and splendidly calculated to popularise our mild and beneficent colonial rule. Already the West African Regiment is attaining the proportions of a respectable brigade, the Hong Kong Regiment is a solid and valuable fact, and the Wei-hai-Wei Battalion has received full authorisation. The Uganda Rifles will in time, no doubt, become a battalion of an East or Central African regiment, and South African and Australian regiments are quite within the domain of practical politics. When such organisations as these have become systematised they will constitute a Colonial Army which may well rank on an equal footing with the infantry of the Line, the officers being interchangeable, as they are in the case of the West India Regiment. The latter will then assume a very proud position as the premier corps of this great colonial system, instead of being, as at present, at the tail-end of the British infantry. The idea may seem to some difficult of realisation, especially when one considers how long and how, hitherto, unsuccessfully France has been striving to attain a similar result. But we have our previous triumphs in India to encourage us, and the mass of material from which we can draw our native recruits is almost immeasurable. It may be that this generation will not see the tree bearing as good fruit as it will eventually bear, for in some cases populations will have to be drawn upon which are composed mainly of emancipated slaves. But, as is conclusively shown in the case of the West India Regiment, the descendants of slaves may make as excellent soldiers as any European Power could wish for.



Photo. J. W. Cleary MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT, W.I.R. Copyright.

The 1st Life Guards.

THE inhabitants of London are accustomed to associate the Life Guards with escort duty and the like within the boundaries of the metropolis or at Windsor. It must not be imagined, however, that the duties of the Household Cavalrymen are confined to the protection of Her Majesty the Queen, or to performing "sentry go" in all the glories of full-dress uniform outside the Horse Guards.

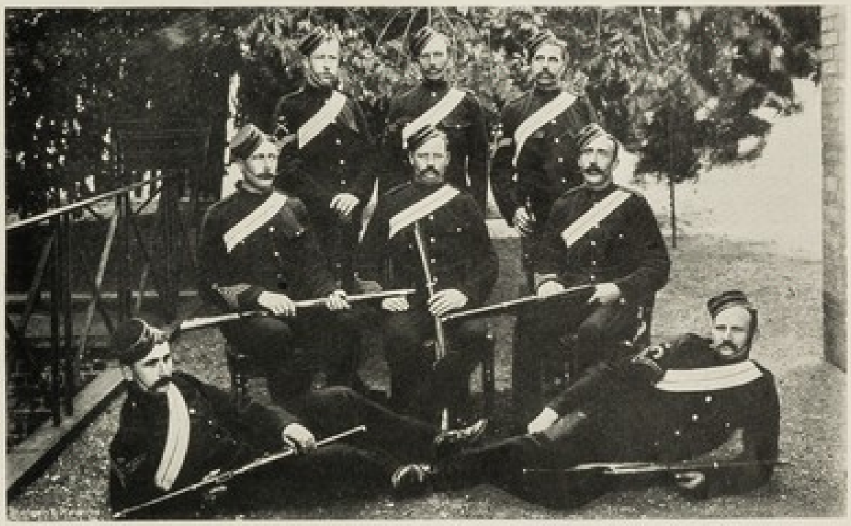
It may not be out of place to state for the benefit of our many non-military readers that the Household Cavalry is composed of three regiments, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, more commonly known as "the Blues." The last-named are distinguished by their blue uniform, but the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are dressed so much alike that it is often hard to distinguish the one from the other. The commissioned ranks are officered by men of considerable wealth, for the expenses in connection with a commission in Her Majesty's Life Guards are too heavy to be undertaken by officers of limited means.

An accompanying illustration depicts the officers of the 1st Life Guards in camp. Their dress little resembles the uniform they are accustomed to wear in London, but it is designed with a view to usefulness rather than artistic effect.

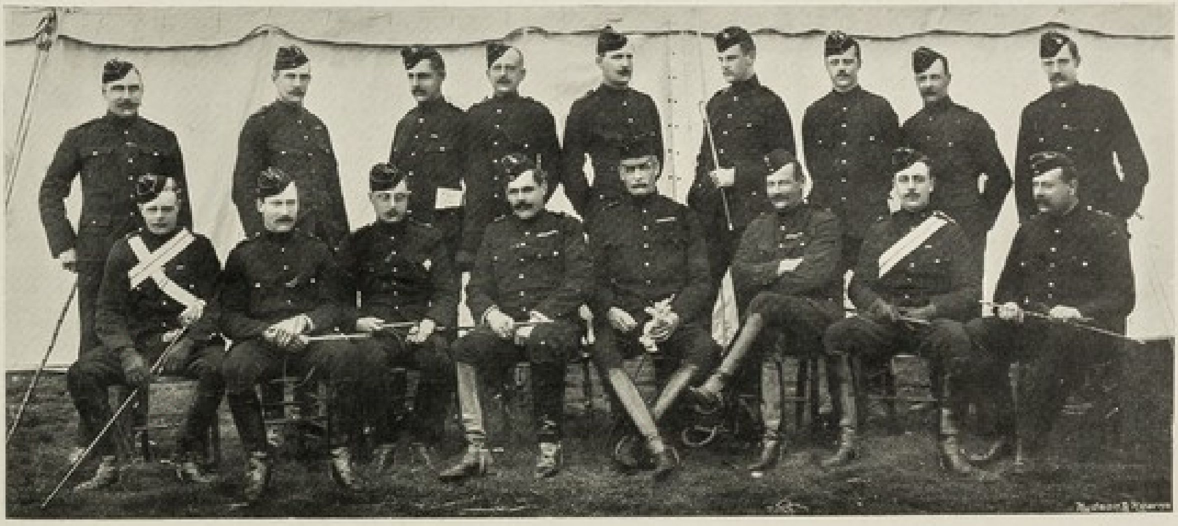
A second picture represents the signallers, with all the instruments peculiar to their craft. Yet a third illustration shows a group of non-commissioned officers of the regiment, the winners of the Household Cavalry Competition held this year at Bisley and open to all three regiments.



THE SIGNALLERS OF THE 1st LIFE GUARDS



THE WINNERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY COMPETITION.



Photos. M. Rafferty. THE OFFICERS IN COMMAND. Copyright.

Defending the Channel Islands.



Photo. Tynan Bros. *THIRD OR SOUTH REGIMENT ROYAL JERSEY LIGHT INFANTRY.* Copyright.

IN these days of advanced military theories, we in the British Isles hear much of proposed schemes by which every able-bodied inhabitant of this country may be compelled to perform a certain amount of military service. It is not known, however, by the general public that in a part of the Empire not so far distant a law is in operation which provides for the service of all the inhabitants who are capable of bearing arms.

The Jersey and Guernsey Militia is not a voluntary body, for in it serve, with one or two exceptions for which the law provides, all the real inhabitants of these islands.

The Jersey troops consist of three regiments of infantry and one of artillery, under the control of Major-General Hopton, C.B. They must put in nine ordinary drills each year, and four days are devoted to musketry practice. Besides this, the Jersey Militia appears in force annually at a parade held in honour of Her Majesty's Birthday. One of the accompanying illustrations depicts the 3rd or South Regiment of the Royal Jersey Light Infantry as they appeared this year at the Queen's Birthday parade. It may be seen that the officers and men are, as a rule, of excellent physique. The band, buglers, and drummers occupy the foreground, and on the right flank are the regimental signallers. It may be mentioned in connection with the title of this regiment that the infantry portion of the Jersey Militia is divided into the South, East, and West regiments. Another picture depicts a detachment of the Field Artillery, all of whom are picked men. The mounted portion of the Jersey troops is composed of the Royal Jersey Militia, of whom eight are here shown.



Photo. Albert Smith. *FIELD BATTERY "B," JERSEY ARTILLERY.* Copyright.



Photo. Copyright. *DETACHMENT ROYAL JERSEY MILITIA.* H. & K.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

NEXT week our Special Christmas Number will be published, and I think our readers will find it full of interesting matter, both literary and pictorial. In size it is double the ordinary number, and it will contain in addition a coloured reproduction of a celebrated painting by Singleton, representing a Jack Tar ashore at the end of the last century, when prize-money was more plentiful than it is nowadays. There are also three full-page pictures in black and white by Mr. T. C. Crowther, an artist whose work has achieved immense popularity in these columns. The frontispiece to the Special Number is an illustration of H.R.H. Prince Edward of York as a little Bluejacket, a picture which should go straight to many a mother's heart. In two others are depicted our Bluejackets and Redcoats receiving "Letters from Home at Christmas-time," although, as the artist has chosen India as the scene of the second, the colour of his soldiers' tunics is khaki. Then there are pictorial souvenirs of the Crisis and of Khartoum, the former dealing with the First Reserve Squadron specially assembled as "Our Home Guard" recently, and the latter showing the features of Lord Kitchener and his principal companions in arms, as well as the gallant men who won the V.C. at Omdurman. There are also many illustrated letters from our Naval and Military correspondents stationed at places as widely apart as Canada and Crete, Burmah and Hong Kong, Fashoda and Forton. There are also six complete stories by such well-known writers as Commander Statham, R.N., Major Arthur Griffiths, Captain Owen Wheeler, and Messrs. Shannon and Swinburne. The serial tale by Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, Mr. David Hannay's *Causerie*, and all the usual features of the ordinary weekly issue will be found in the Special Number, with several that are new, and among these must be mentioned a "Lady's Letter" on entirely novel lines, addressed to "Sweethearts and Wives." This "table of contents" should appeal to all who are interested in the Empire and its defenders, and I have only to add that, as regards the quality of the paper, the character of the reproductive work, and the excellence of the art printing itself, it is not intended to fall below the standard which won for the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED the gold medal for superiority in these features at the Brussels Exhibition.

* * * *

ONE result of the rapidity with which modern wars are finished, and the destructive nature of modern guns, is that we seldom find captured ships turned against their former owners. In all probability they have been sunk, so that they cannot be raised in time, or they are so battered about that they cannot be repaired before the war is at an end. Yet in former times we find a very different state of affairs, as the following extract from the "Annual Register," August 19, 1808, will serve to show:—"It must be proudly gratifying to the minds of Britons, as it must be degradingly mortifying to the spirit of Bonaparte, to know that we have at this moment in the British Navy 68 sail of the line, prizes taken from the enemies of this country at different periods, besides 21 ships carrying from 40 to 50 guns each, 62 ships carrying from 30 to 40 guns each, 15 ships carrying from 20 to 30 guns each, and 66 ships carrying from 10 to 20 guns each, making a total of 232 ships." We had at this time 795 ships in commission, 144 being line-of-battle ships.

* * * *

"PIPECLAY."—The number of modifications in the customs and regulations of the British Army regarding hair since the middle of the seventh century will astonish those who have not studied the subject. During the great Civil War, the Roundheads, out of opposition to the Cavaliers, wore the hair of the head closely cropped, and were in consequence nicknamed by their opponents "Roundheads." They attached a political and quasi-religious meaning to the long locks of the Cavaliers, and one of their number wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Unloveliness of Love Locks." It would be tedious to describe the various wigs, queues, etc., worn by the British Army till in 1808 pigtails were abolished, to the delight of all ranks. I may mention, however, that at one time, towards the end of the century, the process of dressing the officers' hair for a general's inspection was elaborate and tedious. At Gibraltar the number of qualified hair-cutters was small, so that the officers were dealt with according to seniority. The colonel was dealt with last, but the ensigns had their hair dressed many hours previously, and were obliged to sleep lying on their faces. At the beginning of Her Majesty's reign the infantry wore their hair short, very short, and had it cut generally once a month. They all, however, cultivated a side curl on each side.

* * * *

So highly were these ornaments valued that when a man emerged from prison, or the cells, with his head looking like a worn-out scrubbing-brush, he frequently attached false curls to the inside of his forage cap, in order that he might be able to walk out without exposing the brand of punishment and disgrace. Whiskers were generally worn by those who could grow them; but if there was no regulation, there was an unwritten law that the lower edge of the whiskers were to be bounded by a line drawn from the corner of the mouth to the bottom of the lobe of the ear. There were no moustaches or beards worn by the infantry. The Artillery and Engineers were, as regards hair on the face, in the same category as the infantry. In the Horse Artillery moustaches were worn till 1830, when William the Fourth, as one of his first acts, ordered moustaches to be discontinued in the Horse Artillery, and in the cavalry with the exception of the Household Cavalry and Hussars. In 1839 moustaches were ordered to be worn by all the mounted branches, including the Horse Artillery.

* * * *

REFERRING to old illustrations, I find that at the beginning of the century Hussars wore moustaches, and that in 1805 both Heavy and Light Dragoons wore no moustaches, which they only adopted some five or six years later. After the Peninsular War they were without this appendage for several years. Hussars and Lancers from their first institution wore moustaches, and have continued to wear them save during the period 1830-39. In 1854 the growing of beards and moustaches by all arms in the East was sanctioned, and the permission was taken full advantage of. On the conclusion of the war the beards were shaven, but during the Indian Mutiny, and for several years afterwards, beards were worn by troops in the East. The only exception with regard to beards is that of the Pioneers, who are required to wear beards. So many men are now connected, or have been connected, with some branch of the Land Forces, that a shaven upper lip is comparatively rare. Forty-five years ago, however, moustaches were regarded as indicating that the wearer was either a cavalryman or a foreigner, indeed they were regarded as rather raffish and disreputable.

* * * *

KHARTOUM.

WE have fashioned a mighty Empire, but not with the sword alone,
For mercy has followed the victors' feet in the lands we have made our own;
And the nations in time have learned to bless who cursed us in days of yore,
When into the kingdoms their fathers held our conquering flag we bore.

It is ours to accomplish the task begun by the martyr we failed to save;
Friendless, abandoned, alone he died, nor rests in an honoured grave.
Let us show that we yet remember, and nobly redeem our shame,
That the sons of the men that slew him may learn to honour his name.

Ye are builders of more than Empire, so fashion them fair and well,
The roofs that shall rise like a beacon light on the spot where the hero fell;
That the swords may be turned to ploughshares, that strife and oppression cease,
And ever the English tongue shall bring prosperity, light, and peace.

—DUNCAN TOVEY.

* * * *

THE recent commissioning of the "Proserpine" recalls the fate of one of her predecessors. The "Proserpine," under the command of Captain Wallis, left Yarmouth in January, 1799, having on board the Right Hon. Mr. Grenville with important despatches. On arriving in the Elbe it was found that all the buoys had been removed. The pilots, of whom there were three on board, were, however, confident of their ability to take the ship up between half-ebb and half-flood, if they could see the sands, the marks of which were familiar to them. All went well until about 4 p.m., when a heavy snow-storm set in and the ship anchored; by 9 p.m. a terrible snow-storm was raging, and the quantity of ice in the river rendered it very difficult for the ship to lie at her anchorage. On the following morning Captain Wallis decided to leave so dangerous a position, but in endeavouring to make the coast of Jutland the ship struck heavily on a sand-bank. The ebb brought down vast quantities of ice, which tore all the copper from the starboard quarter and cut the rudder in two. Everything possible was done to lighten the ship, and Captain Wallis entertained hopes of saving her, but the ice, the extreme cold, the darkness, and the heavy snow rendered the position anything but an enviable one. On Saturday the gale increased in force; ice rose up to the cabin windows, the stern-post broke in two, and other damage was sustained.

* * * *

IT was at length decided to abandon the ship and endeavour to escape over the ice, an attempt which happily proved largely successful, though several of the crew perished from cold, a loss which is not surprising when it is remembered that escape involved a walk of six miles over masses of ice and frequently immersion, waist high, in snow and slush. Eventually the survivors reached Newark Island, whence a portion were despatched to Cuxhaven, provisions having been reduced to a minimum. This feat was also successfully accomplished, although under very great difficulties. Parties from Newark Island went off to the ship from time to time to obtain fresh supplies of provisions, but one party, consisting of the master, the doctor, a midshipman, the boatswain, and two seamen, were caught by the tide and had to remain on board all night. In the morning all trace of the ship was gone, the heavy ice having broken her up, and fears were naturally entertained that all on board had perished. Happily, however, the master, the surgeon, and the boatswain made their way to Cuxhaven, but their companions succumbed to the rigorous conditions under which the escape was effected. Mr. Grenville bore high testimony to the conduct and exertions of the officers and crew, which had saved not only his life but important documents, and the Court-martial, in acquitting Captain Wallis, added to their verdict a rider couched in the most eulogistic terms not only of his conduct but of all those under his command.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. But on his doing so his former friend lays before him such a scheme for obtaining vengeance on the woman who has hoodwinked him, and on, also, Sir Geoffrey Barry, who has married the real heiress, as well as on the heiress herself, that he turns his whole attention to this matter alone. What result that attempted revenge has is now to be shown.

CHAPTER XVI. *(continued.)*

"YOU are a marvellous man!" cried Bufton. "Oh! a marvellous one. We shall succeed. We shall. I know we shall."

"We cannot fail. Now let us to bed. To-morrow we have much to do."

Bufton would not, however, go to bed at once, declaring that on this night they must drink success to their great scheme; to his revenge and freedom, as he termed it. But at last Granger induced him to do so, and led him to a room at the back of the house, from the windows of which a fair view down the river could be obtained. He had also another spare room that looked up the river, and from which all the shipping lying in it was to be observed; but to put Bufton there would not have done. For, amongst other masts and yards might have been seen towering the tall top-gallant yards of "La Mignonne," with, flying above, her streaming pennon. That would not, indeed, have done, since, thus, the deluded man might have understood that Sir Geoffrey Barry was back, and that, consequently, the letter he supposed was about to be sent to Ariadne on the morrow would be useless.

"Sleep well," said Granger, "sleep well; and wake up brisk and hearty in good time. And when you gaze out on to the Marshes in the morning, pray Heaven that you do not see 'La Mignonne' coming up stream." With which benediction, and turning his face away from the candle's gleam so that Bufton should not observe it, he quitted the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Discovery.

The March wind died down during the night, so that, when the dawn came, the whole neighbourhood was enveloped in one of the many exhalations which are constantly arising from the Marshes hard by. And, all through the day, there was still an absence of breeze which permitted the fog and mist to remain hanging like a pall over the locality, and shrouding everything from observation which was more than a few yards distant.

"You see," said Granger, as now he and Bufton made their way on foot early, and not waiting for the afternoon—on foot, because, thus, attention would be less likely to be attracted—"how fortune favours us. A better day it would be impossible to desire. Until the victims are near at hand, close to where the boat will be alongside the shore, all will be invisible. Yet not that it matters much, for down where that will lie none ever come after dark, and not many by daylight."

They neared now an inn which, in the days of George II., and those of his successor—at this time so close at hand—stood in the Marshes. It was a low-roofed, one-storied place; white-washed, it was said, so that vessels coming up the river might discern it as a landmark, and was used for more than one nefarious practice. For smuggling purposes it was not particularly well adapted, since by the time vessels had got so far up as to be off it in the river they had little enough in them which had escaped the revenue officers; yet, even then, they occasionally had something to dispose of. Sometimes it was a small barrel of spirits inside a larger one, the space between the two being filled up with fresh water so that, if tapped, the latter fluid alone ran out, leaving that which was more valuable intact in its case; sometimes bottles of cheap common wine on which a small duty had been paid, but which, below the first and second layers, contained something far more valuable and subject to a higher duty, such as Mechlin, Brussels, Valenciennes, and Château Thierry lace stuffed into them; and also other matters. There was not, however, as has been said, much to be done in this way, the place being so far inland, and twenty miles from the sea as the crow flew, and it was more in the traffic of human beings than aught else that the landlord of the Red Rover made his money. For many a man had been taken off drunk from his house (who had come into it perfectly sober, and meaning only to have "one half pint" before continuing his journey) to some ship lying hard by; many a girl and woman now slaving their hearts out in the colonies had been inveigled into the house by pretended lovers and sold in the same way. Also the landlord had done a roaring trade, and still did one—or would have done if men had been forthcoming—by supplying sailors to His Majesty's fleet; while, to add as well to his income, the fellow who kept the house was a fence of the worst description, and over and over again the proceeds of successful house-breaking in the surrounding counties—proceeds such as silver salvers, coffee-pots, and antique tankards—had, after lying in his vaults, or being buried in his *fumier* at the back of the house for some time, gone to grace the sideboards of Carolina or Virginia planters.

"Here," said Granger, "you can rest at your ease until night comes. The house is of none too good repute, yet 'twill serve your purpose. Also, the landlord is away. I protest we are a strange people in this England of ours! Vagabond as the fellow is, he is now serving on a jury at Chelmsford, where it should be strange if he does not help to try many of his own kidney. Strange, too, 'twill be if some day he is not tried himself."

"What will you do?" asked Bufton, when they had been shown into a private parlour, a fire had been lighted, and something to warm them brought, he ignoring Granger's description of the landlord's present occupation. "You must help me, you know; I rely on you."

"Have I ever failed?" Granger asked, with a fierce glance—a glance of assumed fierceness. "And—as to what I have to do! Why, man, countless things. First, to warn the master of the schooner that he must be ready to drop down the river at any time after six this evening. Next, to get the letter delivered, and also to see that the women set

out. That is, unless now, even at the last, you resolve to spare them."

"Spare them!" repeated Bufton contemptuously, fiercely. "Let us not talk folly."

"So be it, since you are resolute. Well! I must away. Now, keep close and snug; but quit not this room. No questions will be asked; though, should any arise, you are a gentleman, a planter, taking passage to Delaware. That will suffice."

"You think of everything! Granger, at my mother's death you shall be paid in full——"

"No matter for that now. Evilly as you once treated me, I know that I shall be paid in full," the other said, hoping, even as he did so, that he had not emphasised his words too strongly.

"I will sleep, and eat, and drink," said Bufton; "thus the time will pass. And I did not sleep very well last night; to-night, when all is accomplished, I shall rest. I shall be content."

"Doubtless! I hope so." With which words Granger turned and left the other. Yet, as he reached the door he uttered another word or two:

"The master of the 'Nederland' will expect that fifty guineas," he said, "if—if—Anne is—to—well! to fling herself overboard. You understand?"

"Ay, I understand. And I have them here," touching his breast pocket. "When will he desire to receive them?"

"As they go on board, as they are taken on board. To-night, when I return, hand them to me. Then, since you will scarce desire to appear too prominently, I will give them to the man in the boat."

"I have a vizard mask," whispered Bufton.

"So, too, have I. Yet I may not need it. Now, till to-night, farewell."

And so Granger went away, leaving Bufton to his reflections.

Went away, that is to say, so far as to descend the stairs with the intention of at once departing for Blackwall, there to have an interview with Anne. For, although the girl had told him that he must contrive to inveigle Bufton into the neighbourhood of where the schooner was lying without any assistance from her, he still hoped that such assistance might be obtained. Otherwise, he knew that Bufton would depart from the Red Rover by the time night had come, and the last chance would then indeed be gone. Nothing, he knew also, would have drawn the man to the Marshes but the hope of wreaking his vengeance on his wife and on—through Ariadne—Sir Geoffrey Barry.

Granger paused now, however, to take a glass of spirits before setting out to walk the two other miles of his journey, and, indeed, the atmosphere which prevailed outside would have justified anyone on those Marshes in doing so, on such a day as this. For the raw, damp mist had by now turned into a thicker, more raw and clammy fog; so that one could scarcely see thirty yards ahead of one, while, in the house itself, it seemed to be creeping along the passages and into rooms, and up the flight of stairs which led to the next and only floor above.

"If it continues like this," Granger muttered to himself, as now he pushed open the door of a bar-parlour, and went into the room, "it will serve our—my purpose. That is, if at night one can see at all."

The bar was attended by a slatternly-looking girl, the one who had lit the fire in the sitting-room above and served Granger and Bufton with what they had called for; though, because it was early in the morning, she had no customers to serve. Whereupon, after drawing Granger the drink he desired, she locked up the bottles and glasses in their cupboard and went away, leaving him alone. Alone, and, as was ever the case when he found himself so, meditating deeply on the past. Yet now—and he was surprised at the feelings which had taken possession of him—on this morning of all others, when his last act of revenge was close at hand, and Bufton was about to pay for the ruin he had brought upon him—now it almost seemed as if he had grown listless in his desire for that vengeance; as if he scarcely cared to go on with what he had hitherto pursued with such eagerness and tenacity.

"What is it?" he asked himself, as he stood with the glass in his hand, looking over the red blind of a window in the bar-parlour which gave on to the passage; a window at which the landlord sometimes passed hours in the observation of those who entered and quitted his house—"what is it that is influencing me, slackening my desires?" And, being no student of ethics, he was not able to tell himself how often listlissness comes, accompanied by a cessation of desire, when, at last, that which we have striven for so hard is within our grasp; is to be had for the taking. Instead, he continued his musings, saying again: "What is it? Am I forgetting my hatred of the man above, forgetting all my vows of retaliation because I am growing well-to-do and am making money fast by my loathsome calling? Is that possible—or does the lust for revenge die out at last, as every other passion we possess dies in time? Shall I spare him now, at the last moment? Tell him to-night that the plot he imagines I have concocted has failed—and—let him go free? Shall I do that, or must I force myself to think of my dead mother again, of my lost love, thereby to spur myself on to finish what I have begun?"



"It will be the second man."

Meditating thus, Lewis Granger was at his best; his worst—which was what Fate and a scoundrel had made him—was falling into the background. At his best! and that best was triumphing, was triumphant. He was resolved; to-night Bufton should be told that nothing could be done, that neither Ariadne nor Anne could come, that their trick had failed since "La Mignonne" had returned. Thus the man himself should be spared. Bufton should go free, and his own vengeance sleep for ever. Truly Granger was at his best!

Resolving thus, determined that even now—at once—he would return to the room above and tell its occupant that this had happened, he was about to turn away from the window through which he was still glancing heedlessly as he ruminated, when he saw a man enter the passage, and, after looking round and about the place in a cautious manner, proceed, with an evident attempt to avoid observation if possible, towards the foot of the stairs.

"Where have I seen that fellow before?" he thought, even as he edged himself to the blind so that, thereby, he could follow the new comer's movements along the passage. "Where? I know him, have seen him lately. That bulldog-looking form and those ear-rings are familiar to me!"

Then, in a moment, he recalled who the man was. He remembered that he was the mate of the "Nederland," and that he had observed him at work on the deck of the schooner, and giving orders to the sailors as to the bestowal of casks and bales in the hold only a day or so ago when he had visited the master.

Not knowing, or scarcely knowing, why this man's presence here should surprise him, or why, indeed, he should feel any surprise at all, except at the stealthy, cautious way in which he skulked along the passage in so surreptitious a manner—since the Red Rover was the only place of call on this side of the river for some mile or so—he resolved to see where the man was going. Whereon, opening the door of the bar-parlour as quietly as might be, he looked out into the passage, and was in time to observe the back of the mate vanishing round the landing of the stairs where they turned.

"Strange," he thought to himself, "strange. What

business can he have up there? He is not, cannot be, living ashore in the house; who then can he desire to see, or what desire to do?"

And, as he so thought, he heard above a slight rap given on a door, and a voice call out, "'Who is it?"

The voice of Bufton.

Then, standing at the foot of the stairs, but sheltered from observation from above by the dirty ceiling beneath the landing floor—sheltered too from observation by the fog that now filled the house—Granger heard the door of the room Bufton was in opened, and a whispered question and answer. After which the door was closed-to again, and he heard no more. The visitor had been admitted.

"So," Granger said to himself. "I am not to have it all my own way, it would seem. The good Bufton has evidently two strings to his bow. Yet, how in Heaven's name has he done it! How has he formed an intimacy with anyone on board the schooner? Later, perhaps, I shall know, as well as his reason for doing so. At least let me try for the means of knowing as soon as possible."

The means he took were to proceed at once up the stairs himself, doing so very quietly and as stealthily as he who had gone before him had done; and then, when on the unclean stone passage, he went quietly past the door of the room where the two men were, until he came to another door next to it.

"This may do," he said. "I think it may. I have slept in most of these rooms when my affairs required my presence here. And if I remember aright—nay! as I know it is, there are communicating doors between these two rooms. I should indeed learn something."

With every precaution that it was possible to take, he opened now the door of the second room, seeing at once as he did so that it had not been let nor occupied over-night; then he shut it, and, finding the key within, locked it. After which, sitting down upon the bedside, he drew off his shoes and laid them on the bed.

"If no one comes to this room for a quarter of an hour," he thought, "as no one is likely to come, since the room requires no attention, I ought to hear all I desire."

Upon which he crept quietly to the communicating door, and listened to the conversation which was already being carried on upon the other side of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ruse contre Ruse.

"If it could be done," Granger heard Bufton say, those being the first words he caught, "it would ease me for ever. He is a weight upon my existence, and I would pay you well. Have you thought of it since we met two days ago across the water at Charlton?"

"Across the water! At Charlton! So," thought Granger, "that is it. While I thought my friend was in London, he has been on the other side planning his own schemes. And who is the man who is a weight upon his existence? Who? Can I guess? Perhaps!"

"Yes, I have thought of it," he heard the voice of the mate reply, and he knew at once that the owner of that voice was neither Englishman nor English colonist, in spite of his speaking the tongue well. Perhaps, instead, a Swede or Salzburger, such as the colony of Georgia was much peopled with. "Yes, I have thought of it. Very much I have. But it is hard. You see he is a friend of the master. He sells him many men and women. The master knows him well."

"So do I," Granger thought. "So do I know him well. I know the man who is a weight on your existence, my friend!" And, even as he so thought, his hand dropped into the pocket by his side and touched the butt of a pistol in it. Though, at the same time, he muttered between his teeth, "Not yet. Let me hear more."

"That would not matter," Bufton said now, his voice low, but still distinct enough to be heard by the listener in the next room. "Would not matter much. He would lie in the 'tween decks during the voyage—is't not so? And if he did not, what matter—when once you are at sea?"

"He would come back," the mate said, "in two—three—four—months. What good that?"

"He might," said Bufton, "*throw himself overboard* in despair. I have—heard—of such—things—happening—on—dark nights. Such things are done—will—perhaps be done by others; by one of the women you will take to-night. If—he—did do so—if you brought me the news when you visit England again, there would be a purse for you."

"Devil," whispered Granger on the other side of the door. "Devil incarnate, you have learnt your lesson well." And again he felt for the pistol, withdrawing, however, his hand quickly, in fear that his passion would over-master him and cause him to precipitate matters.

"Oh yes! he might," the mate replied, with a deep gurgling laugh. "He might. Such things are done——"

"Have happened," interposed Bufton.

"Yes. Oh yes! Have happened. It could be done—could 'happen.' But that is not all. The master will see him brought on board. He sees all before they go below."

"He will be masked. We have provided ourselves with them, so that the women shall not know us. He will be masked as well as I. Also, in the fog and the darkness of the night, how can the skipper recognise him? Turn him face downwards, too, and say that he is drunk. None will know that he has been stunned instead."

The white-faced listener on the other side of the door—white-faced not from fear, but from passion—muttered nothing now. Instead, he nodded his head reflectively, as though conning weighty matters; but still he never took that head from the door.

"That might pass," the mate said, "that might pass. Only how to get him?"

"This way. Listen. The women come first——"

"*Do they?*" thought Granger.

"Then, when they are secured and sent to the boat (the men who go with them saying that a man is also being brought from the spot two or three hundred yards away), I will start to follow, bidding him come after me when he has discharged the carriage. Therefore, your men will know whom to take. It will be the second man."

"The second man," repeated the mate.

And Granger repeated (but to himself) "The second man."

"Ay, the second man. Both being masked."

"We can attempt it," the sailor said now. "But though we shall doubtless get him on board and down below, I would be sworn the master will discover all when we are at sea. He will inspect his livestock, and then——"

"Then," said Bufton, "there will be the accident which will follow—the casting of himself into the sea in despair. Will there not, my friend?"

"Perhaps," the other answered in a voice that sounded like a dubious one. "But—but—these things——"

"Are worth money. True. Yet listen. He will have a bag of fifty guineas on him which I shall have handed over to him for another purpose."

"Fifty guineas!"

"Ay. And when you return to England another fifty for you, if he—has—fallen overboard. Also still another fifty——"

"Another fifty! Making a hundred!"

"Making a hundred, if a woman on board that ship has also—by accident—or—through despair—fallen over. A woman calling herself Anne Bufton."

"Why! that is your name!"

"Calling herself by my name. You understand?"

"Yes. I understand. Also about the money. Fifty guineas in the man's pocket; a hundred more when I return, if—if—these accidents, or suicides, have happened. And it will be the second man?"

"The second man. Masked."

"Shake hands," said the mate, and Granger heard a smart clasp given, or rather the contact of their hands when brought together. The compact was made.

"And I had faltered in my purpose," Granger whispered to himself, "had resolved to spare this man. To bury the past!"

He drew on his shoes again now, feeling sure that the interview in the next room was concluded, or almost concluded; and knowing that he must be gone either before the mate came forth or wait until he had departed. Yet, while he was doing so, he still heard the others talking—his ears having grown accustomed by now (as well as quickened) to catch their words easily. He heard Bufton ask:

"How long—if they, the woman calling herself by my name, and this man who is my evil genius, do not kill themselves at sea—how long are they bound for in the colonies?"

"Four years," the mate replied. "Four years. The planters will not have them for longer now. They say they are worn out by then. And so indeed they are. By the climate, by labour, and by hard usage."

"Do they use them hardly, then?"

"Often, though not always. Yet they do not spare them much. I have seen a redemptioner at death's point digging the grave he was soon to fill, so that his owner should get the last piece of work out of him that he would ever obtain. But, now, people begin to talk, to curse the King here for letting such things be. There is a man called Franklin who says King George should have nests of rattle-snakes sent him in return for the convicts and 'kids' that are sent over to the colonies."

Bufton muttered something in reply to this which Granger could not catch, but a moment later he did hear him say: "Well, one more sup before you go. The bottle is not empty," and his words were followed a moment later by the sound of glasses clinking.

(To be continued.)

Naval Rifle Exercise.



"PRESENT ARMS."



"ATTENTION."

THE bearded seaman in the last illustration carries his rifle at the "trail." This is the position almost invariably assumed, unless ordered to the contrary, when the order to march is given, the rifle being poised horizontally in an easy manner, so as to permit of freedom of action in marching. There are some formations, however, in which the "trail" is not permissible, and it is then carried either at the "slope" over the shoulder, or at the "shoulder," as shown in the second picture. This is also the position immediately preceding the command to "present arms" on the approach of an officer of rank. It is, as will be noticed, a stiff and formal attitude as compared with the others; and the "present," which is a purely complimentary operation, is perhaps still more so, and a fatiguing one to maintain for any length of time. In the third picture the man is standing at "attention," with his rifle at the "order," the customary attitude when falling in.



Photos. Russell & Sons.

"SHOULDER ARMS."



Copyright.

"TRAIL RIFLE."

The Interior of a Man-of-War.—I.

By Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Armstrong.

IT is so difficult to get clear and comprehensive views taken of the between decks of a modern man-of-war, and so very much *more* difficult to obtain such views below the armoured deck, that little is known by the public, who have not had the opportunity of visiting war vessels, of the maze of intricate compartments and complicated machinery which is to be found there.

We give this week the first four of a series of photographs which were recently taken on board the "Diadem" by permission of the Admiralty authorities, and which we propose to give as illustrating the interior of a modern man-of-war.

The illustration of a corner casemate given on page 288 shows the interior of one of the protective features, four of which are found forward and four aft on board the first-class cruiser "Diadem." The 6-in. quick-firing gun is seen in the centre of the picture, the outside doors of the gun-port being closed. The mounting has a small curved armoured shield which revolves with the gun, the whole turning upon a pivot beneath, fitted with steel ball bearings. The casemate is a sort of armoured room, with curved 6-in. steel walls on the outside, where the gun-port is situated, the three inner walls and the doors being of 2-in. steel. The floor is the main deck, and the plating overhead is about 1-in. thick. The small curved shield before mentioned protects the chase of the gun by closing the port when the outer door is open. The casemate has its own ammunition hatch within it, which rests upon the top of a thick steel-armoured tube passing right down through an armoured door in the protective deck into the "ammunition passage" itself.

The passage is, of course, at the bottom end of the armoured tube. We, in the casemate, are supposed to be at the top. Looking round the casemate you see ready racks for projectiles, and long cases on the walls containing the huge bar sights by which aim is taken, also whips and wheels in baskets around the walls, which hook into eyes in the beams over the ammunition hatch, for hoisting the ammunition. You see also a neat little call-bell, a voice-tube, and an indicator to show when the bell has been struck. This communicates with a voice-tube "exchange" station, whence the message can be sent to any required part of the ship.

There are several of these "exchanges," each of which has direct access to the conning-tower. Thus the officer who is conning the ship can send a message to any other position on board. The mess-table and forms for the men who use the casemate as a living room are seen in the illustration.

The next illustration to which we shall call attention is the view looking into a broadside casemate on the main deck. This is taken from the centre line of the main deck, looking through one of the 2-in. steel-armoured doors of the casemate. It shows the arrangement for housing inboard the 6-in. quick-firing guns for carriage at sea. This is not necessary for the guns in the corner casemates, as they can be trained in a direct line with the keel, and secured in this position. But the broadside guns, whose arc of training does not admit of this, would project from the side of the vessel; hence the arrangement for housing them inboard. This is effected by means of an overhead railway, seen in the illustration. Along it run the travelling gear and shackles for lifting and transporting the gun, which can be clearly recognised, as well as the steel doors of the casemate, and the circular mounting out of which the gun has been lifted. The gun is secured to the deck by powerful securing chains, and rests on blocks specially fitted beneath. In the picture the breech screw carrier and gear of the 6-in. quick-firing gun, opening with a single movement, are well shown, the lever being purposely swung right back.

The ammunition lobby aft, below the armoured deck, is shown on page 288. No previous illustration has ever been published of this important detail. It contains the hatches to many of the magazines, all the main electric light circuit switches, the principal steering station below the armoured

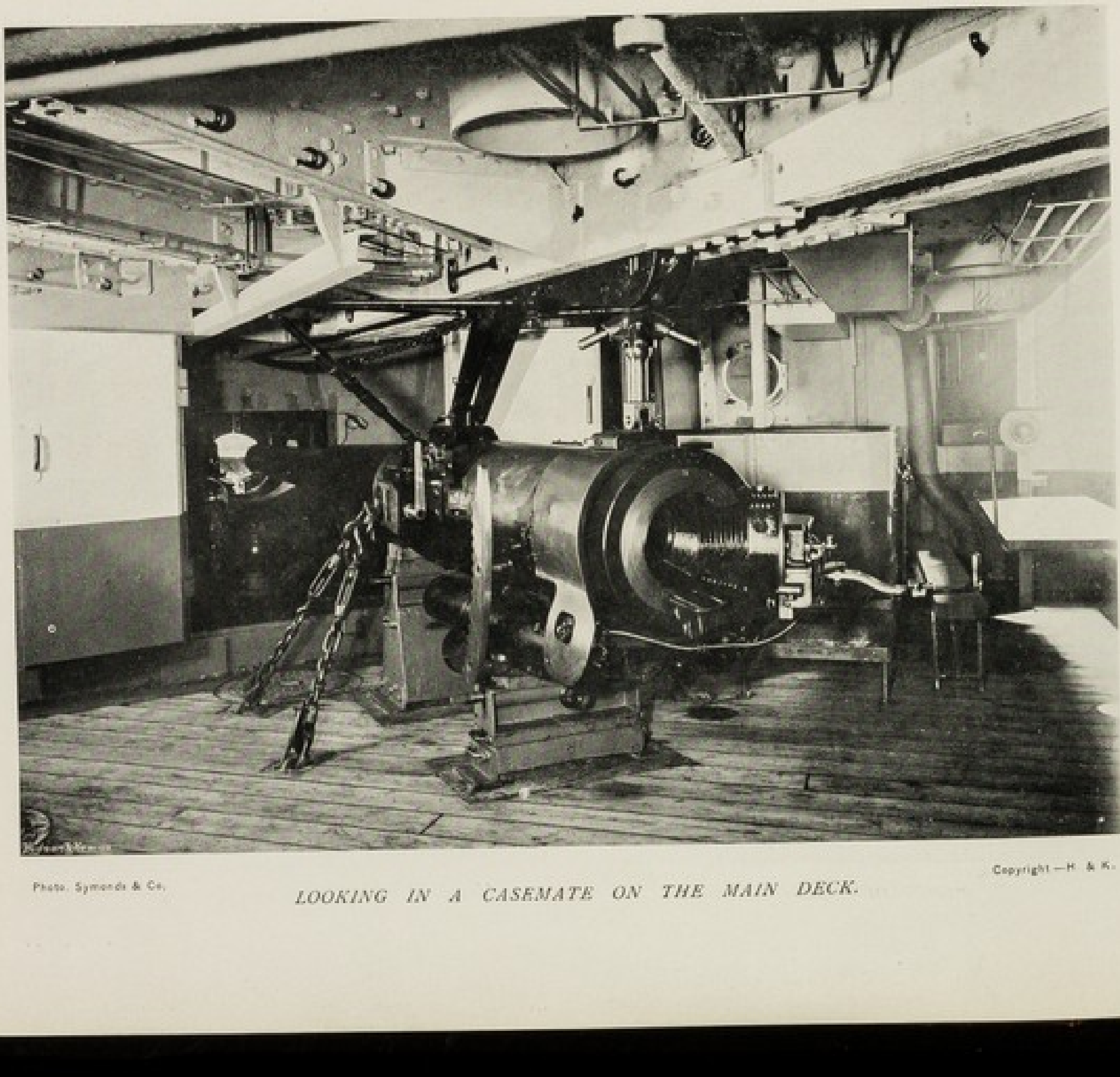


Photo. Symonds & Co.

LOOKING IN A CASEMATE ON THE MAIN DECK.

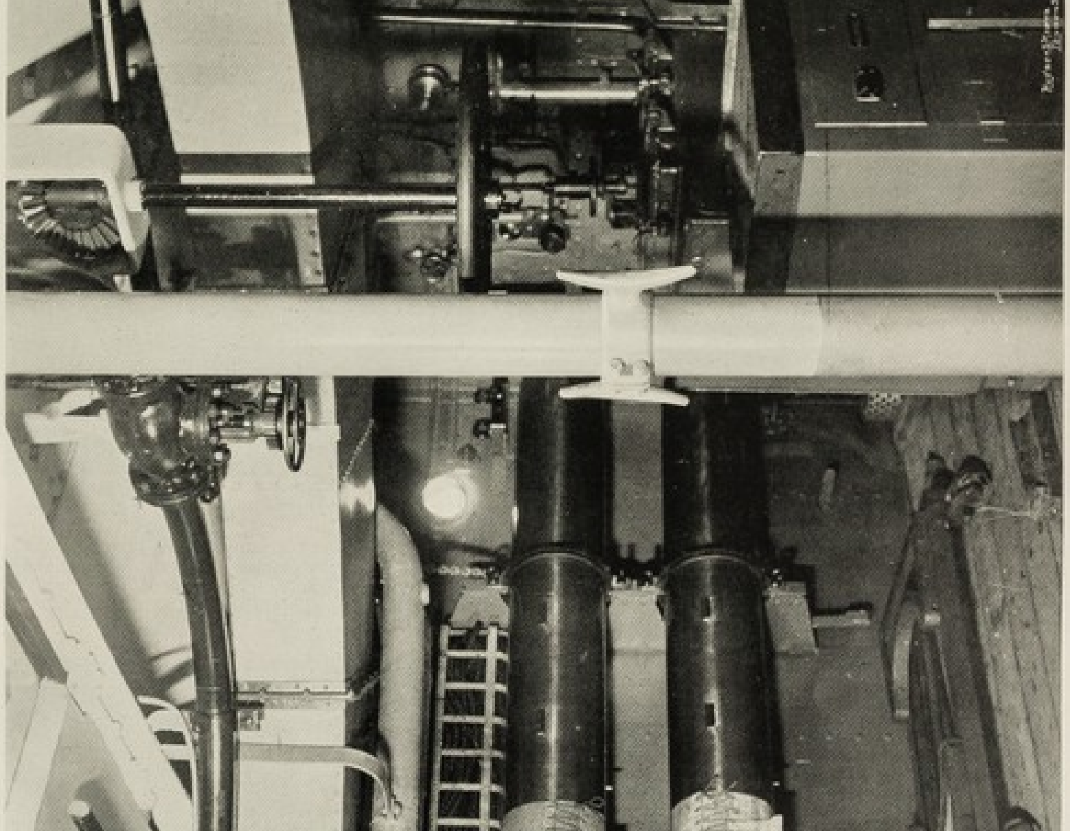
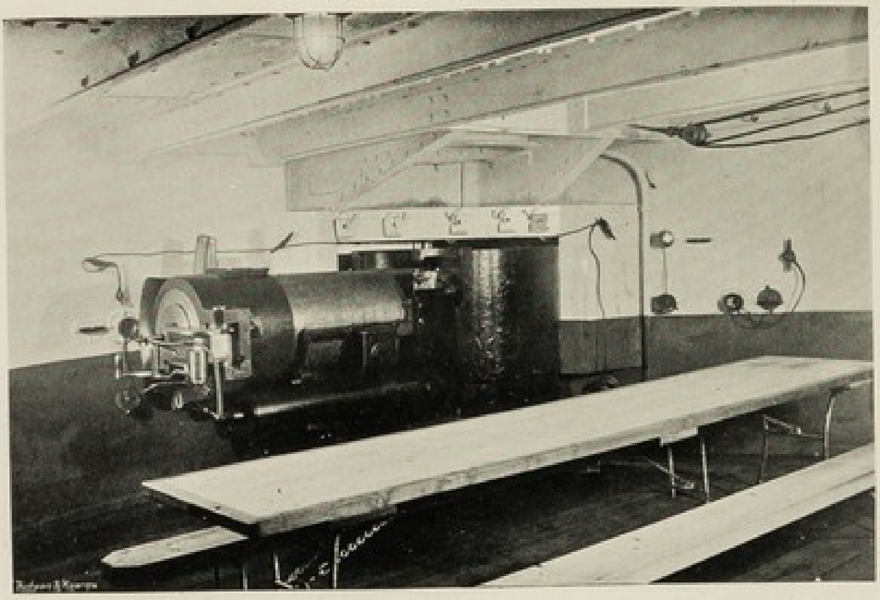


Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.—H. & K.

STORE-ROOM FOR TORPEDOES.

Below armoured deck. Horizontal water-tight armoured door, with closing gear seen in centre at top. Two torpedoes seen in rack.

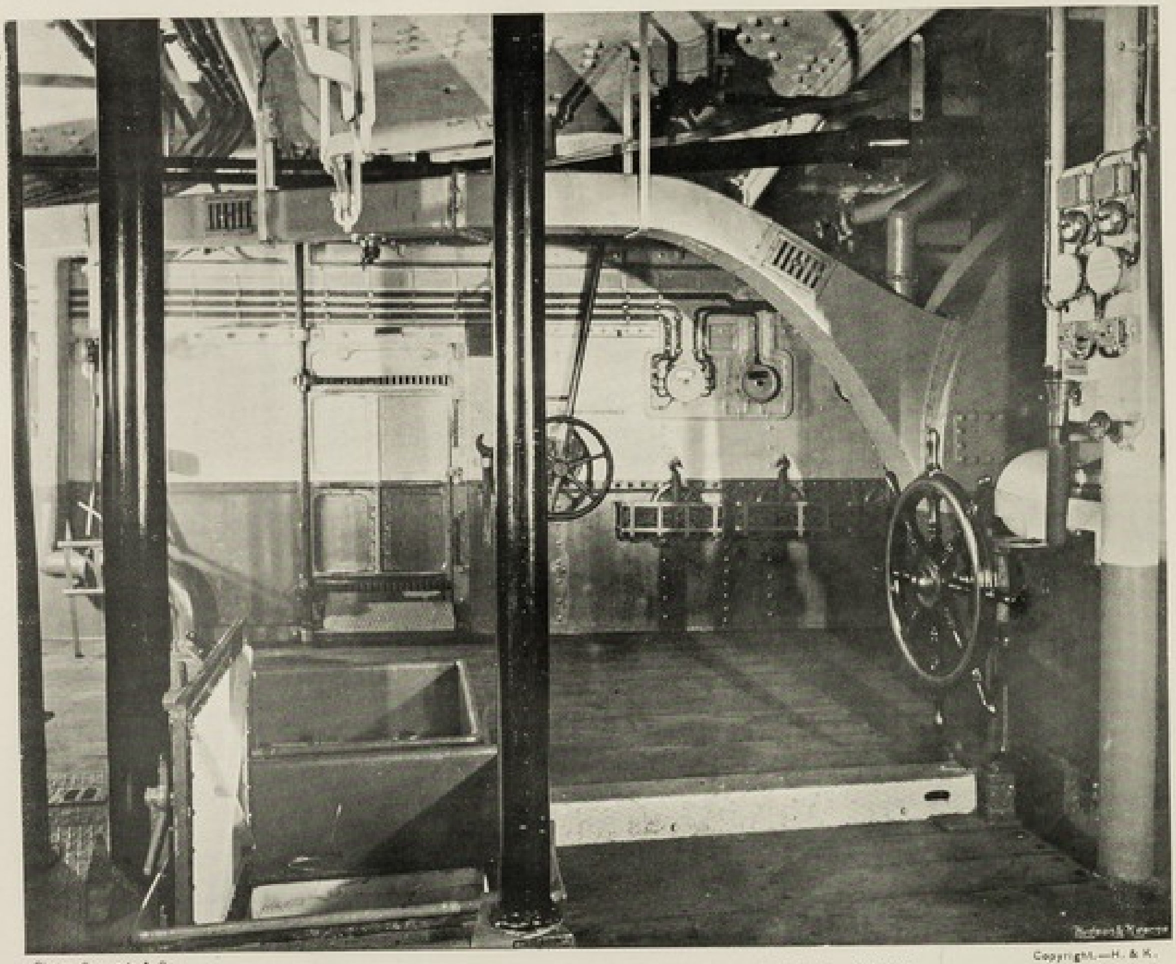
deck; it leads to the principal voice-tube "exchange," and also to the other magazines. The view is taken from the port side of the ship, representing, therefore, the starboard side. The steering station with its wheel is seen on the right. Close by it are the bells and voice-tube communicating with the "exchange" and conning-tower, so that the ship can be steered from here, and all directions given as well as from the conning-tower or bridge. The openings leading to two of the magazines are seen on the left at the bottom, the hatch of one being purposely raised and left open. Overhead are the eyes into which the hooks of the ammunition whips—seen on the wall at the back—are fitted for hoisting ammunition.



CORNER CASEMATE ON MAIN DECK, WITH 6-in. QUICK-FIRING GUN.

The gearing for opening and closing an ordinary upright water-tight door is shown very clearly at the back, over the magazines. The store-room for torpedoes below the armoured deck is an important institution. The "fighting heads" holding the gun-cotton are *not* here, being in a separate magazine below. Only the bodies of the torpedoes, with machinery compartments, buoyancy chambers, and compressed air chambers (unfilled) are kept in this compartment. Two torpedoes in this condition are shown.

The armoured door leading upwards through the armoured deck, at the top of the picture, shows the opening and closing spindle very beautifully. The ventilating trunk, with its louvre for supplying fresh air to the compartment, is seen passing round it.



Photos Symonds & Co. Copyright.—H. & K.

AMMUNITION LOBBY AFT, BELOW ARMOURED DECK.

Showing lid of magazine open on left side, also ventilating trunk with fan at end, steering station, and voice-tubes to "exchange" on right.



A SON OF THE OCEAN

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 98.] *SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1898.*

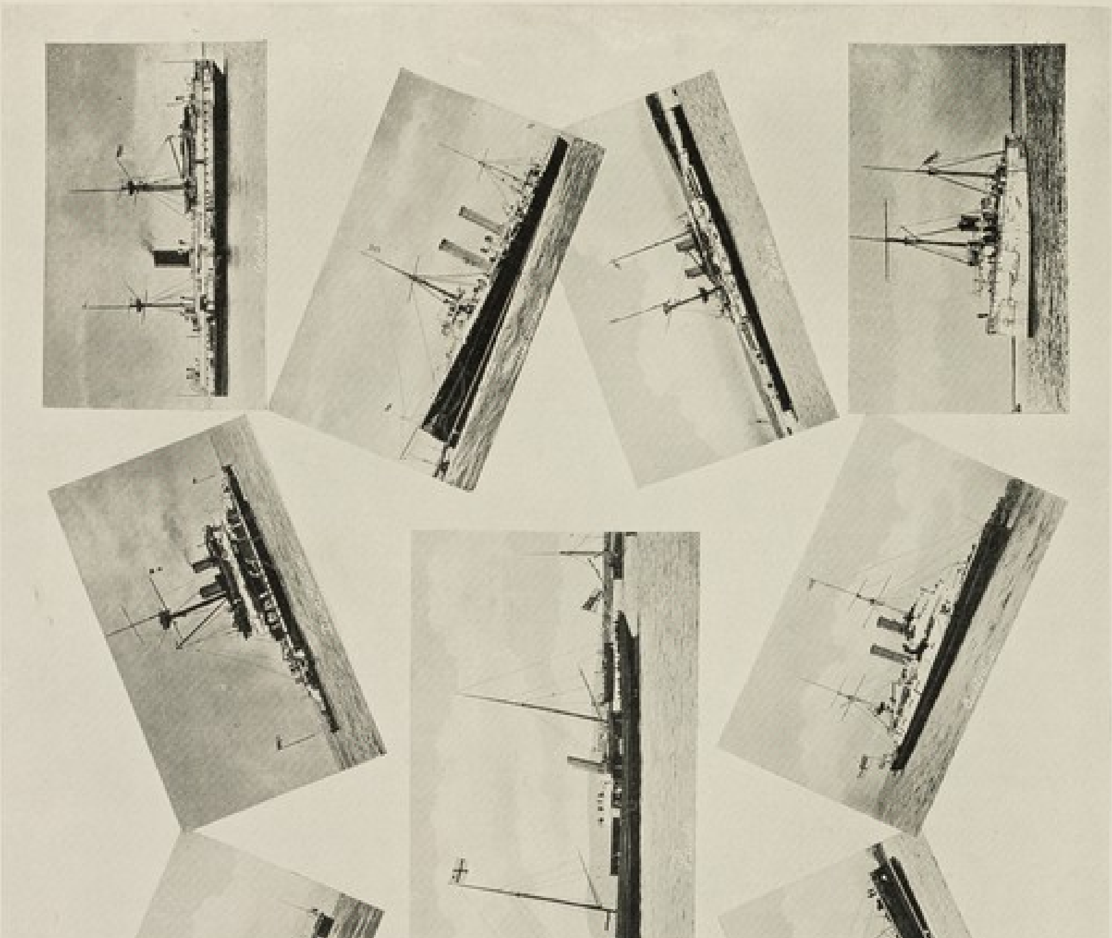


Drawn by T. S. C. Crowther. From a Photo. by West, Southsea.

H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

"OUR HOME GUARD": A Souvenir of the Crisis.



THE FIRST RESERVE SQUADRON.
(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Our Advanced Posts on the Nile.

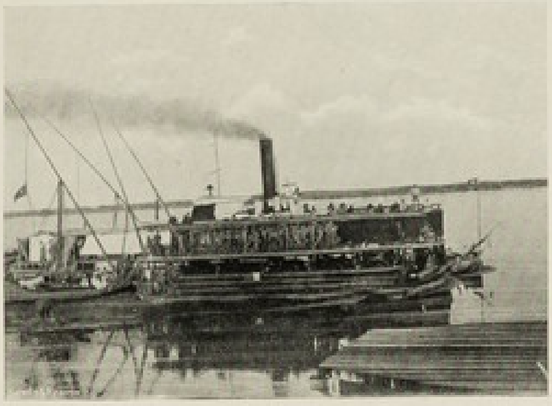
[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT KHARTOUM.]



OPPORTUNITIES for sending mails are not frequent, but this letter *ought* to reach you at least a fortnight before Christmas, if it doesn't get hung up on the way to Cairo. And I hope its appearance in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED will serve to remind your readers of the not too fortunate contingent of their fellow - countrymen who are still luxuriating in these parts, and likely to do so for some time to come.

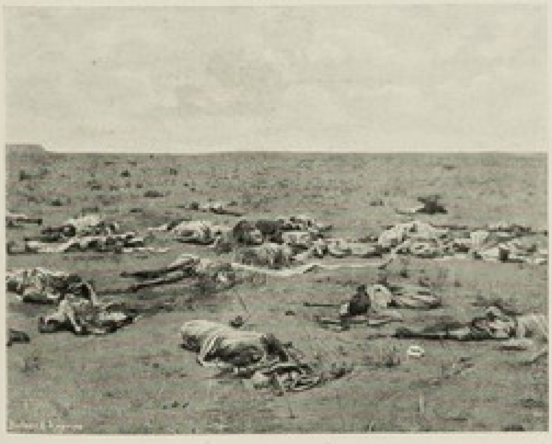
Some of us are contented enough, but others—of whom I am one—would give something to be spending at any rate Christmas at home, instead of staying in the Soudan with the fun all over, and no prospect of any more unless something quite unforeseen occurs to break the holy calm of our existence.

Naturally after Omdurman there was a considerable reaction. Sometimes I can hardly believe that the campaign is over, and I find myself still marching in my dreams, and wondering when the big fight will happen, and whether I shall ever come out of it alive. At other times it all seems as if it happened the year before last instead of less than three months ago. When one does wake up to the actual facts of the case, one is inclined to get a bit grumpy, and envious of those who have got away home or even to Cairo.



THE UPPER DECK OF THE GUN-BOAT "ABU KLEA."

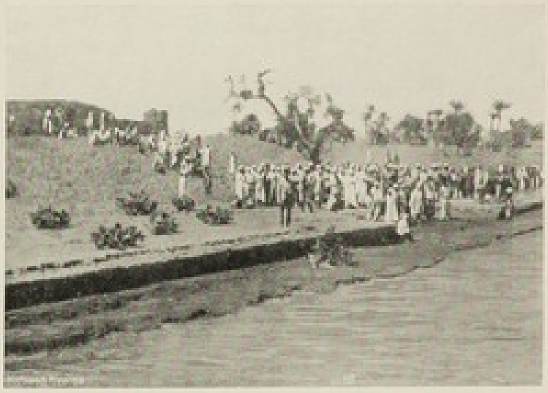
There is no news to speak of beyond what I expect you know as well as we do. The Gedaref Campaign seems to be "panning out" nicely, and all of us hope that Parsons will get a K.C.B. out of it. When he has smashed Ahmed Fedil, and consolidated his position at Gedaref as well as at Kassala, we shall have Abyssinia if not exactly in a ring fence at any rate under much better control than we had a few months ago, when old Menelik might possibly have proved rather a nuisance if he had liked.



From Photos. By an Officer at the Front.

AFTER A CHARGE.

From the other side we are occasionally cheered by "shaves" to the effect that the Khalifa has at last been captured, but I doubt whether that desirable consummation will be effected yet awhile. Abdullahi has still a following of sorts, and he knows his way about Kordofan extremely well. Sooner or later we must get him, but man-hunting in the Soudan isn't quite the same as tracking a criminal in an English county.



NATIVES WATCHING THE ARRIVAL OF GUN-BOATS.

We have had Marchand here both on his way to and his return from Cairo. Everything has been done that could be done to show British appreciation of this gallant Frenchman's pluck; and though now and then one sees pretty plainly that the poor fellow is terribly sore over what has happened, his relations with the individual English officers with whom he has come in contact have been of the most cordial description.

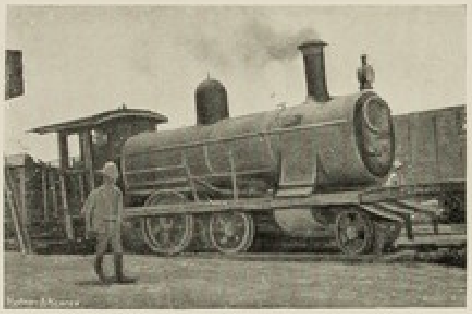


From Photos. By an Officer at the Front.

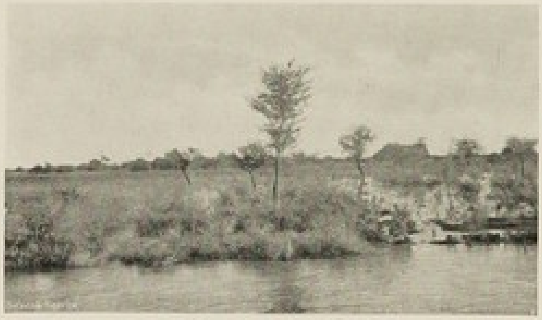
A USEFUL BLANKET.

I wonder if your readers understand the extraordinary strength of our present position on the Nile. Of course that position was really won the moment the battle of Khartoum was over, but it could hardly be said to be a settled position until we had planted a garrison at Fashoda and at the mouth of the Sobat river. Although, too, Marchand's "occupation" was utterly ineffective, it is satisfactory that the question of his retirement should have been finally adjusted without the rupture that at one time seemed possible. As things are we

simply hold the Soudan in the hollow of our hands, and when Khartoum is rebuilt and the memory of that vile cesspool Omdurman begins to gradually fade away, the future of the country ought to be a splendid one. But everything depends upon our being the sole holders of the Nile, and for this reason, if for no other, Fashoda and Sobat, which lies at the mouth of the river of the same name, are for the time being of extraordinary importance, because they are literally the most advanced posts of Egypt to the south. Fashoda is the old capital of the Shilluk country, from which the Egyptian Army draws some of its best soldiers, and, though before the Mahdist revolt it was little else than a penal settlement, it is of considerable value from the standpoint of local sentiment.



SOUDAN ENGINE "KASSALA."



From a Photo. By an Officer at the Front.

ON THE WAY TO FASHODA.

Sobat is one of Gordon's old military stations which he established for the purpose of checking the slave trade. There was at one time an idea that we should meet the Abyssinians at Sobat, but they seem to have stopped short of it by at least 300 miles. As a matter of fact the Abyssinians simply cannot stand the climate of the Nile Valley, which is utterly unlike that of their own lofty plateau, and kills them off in quick time whenever they attempt to face it.

Both at Fashoda and Sobat we have strong garrisons, and as I may possibly be making a trip up the river at no distant date, I hope to be able to send you some interesting details. What I particularly look forward to is the chance of meeting at Fashoda the expedition which Col. Macdonald is sending up from Uganda. If it had not been for the mutiny of the Soudanese troops in the latter province, Macdonald, or his lieutenant, Major Martyr, as gallant and pushful Sappers as ever lived, would probably have been at Fashoda before Marchand, and we should have been spared a lot of international ill-feeling. As it is the expedition will be "late for the fair," but its arrival at Fashoda and its *rencontre* with the Egyptian garrison will be one of the triumphs of the century. Fancy Egyptian and Indian troops meeting in the heart of Africa with their English officers looking on, and possibly themselves having a "peg" all round in honour of the occasion.

Apart from this convivially sentimental suggestion, I need hardly remind you that the linking of Uganda with the Soudan will mark the stage at which the "Cape to Cairo" scheme will come finally into the domain of practical politics, to the eternal credit of England and of that great triumvirate, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Cromer, and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.



From a Photo. By an Officer at the Front.

GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE KHALIFA.

The "Britannia" Beagles.



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

A MEET AT THE PLAYING-FIELDS.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



CHRISTMAS EVE, at sea; a brilliant moon sheds a path of frosted silver athwart the placid, gently undulating waters of the Mediterranean, and a solitary vessel cuts her way swiftly and steadily westward towards the Strait of Gibraltar. Solitary, because there is at the moment no other craft in sight on this great highway of the world's commerce; but there is plenty of companionship and good-fellowship on board, for the vessel is a man-of-war, with a numerous crew, who are busily preparing to make the most of Christmas Day, which the exigencies of the Service require shall be spent at sea. On the mess deck there is much decorating of messes, and preparation of "duff"; and round the brightly-burning lantern in the officers' smoking quarters there is a cheerful group, enveloped in a cloud of smoke from pipes or cigars, according to the fancy of the smokers. The party is not composed entirely of Naval men, for there are two soldiers among them; one, with the rank of colonel, is a man who seems young for his standing, but has the bronzed set face of one who has seen much service and been in many tight places in his time; the other, a captain, and recently adjutant to a native regiment in India, may be summed up briefly as a "good sort."

There is a third passenger, who belongs to neither Service, though he sees a good deal of both; a quiet, self-contained, but exceedingly observant individual, representing the *Thunderbolt*, or some other journal of repute. He keeps somewhat in the background; but though he says little, no doubt he "thinks the more," like the renowned parrot. There have been doings in the East, now happily over; hence these somewhat unusual additions to the ward-room mess, to which, however, they receive a cordial welcome.

Through the open port the rush of the water can be heard distinctly, and there is an occasional diamond-glint of mingled moonlight and phosphorescence from the strong ripple thrown off by the sharp stem.

"Penny for your thoughts, old man!" said Sam Vickers, the navigator, slapping "Old Bags," the first lieutenant, on the knee with considerable vigour.

His name, of course, was not Bags; there are some men who are fated never to be addressed, except on duty, by their real names, and instances have occurred in which some nickname has been quite innocently made use of by a fair visitor or hostess, to the intense joy of all except the hero of the sobriquet.

Old Bags had been so christened after a remarkable suit of homespun which he wore on the rare occasions when he went on shore, and which bore a striking resemblance, both in colour and texture, to the material of which bread bags are made.

He bore the navigator's friendly assault with equanimity, sucking away unmoved at the strong "ship's" which glowed in the bowl of his short briar.

"Ye'll not strike any sparks out of him," said the doctor, a long, good-looking Scotchman, prematurely grey; "his mind's away at Wapping Old Stairs, or some such place."

Which sally caused some merriment at the expense of old Bags, who was about as dry an old bachelor as there is afloat, and had held his present rank ever since anyone cared to remember.

Suddenly he spoke, in his queer cracked voice, pulling away at his pipe every few words.

"I was thinking of a rum thing that happened, just at this time, to my father when he was a young lieutenant in the 'Cockatoo,' one of the old brigs——"

"Bravo, old Bags! Spin us a yarn," said Sam.

"Well, I'll tell you in his own words, as I've often heard him tell it. An awfully rum thing! He never could explain it; but this is how he told it:

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT'S YARN.

By Commander E. P. Statham, R.N.

"I GOT an acting vacancy, and was second of the old brig; skipper was Toby Wilson—regular reckless, fire-eating sort of chap; rather good at the little finger trick, too; and when he had a full cargo on board he wouldn't take a rag off her until the water was washing over the lee guns; why we never lost our sticks I never could make out; but he was the kind of fellow who has luck all through.

"The brig had been half her commission in the Pacific, and the remainder in China; so when we came home round the Cape we were naturally a day behind time.

"We had baffling winds after leaving the Cape, and on Christmas Eve were on the meridian, a good bit south of St. Helena, and in very queer kind of weather. It was a block calm, with a slight swell, and the night fell in pitch dark, with great thundery-looking clouds to the northward, and a steamy sort of mist hanging low down over the water. The old brig rolled a bit in an uneasy sort of fashion, and you could hear every rattle of a block and creak of her timbers just as if it was in your very ear, while the bell, when the sentry struck it, seemed to split your head, and went echoing over the black, misty water as if a thousand devils were ringing changes on it.

"Toby was a bit of a bully, and the men were afraid of him; so the queer orders he sometimes gave were carried out all right, though with a good deal of growling, which they took care he shouldn't hear.

"Well, in the second dog watch, just before eight bells, I was having a smoke before going on watch, when I heard the boatswain's mate's pipe going like mad, in a long rippling screech that seemed to be repeated all round me; and then he passed the word in the stillness:

"'D'ye hear there! To-morrow will be Wednesday, the 26th; there's no Tuesday this week!'

"This was rather a startler, Tuesday being Christmas Day, according to our reckoning; but it was just like one of Toby's wanton tricks. However, at eight o'clock I took charge of the deck, and just about four bells up comes Toby, in a bit of a fluster.

"'Don't you hear that boat, Mr. Mitchell?'

"'Boat? No, sir,' I replied; but the next moment I started, for there, over the stern it seemed at the moment, was the unmistakable sound of the thumping of oars in the rowlocks—a long way off, but quite distinct. Some of the watch had heard it too, for there was a bit of a bustle forward, and a buzz of conversation

"'Shipwrecked people, I suppose, sir; shall we fire a gun, or send up a rocket? It's too thick for them to see us.'

"In a minute or two we let off a blank charge; and I never heard a gun make such a row in my life; but it produced no result. Listen as we would, there was nothing to be heard but the dull sound of the stroke—thump, thump—thump, thump—as regular as clockwork; and we couldn't make out for certain whether it was coming nearer or going away; some said one thing and some another, for the gun had brought all hands on deck.

"'Shall we get a cutter ready, sir?' said Jack Patch, the first lieutenant.

"'Yes, do,' said the skipper; 'and fire a gun and a rocket every quarter of an hour, and keep on taking her bearing, too; we may find out how she's steering.'

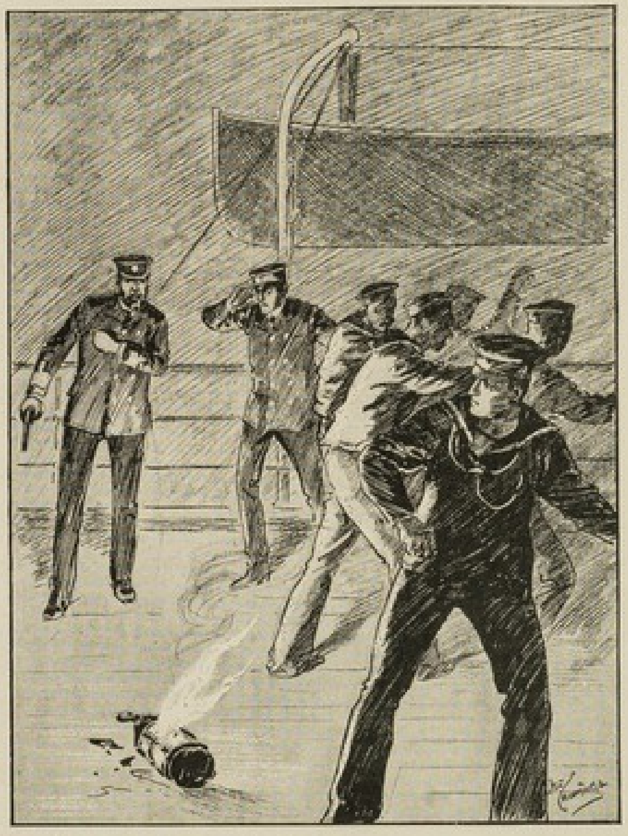
"'Ay, ay, sir; call away the life-boat's crew! Send the gunner's mate here!'

"The boat's crew came tumbling aft, their bare feet sounding like thunder on the deck in the queer stillness, and a sort of thrill of excitement went round.

"The master's mate was told off to keep the bearing on; but, you may believe me or not, he couldn't take it. When he got his eye on the compass, and pointed with his hand where he had heard the sound a moment before, it sounded behind him, or somewhere else.

"'She's here, on the other beam, sir,' said the quartermaster; and when he slued round, I'll be hanged if she wasn't ahead.

"The skipper wouldn't believe it until he tried it himself; it fairly took us all aback; and the men had begun to realise that there was something queer about it, and talked more loudly.



"'It's some poor beggars looking for Christmas Day,' I heard one of them say, and there was a dangerous, defiant sort of laugh, which I didn't half like, for there's nothing more likely to stir up disaffection on board ship than a touch of the ghostly, or whatever you may please to call it; and there was the makings of a row already, with Toby's stupid tricks.

"'Lower the cutter!' said the skipper, suddenly making up his mind to do something or other—I'm sure I don't know what; but whatever it was, he didn't get it done.

"There was a bit of shuffling about among the boat's crew, who were fallen in abreast the boat, and then the officer in charge said:

"'They won't man the boat, sir.'

"'Won't they, by God!' said Toby; and he ran down below, and came up with a pistol. 'I'll shoot the first man who refuses!'

"'We're not going to pull after a bloomin' ghost!' said someone; and then, as the skipper came along with his pistol, the lantern was suddenly kicked out of the coxswain's hand, and they all bolted forward and joined the crowd before the mainmast.

"There was a sudden hush, as there often is at a critical moment, no one knowing what would happen next; and we could hear that infernal thumping of the oars—now here, now there; it made me feel confoundedly queer, I can tell you, and Toby was evidently nonplussed. It's all very well to talk about shooting, but you can't fire a pistol at random into a crowd of Bluejackets, in pitch darkness.

"The skipper sang out for the sergeant of Marines, and he came aft, precise and proper, and saluted like a machine. You can always count on the Joeys, ghost or no ghost!

"'Fall your men in on the quarter-deck!' and in two minutes our little detachment, thirty all told, was fallen in.

"'Beat to quarters!'

"The drummer rattled away, but there was no response; the men were thoroughly disgusted and disaffected, and one could scarcely blame them. In the pause that followed the drum, there was a sudden shudder and flutter aloft, the topsails shook for a moment, and then filled, while a dull, sullen roar sounded ominously.

"No one had been thinking about the weather; but under the bank of clouds to the northward there was a glimmer of light, and the brig suddenly heeled a bit and began to gather way.

"'Hard up with the helm! weather main brace! hands by the topsail halliards!' roared the skipper; and the men who wouldn't go to their quarters jumped to their stations for trimming and shortening sail, for it meant life or death with our over-masted craft in the screaming squall that was close upon us.

"Luckily, we had only the topsails on her; they were lowered on the cap and the reef-tackles hauled out in a jiffy; the jib-sheet went with a bang, and we had all we could do to keep her away.

"As the blast struck us, a sort of wild scream seemed to mingle with its roar; it sounded like a human voice—and a woman's voice—crying some name, though no one could say what it was; but the skipper, who was close to me, holding on to a gun, cried, 'My God!' and seemed to stagger.

"The squall didn't last long, and the wind hauled round to the south-east before morning.

"When the hands were turned up, the word was passed that it was Christmas Day, and the whole thing was hushed up for the credit of the ship on paying off; but the skipper was very queer and silent during the remainder of the passage.

"When we got home, we heard that the Irish boat had been sunk in a collision during a dense fog on Christmas night, and had gone down with all on board, close off Holyhead. Boats from a man-of-war had been pulling round all night in the vain hope of picking up some survivors; and one of the passengers was Toby Wilson's wife."

* * *

"That's a d——d odd yarn," said the navigator.

"Aye, aye," said the doctor, with a meditative air, "but none the less true, I'll warrant; queer things happen sometimes."

"He was what you Scotchmen call 'fey,' doctor, eh?" said the Marine officer.

"Not precisely," replied the doctor; "but something akin to it. Being 'fey' means having a premonition of one's own death."

"I knew a man once who thought he was 'fey,'" said the colonel.

"It's your turn, colonel," cried several of the company. "Spin us the yarn, won't you?"

Silvester took the pipe from his mouth, deliberately knocked out the ashes, looked abstractedly at the lantern light for a while, and then began.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

By Major Arthur Griffiths.

"YOU know I was in the Soudan show—the old one; not this last, which has been all fireworks, a right-down blue light glorification, but that beastly fizzle thirteen years ago, when we got so near saving Gordon, and did little more than save our own skins.

"I did not get up to the front till nearly the end of the business. It was my luck. They kept me on the communications, and I was eating my heart out at Assouan, just below the First Cataract, strictly a non-combatant, employed as forwarding officer, sending up stores and supplies and all that sort of thing, shut out from all the fun and fighting.

"However, I got my chance at last. Orders came that I was posted to the Egyptian Camel Corps, and had better make the best of my way up the river. Headquarters were at Korti, I was told, and on reporting there, I should get fresh instructions.

"I should have liked to get on board the first steamer and hurry up to the front, but I was saddled with some baggage for headquarters, for the 'boss-chief' himself. A string of camels was put under my charge to convey the loads forward, and I must therefore make the journey by land. I was to do bear-leader, too, to a youngster who had just come out on appointment to the Egyptian Army. He had been also posted to the Camel Corps, and, as my story is mostly about him, I'd better describe him to you.

"Ronny McAlpine was in one of the Highland regiments, as smart a young chap as you'd wish to meet; a first-class pal, bright, cheery as a rule, although given to fits of depression at times, when all sorts of fancies and black thoughts got the better of him; but I am anticipating. A good soldier, too; new to it, but keen as mustard, and always wanting to do his best.

"It came out almost at once; boyish zeal, I called it—a sort of fussy anxiety about what seemed no more than a trifle to me. The responsibility of the general's baggage weighed on him quite heavily, and as he took it that way, I was glad enough to put the stuff altogether in his charge. I had loads of things on my mind without bothering over the general's bullock trunks and cases of champagne. So Ronny became baggage-master, very much to my relief and his own apparent satisfaction. He was like a mother with her first baby, and watched the blessed boxes as though he loved them better than himself.



"Someone had gone in close at his heels."

"But the third morning out I seemed to see a great change in him. He had one of his bad fits on, and looked as though he'd seen a ghost. It was nothing less, according to his own account. He had had a 'warning,' a strange visitation in the dead of night, which he could only interpret one way. He was Scotch, you see, and believed in such things implicitly.

"'I've got my billet, Charlie, straight and clear; not a doubt of it. I'm "fey." I've heard our peal of bells—the village church bells—this morning, just before daylight, for the fifth time. I shall go under in the first engagement.'

"I wouldn't have it, of course; called him 'young ass,' and 'idiot,' and all that; reasoned with him, laughed at him, chaffed him. No go. He was too firmly fixed in his idea. There wasn't a hope for him, he knew that. He would be shot in the throat, just as his two elder brothers had been killed; one by a gun accident on the moors, the other in South Africa, at Amajuba Hill.

"'The *mater* was all against my going into the Service,' he explained. 'But we've been soldiers, we McAlpines, for generations back, and I would not be baulked. Don't think I funk, Charlie. I don't care for myself—it's our business; but it's rough on the *mater* and little Cynthia.' (She was his sister, and he raved about her.)

"There was nothing to be done with him, although I tried hard all the way to Korosko and beyond, till we got to headquarters at Korti. It was towards the end of January then. Herbert Stewart had gone across the desert to strike the Nile at Metemmeh, and Earle was to take a column up the river through the Monasir country to Abu Hamed and Berber. Our Camel Corps was part of Earle's force, and we marched with it under Butler, who led the advance with all the mounted troops. We moved by the left bank; our work was to reconnoitre ahead, and so we were the first to get touch of and exchange shots with the enemy.

"Ronny was in the thick of the fire, for the first time in his life, and firmly convinced that it would be his last. But there was no outward sign of the presentiment that he carried within him. He was as gay and smiling as though on his way to a bridal, and not to the grave. Ronny was a good plucked one; there was no sort of doubt of that.

"Well, nothing happened to him that first skirmish, nor the second, nor the third, and we were sometimes pretty sharply engaged. Then came the fight at Kirbekan; that's history, you've all heard of it. We lost a heap of people, but still no bullet had found its billet in Ronny McAlpine.

"As the fire slackened, and the action was all but ended (the Black Watch and the South Staffordshire had carried the main position on the main ridge), I was so chirpy at McAlpine's escape that I began to 'rot' and 'rag' him.

"'You're a fine sort of fraud, Master Ronny, with your presentiments and all that. "Fey," are you? Why, this job's over, and you haven't got a scratch,' I said.

"'We're not out of the wood yet, old friend,' he answered, seriously. 'See! Here comes a galloper with orders. We shall have to pursue.'

"He was right enough. Only a minute more, and Butler gave the word for a general advance, and we all hurried forward, the cavalry leading at a sharp canter, we following. Ronny and I, on our tough little Syrian Arabs, and both of us hustling our chaps on with their humpy old crocks; but you can't get much speed out of a common or garden camel. Our point was the mouth of the Pass, the Great Shukkuk Pass, where we could head the beggars off and make sure of the place for our next advance.

"Long before we got up, the Hussars had run into the tail of a great mob scooting away. It was cut and thrust, sharp sword-play for a bit, and all seemed over, when a fresh lot of niggers hopped up out of a hole, a sort of sconce or coppie, and got round a small handful of the 19th, cutting them clean off from the rest. They had to fight their way out, and were drawing off all right when I heard Ronny's voice at my elbow shouting:

"'My God! He's down!' and at that he was off, riding hell for leather into the thick of the scrimmage. He'd seen Marshman fall, which no one else had noticed. The devils had hamstrung his horse, and now when he was dismounted they were hacking and hewing at him, promising to make little pieces of him all in a hurry. Ronny burst into the rescue, but too late, for he too went down, and neither he nor Marshman was seen any more—for a time."

* * * * * * *

"They did get away, though?" said one of the listeners.

"Why, yes, that's the joke of the whole business," laughed Silvester. "Ronny came out of it with no more than a spear wound in the throat—the throat, mark you—just where his brothers had got their death-wounds. But his was no more than a scratch, and we always said that the magic or supernatural influence, or whatever you may call it, and which had doomed him, had got watered down. Anyway, he wasn't 'fey,' for he's alive and kicking to this day, Laird, head of his house, McAlpine of that ilk—I married his sister."

"But how, in Heaven's name, *did* he get out of the mess?" asked a young lieutenant, innocently.

"Oh, someone had gone in close at his heels and pulled him through. Pulled them both through, for he lifted one on to his horse, and brought off the other at his stirrup. That's what I heard."

"Heard, you rank old humbug," said the commander, laughing. "We know the whole story. Why, that someone was you yourself, Charlie Silvester, and that's what earned you your Victoria Cross."

"Well, now you mention it, I believe that's how it was. But anyone could have done what I did, and better, and no

more need be said about it," said Silvester, deprecatingly. "Let me tell you the rest of the story of the peal of bells. For there is more to be said about it.

"He *had* heard the bells, not a doubt of it, but they were not quite the sort he thought. It all came out when we got down the river back to Dongola, when the evacuation of the Soudan was begun, then stopped, and we did not know exactly how it would end.

"His lordship, the boss-chief, you know, was there at Dongola, and he was good enough to ask us to dinner the same night, Ronny and I.

"Soon after we sat down to table I saw my pal suddenly start, and a shiver went through him. He had heard the peal of bells; and so, this time, had I.

"They came from an eight-day travelling clock with an alarum chime, which stood on a camp table just behind our seats. It was the general's clock, and it had been in one of the portmanteaus we brought up with us from Assouan. The general's man down there had wound it up before packing it, and it was still going, therefore, on the first few nights of our march. Ronny, being in charge of the baggage, had bivouacked near the box that held the clock, and regularly heard the alarum as it went off a little before dawn.

"So much for his being 'fey.'"

A general laugh greeted this unromantic termination.

"He was no that 'fey,' after all," said the doctor, chuckling, as he cut the end off a fresh cigar; he was an epicure in the matter of tobacco, and consumed choice brands in a reckless fashion; being a bachelor.

"Well, he thought he was, right enough," said the navigator "You'd better let us have a yarn about a real case of it, doctor."

"I'm not so sure that I know one," said the doctor; "but since we're all telling stories, I'll just give you a queer thing that happened to me, before I light up this weed, which I'm not going to spoil by talking."

THE DOCTOR'S YARN.

By Com. E. P. Statham, R.N.

"AFTER I came home from the Coast, I was pretty sick, what with my wound, and fever; and as I had a good lump sum in the bank, I got leave on half-pay for a year, and prescribed a sea voyage in a sailing-ship for myself. I looked up several, and saw the skippers; and at last I hit upon one, the 'Red Deer.' The skipper was a gentleman, and a cultivated man; she was bound for Calcutta, taking a few passengers.

"I got my passage cheap on condition of doing ship's doctor; very few vessels of that class carried a doctor in those days, but the owners were glad to get one; and I went on board in the docks the evening before sailing, with a good stock of books and tobacco.

"The skipper turned up shortly afterwards; he and I were good friends already, and he joined me with his pipe.

"'We're to have a lady passenger after all,' said he; 'and my stewardess has sold me, and gone off; she's a neat little widow, and I fancy is going to get married again. It's a confounded nuisance, for I can't lay my hand on anyone to take her place at such short notice.'

"'Who's the lady?'

"'A Miss Amherst, coming out with her brother; I saw them at the office—pretty girl; I don't much like the look of the brother—barber's block style about him.'

"Well, all the passengers put in an appearance in good time next morning; two young fellows—Percival was the name of one of them, and I can't recollect—oh, yes, Scott was the other—going out to the indigo business; an elderly parson, and the brother and sister, who arrived last.



"He saluted her as she came over the side."

"We were all agog to see our only lady, and, by Jove, she was worth looking at when she came; as bonnie a little ship of a lassie as ye'll meet in a month o' Sundays. Big brown eyes, long lashes, eyebrows well marked, and the prettiest, sauciest little mouth you can imagine. We saluted her as she came over the side, and she gave us a saucy little nod in recognition as she went below with her brother and the steward. I quite agreed with the skipper about Amherst; he was a good-looking sort of chap, with a dark moustache, but too sleek and pretty for a man.

"You may be sure that we had not been long at sea before we three bachelors—I and the two young indigo fellows—were ready enough to do anything we could for our female fellow-passenger. But there was not much to be done, for she and her brother stuck together in the most affectionate manner all day long; and they were often closeted in his or her cabin late at night. There were three cabins each side of the saloon; I had the foremost one on the port side—the Amhersts having the other two—and I often heard them talking next door when I was turning in, though I could not distinguish what they said.

"However, they often joined us on deck in the evening, when we ran into warm weather, and young Percival made strong running for her favour, always on the look-out to do her some little service, which she would accept with a sort of matter of course air, letting her big eyes rest on his face in a coquettish way that became her very well; and it was easy to see that he was well on the road to being violently in love.

"The brother we all disliked; he hadn't a sensible word to say for himself, and he assumed a sort of superior, stand-off air that made one long to kick him.

"The skipper and I played chess sometimes in his cabin, and he more than once expressed some uneasiness about his passengers.

"'I never saw brother and sister so spooney,' he said one evening; 'and they're always in each other's cabins at all hours; I hope there's no scandal brewing!'

"'You mean, supposing she shouldn't be his sister, but——?'

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"'I don't like to think it,' he said, 'but I don't think much of that fellow; queer things happen sometimes, and she may be a tool in his hands.'

"I confess I was not free from such suspicions myself; and I was almost tempted to place my ear against the bulkhead; but the idea was naturally repugnant to me.

"However, one night, when we were about rounding the Cape, they were talking on deck, and I got near them, in the dark, before I knew it.

"'You must,' he was saying; 'it's a splendid chance——'

"'But I shall break down, perhaps; and that would be worse than all——'

"'Oh, no fear, no one will ever suspect; you do it splendidly, and he's regularly gone on you.'

"'But what will be the end of it? When we get to Calcutta——'

"'I'll manage when we get to Calcutta——'

"Well, I sneaked off then, not much relishing the situation; but it appeared pretty clear to me that he was throwing her at Percival's head for some purpose of his own, and that a rude awakening would ensue for that young man.

"A day or two later we ran into a regular roaring south-wester, with a tremendous sea, such as you get in no other part of the world. We were running, of course, and made good weather of it, shipping but little water; it had turned suddenly cold, for it was July, and we had all got out our thick coats.

"I was standing by the skipper on the little half-poop,

[*Continued on page 321.*

Our Arsenal in the Far East.

OVER fifty years ago trading difficulties with the Chinese rulers led to our securing a harbour formed by the then barren island of Hong Kong and the mainland. The engineer has since been busy reclaiming land, building roads, houses, docks, etc., until Hong Kong has become one of the busiest ports of call in the world, so busy that it has long been pleading for more room to do its work. In 1860 we obtained a strip of the mainland called Kowloon. That has since been fully occupied. On the left of our picture can be seen the Kowloon Naval yard, involving cambers for torpedo-boats and coal stores, etc. From here communication is kept up with the offices at Hong Kong Naval yard, over two miles away, by telephone and steam-boats. To the right can be seen the barracks for the Hong Kong Regiment raised in India. In the background are the hills which form some of the new territory ceded to us in 1898, hills whose frowning brows have frequently scared the wealthy citizens with possibilities of bombardment.

Another of our illustrations shows the Peak, some 2,000-ft. above the sea. Many Europeans live up there in the summer, as it is then very healthy. An hotel was recently bought and turned into barracks. In line with its flag-staff is the Naval sanatorium, and above that to the left is the bungalow of the commodore in charge of the Naval yard and depôt.

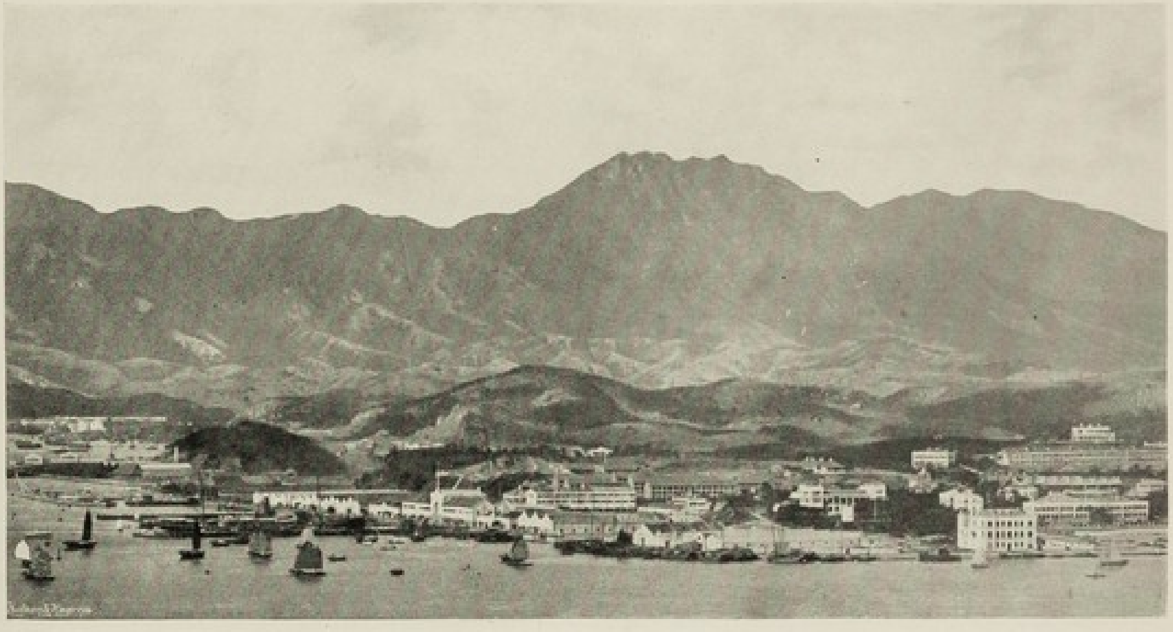
Our third picture shows a disused Chinese Naval establishment on the Canton River.



THE MILITARY BARRACKS AT THE PEAK OF HONG KONG.



KOWLOON, WITH LEASED TERRITORY IN THE BACKGROUND.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

THE CHINESE NAVAL ESTABLISHMENT AT WHAMPOA, ON THE WAY FROM HONG KONG TO CANTON.

At Gibraltar.

THE Almeda is the pride of Gibraltar, and is truly charming, being laid out in the English style and abounding in beautiful flowers. It commands fine views of the Straits and the coast of Africa, and is the fashionable lounge of the "Rock." At the entrance is the drilling ground, where the regimental bands play in the evening twice a week.

There are two military monuments in the Almeda. One of them is to the Duke of Wellington. It consists of a bust mounted on an antique pillar brought from Lepida, with a dog-Latin inscription. At the foot of the monument are a mortar and a cannon, taken in battle. The other monument is to General Elliot, and is somewhat mean and tasteless.

Owing to the passing of the Naval Works Bill, Gibraltar has been the scene of unusual activity. It has gradually become a vast mass of Naval works, which are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and which, when completed, will greatly enhance the value of this important possession as a Naval station.



Photo. Hall. Copyright

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT IN THE ALMEDA GARDENS

The Eyes of a Ship.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.]

A SHIP never sleeps whilst she is in commission, for day and night, year in and year out, the restless steps of the watch-keepers pass to and fro. It is almost pathetic towards the close of a long absence abroad to see, after a shower of rain, the water gather into certain well-marked pools on the fore bridge, bearing silent testimony to the regular tramp of the watch-keeper as he paces to and fro in his long lonely vigils.

I send with this article photographs of eight of the most important watch-keepers on duty in a battle-ship at sea.

The officer of the watch (always a lieutenant) naturally comes first; everything revolves about him, every order passes through him, and he is in fact the nervous centre of the complicated mechanism which, for the time being, he controls.

His various duties and responsibilities have, however, been several times described in these pages, so I pass him by, merely mentioning that in the illustration he is to be seen standing sextant in hand, preserving that accurate position with regard to the other ships of the squadron for which British fleets are so justly celebrated.

Behind him stand two midshipmen; as they are on the fore bridge and have sextants in their hands, they will be the



Photo. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright

THE EYES OF THE SHIP.

signal midshipmen of the watch, in contra-distinction to the quarter-deck midshipmen (shown in another illustration). The former help the officer of the watch with his station keeping and signal work, the latter look out for the routine



THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH.



THE BO'SUN'S MATE.

and whatever work is being done by the watch.

Midshipmen, generally speaking, are in four watches, so that if a ship has sixteen midshipmen there will be four always on watch together. The midshipman of the watch should be, and often is, the officer of the watch's right-hand man. His duties are most varied and heterogeneous. He is the medium of communication between the bridge and the captain's cabin, he looks out for the routine, musters the watch if fallen in for any drill or work, goes away in the life-boat should the occasion arise, marks the speed of the ship by the log, enters the barometer and thermometer in the ship's log at stated intervals, boils the water and makes cocoa for the officer of the watch during the night watches, and is guaranteed between whiles at night to sleep as comfortably on the deck with a coil of rope beneath his head as any pampered lordling in the land upon his high-class spring mattress and feather pillow.

The "snottie," for such is the generic name of the midshipman, is one of the oldest and most romantic institutions of the Service, and it is to be hoped that novelists will continue to weave, in the future as in the past, stories of love and war about his boyish head.

Perhaps the next most important watch-keepers are the quartermaster and helmsman. I send a very good photograph of them at their post of duty. That is the helmsman with the steering wheel in his hand; the quartermaster stands on his right. The wonderful control that small wheel gives over the great leviathan is, if one thinks of it, almost miraculous; a few spokes this way or that, and immediately the great ship answers to the demand, and to such a nicety is everything adjusted that the course can be steered to within half a degree or less, that is to say, the ship can be steered accurately upon any one of the 720 half degrees into which the compass card is divided. That is the compass with the two huge balls of iron, by which it is adjusted before leaving port, and in front of the compass can be seen the different voice-pipes and electric bells which communicate with the engine-room, stokeholds, etc. The engine-room telegraph is just to the left of the compass. The whole space one sees is part of the fore bridge; a Kisbie life-buoy and search-light projector can be seen in the distance.



THE SIGNALMAN AT WORK.

After the quartermaster comes the bo'sun's mate. His duty is to keep close within hail of the bridge, he repeats all orders from the bridge, first calling the men's attention by a shrill call on his pipe and then roaring the order in a huge rough voice; his under-studies, the "call-boys," immediately repeat the same all over the ship, so that in a few moments from the first order, say it is "Close water-tight doors," for instance, everybody in the ship is on the move to obey. In the old days of sailing ships this watch-keeper was the most important of the deck hands, as all small matters of seamanship were under his control, such as putting a jigger on a sheet or halyard to get it taut, and keeping the yards and sails properly trimmed under the direction of the officer of the watch.



MIDSHIPMEN OF THE WATCH.

The signalman, too, is another important watch-keeper, but his work and usefulness have often been described in these pages. There are three or four always on watch, and one of them is especially attached to the officer of the watch.

The next illustration shows the "sentry on the life-buoy." That is the life-buoy to the left of him, and his hand is resting upon the catch that releases it. His duty is to let go one buoy the instant he hears the cry "Man overboard!" and then to rush over to the other and



Photos. A. Debenham. Ryde.

THE QUARTERMASTER AND HELMSMAN.

endeavour to drop it as near the drowning man as possible. The life-buoys have a phosphide of calcium light attached to them, which burn on contact with water, giving a bright light and thick smoke, so that by day or night a good indication is given to the ship and life-boat as to the whereabouts of the spot where the man was last seen.

The look-out at the mast-head, who was successfully "snapped" just at the moment he leant over the edge of the



Photo. A. Debenham, Ryde.
SENTRY ON THE LIFE-BUOY.

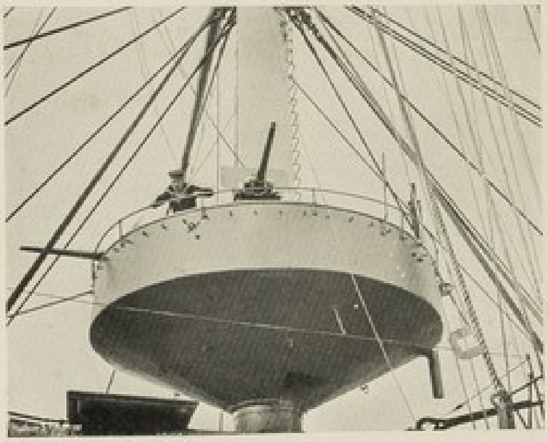


Photo. A. Debenham, Ryde.
THE MAST-HEAD MAN.

top to report "Sail on the port bow, sir!" is a relic of the old times when the officer of the watch walked the poop only 15-ft. or 20-ft. above the water.

It is impossible in one article to describe the duties of all the watch-keepers; there are certainly a dozen more of one kind and another about the ship, to say nothing of those down in the engine-room and stokeholds.

Our Cavalry Regiments.

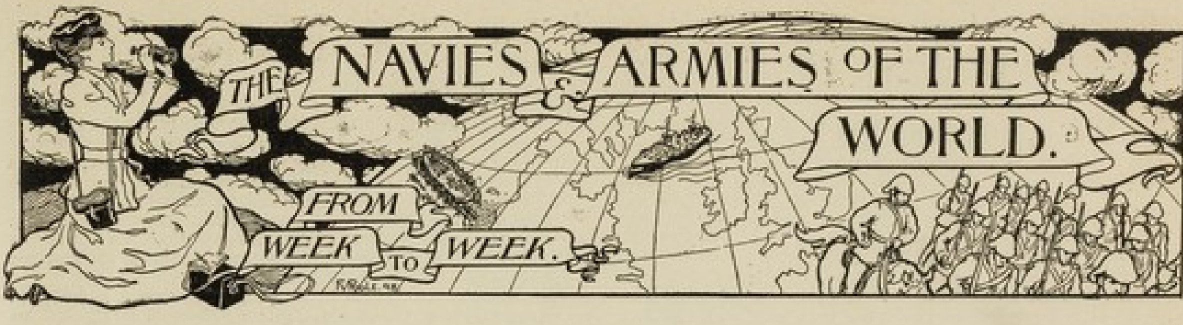
IN the centre of this illustration we have a trooper of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, which is well known as a "crack" regiment. The 10th can always be distinguished from other Hussar regiments by the scarlet busby-bag and black and white plumes. Also the pouch-belts, instead of being of gold lace with or without a coloured stripe, as in all other cavalry regiments, are of black pattern leather with a gilt metal chain ornament and gilt buckle.

Officers of the 10th, when in review order, have their bridles, cruppers, and horses' breastplates ornamented with sea-shells. In undress they wear a special pattern crimson morocco leather sword-belt instead of the leather sword-belt covered with gold lace worn by all other cavalry regiments. On the left of the picture is a troop of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers. When in review order the 5th are easily distinguished by the green plumes in their Lancer caps. The regimental badge, the Irish Harp and Crown, is worn in solid silver as an arm badge by the warrant officers, and by the staff and troop sergeants above the chevrons. The trooper on the right belongs to the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers.

This regiment in review order wears scarlet plumes. In undress all ranks are recognisable from all other Lancer corps by their scarlet forage caps.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.
5th (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS. 10th (PRINCE OF WALES' OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS. 12th (PRINCE OF WALES' OWN) LANCERS.



WHEN you come upon something which you think tells on your own side, be sure it tells all round before you praise it without reserve. That is a very good rule to follow, but it is also one which is habitually neglected. If it had been better kept in mind there would have been less unmixed jubilation than has followed in some quarters on the publication of Cobden's letter to Captain Cowper Coles. In reality that document, when it is read as a whole, is chiefly valuable as an illustration of the character of the writer—a man who was born, who lived, moved, and died in blinkers. He is a fine example of the truth of Napoleon's great saying that in order to do anything effectual in this world—"il faut savoir se borner"—one must fix on a definite object and work steadily towards it. Cobden saw certain things very clearly, and cared for certain things intensely. Therefore it was that he succeeded in persuading the majority of average Englishmen to believe in the economic theories of the Free Traders. But for what lay to right and left of his blinkers he was worse than blind. He made grotesque guesses, and he talked sentimental nonsense. This letter is the man all over—that is to say, streaked with sense and foolishness in alternate layers. How characteristic it is of him that he was so run away with by his admiration of everything new, and likely to be unwelcome to people he detested, that he rushed into unqualified admiration of the "Captain," though he was no more fit to judge of the value of a ship than he was to write Greek. All the world knows she turned keel upwards in the first gale, carrying her inventor to the bottom with her.

* * * *

But apart from such an error of judgment as this, which was pardonable enough in itself and only worth noticing because of his cocksure laying down of the law on subjects he did not understand, his letter has two faults. It contradicts itself, and it is vitiated all through by what the writer takes for granted. He says that fortifications are useless, because an enemy who could get at them at all would be master of the sea and able to ruin us. Then, in another place, he is for having fortifications where they command "entrances to harbours or great water-ways." Yet his principle tells against them here as well as elsewhere. An enemy who could attack a fort at an entrance to a harbour would be master enough of the sea to land men and attack it from behind. If it is to stand the double assault it must be a considerable work—just, in short, the very kind of thing Cobden denounces. Even this, however, is only comparatively innocent muddle of head. What ought to make his letter as unacceptable to the "extreme Naval school" as to the very volunteers themselves, is the view he takes of "Naval defence." It ought to be obvious to everybody who will read the letter through, and not merely pick out one sentence, that what Cobden wanted was a number, and the smaller the better, of ships which should hang about our own coast, and prevent the enemy from actually coming into the Solent. He had not the least idea that you defend yourself by blockading the enemy on the other side of the sea. The way in which he speaks of the Mediterranean Squadron shows that. All this was natural enough in him. Cobden wanted to give up India and the Colonies, which he said were only retained for "the sake of the quarter-deck" and the jobbery of ruling families. He thought that commerce was the only thing worth having, and that the natural self-interest of others would make them trade with us. Therefore, let us drop all pretence to Empire, which only served the vanity and greed of the aristocracy, let us withdraw to within the British Isles, and keep a few cupola ships about the coast in case any downright piratical attack was made upon us. All that hangs together with Mr. Cobden—but how does it agree with the doctrine of "sea power"? and what practical application has it to the case of a country with vast land frontiers in America, Africa, and Asia?

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Perhaps one ought not to be impatient with Mr. Cobden, seeing that after all these years of discussion we do not seem to have arrived at clear ideas, or to have fixed the meaning of the words we use. The reader will, of course, agree that until you have defined your terms, all discussion is mere wrangle. There is no more hopeless, or even immoral, waste of time than argument, until you have settled the meaning of every word used, and unless you agree to use each always in the same sense. Unless you act on these rules, you may go on "arguifying up" for ever, appearing to differ while in reality you agree, appearing to agree while in fact you differ. Last week's *Times* afforded two fine examples of the slovenly use of words which I have in my mind. One number contained a letter from Lord Wemyss, in which he talked of the necessity of putting the Militia on a sound footing, in order that our Navy may act offensively. Another number contained a letter by "Navalis," in which the writer criticises Captain Mahan, and lays it down magisterially that the Navy must act defensively in order that the Army may act offensively. I take my life in my hand, and have the honour to inform both these distinguished persons that they are talking rigmarole. It is not to be wondered at that plain men are turning with disgust from what they see written about the national defences, when it bristles with such undefined, if not unmeaning, would-be terms of art as these. What definite sense have the words defensive and offensive got when they are used in this style? Supposing, for example, that a coalition of the Powers of the Continent is formed against this country. The British Fleet is sent to watch the enemy's harbours, so that his ships cannot come out to attack us. Will Lord Wemyss say that it is engaged in offensive operations? If so, the man who stops an armed burglar trying to break into his house at two in the morning may be said to be acting offensively. His bullet or his fist goes from him to the burglar, yet he is defending himself. By analogy, therefore, Hawke was engaged in defending England when he attacked Conflans in Quiberon Bay. He was engaged in defending England from invasion. Had there been no Militia, no troops in England, that would have been only an extra reason why Hawke should make an end of the invading fleet. It is idle to ring the changes on the words offensive and defensive in such a case.

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But the distinction made by "Navalis" answers to nothing in reality, unless it be to an arbitrary assumption in his own mind that England will never fight unless she is attacked. Even then his definition stops short of precision. If we do not make war except to repel aggression, the services of the Army are just as much defensive as those of the Fleet, since both are used to repel an attack. The Duke of Wellington in Spain and Sir James Saumarez in the Baltic were both engaged in defending England, by endeavouring, the one on land and the other on water, to bring down Napoleon, who had a fixed intention to ruin us if he could. Then the whole question turns on what is a defensive war. We assert that we have a right to control the whole Valley of the Nile. France says we have no such right. We go to war to vindicate our claim, and send a fleet to blockade Brest. Is it engaged defensively or offensively? We say the first, the French say the second, because the fleet is there to forward our arrogant, aggressive ambition. Which is right? "Navalis" or another may say that whatever the origin of the war was, our fleet is defensively employed, because the object of the French fleet must be to attack our commerce or our shores. But this is mere quibbling. The Germans may say with just as much truth that they were fighting defensively when they besieged Paris, because their object was to beat back an invasion of Germany and to make a renewal of one as far as might be impossible. The attempt to distinguish between the essential functions of a fleet and an army by calling the first defensive and the second offensive, reaches a towering height of absurdity when it comes to combined operations. When the Navy convoys the Army over sea, where it could not go of itself, it is taking an indispensable part in an offensive operation, if that is the word which is always to be used of the operations of any army. But it is an essential to the offence; how can it be other than "offensive"? One gets into a region where words have no meaning when one is asked to believe that Anson's voyage into the South Sea and attack on Paita were defensive operations because he was a Naval officer and went in a ship. Or, better still, let us take the contemporary attack on Carthagena. The common-sense of mankind revolts when it is told that Vernon was engaged defensively when he bombarded the forts at the mouth of the harbour, but that Wentworth was offensively employed when he landed to attack the castle of St. Lazarus. Yet if we are not to swallow this juggling with words, what sense is there in saying that the operation of a fleet is to act defensively, in order to clear the way for the offensive operations of the army?

* * * *

So the war—if war it can be called—between Spain and the United States is over in form, as well as in fact. The peace has been signed "with steel pens in bamboo holders," and, in so far as Spain is concerned, there is an end. On the whole, now, what is the moral of the war? For my part I have not yet seen in anything written, either in English, French, or German, the slightest evidence that there has been anything in it, from first to last, of the tactical or strategical order which is worth looking at twice. Two very old truths the war has demonstrated. One is, that a reality will always break a sham to pieces when the two come into collision; the other is, that the "inward and spiritual things" one calls moral and intellectual honesty, foresight, industry, loyalty to duty, etc., are alone of real importance. Where they are wanting weapons are of no use. The Spaniards have not been beaten for want of means, for they might well have made a long fight with the resources they had. They have collapsed because their Government was rotten, and if they had had twenty battle-ships as good as the "Royal Sovereign" the end would have been just the same, because their guns would have been split, their machines out of order, their ammunition inferior, their gunners untrained, and their chiefs incapable.

* * * *

If M. Rochefort was talking seriously to the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, there would appear to be some persons in France who cherish a hope that we too will collapse at a pinch as the Spaniards have done. He remarked that the personnel of the British Fleet was not, he thought, quite as good as the "material." Well, we rather thought that if there were degrees of goodness here, the order was just the reverse of this. Let us hope he is wrong, if only because it is so much easier to put right defects in material than in knowledge and discipline, the two things which must be out of order when the personnel of a fleet or army is wrong. But we won't take M. Rochefort too seriously. The question is, who set him talking in this fashion? He did not hear it from French Naval officers. From whom then did it come? In all probability from certain authorities of our own, who are for ever either signalling that the "Octopus" is in a state of mutiny because an ordinary seaman has been heard to say ——— to the ship's corporal, or are doing their best to produce the said mutiny. The result of their labours will be unexpectedly advantageous, if they only succeed in giving a false impression to the French.

DAVID HANNAY.

Our Christmas Day Sea Battle.

By Edward Fraser.

THERE is not a single day in all the year that is not the anniversary of a Naval fight, that the British Navy has the right to mark in red, in its Calendar of Battles. On certain days, indeed, our Naval Calendar records more than one fight. Christmas Day has its quota to add, with one sea-fight of its own. It is, no doubt, not a very big nor very famous one. Probably, in fact, not many of my readers could off-hand name the officer who won the fight, or locate it, or even give its date. And yet our Christmas Day man-of-war battle was, as far as it went, "good business," a piece of work skilfully carried out to a successful issue. The story of our Christmas Day fight is a tale of the time of Charles II., and the year 1666.

On Saturday, December 29, 1666, news reached London that afforded immense relief to those charged with the care of our Naval affairs. The "Gottenburg Fleet," after being three weeks overdue, and reported once captured and once lost in a storm, had come home safe. "Then to the office," writes Pepys in his Diary under date December 29, "and have the news brought us of Captain Robinson's coming with his fleet from Gottenburg; dispersed, though, by foul weather. But he hath fight of five Dutch men-of-war, and taken three, whereof one is sunk, which is very good news to close up the year with." It was very good news. In those days of oak and hemp the British Fleet depended for its masts, cordage, and tar almost entirely on supplies brought across the North Sea from Sweden every winter by the fleet of merchant-men known as the "Gottenburg Fleet."



In 1666 we were in the thick of the Second Dutch War, as it is called, and, after the severe fighting of the two battles of the summer, Monk and Rupert's "Four days' fight" and "St. James's Day fight," the Navy was in urgent need of the Gottenburg Fleet's stores. At the same time the North Sea and mouth of the Baltic were swarming with Dutch ships of war and privateers. For the occasion special precautions were necessary, and these, as the date for the sailing of the Gottenburg ships drew near, were placed in the hands of one of the smartest officers of the day, Captain Robert Robinson, of the crack 70-gun ship "Warspite."

On November 23 Captain Robinson, with a squadron of eight men-of-war (the "Warspite," "Diamond," "Dragon," "Constant Warwick," "Jersey," "St. Patrick," "Oxford," "Nightingale") and a fire-ship (the "Malaga Merchant"), sailed from the Nore to bring the precious convoy home. He reached Gottenburg on December 4; but the store-ships had not all come in, thus delaying the start for England by some days. It was December 18 before Captain Robinson was able to leave port, and he then sailed, escorting some sixty store-ships besides twelve neutrals.

Before the convoy was two days out a storm came down from the north-east with savage fury, scattering the ships far out into the North Sea. Then, on the 23rd, the storm moderated. Captain Robinson, who was able to pick up and get together some fifty ships of his convoy, with his squadron of men-of-war well in hand, now stood directly for home, detaching the "Dragon," "Constant Warwick," and "Malaga Merchant" to hunt up missing ships.

The Dutch admiral at the Texel correctly surmised that the Gottenburg convoy had started, and confidently looked forward to making some good pickings. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, selecting five of his smartest ships, three two-deckers of forty guns, a 36-gun ship, and an armed yacht, he sent them to cruise right across Captain Robinson's probable track. With the result that at about eleven o'clock on Christmas morning the Gottenburg Fleet and the Dutch Squadron came into collision.

Holding his course in line until the convoy had cleared out of the way to leeward, Captain Robinson interposed his men-of-war between the store-ships and the enemy. Then, with his charge beyond reach of accident, he set to work to teach the Dutchmen what their rashness meant. The "Warspite" tackled the Dutch commodore; the "Diamond" the next biggest Dutchman; the "Jersey" the third; and our two smaller 20-gun ships, the "Oxford" and the "Nightingale," the fourth Dutchman. At the same time, the "St. Patrick" went after the Dutch yacht, which, on the character of the English ship disclosing itself, made off promptly. The two squadrons now went at it hammer and tongs, broadside to broadside, at short range, the Dutchmen facing the consequences of their error, as our men said, "in a bravado." Yet, though ours were the bigger ships, the odds were not so much against the enemy as they might seem. Owing to the hurry of the starting from England, and other causes but too prevalent in the impecunious days of Charles II., none of Captain Robinson's ships were more than half manned, and in their companies, besides that, there was a large percentage of sick. Moreover, both the English two-deckers in the squadron, the "Warspite" and the "Diamond" (a 48-gun ship), were, in the sea-language of the day, "muzzled." Owing to the high sea that was running, neither ship could open her lower deck ports and use her lower tier guns. The two were, for the occasion, practically one-tier vessels, and practically also less powerful in fire-power than their Dutch *vis-à-vis*. So they all fought it out, and in two hours it was all over with the valiant and stubbornly-fought Dutch quartette.

Two Dutchmen were on fire hopelessly, and two had to strike their colours in a sinking state. The fifth, the yacht pursued by the "St. Patrick," was, it may be added, captured next day. The Dutch commodore, which it fell to the "Warspite's" share to capture, surrendered when on the point of sinking, with, as Captain Robinson describes in his very brief official letter—or rather note—on the battle, "her head, bowsprit, and every mast down, the ensign-staff and all." The action ended just off Brill, the steeple of which was sighted as the afternoon cleared. With his two prizes, the English captain stood across for Hollesley Bay, where he arrived—his convoy being safe by that time—on the afternoon of December 29, with, to conclude with the gallant captain of the "Warspite's" own words, "the Dutch colours hanging and the King's flying."

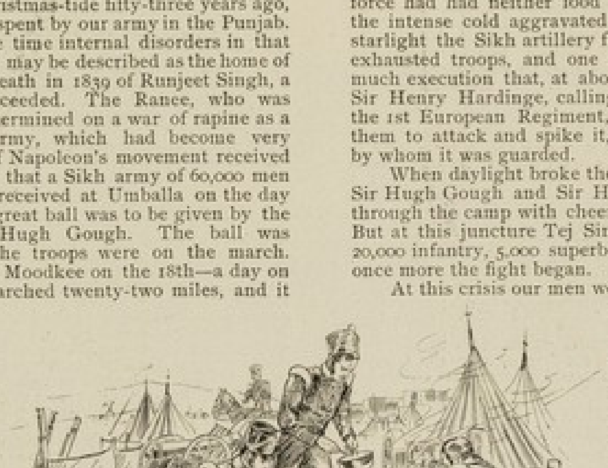
Not a single vessel of all the big convoy came to harm, and well may the gallant Captain Robinson's descendants, some of whom are serving in the Navy to-day, remember with pride their ancestor, the hero of our Christmas Day Battle.

A Memorable Christmas in the Punjab.

By A. B. Tucker.

"PEACE on earth, goodwill towards men." So runs the Christmas legend. But what a grim satire seems to underlie these beautiful words when we remember that many a time our gallant soldiers have been in the field on Christmas Day. But although our troops have often been actively employed throughout the month of December, in India, in the Iberian Peninsula, in the Crimea, and elsewhere, there is only one record of an actual engagement on the 25th, and that was in 1807, when the Danish island of St. Croix, in the West Indies, surrendered on Christmas Day to a force under Major-General Bowyer. There is another Christmas Day, one of victory, and of sufferings heroically borne, well worthy to be recalled to memory. The story of the Sikh War in 1845 is one which no Briton can read without feeling proud of his race. Let us turn back to that Christmas-tide fifty-three years ago, and try to realise how it was spent by our army in the Punjab.

There had been for some time internal disorders in that great division of India, which may be described as the home of the Sikhs. Following the death in 1839 of Runjeet Singh, a long period of unrest succeeded. The Ranee, who was regent, and her advisers determined on a war of rapine as a measure for quieting the Army, which had become very turbulent. Like the news of Napoleon's movement received at Brussels, the intelligence that a Sikh army of 60,000 men had crossed the Sutlej was received at Umballa on the day (December 11) on which a great ball was to be given by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough. The ball was abandoned, and next day the troops were on the march. The enemy was first met at Moodkee on the 18th—a day on which Gough's force had marched twenty-two miles, and it must be remembered that in those days the uniform was not comfortable, the kit was carried, and ammunition and weapons were not light. The foe whom they had to fight was one of the bravest and most stubborn ever faced by the British in Hindostan. There were on the British side twelve battalions and forty-two guns, and they were opposed by some 20,000 Sikhs. When firing ceased the enemy fell back with a loss of seventeen guns. Our casualties were heavy. Our force had consisted of 3,850 Europeans and 8,500 native troops, and at the end of the day we had to bewail the loss of eighty-four officers and 800 men. Among the dead were the brave Sir Robert Sale and General McCaskill. It was not until midnight that Sir Hugh Gough led back his weary troops to camp. The Sikhs meanwhile retired to Ferozeshah, where soon was to take place a much more desperate battle.



"The Dawn of Christmas Day."

On December 19 reinforcements reached Gough in the shape of more heavy guns, the 29th Foot, the 1st European Light Infantry, and some Sepoys. Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, offered his services, and was made second in command of the force. Two days' rest were allowed the men, and on December 21, at three o'clock in the morning, the troops were ordered to march. Before noon they were in front of the Sikh camp, and there they were joined by Sir John Littler, with 5,000 infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and twenty-one guns from Ferozepore. The British force now consisted of 5,674 Europeans and 12,053 Sepoys, making a total of 17,727, with sixty-five guns. According to the Sikhs' account, their army consisted of 25,000 regular troops, 10,000 irregulars, and eighty-eight guns. Besides this force, Tej Singh, the Governor of Peshawar, with a force of 23,000 regular troops and sixty-seven guns, was only ten miles away. The enemy was entrenched round the strong village of Ferozeshah.

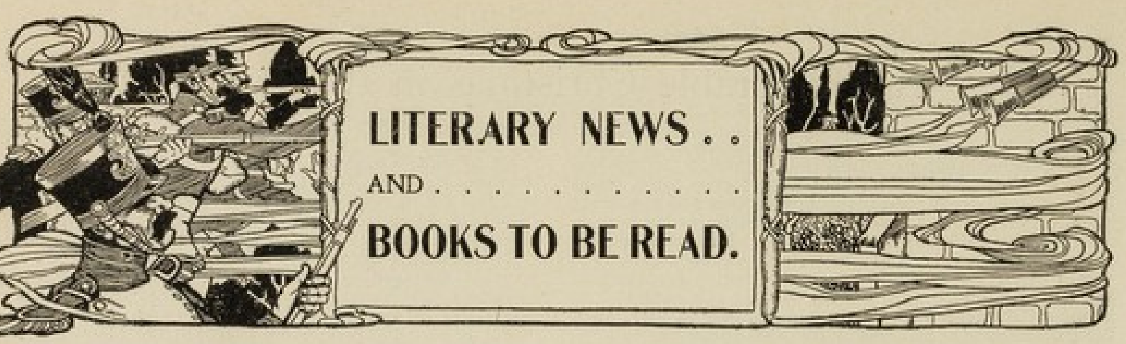
At about four in the afternoon of the shortest day in the year the British forces were led to the attack. Our artillery opened the battle, but as the Sikh guns would not be silenced the infantry was ordered to advance. The 50th Foot were the first to gain a footing in the Sikh camp, and the combat everywhere became general. Stoutly and stubbornly did the Sikhs defend their position. Regiment after regiment of Sir John Littler's division staggered under the tremendous fire of grape and musketry by which they were met. The 62nd especially were badly shattered, losing seventeen officers killed out of twenty-three, and at nightfall this division was obliged to retire. Sir Harry Smith, whose brigade had carried and occupied the village of Ferozeshah, was unable to hold it during the night, and also drew off. The rest of the army managed to hold what they had won. During the hottest part of this furious combat, the 3rd Dragoons rode through the Sikh camp from end to end, with a desperate valour only equalled by the charge of the Brigade at Inkerman, or by the charge of the 21st Lancers the other day at Omdurman.

Before the camp was carried, darkness fell upon the scene, and the night that ensued has well been designated as the "night of horrors." A hard frost set in. The English force had had neither food nor water for many hours, and the intense cold aggravated their sufferings. By the bright starlight the Sikh artillery from time to time fired upon our exhausted troops, and one large gun in particular did so much execution that, at about two o'clock in the morning, Sir Henry Hardinge, calling upon the 80th Regiment and the 1st European Regiment, among whom he was lying, led them to attack and spike it, driving away the Sikh infantry by whom it was guarded.

When daylight broke the attack was renewed, and, led by Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge, our men swept through the camp with cheers, and the victory was complete. But at this juncture Tej Singh brought up a fresh force of 20,000 infantry, 5,000 superb cavalry, and seventy guns, and once more the fight began.

At this crisis our men were in the greatest peril, for the ammunition of all arms was nearly at an end, the formation of the regiments was by no means complete, and the troops were exhausted alike by fatigue and want of food. The Sikh cavalry presented a splendid spectacle as they advanced, the sun flashing on steel armour, sabres, and spears. Steadily our infantry awaited the charge of this proud body of horsemen. On they came, until within 400-yds. of our line, when suddenly, as if stricken by a sudden panic on a movement of our cavalry which had been ordered to threaten their flanks, the Sikhs wheeled about and retired as they had come, and the victory was ours. But it had cost us dear. On that hard-fought field were left 2,415 men and 115 officers. Of the survivors, many had been without food for forty-eight hours. Regiments like the 3rd Dragoons, the 50th, 62nd, 29th, 53rd, and 80th did splendid service on those two memorable days, and added fresh laurels to the history of British arms.

The dawn of Christmas Day found our brave fellows resting; but it was a sad, cold Christmas. Exhausted by their continuous fighting, and suffering from the keen frost, the men strove to be cheerful. But there were terrible gaps in their ranks, and there were comrades, numbering some 1,600, lying wounded, some of them hopelessly maimed, with but few of the comforts which we now think indispensable. There was, needless to say, but little Christmas fare in the camp. There were no welcome greetings from wives, sweethearts, and mothers. Many a gallant fellow for whom a token of love had been despatched from home was lying in the grave that had been dug two days before. But no mail arrived until long afterwards. There is, however, a silver lining to every cloud, and in this case it was to be found in the touching sympathy of Sir Henry Hardinge for his men. He visited the wounded and cheered them up in spite of their sufferings. To a man who had lost his arm, he pointed sympathetically to his own empty sleeve, and reminded him of Quatre Bras, to another who had lost a leg, he told the story of how his own son had fought in that glorious battle, and had done so without one foot, having lost it in a former fight. The gallant general was everywhere with a kind word for all, infusing fresh courage into the men, and doing all he could to drive away the gloom that was sitting on his weary troops, and telling them that "A glorious victory should make a happy Christmas."



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of the reviewer is to open his parcels of Christmas books, and wake again the old enchantment of Yuletide. He rubs his eyes when he sees the gorgeous character and pictorial charms of the volumes, for he remembers well the feebler efforts of the earlier time. The good fairy, he says, is less in evidence than of yore, and the wizard out of fashion entirely; but, instead, he finds larger scope of adventure, truer history, and the spoils of half the world garnered for the delight of the young. But the hero is essentially unchanged. He is the same bright, fearless, lovable, Bayard-like fellow, over whose birth some good fairy must certainly have presided, for you are sure, though you read of mystery, plot, dismay, treachery, shipwreck, and battle, that final misfortune can never overtake him. And Mr. Henty is here, too, the famous friend of boys, of whom one sometimes fears, so far has he stretched his net, that he may one day be tempted to take a trip with Jules Verne and find other worlds to conquer. But the interest of his stories never flags, and practical value is never wanting. His enchanted heroes carry you along through a maze of history. They are geographers, too—nay, even tacticians and strategists; and yet the reader, led on by the strong thread of adventure, enjoys vastly while he learns unconsciously. Mr. Henty is fortunate in his publishers also, for Messrs. Blackie are masters in the art of making pretty books, and they have wisely chosen Messrs. Wal Paget, W. Rainey, R.I., and Ralph Peacock to illustrate the three volumes I am to speak of. All their pictures are excellent, and I could wish nothing better than "This is the Nephew of Alwyn Forster," by the last of them.

* * * *

The nephew in question is the hero of "Both Sides the Border" (6s.), wherein we are soon embroiled in the frays of Percy and Douglas and the doings of Owen Glendower. The story is cast in the early years of the fifteenth century, when there was fire and sword upon both the Scottish and Welsh marches, and the bold Oswald proves as good a diplomatist as he is a soldier. Secret missions to disaffected nobles, wild and stirring adventures, the winning of spurs in Wales, the token of a daughter of Glendower, and the historic fields of Homildon Hill and Shrewsbury, are the materials welded into a story which will rank with Mr. Henty's best tales of mediæval England. The versatility of the writer is exemplified when he turns from vivifying these archaic scenes to a picturesque and refreshing story of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, entitled "From Aboukir to Acre" (6s.). Here a boy left behind when his father flies from Alexandria at the coming of the French, proves a marvellous exception to the general rule of the common-place. He is present at the battle of the Pyramids, witnesses the triumph of Nelson at Aboukir, is taken up by Sir Sidney Smith as an interpreter, gets an independent command, and, leaping over all rules, rises high in the Navy. The tale is told remarkably well, and the successive scenes on sea and land, especially those at the siege of Acre, are convincing. It is a rattling good story. I would say the same for "Under Wellington's Command" (6s.), though to enjoy this properly "With Moore at Corunna" should have been read. Humour, adventure, and hard fighting are bound up with a careful account of Peninsula campaigning, and the battles are made more comprehensible by maps. It is a most instructive and entertaining book. Very few writers, save Mr. Henty, could count upon making a schoolboy delight in a story plentifully supplied with maps, but in his case the maps are so bound up with personal adventure that they positively add to the zest with which the reader pursues his quest.

* * * *

Between "the ages of ten and a hundred" Mr. E. Gilliat seeks his readers, and I confess that herein I am appealed to. The book is an old-world comedy of "The King's Reeve, and How he Supped with his Master" (Seeley, 5s.), a "quaint view of life in Edward the First's reign," and a vivification of Bishop Percy's ballad of "John the Reeve." I have read it with exceeding pleasure, and certainly count it among the best books of the season. Mr. Gilliat is an historian, a master at Harrow, and an artist in his clothing of fact with romance. Truly it is a light and pleasant story, with a gay and dainty touch, such as boys, and girls, too, should revel in. With its quaint incidents, picturesque scenes, and stirring adventures, it gives a very successful sketch of life and character in Old England, and the literary virtue of it is striking. "The Island of the English," by Frank Cowper, which is from the same publishers, takes one into quite different scenes, and is written in a very different style. There is much lively adventure in it, and abundant interest, and it throws a good deal of light upon a little-known period—I mean little known to the young. The period is that of our scarcely successful attempts to assist the French Royalists after Quiberon, and the scenes are more on the other side of the Channel than this. Interesting and exciting episodes, vividly told, fill the book; but Osborne is not a good type of the British seaman, and there is, perhaps, too much of the detestable De la Touche.

* * * *

"In the Grip of the Spaniard" (5s.) and "The Uncharted Island" (3s. 6d.) are two books that will go straight to the heart of the healthy-minded boy who has that famous touch of the corsair in him. Both are published by Messrs. Nelson, and are delightfully illustrated. The Spaniards to whom Mr. Herbert Hayens introduces us are not the Dons whose beards were pulled by Drake, but the Royalists in Venezuela, who hold the patriots in an insufficient grip. At the very outset the two heroes are engaged in a perilous cutting-out adventure in the river Apure, and soon we are in the company of Bolivar and Paez, and launched upon a career of excitement that carries us breathless to the close. Probably no book of the season is so tightly packed with thrilling incidents as this. "The Uncharted Island" is by Skelton Kuppord, and is a yarn of the good old sort, with a mysterious treasure and an obscure key, and its characters are generally a jovial set. There is a strange fascination in such stories, and I confess that the prospective hoard lured me on through many a dramatic and amusing scene. The same was the case when I opened "A Pirate's Gold," from the same publishers (1s. 6d.), by Dr. Gordon Stables. This is a much shorter story, but, within its limits, a better. The hoard is that of the half-fabulous monster Morgan, out of whose real or imputed atrocities half the tales of corsair savagery have sprung. The fiendish cruelties of Morgan, who poisons his assistants with the comfortable thought that dead men tell no tales, so horrifies a confederate that the pirate's chart of his *cache* is abstracted, and a deceptive one put in its place. The original descends to Dr. Gordon Stables' honest heroes, who, in dramatic circumstances, recover the treasure and secure it after a fight at sea. Dr. Gordon Stables is a practised writer, and he traverses the beaten track in search of his hidden treasure with as much freshness as if it were a way undiscovered. Widely different is "French and English," by E. Everett-Green (Nelson, 5s.), in which we have a stirring story of fighting in America. Of course there were atrocities on one side and the other, but Miss Green provides a crop of those committed by Indians, instigated by the French, in the debatable land. Then vengeance eggs on Humphry Angell and his friends through a long series of exciting incidents, with Rogers's Plungers, upon the frozen lakes of the North, and in the fighting at Fort William and Ticonderoga, and he is with Wolfe up to the last. There is a great deal in the book, and a very dramatic story is skilfully told. Space begins to fail, or I should have liked to allude, at length, to a capital tale of school life, "Chums at Last," by A. Forsyth Grant, from the same publishers (2s. 6d.).

* * * *

Not yet are these fascinating volumes for Christmas givers and readers exhausted. There is "Love and a Sword," by Kennedy King (Macqueen, 6s.), an up-to-date tale of Afridi warfare, even including the battle of Dargai. Terrific encounters, hair-breadth escapes, Russian intrigues, and a crowd of episodes fill the book, which has both romance and actuality wherewith to entertain the reader. Then, if you wish to know how American boys are amused and inspired at this season, buy Captain Charles King's "From School to Battle-field" (Lippincott Co., 6s.). Captain King is an American officer who has written a good deal, and now a readable story, mostly of school life. It is very American, and not all of it will appeal to English boys, but among young Americans over here it should be popular. A present that will be acceptable to a sporting friend is "Hunting-crop Hall and Other Stories," by Alfred E. T. Watson, Sir Courtenay Boyle, Captain R. Bird Thompson, and other sporting writers (Redway, 6s.). I cannot speak of the stories and sketches individually, but will say that they are full of the spirit of field and furrow, brightly written, and often amusing. There are thus books for readers of every taste. I notice an apparent lack of volumes for girls, but the fact is that girls are no longer content with the mawkish productions of old, and throw themselves heartily into the adventure that delights their brothers. For my part I find no great cause for regret in the change.

* * * *

One other book appears with special appropriateness at this season when one seeks one's friends, and yet looks abroad to see how the world wags. I mean "Who's Who" for 1899 (Black, 3s. 6d.). There is nothing like this book. Elsewhere you may find addresses and public services, but here the information is more intimate. It has sometimes a touch of self-revelation. You know not only the public occupations of all people in Society, the Services, and the worlds of art, letters, music, diplomacy, etc., but something of themselves, whether they walk, cycle, or drive, whether they play cricket, football, or tennis, what they read, study, and so forth. In short, there is an element of biography in it. And the biographies have the quality of interest. Such interesting persons as Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Leyds, President Steyn, and Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, to name no more, are included, and there is a very interesting autobiography of Don Carlos. I am told that 1,500 new biographies have been added, as well as 650 more peculiarly pronounced proper names, tables of Government officials, admirals and generals holding chief commands, American ladies bearing English titles, and other useful matters. The book is indispensable.

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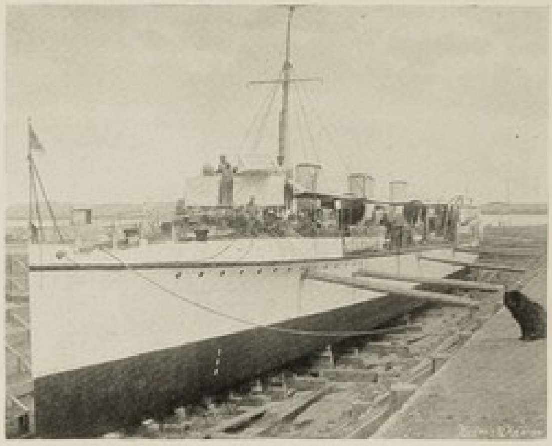
Let all read Captain Mahan's masterful studies of the late Naval operations between the United States and Spain now appearing in the *Times*. The same penetrating intellect, power of historical illustration, and sound deductive methods which have distinguished his best works are there. There is one point to be mindful of. It is that Captain Mahan's remarks are primarily addressed to Americans, probably with the view of influencing the ship-building policy, and that his views concerning the size of battle-ships and some other matters do not necessarily hold good in this country.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

A Novel Chinese Dock.

A TAKU correspondent sends two very excellent photographs of the torpedo-boat destroyer "Whiting," taken in dock at Taku. One shows us the vessel's port side from forward looking aft, and the other is taken on the same side but looking at her from aft forward. The "Whiting" is a 30-knot destroyer, built by the Palmer Ship-building Co. at Jarrow, and one of the four craft of the same type now on the China station. The illustrations, moreover, are of very special interest, both in regard to the place and the material they depict. With regard to the latter they show us a dry dock excavated entirely in the mud, and it is a very peculiar dry dock, for it is not, as in the ordinary dry dock, fitted with dock gates. The entrance to the dock is open, and when the ship is in the dock a gate is formed by the manual labour of hundreds of Chinese coolies, who simply fill in the entrance with a barrier or wall of mud. In the present case the barrier, consisting of several hundred tons of mud, was shovelled in, rammed to a good solid depth, and made perfectly water-tight, in a space of a little over two hours. The locale, too, is of special interest, for it is at Taku where are placed the forts that guard the entrance to the Pei-Ho river and Tien-Tsin, the seaport of Peking. These are the celebrated forts that loomed so large in history during the China War of 1858-60.



THE "WHITING" AT TAKU.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

A STERN VIEW OF THE "WHITING" IN THE MUD DOCK.

In British East Africa.



DURING the past year the serious mutiny of Soudanese troops in Uganda has somewhat retarded the development of our political and commercial interests in East Africa. This unfortunate and ill-timed rising is now, to all practical intents and purposes, suppressed, and Major Macdonald has at last been free to despatch an expedition under Major Martyr to join hands with the Sirdar's advanced post at Fashoda. But while it lasted it gave a deal of trouble, and necessitated prompt and costly measures of precaution, more especially in the matter of Indian troops. The latter are extremely expensive to feed and maintain in a country like Uganda, but for the present the defection of the Soudanese renders their employment, on a somewhat large scale, absolutely necessary.

Some weeks ago we gave an illustration of a Baluch regiment which is now quartered in British East Africa, and to-day we are enabled to give a very interesting series of pictures taken by an officer of that corps, whose counterfeit presentment appears in the initial letter of this article.

Captain C. O. Tanner, the officer in question, had in September an extremely narrow escape from a horrible death on the bank of the river Juba, which divides the British East African Protectorate from Somaliland. A few lines mentioning the incident were telegraphed home and appeared in the papers; but by the courtesy of a correspondent we are able to give a much fuller description of what occurred, and we are certain that the account will be read with interest as illustrating the dangers of soldiering in this region.

It appears that Captain Tanner was out surveying, and, being in need of water for himself and party, went down to

the river bank and was filling his water-bottle, when suddenly a crocodile shot up his head, seized the fingers of Captain Tanner's right hand, and disappeared, dragging the unfortunate officer in after him. By desperate struggling Captain Tanner managed to pull his fingers out of the brute's mouth and get safely back to land. His escape was a truly marvellous one, as the crocodile might well have seized him



OFFICERS' BUNGALOW, MOMBASA.

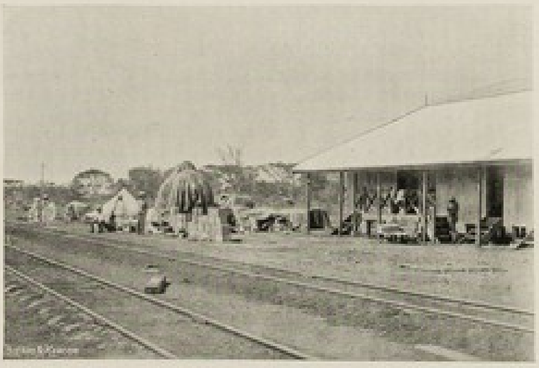
by the legs as he was scrambling up the bank. The hand was, of course, badly torn, and a finger had to be amputated, but by the latest advices the wound was progressing favourably. Like the good soldier he is, Captain Tanner, although offered sick leave to England, declined to leave his work and his men.

Turning to our illustrations, the picture of the officers' bungalow at Mombasa, one of our principal East African centres, indicates that even in this rather dreary part of the



NDI CAMP, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

world it is possible to secure a certain amount of rough and ready comfort, although one would think that in summer those iron roofs must get rather warm. The illustration of Ndi Camp is interesting as showing the nature of the country. The tents on the right are those of the officers of the 1st Baluchis; beyond these is the camp of the Royal Uganda Rifles. The Ndi railway station on the Uganda railway, with its stacks of regimental rations, gives an excellent idea of the early stages of railway construction in an undeveloped



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

NDI STATION, UGANDA RAILWAY.



NATIVE PORTERS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

country. A century hence, perhaps, this may be an important junction, with a Spiers and Pond refreshment-room, and a Smith book-stall at which the *Navy and Army Illustrated* will divide with *East African Tit-Bits* or *Uganda Country Life* the honours of the "largest circulation in the district." The animated picture group of porters represents



FURKI HILL CAMP JUBA RIVER.

a scene very frequently witnessed at the larger centres on the East African Coast. Furki Hill Camp is on the Juba river, close to the village of Gobwen. It is at present garrisoned by two companies of the 4th Bombay Rifles and one company of the 1st Baluch Light Infantry. The huts lying beyond the tents belong to Arab and Somali villagers. On the top of



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

A FLOATING MESS-HOUSE.

the hill is a guard and a signalling party. The flag is that of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The stern-wheel river steamer "Kenia" is now used as a mess-house, being worn out and unfit for locomotive work. One can imagine that the military officers doing duty in this district are only too glad to dine on the river in preference to being cooped up in stuffy huts or tents on shore.

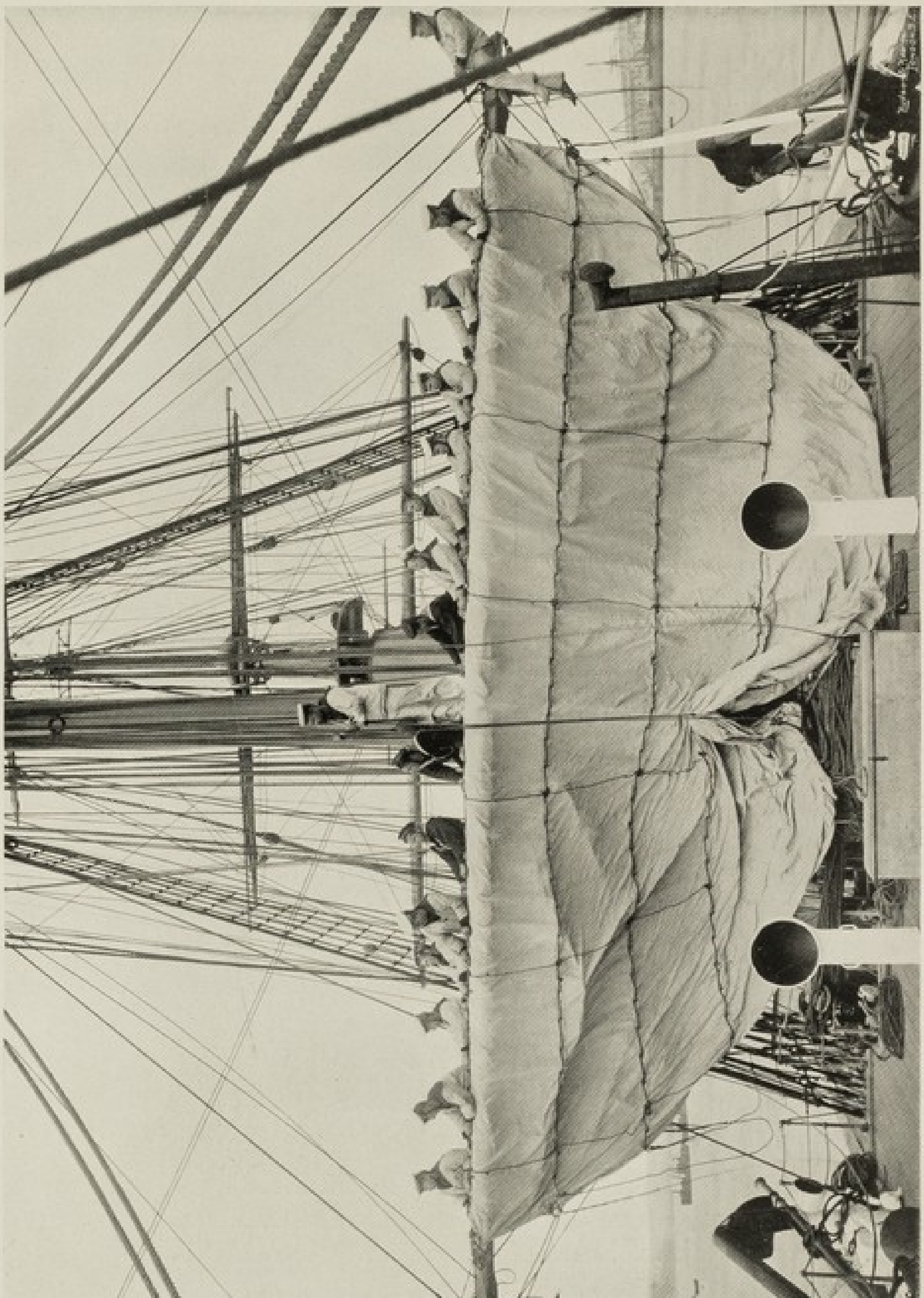


Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

BOYS OF THE "CALLIOPE" ON THE MONKEY TOPSAIL YARD.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



LETTERS FROM HOME AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

"ARCTIC WEATHER."



LETTERS FROM HOME AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

"IN THE TROPICS."

British Outposts in the Shan States.

THE photographs reproduced with this article are of exceptional, perhaps we may even say, unique, interest. They were taken by the commanding officer of one of the forts in the Shan highlands which lie along the Chinese frontier of British Burmah, and they give an extremely instructive idea of the outpost system as applied to great tracts of territory, themselves as yet not completely subject to British rule, and bordering upon other countries not altogether to be relied on for consistent friendliness. In this latter connection it may be recalled that only a short time back a collision occurred between a party of British surveyors and the Chinese, and it is quite possible that more of these incidents take place than ever find their way into the newspapers.

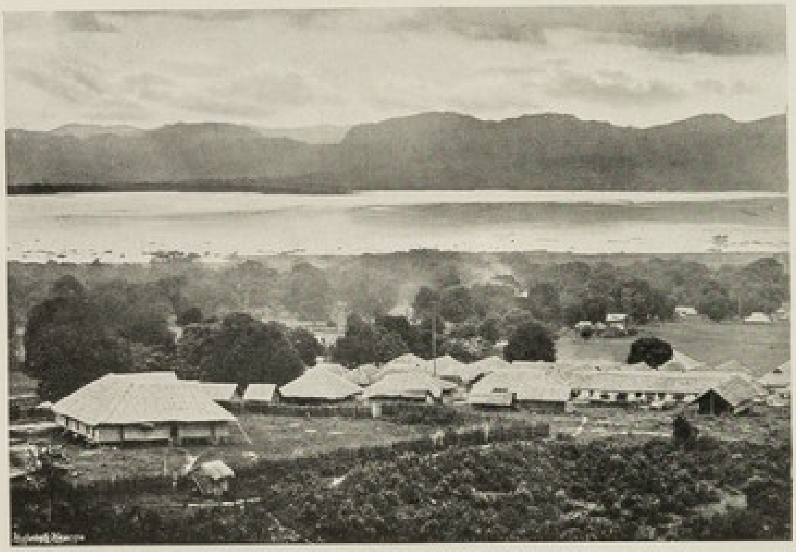
It is, however, in relation to districts supposed to be under our own dominion that these "outposts" are specially interesting. The pacification of Burmah is officially assumed to be complete, but in these outlying highlands the rude and ignorant tribesmen, who still resent the deposition of King Theebaw, and have not learnt to appreciate the manifold blessings of British rule, occasionally break out and cause a certain amount of mischief.



NATIVE SURVEY EMPLOYÉS.

The advantages of scattered military posts, with properly-drilled and well-armed troops in constant readiness to cope with a local rising, are obvious. Of these posts there are half-a-dozen in the Shan territory, and these are not so far apart as to preclude the possibility of coming to one another's assistance in cases of emergency.

Fort Stedman—named after General Sir E. Stedman, who is just relinquishing the Burmah command—was one of the first of these outposts, and may be taken as typical of the system. We give an admirable picture of the "fort," which is really a collection of huts standing in the midst of magnificent growths of teak, bamboo, and many flowering shrubs of gorgeous colouring, with an immense lake in the background. Into the bed of the latter the Juttia tribe drive piles, and on platforms supported by these piles they build their fragile dwellings, which are faintly discernible in our illustration.



FORT STEDMAN.

The construction of the huts for the accommodation of the garrison was a simpler matter than might be supposed, and is pleasantly illustrated in another picture. The Burman is a very handy carpenter, and the bamboo is a very handy tree. Side walls and roofs are largely composed of it, and hanging mats for protection against the sun are made by the Burmese women from bamboo strips beaten flat and plaited together. The thatch is of reeds or leaves of the water-palm. All the houses are raised waist-high from the ground, as a precaution against snakes and ground vermin generally.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

HOUSE-BUILDING AT FORT STEDMAN.

We now turn to the exceedingly interesting group of native soldiers, mounted on ponies apparently about four sizes too small for them. These are men of the 4th Burmah Battalion, which has two companies of mounted infantry, the mounts used being the wiry little Burmese ponies, which are strong beyond belief, and will carry heavy riders for long distances without making any fuss about it. The men are

Sikhs and Pathans, races which have often been illustrated, and the characteristics of which have been fully described in the pages of this journal. The Sikh you may readily pick out by his cast of features and long hair and beard. Essentially a fighting man, he is as true as steel, and as faithful to the British Government as he is to his own peculiar religion. The Pathan is equally a good fighter. The group of native employés of the Survey Department comprises both Bengalis, who are engaged in the actual work of the Survey, and Cossias, who carry the instruments, chop down obstacles, etc. The great Ordnance Survey of India, based upon a gigantic system of triangulation which in Burmah will probably take another thirty years to complete, is itself a noble monument of British rule, and the industry and thoroughness with which it is being carried out can only be appreciated by those who have made a careful study of the subject.



From a Photo, by a Military Officer. Copyright.

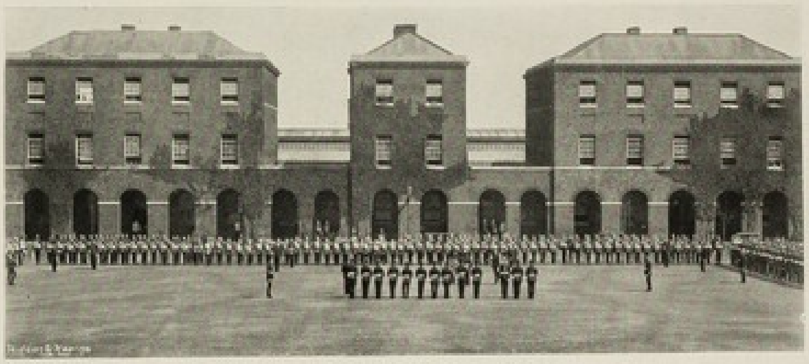
MOUNTED INFANTRY, SIKHS, AND PATHANS.

Good-bye to the Commandant.

THE two illustrations here given were taken at the Forton Barracks, the headquarters of the Royal Marine Light Infantry at Portsmouth.

Until recently the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry was under the command of Colonel E. W. G. Byam, and the second picture shows us this officer surrounded by a group of the officers of the Portsmouth Division. Colonel Edward William Grenville Byam has almost completed forty years' service, having joined the Royal Marines as a second lieutenant as far back as 1859, and he has seen war service, for he holds the medal for the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-74.

The first illustration shows a parade of the troops at Forton Barracks, the occasion being the awarding of medals. This is not an unfrequent occurrence, for there is seldom fighting going on anywhere in which the Marines do not have a hand.



A PRESENTATION AT FORTON BARRACKS.



Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

COLONEL E. W. G. BYAM AND OFFICERS.

WARRIORS OF THE NILE.

Major-General A. HUNTER, D.S.O. Major-General W. F. GATACRE, C.B., D.S.O. Major-General H. M. L. RUNDLE, D.S.O.
Major J. G. MAXWELL, D.S.O. Brevet-Colonel F. R. WINGATE, C.B., D.S.O.



Photo. by G. Lekegian & Co.
KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

Colonel R. SLATIN PASHA, C.B. Colonel Hon. N. G. LYTTELTON, C.B.
Colonel A. G. WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G. Captain P. A. KENNA, 21st Lancers. Lieut. Hon. R. H. L. J. de MONTMORENCY, 21st Lancers. LEWIS BEY.
Captain N. M. SMYTH, 2nd Dragoon Guards. Major H. A. MACDONALD, C.B. Private T. BYRNE, 21st Lancers.

A SOUVENIR OF OMDURMAN AND KHARTOUM.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

WHEN recently there appeared a probability of our becoming engaged once more, after an interval of more than eighty years, in a Naval war, all eyes were naturally turned to the Fleet, and then it was discovered that the Channel Fleet was at Gibraltar, and apparently there was no defensive force between our shores and those of the possible enemy. Everyone knows, of course, that defence by the Fleet means taking the offensive, but the Channel Squadron at Gibraltar could not be meant offensively against the French ships in Brest and Cherbourg. And this was true, for a day or two later came the order for mobilising "Our Home Guard," and the various vessels which, stationed around our coasts, are colloquially known as Coastguard ships, but officially bear the designation of the First Reserve Squadron, assembled at Plymouth in readiness to fulfil the duty laid down for them in our strategical scheme of defence. Had war unfortunately occurred, these vessels would now be defending our coasts by blockading the French vessels in their ports and daring them to come out under penalty of being destroyed. The ships themselves need no description—they are old friends of the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED—unless, indeed, the little yacht in the centre, which is at the orders of the Admiral-Superintendent of Reserves, in which he makes his visits of inspection, may be considered new, as it is her first appearance in our pages. By virtue of his office the Admiral-Superintendent of Reserves commands "Our Home Guard." The photographs used are by Messrs. Ellis of Malta, Symonds and Co., Lafayette, and West. *(See page 290.)*

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THE "Britannia's" beagles are an institution. The sporting little pack numbers generally nine or ten couples, and has well-designed kennels situated on the right of the path leading up from the ship's landing-place to the playing-field. As a rule, the beagles meet on half-holidays during the winter season at various places within three or four miles. The pack is very popular with the farmers round, who are always ready to point out a likely place for a hare, and themselves often join in and take part in the sport. One of the executive officers of the ship—at the present time Commander Cradock, R.N.—is the Master of the Hunt, and he has for assistants half-a-dozen or so selected cadets as "whips," young gentlemen who are very enthusiastic about their part, are given to making a tremendous cracking with the implements from which they take their title, and pride themselves on being able to tell the names and peculiarities of every hound in the pack. The country round about, being mostly grazing land, is well suited for the sport, and the followers of the "Britannia" hunt are generally sure of a good run, if they do not always kill. *(See page 292.)*

* * * *

PERHAPS some of our readers would like to know what a "monkey" topsail is. Well, it is merely a reduced model of the actual working topsail of the vessel, the yard suspended a few feet from the deck. The "Calliope" is a training-ship—though her name is best known in connection with the daring seamanship of Captain Kane in taking her safely out of Apia in the teeth of a cyclone, which was fatal to every other ship present—and it is easier and safer for the lads to learn how to reef and furl a topsail on the monkey yard; for there is a certain art in standing securely on the foot-rope, which can only be acquired by practice. The lads are here engaged in taking in the first reef, there being four reefs in a topsail. The reduction of the sail is effected by hauling up on the yard the rope which runs across, and securing it there by means of short stout "reef points" fitted for the purpose, the lad at either extremity of the yard securing the "reef earing" which supports the corner; this latter being the post of honour, and sometimes, at sea, of danger. *(See page 307.)*

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OUR collection of portraits of Soudan heroes is not quite complete. Indeed, to make it literally complete would take several entire numbers of this journal, for assuredly there were scores, nay hundreds, of heroes in the Soudan whose names have not even casually come before the public. But our selection is fairly representative of the more distinguished among those who took part in this remarkable campaign, and, though any detailed account of the various personalities involved is precluded by considerations of space, a few words of accompanying letterpress will naturally be looked for. Taking Lord Kitchener first, it is, perhaps, sufficient to say that he is in his forty-ninth year, that he is a Royal Engineer of twenty-seven years' standing, and that, in addition to all he has done for Egypt and for the credit of the British Army, he achieved as a subaltern considerable distinction in connection with the exploration and survey of Palestine. Of the four winners of the Victoria Cross, three—Captain Kenna, Lieutenant Montmorency, and Private Byrne—belong to the 21st Lancers, and specially distinguished themselves in that fine charge in which every man behaved so splendidly, and for which these Crosses must be taken as a collective as well as an individual acknowledgment. Captain N. M. Smyth, of the Queen's Bays, attached to the Egyptian Army, won his V.C. for a gallant feat of single-handed valour in tackling an Arab who was "running amuck" among some camp-followers, and, at the expense of a nasty spear wound, putting an end to him.

* * * *

MAJOR-GENERAL (now SIR HENRY) RUNDLE, who was Lord Kitchener's Chief of the Staff in both the Dongola and Khartoum Expeditions, is a Gunner of twenty-two years' service and seven campaigns, in all of which he has distinguished himself. He is now retiring from the Egyptian Army to take up the command of the South-Eastern District *vice* Sir William Butler. Major-General Gatacre is an old 77th officer, whose personal gallantry on several occasions has been conspicuous. General Gatacre gained the D.S.O. in the Hazara Expedition of 1888, and for his recent services in the Atbara and Khartoum Expeditions has been made a K.C.B. Major-General A. G. Wauchope, who commanded one of the British brigades in the final advance on Khartoum, only recently retired from the command of the 2nd Black Watch. He served in the Ashanti War of 1874, the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and was wounded in all three. Major-General Lyttelton, who commanded the other British brigade, saw service against the Jowakis in 1877, and was also present as an aide-de-camp at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He is an ex-officer of the Rifle Brigade. Colonel Sir Francis Wingate, R.A., is director of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, in which capacity he materially contributed to Lord Kitchener's triumph. He has five campaigns to his credit, and is the author of several standard books on the Soudan.

* * * *

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD—in Egypt he is and always will be "Archie"—HUNTER is the Paladin of the Sirdar's army. Although an officer of only twenty-four years' service, General Hunter has served in six campaigns, in two of which he has commanded an Egyptian division. Prior to joining the Egyptian Army he served with the old 4th, now the Royal Lancaster Regiment. He is an extremely dashing leader of renowned personal courage, and is certain of the reversion of the Sirdarship when Lord Kitchener leaves it. In Colonel H. A. MacDonald, now Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, familiarly known as "old Mac," the Egyptian Army possesses another officer of very distinguished bravery and capacity. Colonel MacDonald was given a commission from the ranks of the Gordon Highlanders for his brilliant services in the Afghan War, and his record in Egypt, culminating in a fine display of steady generalship at the battle of Khartoum, has been a most notable one. Colonel Maxwell, D.S.O., who commanded an Egyptian brigade at Khartoum, is a "Black Watch" officer who has now six campaigns to his credit. Colonel Lewis, another Egyptian brigadier, served in the Zulu War of 1879, in the Soudan Campaign of 1888-89, and in the Dongola Campaign of 1896, in addition to the Atbara and Khartoum Campaigns. His regiment is the old 22nd, now the Cheshires. In Slatin Pasha, who is not only an officer of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, but also a C.B. and a K.C.M.G., we have the most wonderful living memorial of the Mahdist tyranny. For Slatin was a prisoner for fourteen years with the Mahdi and the Khalifa, until rescued by the exertions of Colonel Wingate, when he rejoined the Egyptian Service and did excellent work in helping to lead the Anglo-Egyptian forces to the destruction of his former captors. The photographs used are owned by Messrs. Lekegian, Bassano, Bourne and Shepherd, Metzker, Horsburgh, and the proprietors of *Black and White*. *(See page 312.)*

* * * *

CHRISTMAS DAY, of all days in the year, is the one on which the average Englishman looks to be with his own family if it is possible. "If," in the case of soldiers, is a great "if." It is all very well for the soldier with a wife on the establishment. He has all the fun of a Christmas with his family unless he is campaigning. But the only chance the unmarried soldier has—and, after all, the unmarried are the vast majority—of seeing his family on Christmas Day is when he happens to be on furlough or convalescent leave at that time. Both at home and abroad everything is done to make Christmas Day a happy time for the men. Leave for the day is given, and discipline generally is a little slacker than usual. But thoughts will travel homewards in spite of decorated barracks and festive fare. Perhaps the latter helps the thoughts to fly that way. There is every excuse for a little home-sickness in a young soldier, especially if he is spending his Christmas in India, in the Soudan, or elsewhere abroad, taking part, it may be, in a campaign, or at sea. The further away the station, and the greater the risk of life, either in the field or from fever, the more glowing is the picture that a soldier conjures up of home at Christmas-time. The old adage which says that be it ever so humble there's no place like home, acquires a stronger significance when that home is thousands of miles away. *(See page 328.)*

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. But on his doing so his former friend lays before him such a scheme for obtaining vengeance on the woman who has hoodwinked him, and on, also, Sir Geoffrey Barry, who has married the real heiress, as well as on the heiress herself, that he turns his whole attention to this matter alone. What result that attempted revenge has is now to be shown.

CHAPTER XVIII. *(continued.)*

"THIS is my time," thought Granger. "I must go. There is much to do ere night." Whereon, unlocking the door gently, he stole out into the damp and reeking corridor, and through the fog that had penetrated into all the house, and so away downstairs and out into the Marshes.

He knew the road, could have found it blindfolded in spite of all the gloom that was around him, and he sped along it as fast as he could go without running. For now it was all-important, vital, that he should see Anne; that he should get her to help him, as he had helped her in her scheme of vengeance which had formed the first and least important part of his own scheme. The scheme that this morning he had decided to abandon. But now—now—he swore to himself—he would never abandon it: to-night it should be brought to completion.

"The second man," he muttered as he went along, and once or twice he laughed aloud even as he so muttered "the second man." But beyond those words he said little else.

Arrived at the Brunswick Stairs, he scribbled a note to Anne, which he sent off to "La Mignonne" by a waterman, and then retreated from the raw fog and damp into a tavern where he was well known, and, ordering a private room, to which he gave orders he should be shown at once, sat waiting her coming.

"She will do it," he told himself again and again. "She will do it, I know. And thus we win at last."

Presently Anne arrived, anxious to hear what had happened, and if anything had arisen to, in any way, circumvent their doing that which they had decided on. Though, if she had been nervous as to whether some impediment might have cropped up to prevent the fulfilment of their schemes, that nervousness vanished as Granger told her almost in a whisper—for even in this private room he was cautious as to how he used his voice—of the conversation he had overheard at the Red Rover. Also, when he came to the description of how "the second man"—which was himself—was to be betrayed into an ambuscade, and, whispering even lower still, said something else to her, her bright eyes glistened, and she laughed wickedly.

"Oh! Granger," she said, "I protest you are a schemer, a plotter. Next, you must try the theatre——"

"Mock not," he said; "be serious. To-night ends all our woe. And, as to theatres, where are your clothes? That apparel in which you figured when you played——"

"Alas," she said, "all are at Fanshawe Manor, locked up by my mother in her old sea-chest. She would have burnt them in her despite, had I not begged them off."

He thought a moment, evidently pondering deeply, then she saw his face brighten, and he said he could contrive very well, only she must come to his house with him.

"You are a fine, upstanding girl," he said, "and tall as I am, I being none too lofty myself. Come with me at once, will you, Anne?"

"Ay," she answered, "or go to—well—no matter where—to do this thing. For God's sake let us not fail. I think ever of my little murdered sister, not of myself."

"Nor I of myself. But of others slain through his cursed machinations. And to-day, this very day, when I would have let all sink into oblivion, would have buried the past, he was again scheming to ruin me once and for all. My girl, we will not fail. Come, Anne."

As they went along she told him, however, that what they had to do must be accomplished as early in the evening as possible, so that she should get back to the frigate to be with Ariadne.

"For," she said, "I do think—nay, am very positive, that my mistress will be alone this night. Granger," she continued, "Sir Geoffrey means to take a boarding party down to that schooner and capture some of her live cargo. The sailors heard him say that it would be at midnight."

"That," Granger answered, "would ruin all. Yet I doubt his being in time. The boat will be ashore for the 'victims'—for you, Anne, and for your mistress, and for the 'men'—for me, it seems now"—and he smiled wanly—"as soon after nightfall as may be. Yet," he asked, "why this sudden determination?"

"A tender came from the Admiralty this morning. The fleet is to sail almost at once, in a few days, for Minorca, and Sir Edward Hawke requires more men. If Sir Geoffrey boards the schooner, or catches her, he will take all the able-bodied men he can obtain."

"Some—*I*, for instance, if I get knocked on the head—will not be very able-bodied," he said, with a quick glance at the girl.

"*Not if the blow should kill*," she replied, with another glance equally as significant.

They reached his house now, and, since time was pressing, he took her into a room, and, when there, bade her cast her eyes around and see if she could find that which was necessary. While the girl, glancing into the cupboards and at pegs on which hung various garments, put her hand first on a long cloak—a boat-cloak, much frayed and worn—and then on a slouching, sombrero hat, that would hang well over the features of the wearer; a hat vastly different from the stiff, felt, three-cornered ones of the day.

"I have seen you wear these," she said, looking at him.

"Ay, you have. And so have others, too." Whereon, with a hurried reiteration of some directions which he had already given her, he went away, telling the old woman that the lady above was not to be disturbed, and was to be provided with a meal when she required it.

Two or three hours later, he burst into the room where

Bufton sat—he having passed the interval in a visit to the "Nederland," and in warning the captain that he was to be ready to depart the moment his victim was on board, and in telling him, too, that there would be no female captives, since his plot had fallen through—burst in, and, without any premeditation, said:

"Bufton, we are undone. I doubt much if the women can come. 'La Mignonne' is back, has passed up the river in this accursed fog."

"Not come!" Bufton exclaimed. "Not come. What, then, is to be done?"

"Hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst. How can they come, if Sir Geoffrey is back? They will know the letter was a lie, a concoction."

"What to do? What to do?" almost whined Bufton, his hand to his chin.

"But one thing to do! They might have got away before he moored—have been on their road. The frigate could not be seen till she was close to her anchorage. We must go to the spot where they were to be attacked, and await their coming."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bufton, and, try as he might, he could not prevent a look of exultation from appearing on his face. "Yes, we must do that."

And Granger, seeing that look — what was there he would not have seen on the features of the man he had watched like a lynx for so long now?—said:

"Yet, 'tis a pity, too. Not to have one victim—not one!"

"Ay, not one," Bufton repeated aloud, though to himself he said, "All the same, there will be one. And one that must be made sure of!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Second Man.

The evening had come, it was seven o'clock. Towards where London lay, something—a murky, grimy-looking ball, had sunk away half-an-hour ago, its disappearance being followed after a very short interval by darkness and an increase of the fog, so that those who were out in the night could not see thirty paces ahead of them. And of artificial light there was none hereabouts in these gloomy, miserable marshes, except a glimmer that shone from one window of the Red Rover. Yet, too, another light was dawning that gradually served to brighten somewhat the dense mist, and to make it possible by degrees to see objects fifty yards away, but no further. The light of a moon nearing her second quarter and consequently rising at this time.



"You hear that sound?" Granger said.

Nearer to London than where the inn was—nearer by some three or four hundred paces—and upon the bank close by, where there was a rough causeway running out into the river and down to the point where the lowest tide touched, two men paced slowly—Algernon Bufton and Lewis Granger. Each was now wrapped in a long cloak, that which the latter wore being almost the counterpart of the one that Anne had laid her hand upon that morning in his house—nay, in the mist and grime through which the sickly light of the moon shone, it was the counterpart. And Bufton's was very similar to it, while each held in their hands, though they had not yet assumed them, a vizard mask.

"You hear that sound?" Granger said to his companion, as now upon his accustomed ear, if not upon the other's, there came a deep grunting noise, a noise as regular as the ticking of a clock. "You hear it and know what it is?"

"I hear nothing yet. Ah! yes; now I catch it. What is the noise?"

"The thumping of oars in rowlocks. It is the quarter-boat of the schooner coming ashore for its victims. And, alas! I fear now that it will get none."

"I fear so, too," said Bufton, glancing under the flap of his hat at the other, who was peering forward along the river bank as though he might be imagining that still there was a hope of Ariadne and Anne coming. "I fear so, too," Bufton repeated, though as he spoke he knew that nothing now could well prevent there being one victim.

"No time must be wasted," Granger said. "The schooner sails to-night as soon as the boat returns to her. Empty or full, that boat must go back within half-an-hour."

"What shall we do?" Bufton asked, feeling that he was trembling with excitement.

"Best go on now a hundred yards or so up on the road they should come. Then, after a quarter of an hour, bid the boat put off. Tell them that we are unable to provide what was expected."

"Yes. Yes. Quick. Let us do that," his companion said, while as he spoke they heard the keel of the boat grate against the causeway. Also they heard a whistle given.

"A quarter of an hour," cried Granger, casting his voice towards the spot where the sound had come, "a quarter of an hour. Wait so long," and, doubtless because of the filthy reek and mist around, that voice sounded different in Bufton's ears from usual.

"Ay. Ay," was called back hoarsely, in a subdued tone, from the boat. "Shall we come ashore? Shall we be needed?"

"What shall I say?" asked Granger, appearing to hesitate. "What need of——"

"Nay," his companion replied, feverishly it seemed, and in great agitation. "Tell them to do so. To—do so. They may be needed. The women may come."

"So be it." Then Granger called back, "Ay, get ashore, and be ready. You know your work."

"We know it."

"The fool!" thought Bufton. "He has signed his own death warrant—or—as good as a death warrant."

"Come," said Granger now. "Let us go back a few hundred yards. Then, if nothing appears when ten minutes are past, 'tis very certain we have lost them."

"Ay, of course. Come."

So they walked back those few hundred yards—they were, indeed, but three hundred—when Granger stopped near a dry dyke, along the bank of which some stunted, miserable bushes grew that, in summer, had sparse leaves upon them, but now were dank and dripping; and said:

"'Tis useless waiting. All is still as death; if wheels were coming we should hear them, as well as the jangle of harness or crack of whip. 'Tis useless. Best go back and send the boat away."

Bufton was trembling even more than before with excitement by this time, and could scarcely stammer now: "Yet—yet—'tis best that one—should wait. One go back—to—the boat—and—one wait. They may—they—the women—may come yet."

"'Tis so. Well, go you back! If Anne should see you!—if—go back, I say—I—will—follow—I will follow"; and he, ordinarily so cool and collected, stammered somewhat now himself.

"So be it. You will follow? Soon! Will you not?"

"'Ere you have gone a hundred yards, half the distance. Go. Go. Walk slowly—to—to—give—them—the women time even now to come. Yet—stay—those guineas—for—the master."

"He has not earned them," Bufton said, appearing to hesitate about parting with his money. "He has not earned them. He——"

"No matter! Give them to me. When I come up to you we will send them off by the man in charge of the boat.

The master will earn them—later. When he returns to England."

With still an affectation of disliking to part with the money, Bufton, nevertheless, drew a silken purse forth and handed it to the other, chuckling inwardly to himself at how Granger, who was now to be the "second man," would carry upon his own person the price of his enslavement—of his doom.

Then he prepared to set forth towards the causeway, where the boat was.

"Walk slowly, there is no hurry," Granger whispered; "the quarter of an hour is not yet passed. And pause once or twice—look—back; I may wish you to return—to assist, if—if—at the last moment I should hear them coming."

"I will," Bufton said, "I will"; and added to himself, "I will walk slowly, and look back more than once—to make sure of you."

Whereon he set out.

As he did so, before he had gone thirty paces Granger went off swiftly at left angles to the path the man was following—off into the mist and fog, so that none on that path, not even Bufton, could see him. Yet, still, there was a figure standing where he had stood—a figure enshrouded in a long cloak, and with, hanging over its brows, a flapping broad-brimmed hat—a figure that, as Granger vanished, stepped out from behind the bush by the dyke's side and stood there for some moments.

And that figure saw the man ahead turn back and look at it, while, when Bufton had done so a second time, it called out in a gruff, fog-choked voice, "Hist! I am coming now. 'Tis useless."

"Ay, come on," replied Bufton. "Come on now. 'Tis useless."

And went on himself.

Yet, because of the state of the atmosphere, he did not know that ahead of him a "first man" (who had been listening with straining ears for his oncoming footsteps—who had, by a détour, come panting to this spot sixty yards ahead of where he was) was now walking along towards the causeway. A figure, masked as those behind him were, which, hearing a deep, husky voice close by say, "You are the 'first.' Is the 'second' coming?" answered from beneath the folds of the cloak he held across his mouth, doubtless to keep out the fog:

"Ay, he is coming."

"And—he is to be taken at all hazards?"

"At all hazards."

In truth the other was coming, though still turning, and turning again, to see that his supposed victim was following him. And he did see that that supposed victim was following in his footsteps. Then he turned for the last time, gloating in his triumph, rejoicing that now—in a few moments—Granger would be gone from out his path for ever; turned to find himself confronted by three shadowy forms close to him, which, ere he could utter a cry, had sprung at him; one, the biggest and most burly, almost choking the life out of him with the brawny hands that were clenched upon his windpipe. Yet now he struggled to be free, as the rat in the trap, the panther caged, will struggle for freedom when snared and doomed; struggled, so that, at last, one of those figures struck him on the head with a bludgeon, and knocked him senseless.

"Away," that burly figure cried now. "Away with him to the boat. The time is past. Hark to the anchor cable grating through the hawse-hole; they are making ready. Away with him."

And so they bore the miserable man off to the causeway, carrying him face downwards, and with still upon his face the vizard over which blood streamed now from the wound upon his crown, when, throwing him into the boat, they made off for the "Nederland."

Then Granger stepped out from the dark obscurity to which he had retreated after speaking to the sailor who had greeted him as the "first man" and had asked if the second was coming, and went back to meet that other shrouded figure which had taken his place.

"He is gone," he said; "we are avenged and you are free. You heard?" Then suddenly he cried, seeing Anne reel towards him, "What is it? You do not regret, surely?"

"Nay," the girl replied, falling almost fainting into his arms. "Nay. There is no regret, and he deserves his fate—whatsoever it may be. Yet—yet—actress as I have been—the strain was too much. Granger, help me now to get back to your house to change my clothes, and, next, to get on board 'La Mignonne.'"

"First come to the Red Rover and have something to revive you. Come."

"Hark," she said, pausing in the step she had taken towards the inn, "hark. Out there in the river, what is that? That shouting?"

"It is the men's cries as they haul on to the halliards, so as to be ready when the wind comes. Yet the schooner has enough tide beneath her to carry her swiftly down to the open. Listen, Anne, their voices are becoming fainter."

"I hear. They are moving?"

"They are moving. In ten minutes they will be gone."

As they sat together and he ministered to her wants, recognising well that, without her bravery to assist him, he could never have turned the tables so thoroughly upon Bufton's villainous scheme as he had done, he remembered the fifty guineas which the latter had handed over to him at the last moment. Whereupon he passed them over to the girl.

"They are yours, Anne. You are his lawful wife—soon, doubtless, you will be his executrix. He has still money about him, which I make no doubt the skipper of the 'Nederland' will appropriate. He will land a beggar. Heaven help him!"

"You say that?" Anne exclaimed, "Heaven help him! Help him who ruined you. You can say that?"

"No," he cried, savagely. "No. I do not say it. I retract. Damn him, he forged Lord Glastonbury's name, but passed the bill to me, since he owed me one half the sum, and I paid it into Child's bank. Then, when Glastonbury caused me to be arrested on board the ship I served in, and I stated whence I had obtained the bill, that craven hound now going to his fate swore he knew nought about it—that my story was a fabrication. But that his lordship and I loved the same woman, and she sacrificed herself to save my neck—unknown to me—as well as paid the money to the bankers, I should have swung at Tyburn."

"Wherefore," said Anne, "you forgave him for the time—with an end in view."

"With an end in view. An end, my determination to reach which never slackened. And it is reached. Anne, it is borne in on me that he will never come back. If he does, then——"

"He never will return," said Anne. "Also is it borne in on me. Now let us go," and she moved towards the door, throwing over her the great cloak which she had removed after the drawer had quitted the room, and replacing the hat.

"You have forgotten the guineas," said Granger, noticing that she had let them lie unheeded where he had originally placed them.

"The guineas!" the girl cried. "The guineas! *His* money! I will never take them—never touch them. Except," she cried, seizing on the packet, "to fling them into the river. Never! Never!"

"Be not foolish. They are yours. Can you devise no means to which you can put them?"

"Ay," she said a moment later, and after thinking deeply while she stood gazing down at the table. "Ay, I can. Kitty's grave is a lonely, desolate one. Now it shall be brightened and made cheerful with the money of the man who drove her to death. Come," and as she spoke she took the packet and dropped it into her pocket. "Come, I must get back."

So Lewis Granger took the girl back to Brunswick Stairs and sent her off by a shore boat to "La Mignonne," he learning on shore, and she when she stepped on board the frigate, that Sir Geoffrey had set out an hour ago to board the "Nederland," so as to take from out of her some of the men who were now so much required.

"For," said Ariadne, whom she found in the state cabin, "Sir Edward Hawke sails in a fortnight for Torbay, thence to set out and attack the French. And, Anne, 'La Mignonne' goes as one of the frigates. Oh, Anne!"

"It must be so. Be brave, darling. Sir Geoffrey is a sailor, as your father and my father were. It is duty. But—Ariadne—be cheered also with one small thing. Sir Geoffrey will be back to-night in an hour."

"In an hour?"

"Ay, in an hour. The 'Nederland' has sailed."

"Sailed? With all those wretched trepanned creatures on board?"

"With them all. And with one other besides, trepanned as he would have trepanned you and me had he had his will, and as he would Lewis Granger, too."

Whereon she told her foster-sister everything.

CHAPTER XX.

Ariadne's Compassion.

That Sir Geoffrey Barry should be in a considerable state of exasperation when he returned with his boarding party from their frustrated intention to capture the "Nederland," and take from her as many able-bodied men as he required, was no more than natural. For now he scarcely knew where to turn to procure the extra men whom the Admiralty continued to strenuously instruct him to obtain, and he began to fear that the great fleet preparing to go to sea and attack M. de Conflans would not owe much more to his endeavours. Yet, exasperated as he might be, astonishment obtained the mastery over that feeling when Ariadne—who had refused to go to bed till he came back—informed him of what had happened in the Marshes that night.

(To be continued.)

On a Coastguard Watch-vessel.

WHO does not know the smart-looking coastguardsman, as the summer seaside visitor sees him at his station, on the look-out for passing vessels. And equally well must the August tripper know the coastguardsmen's usual habitations, those spick and span white-washed rows of cottages where the men's womenfolk and little ones dwell. There is, though, another abiding place of some of our coastguardsmen the average holiday makers do not know so well, except those who spend their summers afloat in the small private pleasure craft in the Thames estuary. Such quarters are those of which we give here two pictures—on board one of the "watch-ships," as the vessels are called. They are stationed in particular localities, more or less out of the way, where inter-communication along the ordinary coast tracks is impossible owing to interposing creeks and stretches of marsh, but where water-borne traffic still goes on, where wrecks of small craft sometimes happen and smuggling is practicable.

These localities are two spots on the Essex Coast, two in the East Swale and in Stangate Creek among the Sheppey marshes, and one in Cliffe Creek, Lower Hope. There our five coastguard "watch-vessels" are stationed, old hulks, once small men-of-war, permanently made fast close in shore and mostly aground between tides, if not embedded fast in the mud. The Essex watch-vessels are one in the Roach River, Burnham; the other the northernmost station of all, and the subject of our pictures, at Walton Stone Point, Hamford Water, four miles south of Harwich.



DR. DAWSON, WITH BOATMEN AND FAMILIES.



Photos. A. Ansley. Copyright.

THE COASTGUARD WATCH-VESSEL, HAMFORD WATER.

The Hamford Water watch-vessel is hauled up ashore just where the estuary divides into two main branches, running south and west—Walton Channel and West Water—with numerous divergent creeks running between islets and low embanked marshes of reclaimed ground, the whole forming a picture none too cheerful in the winter-time. But there is always something doing, as small vessels are always discharging cargoes in West Water into barges for Walton and elsewhere, and a good deal of foreign corn for Mark Lane comes in by this way.

The guard-ship "Mersey," at Harwich, one of the cruisers of the sea-going coastguard squadron, is the headcentre of the division, to which the detachment or "guard" in the Hamford Water district, under station officer or "chief boatman" Norris, of the watch-vessel hulk, reports.

The whole division in charge of the "Mersey" extends from Sidestrand in Suffolk away to the South Foreland, the stretch of coast being cut up into the stations or guards of which one is that at Hamford Water. Dr. W. E. Dawson, late surgeon and Admiralty agent for seamen and marines at Hamford Water and at the next guard, Walton-on-the-Naze, is the officer shown in our pictures with the coastguardmen and their families.

Camp Life in the British Army.



CHARACTERISTIC as it is of the British soldier that he has a healthy and abiding love of the open air, it is not strange that he should like camp life, although for him such a spell of duty means, as a rule, a variety of well-defined drawbacks, and sometimes of downright hardship—even when the work to be done is not that of a real campaign. This notwithstanding, he is generally glad enough to exchange, in anything approaching decent weather, the parade ground for the fields, and woods, and moorland, the dull confinement of the barrack-room for the freedom of the tented plain, or even the rough and ready simplicity of the bivouac. The British soldier often grumbles at being told that he has to go into camp, and often, too, he grumbles horribly when he gets there.

But nine out of ten of him love it all the same, and with just a little trouble on the part of his officers to enliven the occasional monotony of a long march, or to get the fullest

benefit out of a welcome halt, Thomas Atkins is seldom happier, healthier, and better conditioned generally than when for weeks together there is nothing more at any time than a bit of canvas between him and the vault of heaven.

In this country the best opportunity a soldier gets of seeing a bit of camp life is in connection with the annual manœuvres, so-called, in which, although the strategy and tactics may be anything but realistic, the training in all that pertains to the construction and working and, above all, in the moving of camps, is well-nigh perfect. The writer lays special stress on the moving because, in his opinion, a "flying" camp is as superior from every standpoint to a "standing" one as a hansom cab is to a wheel-barrow.

The essence of military camp life is constant change, coupled with a certain fixity of principle which aims at producing much the same "interior effect," whatever may be the outside decorations. In a way, this idea is typical of military life in general, the leading object of which is to place on the battle-field, amid all the distractions of noise and smoke and falling comrades, the same alert obedient soldier who a few weeks back practised the drill of attack on a parade ground as smooth and peaceful as a billiard table. When a corps after a month of hard marching pitches its camp on a bad ground for a single night just as smartly and neatly as if it were going into a well-chosen standing camp for a fortnight, you may take it for granted that that corps knows its work, and has grasped the solemn fact that camp life, like barrack life, is just a mass of little details all of which have to be carefully attended to if the efficiency that makes for success in war is to be any way attained.



THE ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS AT WORK.

Apart from this, of course, half the real enjoyment of camp life lies in the change of scene. How otherwise than between camp and camp is such a pretty picture to gladden the military eye as this one in which the "manœuvres" are being watched by an appreciative audience of two girls and a boy, with a whole fence and a delightful swinging gate between them? Here are both sunshine and shadow, an open field in the foreground and a pleasant little village in the distance. Such a happy combination of rural pleasures only comes incidentally in a long day's march, and when it does come it seldom finds an unappreciative observer in the British soldier. True, the sun may be over-powerful and the march over-long, and it may become necessary for the private in marching order to seek the repose afforded by a friendly bank.



IN THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

But there is consolation in the thought that such a really satisfactory rest as is indicated in another picture is only possible when on the march, and that on the parade ground a temporary relaxation of this description would certainly meet with severe official discouragement.

Our remaining three pictures show camp life in its more professional aspects. In one we have the Army Service Corps loading up their waggons with baggage at a railway station, a useful reminder of the constant yeoman's service performed by this admirable organisation, more especially when troops are on the move. An invention of a comparatively recent date, and the outcome of some not very brilliantly successful experiments, the Army Service Corps has won for itself an excellent reputation, and without it the soldier would indeed find camp life a hollow mockery.

To describe exactly what the Ordnance Department does at all times would occupy a great deal more space than the entire amount allowed for this brief sketch. But it may confidently be said that there are few things it cannot do if it tries, and in camp it is anything but a broken reed to lean upon. In the particular camp which we illustrate we find several Ordnance men characteristically busy, one with a hatchet, another with a pick-axe, a third with the homely, necessary broom. All are happy, and the knight of the broom is evidently filled with a large sense of responsibility. At the same time, probably the most important of the trio is he to whom is entrusted the



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS OF TOMMY'S DOINGS.

charge of that useful bundle of firewood, one of the most precious commodities in camp, whether for the purposes of the field kitchen, or the genial, sociable, song-provoking, spirit-raising camp fire.

A final picture shows the camp blacksmith at work, and the picture is in every way a good and interesting one. No lightly-worked individual is the blacksmith in a big camp where, besides cavalry chargers, there are hundreds of Artillery and Army Service Corps' horses present, some few of which are daily in need of "repairs." It is pleasant to think that, even in the worry and flurry of a "flying camp," the horses get the best of attention, and that it is only very occasionally that anything approaching ignorant neglect is indicated.



THE BAGGAGE WAGGONS.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

DEAD BEAT.

This sketch of course exhibits only the bright side of camp life as lived by the British soldier in the piping times of peace. But even when there are no bullets in the guns, it goes without saying that life under canvas can be supremely miserable. A bell tent in fine weather can prove a fairly pleasant shelter, but in a storm of rain and wind it is a habitation of a curiously undesirable kind, especially if the storm be sudden and no precautions have been taken in the way of trenching, and so forth. Then there is such a thing, even in well-regulated armies, as having to wait a terribly long time for an extremely indifferent meal, while at times it has been impossible, even in this free country, to get a drop of beer until so late that the luxury could hardly be appreciated. But, taken all round, camp life is made pretty pleasant to the British Tommy Atkins.

To him a camp is much what a cruise is to a sailor, and he goes about the work that has to be done in connection with it in much the same spirit. The natural consequence is that when he goes "camping" in real, solid earnest the work seems easy and natural to him, so easy and so natural, in fact, that he almost forgets to think about it, and keeps his mind occupied with the thought of fighting instead—which is, of course, just what he is wanted to do.

Jack's Christmas Joint.

NOBODY deserves more than Jack, the man-of-war's-man — to whom the stay-at-home folks in England owe it that they can sleep quietly in their beds at night, in spite of a world of armed enemies all round—to have his full share of the roast beef of old England at this festive season of Christmastide. And he has it—the best of good beef in quality and in quantity, as our illustration speaks for itself, and shows enough to satisfy the hungriest and most Gargantuan of appetites. Roast beef, though—a joint such as that we see here—is, of course, a treat that more especially comes the way of the fortunate Bluejacket who happens to be spending his Christmas in a home port; although at sea, wherever fresh meat is available, the ship's butcher, of which useful rating every modern ship carries one, with mates in number according to the numerical strength of the ship's company, may be trusted to do his best for his shipmates and the credit of the ship on Christmas Day. And something is due to the Christmas beast as well, whose bulkiness and good condition is in this connection a matter also of some importance.



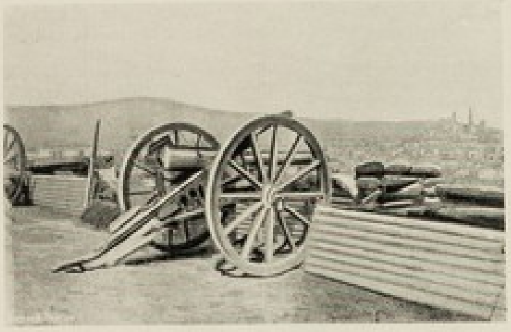
Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

HOISTING IN THE CHRISTMAS JOINT.

British Troops in Crete.

[From a Correspondent.]

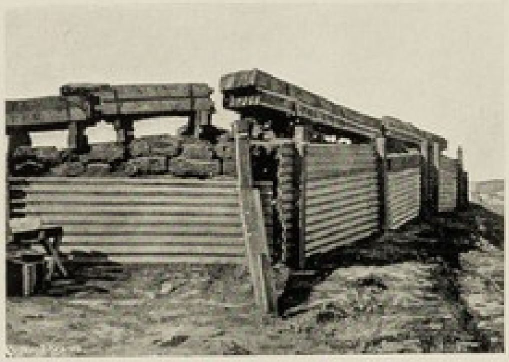
THE accompanying snap-shots were taken at the time of the recent Mahometan outbreak at Candia, in which so many English lives were lost. The fanatical outbreak originated when an attempt was made by the authorities to collect the tithes levied under the authority of the Interna-



"DOWN THE ROAD."

tional Council. Colonel Reid, the senior officer, found himself cut off from his camp, and had, with his small detachment of the Highland Light Infantry, some Bluejackets, and Marine Light Infantry, a distinctly bad time.

Candia, within the zone, policed by the British, was a hotbed of Mahometan fanaticism, for it was full of Moslem villagers driven out from the interior by their Christian neighbours. In the town itself there was a handful of British troops, a little over 100, while in the camp outside ther; were some 400 more. The men of the Highland Light Infantry, aided by Bluejackets from the "Hazard," held at bay for a time a mob of several thousands, and then fought their way down to the ship, losing fifteen killed and seventy wounded. In the attack on the camp outside the town we lost five killed and fifteen wounded. Deprived of its British garrison, the town was at the mercy of a fanatic Moslem mob, who set on fire and looted all the Christian shops and houses and massacred their inmates as they rushed from out the flames. Men, women, and children were butchered with ruthless ferocity. The Turkish troops meanwhile looked on and smiled until the shells of the sturdy little British gun-boat, the "Hazard," at last roused the Turkish Governor from his apathy. The outcome of this, however, is that the Turkish forces have evacuated Crete and law and order been restored by the British reinforcements.



A STOUT BREASTWORK.

Prince George of Greece has been chosen by the Powers as High Commissioner, and will, by the time these lines are



From Photo. By a Military Officer.

TO A WELL-MERITED DOOM.



MANNED BY THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

in print, be on his way to take up his high office. A gendarmerie corps, and afterwards a militia, are to be organised, and meanwhile British Tommies and Bluejackets will maintain order.

The first illustration shows a 13-pounder field-gun, one of a battery of six hurriedly sent over from Malta, placed on the fortifications so as to command one of the streets. Protection is afforded to it by an earth epaulement revetted with corrugated iron sheeting taken from that intended for the roofing of the huts for the British troops.

In the next illustration a group of five prisoners are being marched to their well-merited doom on the gallows. One of these miscreants had rather a record, as he was credited with no less than thirteen murders.

The centre picture is that of a breastwork facing the town, one of those manned by the Rifle Brigade. Cover for the men manning it is provided by what look like huge railway sleepers but are really roofing timber.

In the one above is a view of the same breastwork from the rear as it was when occupied by a picquet of the Rifle Brigade during the last execution.

Finally, our last illustration shows us the mess-tent of the North Lancashire Fusiliers, pitched in what was once the moat of the old Venetian fortifications which surround the town.

Our men in Crete are not winning honour and glory



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

IN AN OLD VENETIAN MOAT.

and earning medals and decorations, but none the less are they doing what is, and what always will be, the work of the British Bluejacket and soldier—steadily, quietly, and without any fuss spreading civilisation and bringing into the *régime* of law and order the wilder portions of the earth.

watching the great seas curling up astern, each one looking as though it must come aboard. The Amhersts, disregarding the skipper's warning, were on deck, a little further forward, clinging on to the belaying pins.

"Suddenly, from some cause—bad steering, I suppose—the ship swung to, bringing the sea broad on the starboard quarter; and at that instant a huge crest caught her, in the nick of time. I scarcely knew what happened at the moment, for the skipper and I were holding on for dear life, drenched through and through; but the heaviest weight of water came over a little farther forward, and in an instant Amherst and his sister were torn from their hold, and swept to leeward as the ship lurched; a boat was smashed, and Amherst was washed clean overboard, while the poor girl lay insensible in the water, which was washing about to leeward.

"The ship was soon got off again, and I made my way as quickly as I could to pick up Miss Amherst. With the aid of two men I got her to her cabin; she was deadly pale, with a frightful bruise on her right temple, and soaking wet, of course.

"It was no time for false delicacy, and I commenced at once to get off her clothes, shouting to the steward to bring some blankets.

"I had not much knowledge of women's gear, but I slashed away at everything with my knife, and tore off the icy, clinging under-clothing; and, by the Lord Harry, I found a boy inside it!—an under-sized, delicately-made lad of sixteen or seventeen.

"I never was so flabbergasted in my life; but, boy or girl, it was my duty to save life if possible; so I took the blankets which the steward modestly held in at the door, wrapped the lad in them, and did my best. But it was no go—the knock on the head was a bad one, and he didn't live more than half-an-hour.

"We buried him next day, in the midst of the roaring, thundering seas, and read the Funeral Service; also for poor Amherst, who, of course, it was impossible to save in such a sea.

"I leave you to imagine the sensations of young Percival; he wouldn't believe it at first, for fear he shouldn't be sorry enough for her—for his death.

"Among the traps they had brought on board were found some of the spoils of a great diamond robbery, for which Amherst—if that was really his name—was wanted. In what relation the lad stood to him I never heard; but the disguise was certainly one of the cleverest things I have ever seen."

* * *

"Well, we've all heard of girls shipping as boys or men," said the young lieutenant, "like Billee Taylor; but hang me if I ever knew of a boy shipping as a girl before."

"It wasn't a bad idea; perhaps they had squared the stewardess to make it safe," said a sub-lieutenant.

"He wouldn't have got through with it so easily if there had been a woman on board," said the colonel.

"May be not," said the doctor; "but I tell you he was bad to beat; he had every trick of a girl——"

"Lower deck's cleared up, sir," said the master-at-arms to the commander, who departed on his rounds; and silence reigned for a few minutes after the interruption, various sounds from the upper deck coming with a weird effect down the hatchway and through the open port.

"Now, Fellowes," said the Marine officer, who was the special chum of the younger soldier; "haven't you got an Indian story to tell us?"

"Aye," said the doctor, who was revelling in the first few whiffs of his cigar; "pay your footing, young man."

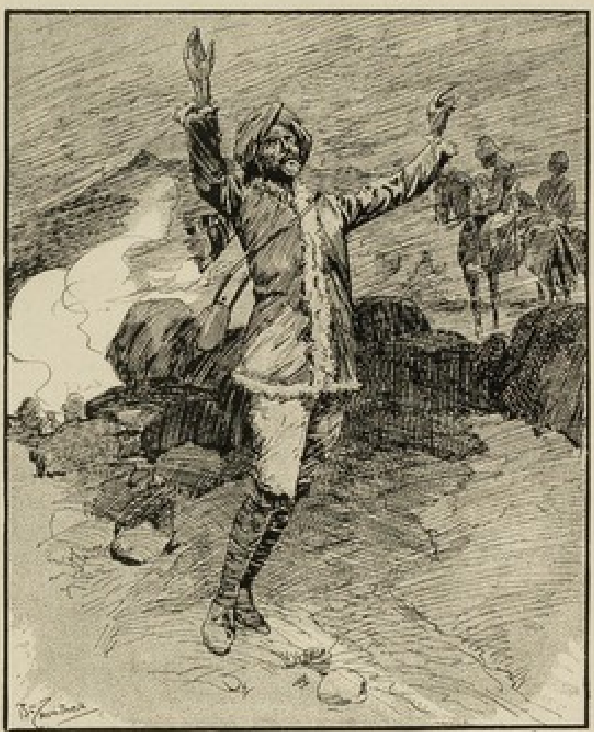
"I haven't had any experience worth mentioning," said the Army man, "and only one Christmas that I can remember was in any way out of the common. But I won't shirk my turn, and, if you fellows will try not to be bored, I will see if I can make a little story of what happened to me on Christmas morning on the North-West Frontier in the year in which we smashed the Scattarzais."

A TALE FROM INDIA.

By Captain Owen Wheeler.

"I WAS a subaltern at the time, and had gone up to Simla for the hot weather as a temporary attaché of the Intelligence Branch, which in India is under the control of the Quartermaster-general. I had been lucky enough to please him, and as a result he had given me a good deal of special work to do under his immediate supervision. I wasn't at all surprised, therefore, at getting a message one afternoon to say that he wished to speak to me, and that I was to go over to his office in the General Branch at once. But I was very much surprised indeed when the 'Old Man,' as we used rather absurdly to call him—for he was barely fifty—told me to sit down, and talked at me something like this:

"'I suppose you have heard that the Scattarzais have been giving trouble? Well, the Government has decided to make them sit up, and I have just sent off the orders for a strong brigade to assemble at Peshawar. As we know next to nothing of the country, I have got permission to send an Intelligence officer with the force, and as you have really worked hard during your time up here, instead of giving your whole mind to concerts and theatricals, I have put you in orders for the appointment.'



"I gasped out my thanks as well as I could, and the Old Man went on:

"'I'm not going to worry you with a lot of instructions, because you have been in the office quite long enough to know the sort of information we require, as well as the sort of assistance which the General Officer Commanding will expect you to give him. I suppose you can start this evening?'

"Of course I said 'yes,' and then the Quartermaster-general asked if I had a good servant, to which I was obliged to reply in the negative, adding that I thought I might pick up one at Peshawar.

"'I can help you to a capital man,' said the Q.M.G., 'if you will take him on my recommendation. He isn't much of a hand at ordinary bearer and kitmugar work, but he is an old campaigner, and you can trust him with anything. I rather want you to take him because, apart from looking after you, he may be able to help you greatly in gathering information. He knows Pushtoo perfectly, and has a wonderful way of picking up odds and ends from villagers and prisoners. If you take him, give him a free hand, but don't mention to the General that you are using him for Intelligence purposes. Shall I send him down to the tonga office to meet you?'

"It wasn't likely that I should decline an offer of this sort, and, as there was no more to be said, I again thanked the Old Man for his extreme goodness to me, and took my leave, brimming over with excitement and elation.

"At the tonga office—part of the journey from Simla down to the plains is made in a trap drawn by two galloping ponies, called a tonga—I was duly met by my new retainer, whose name I found to be Ghulam Khan, and who rapidly impressed me as a very remarkable individual, quite unlike any native servant I had as yet come across. I judged him to be about forty-eight, but he was active, wiry, and in hard condition. His kit was compact and thoroughly serviceable, and I noticed that he seemed pleased as his eye fell upon my own simple and carefully-thought-out baggage. He was quite respectful, but not deferential, and though he answered fully and sensibly the few questions I put to him, he never started a conversation on his own account. Altogether, a superior native, a Mahomedan, of course, rather reserved, and evidently a better hand at getting others to do servant's work than at doing it himself.

"I needn't worry you with details of our journey first to Peshawar and thence with the Scattarzai Expeditionary Force to the entrance of the valley inhabited by the tribe

which it was our business to bring to its senses. It was November before we were fairly on the war-path, and during that month and the first three weeks of December we had a pretty busy time of it. As we had so little previous information to go upon, we had to be extremely cautious, and as Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General for Intelligence I had rather a disproportionate share of responsibility. By bribes, threats, persuasions, promises, and every other means that I could think of, I had to literally 'feel the way,' and was fortunate enough to win the G.O.C.'s complete approval of my efforts. But I did not tell him how much of my information was due, not to spies or personal reconnaissances, but to the continuous and amazingly accurate communications I received from my servant, Ghulam Khan.

"Since we entered the valley of the Scattarzai, Ghulam Khan had become a new man. His eye had brightened and his whole demeanour had acquired a briskness in which it had previously been altogether lacking. I had incidentally told him that, as I had heard from the Quartermaster-general that he could speak Pushtoo, I would be glad of any information he could pick up, adding that, as I did practically everything for myself, I should not expect him to be constantly on hand at my tent. He had seemed pleased to hear this, and that very evening he had, in the most matter-of-fact way, supplied me with information which made it much easier for us than we expected to fight our way through the pass leading into the Scattarzai country. Thenceforward I saw little of Ghulam Khan during the day, but regularly every evening he presented himself with a very grave face, and a quantity of most valuable hints as to the nature of the route, the character of the next likely halting-place, the chances of a collision with the enemy, and so on. Never once did I find him at fault, and I began to be quite ashamed of myself for taking all the credit for the singular prescience I was enabled to exhibit when I went to make my daily report to the General commanding the force. However, I had the Q.M.G.'s direct orders not to mention Ghulam Khan as my source of information, and he was not a man to be lightly disobeyed.

"We had begun to make a decided impression upon the Scattarzais by the time Christmas was approaching, and the General had talked of duly observing Christmas Day as a holiday, with, of course, proper precautions against surprise. But on the evening of the 23rd, Ghulam Khan came to me and said very quietly, although with something of a twinkle in his keen eyes:

"'There will be a rush on the camp on the morning of the day after to-morrow. The enemy have been gathering for the past week, and they know that the General intends to make one march to-morrow, and then halt a full day. There are two nullahs' (dried-up water-courses) 'passing close to the halting-place, and along these the tribesmen will creep during the night, and just before daybreak they will rush in. There will be more than three thousand, and they will be led by the Mullah, who has promised them an easy victory.'

"Of course I went off to the General with this important piece of intelligence, and he rubbed his hands with keen satisfaction. 'I knew it would come sooner or later,' he said; 'the only trouble was to be forewarned. If your information is all right, we shall have these beggars on hot buttered toast, and it will be a devilish good thing for you, my boy, as well as for the rest of us. Of course we will march and halt as arranged, and on Christmas morning, if all goes well, we'll give the Scattarzais a taste of British plum-pudding that they won't forget in a hurry.'

"I am not likely myself to forget that Christmas morning. All night long we had been waiting in anxious expectation, fully dressed and armed, and ready to turn out at literally a moment's notice. The brigade consisted of one British and three native battalions, one of the latter a Sikh corps, one a Bengal Infantry battalion, and the third Ghoorkas. All were sick of being 'sniped' at, and of the everlasting marches without any real result, and every single man in the force was just spoiling for a fight. Outside the camp, in order to break the suddenness of a rush, the wily G.O.C. had arranged a simple but highly-effective wire entanglement, and inside the camp every possible precaution had been taken against confusion. Very eagerly and confidently, then, we waited and waited until about half-past four, when suddenly a shot rang out, and a second later the bugles sounded the 'fall-in' and the 'double.' Then came half-an-hour of the warmest work one could wish to have a hand in. At the end of that time the thing was practically over. Thanks to the wire entanglement, only a few of the Scattarzais got in among us, and these were quickly despatched. It was a crushing blow from which the tribe never recovered, and a week later they humbly made submission.

"When I made my way from my tent to the side of the General, at the commencement of the fight, I was unobtrusively followed by Ghulam Khan. He stood at a short distance from me, evidently enjoying the scene; but just as it was drawing to a close, I saw him throw up his hands and fall on his face. Evidently he had been struck by a stray bullet, and I immediately dismounted and ran to his side. With a painful effort, the poor fellow managed to turn over; then, taking a packet from his breast, he handed it to me, and with the words—in excellent English—'Good-bye. You have been very kind. A merry Christmas,' Ghulam Khan fell back and died.

"From the packet I learnt that my dead servant was an ex-English officer in a crack regiment. He had come to grief, and after becoming half a native in language and manners, had applied to his old friend, the Quartermaster-general, for casual employment in any capacity on frontier expeditions. I sent on the packet to the Q.M.G. with full details. But this is the first time I have otherwise revealed the full history of that Christmas morning when, with the help of Ghulam Khan, *alias* a name which you would all quickly recognise as that of a very great family indeed, we finally and completely 'smashed' the troublesome Scattarzais."

* * * * * * *

As the story was concluded, the commander reappeared.

"So I've missed your Indian yarn," said he; "India is the land of marvels; but I have just asked old Transom, the gunner, to come and have a pipe and glass of grog; get him on to one of his yarns. Here you are, Mr. Transom; sit down."

The gunner had seen a great deal of service, and things which he had not experienced himself he absorbed from the experiences of others, and, embodying them with his own, told the most astounding yarns, "well knowing the same to be true," as he said. He would cheerfully have given sea coasts to Bohemia, just as he gave a Navy to Bolivia. He had told that story of Bolivia (which country he placed on the wrong side of the continent) once, twice, forty times, and some of the company wished to follow the working of his imagination once more.

He was willing to oblige. He started haltingly, like a local preacher, for all the world as if he were seeking for hidden truth.

THE GUNNER'S STORY.

By W. F. Shannon

"IT was on the South-east Coast of America," said he.

"That is to say, Bolivia," said the sub-lieutenant.

"Exactly," said the gunner. "And it was Christmas Eve. I was a leading seaman then, and young enough to feel that Christmas Eve ought to be cold, and not sweltering hot. However, we glanced at our Christmas cards, which had just arrived, and cooled ourselves by observing the snow on them, and fell in love with the girls in muffs and furs and red roses, and got hot again. We were lying in a comfortable berth in harbour, dreaming of to-morrow, Christmas Day, and a free gangway, besides these home comforts, when we were disturbed, and in a very disagreeable fashion.

"Most of the South American Republicans were fighting each other in those days, one up, one down, and the ships of our squadron were pretty well employed in looking after British property. Our gun-boat was about as far south as any fighting was likely to be, because we couldn't look after very big things, or so the admiral thought. Our captain, Lieutenant Stromboli Smith, did not agree with the admiral, and all the lower deck was with him.

"We were disturbed by the news that an English steamer was being plundered in the bay of Afroca by a Bolivian ship, on the excuse that she carried contraband of war.

"We sailed for Afroca immediately and at once, and steamed into the bay that same day, Christmas Eve. Our hearts were big, because we had England behind us, and Lieutenant Stromboli Smith aboard of us, and we anchored in the shadow of a big Bolivian cruiser, on the seaward side of her."

"Bolivian?" said a member of the group, who did not know the gunner. "Is Bolivia also amongst the seafaring nations?"

"She was then," said the gunner, "and this tale is to explain why she isn't now."

"The cruiser sent a boat to ask us what our arrival meant, and the English steamer also sent to say, whatever we meant please stop where we were, because this was the big thief that had cleaned her out.

"The Bolivian told us that all the legal steps had been taken, and the merchantman properly condemned. But as she had only been two days in the bay, Lieutenant Smith said that was too quick for our ideas of law, and he must insist on deeper enquiry, enquiry extending into months in fact. The Bolivian said he couldn't wait. Our captain said he must. The Bolivian said he wouldn't, went over the side, and returned to his own ship, swearing that he'd go to sea that night.

"Lieutenant Smith went ashore to see the Governor. I was his coxswain, and went to the Governor's house with him. The Governor was very different to the Bolivian captain. He didn't try any bluffing, because he knew something about England, and how far she reaches. Besides, he said his name was Smith, too, and his great-grandfather's picture hung in the Shipmongers' Hall, London, so that he couldn't help being fair and honest, like the English. And although he was only a half-caste Portugee, as dingy as a rain-cloud, he set a fancy value on his complexion, and talked about 'us white men' till further orders.

"But the lieutenant stuck to business, and would not accept an invitation to dinner until the Governor had sent a written command to the cruiser to stay where she was.

"It was late in the evening when we left the Governor's house, and his last words were 'Mañana, to-morrow, this affair shall be put right.'

"So Lieutenant Smith repeated this to the English captain, who was on the beach, thinking to comfort him.

"'I haven't been to this port before,' said the captain, 'but I reckon I know what that means. I know mañana.'

"'How?' said the lieutenant.

"'It means to-morrow,' said he.

"'Well?' said our officer.

"'That's all,' said the merchantman.

"'To-morrow all will be put right,' said Lieutenant Smith.

"'Yes,' said the captain, as a shot or two were fired out in the bay. 'And there goes the Bolivian to sea to-night.'

"We shoved off and pulled like mad. Little groups of people stood on the beach jeering and laughing as we put off, and they laughed louder when we stuck after going a short distance. The tide was falling, and we were nicely laid in the middle of a sand-bank. We jumped out and hauled the boat. The people on shore threw pebbles, and some waded out to give us points about getting boats off sand-banks. We hauled for a divil of a time, and the people got so cheeky, that we had to shove them back. Then knives were drawn, and we had to use stretchers to lay out a few of the mob. They hauled off after a bit of a shindy, and we started in the boat again as a church clock struck twelve.

"Someone started whistling,

'As I sat on a sunny bank, sunny bank, sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank, so early on Christmas morning,'

and we all jerked the boat along to that tune until we had to stop to prepare to receive cavalry. Some of these dare-devils tried to ride us down and lasso us. The bow man hooked one of them off his horse with his boat-hook, and while his friends were picking him up, we got off that sand-bank into deep water.

"There had been no more firing after the first few shots, but we were pretty anxious to get aboard to know what they were about. The lieutenant leapt up on deck, and immediately fell down on it. The deck was greasy. 'But it's nothing to what it was,' said the sub-lieutenant as he helped him up. He spoke as unconcerned as if nothing had happened to the captain; and the captain turned rusty, and forgot to ask what the firing was about in order to ask what the dickens he meant by not keeping the deck clean.

"'I was going to tell you,' said the sub. 'It's part of my war strategy. Got it out of a book.'

"'Strategy be d——d,' said Lieutenant Stromboli Smith. 'Whilst I'm captain of this vessel strategy shall be continually d——d.'

"And he went on terrifically at the sub. until he remembered that he wanted to know about the firing.

"It appears that after we had been ashore some time the Bolivian was observed to be getting up steam, and the sub-lieutenant sent ashore to tell us, and prepared for eventualities, as they say in the paper.



"The deck was greasy"

"He knew he could not prevent the Bolivian going to sea if she wished, but there was something more to be feared. He was afraid that if she became entangled in our cable, which she was likely to become, there would be an opportunity for complications to set in, and some of the cut-throats on her would take advantage of it to board us. They used to carry some extraordinary daring madmen in those times in the South American Navies, who would board anything up to a line-of-battle ship for a dollar.

"So the sub-lieutenant reckoned that the quietest and most peaceful way to stop that sort of thing was to butter the deck; and he got up the slush buckets handy, and when the tide turned and the Bolivian swung down near the gunboat, and then gradually paid out her cable so as to come nearer, he had this grease slapped over the deck. The big ship bore down slowly, and our men prepared to fend her off and to resist boarders.

"When the impact came, a couple of these madmen did leap on to our deck, no doubt against their captain's orders, and properly spread-eagled themselves. They were surprised, but they didn't dive overboard like sensible men on coming across the unexpected, nor yet when one or two warning shots were fired near them. They started creeping for the flashes as if they wanted to be shot. And so they *were* shot. But meanwhile the Bolivian had got clear, cut her cable, and slipped out to sea.

"The boat that had been sent to warn us had returned aboard before us, missing us on the sand-bank. So we up anchor and started off to report matters to the admiral.

For months the whole squadron chased that Bolivian cruiser, and it was not until the following Christmas Eve they sighted her stern. The admiral, like one born to command, signalled her to send an officer on board his flag-ship to explain the proceedings. But they were all mad on that ship. They opened fire. So the three of our ships fought her till she ceased firing. Then a boat approached from the flag-ship to know if she surrendered.

"'Oh dear no!' said a midshipman, 'we're just getting the guns and engines into order, and will very soon recommence our part of the fighting, if you care to wait.'

"But she gradually settled in the water, although all the time the artificers went on repairing, and the pumps went on clanking; and they must have repaired one gun, because just as she was disappearing she fired again.

"The boats were all ready and were soon on the spot. We saved about fifty men, and that cheeky middy.

"He told us afterwards that that was their last cartridge which was fired as the vessel went down."

* * * * * * *

"And what happened on Christmas Day?" said a listener.

"Christmas Day? Christmas Day?" said the gunner, "which Christmas Day? 'Pon my word we were so interested in the chase and the fight we forgot it. I'm sure we had no duff."

"Bravo, Mr. Transom," said the first lieutenant, "that pretty well takes the cake."

"Aye," said the doctor, adopting a broad accent, as was his wont at times; "he's a dour chiel to beat; but what's come to our journalistic friend there? Surely you're not going to take a back seat when experiences are going?"

"Me?" said the newspaper man, ungrammatically. "Oh, I'm a good listener; but I don't mind obliging.

"I was once in a little hostelry off the Hard at Portsmouth, one of the quaint little inns that only those who know their Portsmouth ever find out, and the only other occupants of the 'bar parlour' were two sergeants of 'Red Marines,' with whom I opened a conversation. Both were fine specimens of the 'non-commissioned man,' and, as was evidenced by their medals, men who had seen considerable

service. I love the soldier and the sailor, and besides, as a journalist my business is to gather information wherever it is to be gathered, of whatsoever sort.

"So, I said to them, 'I see by the "Globe and Laurel Wreath" that you belong to the "Sea Regiment."'

"We do," one answered, "and we are proud of it. Excuse me, sir," he added, "but I don't know you, and we're having a drink together friendly. I'd like to know whether you're trying to pull my leg?"

"Not a bit of it," said I. "I am only taking 'a spell off' after a hard day's work, and seeing you two men here, whose conversation was bound to be interesting, I spoke to you."

IN THE DOUBLE-BOTTOM.

By Laurence Swinburne.

"YOU want a yarn, and you think the first man who comes along in a red serge or a blue jacket has got one ready built on the tip of his tongue. Is that it? Eh?"

"No, my friend," I answered, mildly, "but it has been my lot to mix much with the soldier and sailor throughout the world, and it has been my experience that when I find a man with three chevrons on his arm, and a fair string of medals, including the one for long service and good conduct, on his breast, he generally can tell you a yarn if he is so inclined."

"Yes," he said, "there's not many of us who have re-engaged but haven't seen a bit, somewhere or another. You see we knock around generally, and especially in my corps," and here he straightened himself an extra half-inch or so, and smiled complacently.

"Jack," and the elder man of the two turned to his comrade, "spin the gentleman that cuff of when we were in the 'Hecuba,' and spent our Christmas in Malta Harbour."

"No, George," said his comrade, "I aint a good hand at a yarn. Spin it yourself, or tell him how you earned some of those," pointing to the ribbons on his companion's breast.

"Yes. You've a fine show there," I interpolated.

"Well," and he spoke somewhat shame-facedly instead of with pride, as he touched the first ribbon on his breast, "that's the South African. I got that with the Naval Brigade in the Zulu War. This is the 'Gyptian' medal I got when we were landed at Alexandria; and that," touching a blue ribbon near his left shoulder, "is the Khedive's star that went with it. This is the Indian general service that I got in Burmah when we had, as we most times have, a Naval Brigade in it. And that's all, bar the 'long service and good conduct,' which don't take much winning."

"Not quite all," and his comrade laid his hand on him, and touched a blue and white striped ribbon which he had forgotten to enumerate. "If he hadn't earned *this* I wouldn't be here."

"Oh, that!" and the bronzed, weather-beaten face flushed a bit; "I got that for pulling a man out of the water."

"Yes," burst in Jack, "and I was the man, and the night was dark, and the squadron was doing eight knots, and the sea was no smoother than it usually is off the West Coast of Ireland, and you went in after me, and you kep' me up till you got me to the flaring buoy, and then the boats found us."

"And," turning to me, "this, sir, is not the Humane Society's medal, but the Albert medal, given by the Queen for special gallantry in saving life at sea."

George's bronzed face reddened a still deeper hue, as he pushed his comrade back with his elbow.

"Stow it, you silly stoat"—they were evidently West Countrymen—"and tell the gentleman how you were fool enough to get shut in the double-bottom on Christmas Eve. You can jaw enough when you like."

"Well, sir," and Jack turned to me, "George saved my life then for a second time, though that turn gave him no medal for it. I'll finish my drink, and tell you the yarn."

A sweep of the back of the hand across the heavy moustache, a cough, and he commenced.

"Well, it was like this. My girl, that's my wife now, was maid to our Number One's lady, who had a house at Malta while we were on the station."

"Yes," broke in George, "Mr. Newman was our first and torpedo lieutenant on the 'Hecuba.' As smart an officer as there was in the Navy, and his wife as sweet and pretty a little lady as there was in Valetta."

"See here, George! Are you telling this yarn, or am I? Well 'Melia, that's my wife, sir," continued Jack, "had arranged to come off to us on Christmas Day to see the decorations and the smart way we had rigged the mess deck. We was lying in that stinking creek in the Grand Harbour, and there was a lot of fever aboard! I was feeling a bit dicky myself the day before Christmas, when a mate went sick, and I suddenly found myself in the afternoon told off for a job with the double-bottom party. I was going ashore that day to see 'Melia, and, natural-like, I cursed the Service, and the ship, and above all the double-bottom."

"You know the double-bottom, sir?" here interpolated George.

"Yes," I said, "a space left between the inner and outer hull of the ship along the keel to ensure greater security in the case of grounding."

"Yes," continued Jack, "and in the 'Hecuba' it was a matter of some two feet deep. There was four of us in the party, and I was working a bit away from the other three. As you can guess, the air down there was not of the sweetest, and we hadn't been down long before I 'gan to feel queer and dizzy like, and almost before I knew it I had fainted dead off. When I come to I was in darkness, and I knew what had happened. My mates had gone, thinking I had left before them; the man-hole was shut down, and I was a prisoner in an iron tomb. By God, sir, the cold sweat ran down me, though the place was hot and stifling as hell. I remembered also that the next day was Christmas Day, the day after Sunday, and that days might pass before my prison was again opened. I crawled to the man-hole and hammered and shouted, but I knew it was of no use; and then, thank God, I fainted again. Now, George," he turned to his comrade, "you finish the yarn."

"I was ashore that day," George said, "and when I returned Jack was missing. The opinion in the mess was general that he had slung his hook, and they all said so. That night, or rather on Christmas morning, I was on the middle watch and on duty in the wing passages. I knew Jack well enough to know he wouldn't do a scurvy trick like deserting, and while I stood there and thought, a kind of feeling came over me that he was still in the double-bottom. I knew it, and though of course that was impossible, I could actually hear him calling to me.

"And what's more, I saw him." And the man's voice lifted. "I tell you, sir, I saw him lying in the double-bottom. I dunno how it came to me, but I was sick at heart at the idea of his deserting, and I felt that he hadn't. And as I stood in the flat and thought, I saw him—yes! as clear as I see you now—in his working rig. And I knew, sir, that as sure as God made little apples, Jack was still in the double-bottom." The man's big bulk shook with emotion as he spoke, and it was evident that the whole incident was pictured before him. He could actually see his chum gasping in his death-throes down in the bowels of the great structure, and fighting to tear his way through the steel girders and plates that entombed him. "And then," he continued, with a shudder, "he himself, or his ghost, came to me. I saw him come up the hatch aft at the end of the passage from the flat below the stern barbette. He stood there under the glare of the electric light, and he didn't speak out loud, but I sort of felt him say, 'George, if *you* don't pull me through, I'm a goner.' And then he walked towards me and—though he was my towney and my oldest mate in the Service—I shrank from him. But when I felt his hand on my shoulder, I pulled myself together and turned to face him. He was gone, and the long electric-lit passage gaped empty. But I'd seen my pal, or his double. Seen him in life as I knew him. And I knew then for certain that Jack was no deserter, but that somehow or another he had been left by his party and was a prisoner in the double-bottom.

"Well, sir, to cut a long story short, I left my post and went and roused the carpenter. He first cursed me for disturbing him, then wanted to call the doctor, as he thought I was mad. But I got round him, and calling a couple of hands down, we had the man-hole opened, and the first thing we saw when we put the lantern down was Jack's white face. In two minutes we had him out and in a cot in the sick bay, more dead than alive. And that's where he spent his Christmas Day, and where his sweetheart saw him when she came aboard. And her visit did him more good than both the ship's doctors, though they were smart men, too."

"Thanks to you both," I said, "for a very interesting yarn. I have spent weeks together in a war-ship, and been in every nook and corner of her except the double-bottom, and after your story you may be sure that I shall never try what that compartment is like. Have another drink?"

"Well, sir," said George, "it must be a quick one, for our time is near up, and we must be getting back to the ship."

* * * * * * *

"Well," said the colonel, "I've heard some thundering good stories to-night."

"The best point about them is that they're all gospel truth, eh, Mr. Transom?" said the Marine officer.

"That's it, sir," said the gunner, drily; and then the sentry struck the bell, and reminded them all of the lateness of the hour.

The lights were soon out, and silence reigned supreme, save for the steady beat of the engines and the rush of the sea past the vessel as she sped westward at a good twelve knots.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

POOR Spain! Her lot has been a hard one; but, as has been always and must be always the case, good organisation, a high state of drill and discipline, and a well-considered plan of campaign, have triumphed over complete disorganisation, an absolute neglect of internal "wheeling into line," and a complete lack of any system beyond that of letting things drift. We speak, be it remembered, of the Spanish and American Navies, not of their Armies, and the result of the Naval campaign is vividly brought home to us in the two illustrations we here reproduce. They were taken at Portsmouth, N.H., one of the United States' Naval stations on the Atlantic seaboard, where a portion of the Spanish prisoners captured during the war were interned.

One of our illustrations shows a group of men taken



Photo. A. Connor. *SAVED FROM DEATH.* Copyright.

prisoners after the fight between Admiral Sampson's blockading squadron and the Spanish force under Admiral Cervera off Santiago. What the unfortunate sailors who manned his fleet went through can be more easily imagined than described. Riddled with a hail of shot and shell, on fire, the sufferings of those on board must have been terrible. And our first illustration shows some of those who so suffered, for it is of a group of Spanish prisoners who were all either wounded, or on the sick list, after capture. Now convalescent, they were photographed in front of the United States' Navy hospital, where they were nursed and cared for. Several of the group were rescued without clothes—as were many of the Spanish sailors who were swimming from a sinking ship—and the one on the left is wearing an American Bluejacket's jumper.

The next illustration is from the roof of the Marine Barracks at Portsmouth, and shows the stockade and barbed

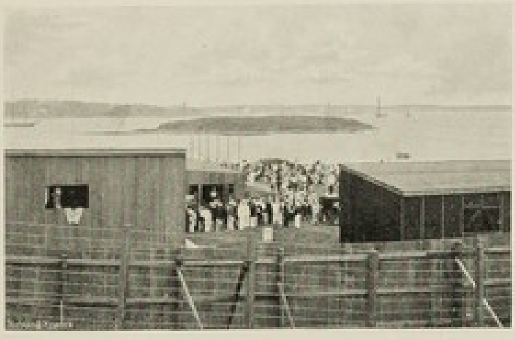


Photo. A. Connor. *"CRIBBED, CABINED, AND CONFINED."* Copyright.

wire fence which shut in the prisoners' quarters on the land side. Curiously enough there are two Portsmouths in the States, and both Naval stations; one, however, is generally known as Norfolk, the name of the town on the opposite side of the estuary where the James river joins the Chesapeake, but the Navy yard itself is at Portsmouth.

Stationed on the Australian station, but differentiated from the ordinary ships of the squadron by being dubbed in the Navy List "for the protection of floating trade in Australasian waters," is a flotilla of five third-class cruisers—"Tauranga," "Ringarooma," "Katoomba," "Mildura," and "Wallaroo," and two torpedo gun-boats, the "Boomerang"



Photo. W. Burke. *"TAURANGA'S" PET BEING PETTED.* Copyright.

and "Karrakatta." The former are twin-screw steel-built ships of a little over 2,500 tons displacement, with a maximum speed of 19 knots, and carry as main armament eight 4·7-in. quick-firers, with, of course, a number of lighter guns. The latter displace 735 tons, can steam at a maximum of 18 knots, and carry a battery of two 4·7-in. quick-firers and four 6-pounders.

One of our illustrations gives us an excellent bird's-eye view of the "Tauranga" as she is being overhauled in the Lyttelton Dry Dock at Canterbury, New Zealand. Looking down on the deck of the smart little cruiser one cannot fail to be struck with the smartness and compactness of even the smallest British war-ship. Below the fore bridge and deck

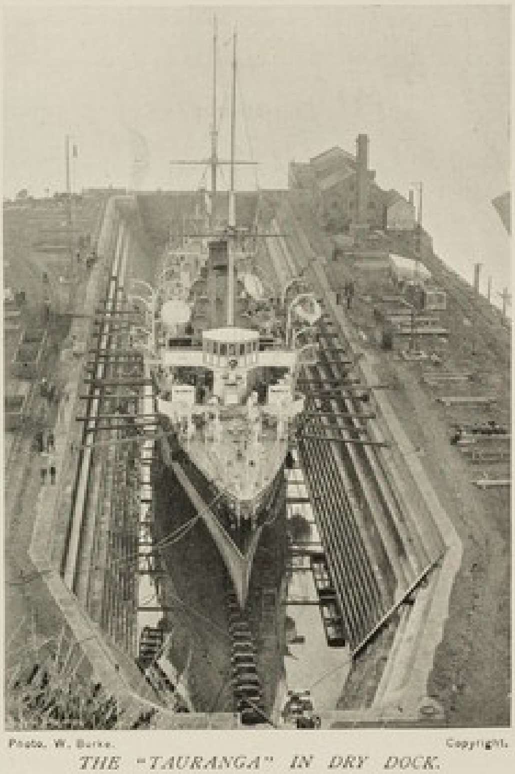


Photo. W. Burke. *THE "TAURANGA" IN DRY DOCK.* Copyright.

house, from which, when at sea, the ship is navigated, the two forward 4·7-in. bow chasers, with their shield protection and light breastwork in front, are well in evidence. Below the bridge also can be seen the steel conning-tower from which the ship would be worked in action. The illustration, moreover, is of special interest, for it gives an excellent view of one of those magnificent dry docks which, with our coaling stations, make the British Navy self-supporting in whatever portion of the globe it finds itself. This magnificent dock has a length of over 500-ft., with a beam of over 60-ft., and at ordinary high tide a depth of water on sill of 23-ft. It can thus take in as large a ship as is ever likely to be sent to these waters. Our third illustration shows us a group of the ship's Bluejackets, with the "Tauranga's" pet, a pretty little white goat, well in evidence.



Photo Mayall. Copyright.

COMMANDER COLIN KEPPEL, C.B., D.S.O., R.N.

AFTER Lord Charles Beresford, perhaps, the man in the street probably knows the name of Commander Colin Keppel, R.N., as well as that of any man in the Navy. Egypt and the Soudan have been a gold mine to the Army in the shape of well-earned promotion and decorations, and the Navy, though in a much smaller degree, has been able to have a little share in the quartz crushing. And of the many Naval officers who have done good work in the land of the Pharaohs, none have done more to merit distinction than Commander Keppel. Joining the Service as a Naval cadet in 1875, he obtained the rating of midshipman in 1879, and earned, as a "mid," of the "Inconstant," the medal and star for the Egyptian War of 1882. In the December of that year he was promoted sub-lieutenant and appointed to the "Invincible," from which ship he landed for service with the Naval Brigade that took part in the Nile Expedition for the relief of Khartoum in 1884-85. Here he very greatly distinguished himself. Lord Charles Beresford, who took up the "Sofia" to the relief of Sir Charles Wilson, said of him: "I consider that we owe our safety in the steamer, as well as the safety of Sir C. Wilson and his party, who undoubtedly would have been killed if the steamer had been destroyed, to the untiring energy of Sub-Lieutenant Keppel." In rescuing a "nugger" containing some of Gordon's men which had stranded under one of the forts, he got a bullet wound in the groin. His services in this campaign earned him his promotion to a lieutenancy, and in 1886 he was appointed equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, and was also his flag-lieutenant when the latter held the Plymouth command. His excellent services, since his appointment last year to command the Nile Flotilla, are too fresh in the minds of our readers to need recapitulation. They have earned him the C.B., D.S.O., and his promotion to the rank of captain on completion of the necessary sea time.

NOT one of the least prominent features in the amusements organised on board a war-ship, when doing a long commission on a foreign station, is the dramatic club. Our illustration shows the cast of "H.M.S. 'Albacore'" as played by the dramatic company of the "Renown," the flag-ship on the North American station. It depicts the tableau "Rule, Britannia!" at the close of a performance given at the Academy of Music at Halifax. In Lieutenant G. M. Keane the Navy has gained a very able officer and the stage lost a very admirable stage manager and organiser. This may seem very high praise, but the statement can, as will be seen, be proved up to the hilt. The play—on which the curtain first rose at the Naval Exhibition of 1891, and since has been elaborated and improved on—is one of the choicest pieces in the "Renown" Dramatic Company's repertoire. At Halifax and at Montreal the piece was a brilliant success. At Halifax it ran for five nights, and the profits, after deducting all working expenses, enriched the "Albacore" Fund, as the ship calls it, by no less than £116 11s. 2d. Of this sum £40 was handed over to Halifax local charities, and the remainder to Naval institutions at home, mainly at Plymouth, for the "Renown" is a Devonport ship. At Montreal in four performances, including a matinée, the profits realised £177 8s. 5d., of which £129 9s. was handed to local charities and the balance to home charities, mainly for the blind and children.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

"RULE, BRITANNIA!"

THE pictures which are here given of some of our Canadian forces are well calculated to illustrate the extent of our dominion in the New World, for they carry us from St. John, New Brunswick, in the Bay of Fundy, to British Columbia. The Bay of Fundy is on the East Coast of North America, and is noted as having the largest rise and fall of tide in the world, the high tides to which we are accustomed in the Severn, the Thames, and the Mersey being very moderate compared with those at St. John, where the abnormally lofty wharves are nearly covered at high water, and left dry, with a few feet of mud or shingle to spare, when the tide has receded; and the currents and queer eddies in the harbour are a source of sore anxiety to the skippers of vessels which anchor there.

British Columbia, on the other hand, is separated from New Brunswick by the whole breadth of the continent, its coast being washed by the waters of the Pacific, and the distance from St. John to Victoria is something like 2,700 miles.



THE YOUNGEST MILITIAMAN IN CANADA.

OF the military organisation of Canada a full description has already been given, and abundant evidence also of the excellent spirit displayed by the Militia. Canadians have always been keen rifle shots, and the teams they send over periodically to the old country are of such quality as to put our most doughty champions on their metal. The men, being of fine physique and steady nerves, are apt to put on bull's-eyes at a critical moment in a manner which is disconcerting to their opponents.



Photo. J. N. S. Williams. Copyright.

AT THE 600-yds. RANGE.



Photo. J. N. S. Williams. Copyright.

RETURN OF A SUCCESSFUL TEAM.

Two of our illustrations show some phases of rifle contests in British Columbia. In one of them the men are firing at 600-yds., with the Martini-Henry rifle, and using the now old-fashioned black powder, which gives off a puff of pretty thick smoke. No doubt the new rifle will be in their hands before very long; meanwhile, the Martini-Henry will shoot very straight at this range with a good man behind it. Another picture shows a jovial party of British Columbians returning by steamer after a competition with some other corps, and it is obvious from their happy aspect that they have not come off badly in the fray.



THE PACIFIC RAILWAY MILITIA.

JUMPING across to the other coast, we find a very small and juvenile representative of the St. John Fusiliers. He is doing his best, at the early age of eight years, to become proficient in the use of a very important instrument, for without the bugle calls there would be very great difficulty in getting through military manœuvres of any kind. This youthful militiaman is Bugler F. Alban Sturdee, and he is the son of Major E. T. Sturdee, of the same corps.

THE other illustration shows two members of the new Militia now being raised by the Canadian Government for the defence of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Companies are to be raised at the various small towns along the route, and the men will be mounted or not, according to the nature of the country, while machine and quick-firing guns will be held in readiness at certain points, to be mounted if necessary on flat cars. The uniform is very serviceable and inexpensive, being made of khaki-coloured Nova Scotia tweed.



Photo Gregory. Copyright.

THOUGHTS OF A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.
(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 99.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1898.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE LUCK, K.C.B.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—II.

THE enormous extent of the coast-line of Australia renders it peculiarly susceptible to a raid from seaward; and the duties of the Artillery in arming and defending the various important strategic centres are proportionately onerous. These are, however, in the nature of things, comparatively few; for no enemy in his senses would attempt to land, even though unresisted, at a point which would involve a march of many hundred miles through brush or desert before arriving at anything worth attacking. No excuse is needed for giving some more pictures of the Artillery of Victoria; and they are presented in various departments. The signalling team are signalling the name of their corps—the Metropolitan Garrison Artillery—with a good deal of "swagger", and the drum-major and his small comrade are not deficient in this respect. Behind them may be seen yet another type of gun—the converted Palliser rifled gun, which looks at first like a smooth bore, and which in fact it was originally, until Colonel Palliser hit upon the ingenious device of inserting a steel rifled tube in the old cast-iron body. It formed a very good make-shift, but the claim put forward for it as the true principle of gun construction did not long survive.



A QUARTETTE OF ARTILLERY OFFICERS.

Needless to say, Australians know and love a good horse; and Lieutenant Lilley, of the Horse Artillery Militia, has a mount of which he may well be proud. In the background, by the barrack wall, are two other officers, one of whom, on the white horse, is Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, who commands the corps. To the left of the picture will be noticed a very old-world little gun with carriage mounted on the wooden "trucks" which it was the delight of our predecessors in gunnery to "shift" with great celerity when they were disabled.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE BUGLER AND HIS CHIEF.

The long quick-firing gun, with the gunners stripped for action, presenting so marked a contrast, is mounted in Fort Gellibrand. Three officers of the Metropolitan Brigade are studying a plan on the platform in rear of the gun, and arranging, no doubt, the distances at which the practice is to be carried out. In the distance, across the bay, may be seen the suburbs of St. Kilda and Brighton; but though they look distant, they are well within the range of the long slim weapon on the platform, and the practice takes place to the right, where there is an unlimited area for the shell to disport itself in.

The quartette of Artillery officers on the well-built stone gun platform belong to the Western District Brigade; their



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

A MILITIA ARTILLERY OFFICER.

names—reckoning from the spectator's left—are Lieutenant Hayter, Lieutenant-Colonel Umphelby (in command), Captain Wallace, and Lieutenant Robertson.

The practice of athletics is not neglected, as two of our illustrations abundantly testify. The work of the Engineers is illustrated in a very practical manner in the picture which gives the interior of the sand-modelling shed, with a miniature redoubt—the simplest style of what are known as permanent field fortifications. It is, of course, of the utmost importance in warfare to be able to construct such



THE BRASSEY TROPHY.



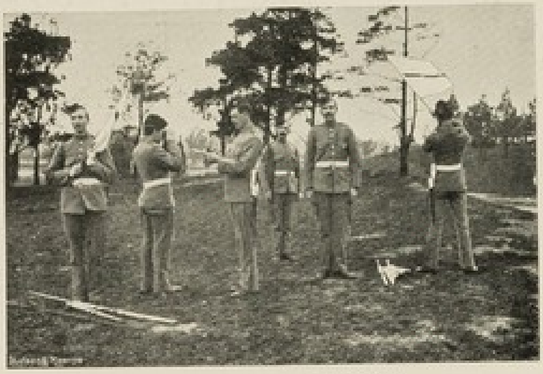
SOME ARTILLERY ATHLETES.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

A QUICK-FIRING GUN DETACHMENT.

works expeditiously, and our Royal Engineers are not to be beaten at it. The Victorians make a good display; the steep slope, it will be noticed, is formed with hooped gabions and sand-bags, two distinct forms of revetment, which are here combined for purposes of instruction; "revetment" being, as some of our readers may not be aware, the



INFANTRY SIGNALLERS.

technical term for any artificial means adopted to make an earth bank stand securely at a steeper angle than it would naturally assume.

The Infantry Militia consists of four battalions, the first



SOME INFANTRY ATHLETES.

being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. Robertson, the second by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Burston, the third by Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Williams, and the fourth by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Templeton.



THE SIGNALLING CORPS.



PRACTICAL FORTIFICATION.

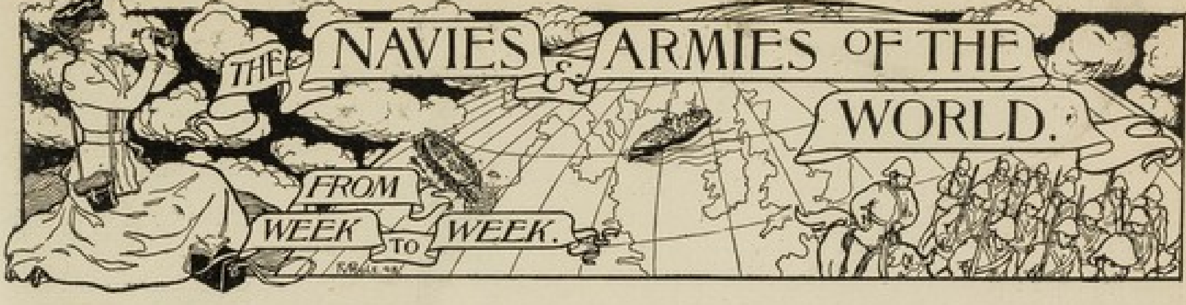
Some of the 2nd Battalion are represented with the Brassey Trophy, which they have succeeded in winning, displayed in front. This trophy is given by Lord Brassey, the Governor, for the purpose of encouraging field firing, as far as possible, under service conditions, and the winners are appropriately represented in the position of "ready" in the firing exercise. It would be hard to find a finer body of Militia. Some of the same battalion are also shown in "marching order," with their arms at the "slope," ready to move off.

The Infantry has, of course, its signalling staff, an indispensable adjunct of modern armaments, the exercise being familiarly known as "flag-wagging," just as the ordinary signalman's work afloat is termed "bunting-tossing." The signalling party is considered as indispensable nowadays as the ambulance corps, and one is tempted to marvel how Wellington and other generals got on before the Morse code and the signalling flag were invented.



 H. & K.

MARCHING ORDER.



THE great scene in Chatham Dockyard on the 15th made a strangely ironical commentary on the persistent talk about the Rescript of the Czar. A few people still persist in discussing the pious imagination of Nicholas II.—and one may add in attributing to it all sorts of meanings which it cannot be shown to have put into words. After all, the young Sovereign did not propose that he and his neighbours should agree to disarm, but only that they should come to an understanding not to increase their armaments indefinitely. What he and his advisers exactly want may be a matter of some doubt. One may even venture to suggest that they do not themselves quite know what it is they are after. But be that as it may, the point is, that while public men and well-meaning newspapers are gravely expressing approval of a suggestion which seems to tend towards at least a slackening in armaments, every State in the world is adding to its forces; and we who are as loud as another in professing our love of peace are as busy as anybody. To be sure there may be said to be one exception—the United States is about quadrupling its Army at a jump, which is the most considerable thing in the way of armaments done in our time. What makes the measure the more curious to look at is that the United States went to war to get tranquillity for itself and freedom for some other people. The net upshot of its efforts will infallibly be that it will incur the liability to stand ready for a great deal more fighting of one kind or another, and the freedom of its clients will consist in being controlled by the United States instead of by Spain.

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In the face of this condition of things we have every reason to be pleased that the "Irresistible" has followed the "Formidable" on to the water, and will soon be followed by the "Implacable." A launch is not an event which need be described to our readers. To me it seemed to be the kind of spectacle which I could not see too often. The mere sliding down of the vast bulk on to the water and out of the shed was grandiose, but it would have been better could one have seen the preparation also. One would like to have gone under the keel while she was still on the slips, and then over the ship herself. Then the mere outsider could better realise what the vast effort, of which the launch was the crown and completion so far, has been. Of course even this would show but a small part of the whole. Really, to get even a vague idea of the achievement, one ought to have seen the keel plate laid, and the immense, the strenuous daily effort and development of power which got the colossal ship ready for launching in seven months. It seemed to me to be more than the unaided human mind can grasp. Would it be possible to make a calculation of the amount of power put in motion to get the "Irresistible" so far forward? We calculate the force of an engine in so many horse powers. How many "men powers" have been engaged on the "Irresistible"? The estimate could, perhaps, not be made, but one would like to see it tried. The mere number of men who have worked at her directly or indirectly must amount to a little army, since, after all, much had to be done before the keel plate was laid. And, unfortunately for the poor Czar, it is every bit of it directed to produce something which exists to fight and destroy. Generally speaking, a dockyard is not a place which it is advisable to visit, unless you steadily keep in mind the invisible labour and ingenuity behind and beneath what can be seen. Litter and dirt and an air of straggling confusion hang over every dockyard. The effect produced on the natural man is simply one of bewilderment. Neither does any ship look imposing in a basin, with her paint all dingy, her belongings all, to the ignorant eye, anyhow nohow, and groups of busy figures in oily and greasy working suits swarming all about and over her. These things should be concealed from the mere idle holiday-maker, for they jar with his ideal picture of a British Navy which is always freshly painted and impeccably clean. It requires an education to understand and a certain effort of imagination to realise the essential order underlying the superficial hubbub.

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Why was Saint Barbara chosen to be the patron saintess of all gunners? It is one of those things which are to be known, and which one ought to know, but one does not. Meanwhile there is the fact that she does intercede for all gunners by land or sea. In the old French Navy the Sainte Barbe was the gun-room, and the name may be found with that meaning attached to it in all dictionaries. Moreover, in France she is the saint not only of gunners, but of all fire brigades. The Sapeurs Pompiers, who for some mysterious reason are a regular chopping-block for jokes on the other side of the Channel, hold their holiday on the day of her feast. This year it has been rather a considerable occasion round Paris. Various societies exist in that capital, such, for example, as the *Société* du Souvenir Francais, for the purpose of erecting and preserving monuments in commemoration of the fighting during the siege of 1870-71. They meet and speechify once a year early in December, and this time at least, if not always, the day chosen happened to be the Sunday which was also the Feast Day of Saint Barbara. There seems to have been a particularly numerous attendance, which is a fact of some significance. At least one guesses that a good few of the spectators went, who would not have gone under ordinary circumstances, because they wished to make a quiet protest against some recent and extremely foolish talk about an alliance which is to be knocked up between France and Germany against the "hereditary enemy," Perfidious Albion. The *Revue du Cercle Militaire* takes occasion to give a rather marked prominence to the celebration. Being as it is a semi-official, or almost semi-official, publication, it has to be very cautious in its language, but its meaning is pretty clear. Whatever the noisy gentlemen who shout through the colums of some Parisian papers may think fit to say, the mass of Frenchmen are by no means disposed to forget the war of 1870, still less to condone it as a preliminary to "having it out" with England.

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The *Revue* makes one assertion which sounds as if it ought to be true, but which I venture to think has no foundation in fact. It quotes "an eminent military writer," who says that "a people which has no memory is a lost people." Now there is something in this which tempts one to agree. It does seem right reason that a people which forgets "the famous deeds it did in ancient days" must be sadly sunk in spirit and without honest pride. But does it appear from the evidence that this is the case? For my part, what I take to be the truth is, that a people's memory of its past is most acute when it has either ceased to have an independent existence, or is greatly fallen, and has to console itself for the painful present by dwelling on the splendid past. Take our own case. Nobody who has tried can have failed to find out how much more lively the memory of their old history is among the Scotch than it is among the English. North of the Border there is hardly man, woman, or child to whom the names and deeds of Bruce and Wallace, of Queen Mary, of Knox, and of Bonny Prince Charlie are not perfectly familiar Scotchmen will break one another's heads, to this day, about the character of Mary Queen of Scots. Can anybody figure to himself an Englishman taking the trouble to as much as kick his neighbour's dog for the fair fame of Queen Elizabeth? It is sometimes said that Scotch history is richer in romantic stories than English, and is therefore better fitted for popular memory. But that theory will not hold water. The fight of the Cinque Ports' men with Eustace the Monk; the story of Edward II., his wife, and Mortimer; the fall of Richard II.; the adventures of Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry VI.; the evil deeds of that model of all wicked uncles, Richard III., and a dozen other passages in English history are as picturesque as the best Scotland can show. Yet it may safely be asserted that they are familiar only to those who make it their business to know something of English history or have some knowledge of literature.

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There are other people every whit as careless of their past as the English. When one says "people," one means the mass of the nation, not the small educated class who have learnt things out of books. A few years ago it suggested itself to an ingenious Frenchman to try to find out how much the peasantry in all parts of the country remembered of the national history. He discovered that there were just two things they had heard of. One was the ravages of the English in the time of the so-called "Hundred Years' War"—the invasions of Edward III. and Henry V. The memory of these was kept alive because in many parts of the centre and east of France there are ruins of castles, and caves, or caverns, which are called "of the Englishman." Many of these never probably had anything to do with any man of English birth, but the long succession of invasions of the old wars had burnt into popular memory so effectually that it had never died out. The details were all vague, or hopelessly wrong, but the central fact had been firmly grasped. So in Spain the peasantry attribute every ruin to the Moors, though the style of the building shows that it cannot have been made till centuries after they were driven from that part of the country. In England the general rule is that Oliver Cromwell is credited with all the damage done in past ages. One man strikes the imagination of his time and becomes legendary. Then everything is attributed to him, and wild legends gather round his name. Some thirty years ago or thereabouts, there was still alive an old man who had worked as a sort of under-gardener at Merton. He had seen Nelson, and was extremely fond of talking about him. According to this contemporary authority, the history of the Trafalgar campaign was that Ministers came and implored Nelson to save the country from the French, but that he would not go till he had "a roving commission." What this meant the old man could not explain, but it was his firm belief that the King had offered Nelson mountains of gold to go against the French, but that he folded his arms sternly, and said "No, not without a roving commission."

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The more thoughtful kind of Spaniards have been asking themselves anxiously for some time what they are to do with the mass of officers and officials who will be left unemployed by the loss of the Philippines and of their West Indian islands. It is indeed a very serious question, for the number is large—the list of Spanish generals is on a scale adequate to the Armies of France or Germany—and they have no means of subsistence except in Government employment. The Ministers of the Queen-Regent have already begun to take measures to give as many as possible something to do. A reorganisation scheme has already been made for the Army. According to this plan, the Army in future is to consist of 56 Line regiments of 2 battalions each, and 20 "cazador" or rifle regiments of 1 battalion. There are to be 4 companies to each battalion. The Line regiments are to consist of 668 rank and file in all, and the cazador battalions of 408. To command these moderate bodies there are to be in the Line regiments 1 colonel, 2 lieutenants-colonel, 3 majors, 13 captains, 16 first lieutenants, and 10 second lieutenants—45 officers in all, with 77 sergeants and corporals. The cazador battalions will have 23 commissioned, with 38 non-commissioned, officers. Whatever the Spanish Army may want for, it will assuredly not be short of officers. One hundred and twenty-two commissioned and non-commissioned officers to 668 soldiers is a generous allowance.

DAVID HANNAY.

The Boys' Brigade.

By Lieut.-Colonel John Graham.

WHAT is the Boys' Brigade? This question may be answered in several ways. First of all, it is a force which, if allowed to do so, will improve the boy-ruffian off the face of the street, whether in Chelsea, Lambeth, or elsewhere; secondly, it tackles boys at a critical time, between 12 and 17 years of age, when they generally receive a permanent bias for good or evil; thirdly, its principles are Christian, its organisation is military, and its object is the greatest good of the boys individually and collectively; fourthly, it teaches them to "fear God, honour the King," observe discipline, drill well, and do "all that tends towards a true Christian manliness"; lastly, it has justified the views of its promoters by becoming a great and acknowledged success.

Lord Roberts thus spoke, a few months ago, at Belfast, after inspecting a battalion of the boys: "There are few movements that appeal more to my sympathy, or in which I take a greater interest, than the Boys' Brigade, and there is none, I firmly believe, which will be attended with better results, if it is persevered in and meets with the support and encouragement it so well deserves." So far, it has received countenance in very high quarters. His Royal Highness the Duke of York is patron; the Archbishop of Canterbury, vice-patron; and the Earl of Aberdeen, honorary president. Among its other honorary office-bearers are peers and prelates, statesmen and soldiers. Three notable names appear together in the list, namely, those of Lords Wolseley, Roberts, and Methuen.

It is quite certain that the personages who have thus given their support to the movement would not have done so had they doubted its good effect on the commonweal. In times of stress and trial, such as may lie before us, it will give us good and well-disciplined men,

"For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land."

In times of peace it will swell the numbers of honest and loyal citizens. The main advantage of universal military service, as in Germany, is the course of education furnished by two years' strict duty. The men who pass through that experience are physically, morally, and mentally improved, and form habits which they find beneficial throughout their lives. They become better both as men and as producers; it is therefore a mistake to say that they are withdrawn from the industry of their country. They are, on the contrary, the better prepared for taking their part, just as men are enhanced in worth by a course of education at a university or elsewhere. We, who have not adopted compulsory service, should be only too thankful for voluntary help; and viewed in this light, the Boys' Brigade is a great national benefit.

Lord Reay, when presiding at the last annual meeting in London, said: "This movement has for its object, in the first place, to create that spirit of reverence without which no nation can long prosper or remain great. It has also for its object to create that spirit of discipline which is required in nations, whether they are great or whether they are small." The manner in which these ends are sought has commended itself to so many clergymen and others interested in the young, that there are now in the United Kingdom 771 companies, 2,807 officers, and 33,123 boys enrolled. But if we add the numbers which have joined the organisation in Greater Britain and the United States, the total is reached of 1,530 companies, 5,200 officers, and 66,500 boys.

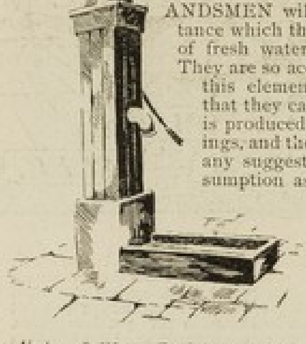
Important as these figures are, they do not represent the whole of the good that has been done by the Boys' Brigade. Other bodies, on different and narrower bases, have been called into being by its example, and are doubtless also helping the cause of morality and order. It is, however, to be noted as creditable to the good sense and foresight of those who conduct the original movement, that the following rules are in force: "No uniform clothing is allowed to be worn in the Boys' Brigade by either officers or boys. The only authorised uniform for boys is the regulation cap, belt, and haversack, with the addition of shoulder-belt for sergeants, and music-pouch for band," and it is laid down that, even in correspondence, "Officers of the Brigade should not be addressed by military titles except by the boys."

Ostentation and pretence have no place in the Boys' Brigade. The officers are earnest and self-sacrificing. They know that if they take care of the boys the men will take care of themselves, and they recognise in military drill and *esprit de corps* the most effectual means of enlisting and retaining boys on the side of right and duty.

Those who desire to know more about this interesting subject can easily do so, as the Brigade is largely represented in London and throughout the country. The honour of originating the work, and of being its moving spirit for fifteen years, belongs to Major W. A. Smith, a Glasgow volunteer officer, whose corps and country may well be proud of his achievements.

DISTILLED WATER.

By R. R. R.



LANDSMEN will hardly realise the importance which the question of a good supply of fresh water possesses on board ship. They are so accustomed to a sufficiency of this elementary and necessary liquid, that they can think but little of how it is produced and brought to their dwellings, and they would probably look upon any suggestion of economy in its consumption as the essence of stinginess. In a vessel it is a vital matter, and there have been times when a pint of fresh water has had a greater value than a tray of diamonds, while occasionally it would have been more welcome than the elixir of life. Such occasions occurred frequently before modern advances in science showed how to obtain fresh from salt water; but even in the present day they sometimes happen; and always, on board ship, economy must be exercised.

As in old-time craft, modern vessels are fitted with a number of tanks, in which a quantity of fresh water is carried, calculated to last sufficiently long to ensure that a fresh supply shall be obtained before the last is exhausted. This period extends to about fifteen days, in many ships, if care is taken with the expenditure, but the time may be nearly doubled by the exercise of rigid economy. In addition to this storage, all modern vessels possess distilling appliances of sufficient capacity to meet the daily needs of the crew and passengers; and the length of time the supply will last depends more upon the amount of coal available for distilling purposes than upon the quantity of fresh water that can be carried.

A ton of coal will generally produce about five tons of fresh water, and, with some of the more recent appliances, as much as eight or nine tons. In addition to the advantage of reduced weight in the bulk to be carried, distilled water has the property of purity, and its use is attended with a higher standard of health than is often the case with fresh water obtained from the shore.

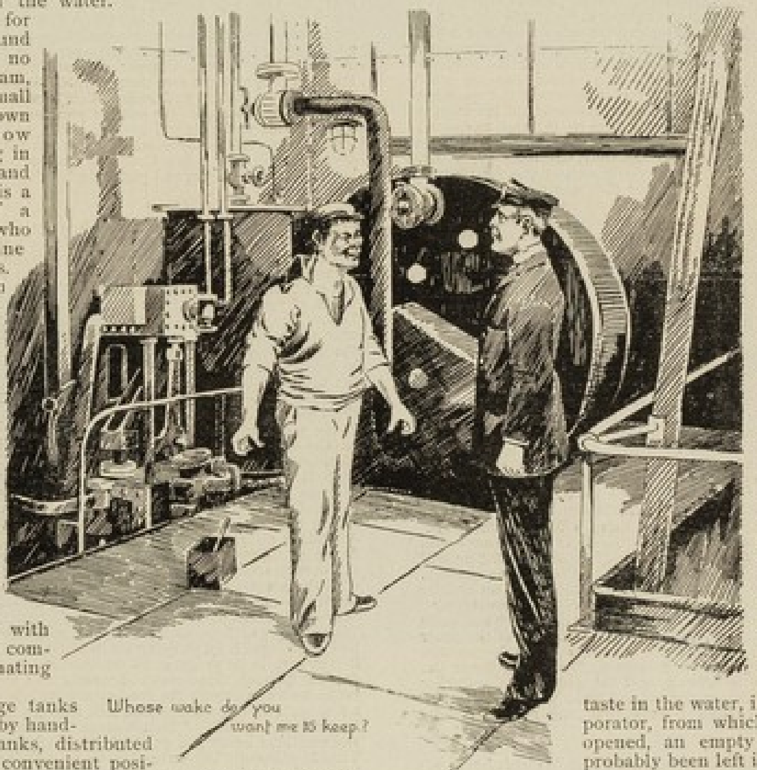
Although a given quantity of coal produces a much greater weight of distilled water, yet the coal used for this purpose, say in a year, assumes a high figure. About fifteen tons of water per day is required on board a large man-of-war. This entails a coal expenditure of about three tons per day, which amounts to over 1,000 tons of coal per year for the production of fresh water only. In consequence of this large expenditure, it is always necessary to avoid even an approach to extravagance; and, further, in the not improbable case of a part of the distilling machinery breaking down, a still stricter limitation must be exercised, often to such an extent as to cause much personal discomfort.

To produce fresh water from sea water a distilling apparatus is employed, consisting of an evaporator and a distiller, with a number of pumps to cool and condense the steam and to pump the water produced into the storage tanks. The evaporator is much like a boiler, the only difference being that the heating agent which boils the sea water is very hot steam at a high pressure supplied from the ship's boilers, which boilers are capable of generating steam at a very high pressure for other purposes. The steam or vapour which rises in the evaporator from the sea water it contains passes into a separate chamber, called the distiller. This distiller generally consists of two chambers, in one of which the steam is condensed, and in the other the spray is cooled. The cooled fresh water falls to the bottom of the distiller, and is drawn from there by the pumps and forced through a system of pipes extending throughout the ship into the storage tanks. The evaporator, distiller, and its satellite pumps are generally placed near each other in a corner of the main engine-room, so as to be readily under control, and all are placed in the charge of a trained stoker. Standing in this corner, and drinking off a glass of distilled water from the bottom of the distiller, one is remotely reminded of Ruskin's reference to the first pools of the streams which supply towns with water, that "we could not use the loveliest art more worthily than by sheltering the spring and its first pools by precious marbles." We have in this semi-dark corner of the engine-room the beginnings of the stream which supplies a ship's crew with water; but where are the lovely art and the precious marbles? And where is the genius that will tell us how to work them in? There is plenty of science, and plenty of refined workmanship, but it is all covered up, and is out of sight.

The stoker in charge has generally an easy time, as, when all the valves are properly adjusted, no alteration in them may be required for hours. Still, he must keep up a

constant attention, in order to ensure that everything is working properly. Under these conditions his duty is rather a dreary one, and the warmth of the atmosphere in the engine-room, and the steady, monotonous beat of the pumps, are liable to have a somnolent effect upon him. The officer on duty must pay him frequent visits to see that he is alert or that he does not get too absorbed in the penny periodicals with which he too often surreptitiously provides himself in order to relieve the tedium of his duties. A stoker of Irish extraction was once caught in the act of napping, and was asked why he did not keep awake. The idea raised in his mind woke him up at once, and he answered: "Keep a wake, sorr! Sure it's meeself can do that; whose wake would you want me to keep?"

The storage tanks into which the distilled water is delivered will, in a large man-of-war, hold about 200 tons. These tanks correspond to the reservoirs from which a town is usually supplied, but here the analogy ceases. The town reservoirs are extensive, built of stone or cement, open to the atmosphere, with glorious sunsets reflected up from their surface. They are often overhung by luxuriant trees, and situated in picturesque localities. Some are adorned with notice-boards around their margins, warning all that may be concerned not to bathe or fish in the water. There is no necessity for these warnings around the ship's tanks, for no sane person would dream, even if he was small enough to squeeze down through the narrow entrances, of bathing in such a dark, dismal, and chilly well. There is a report, however, of a luckless individual who had occasion to examine one of these tanks. Reaching over through the man-hole at the top, he had the misfortune to fall in. He struggled hard to gain the surface, and from thence scrambled to the only outlet, and had succeeded in getting his body partly through, when he was confronted by the captain of the hold (whose duty it was to superintend the fresh water tanks), and was promptly threatened with being reported to the commander for contaminating the water.



Whose wake do you want me to keep?

From the storage tanks the water is pumped by hand-pumps to smaller tanks, distributed about the vessel in convenient positions. As the crew are in need of water for the various purposes of drinking and cooking, so they go to the pump and heave round until their tanks are full. It was a happy thought on the part of the designers to employ only hand-pumps for supplying the deck tanks; for when men have to work hard to obtain the water, they realise its value all the more, and are not so extravagant as they otherwise would be. Though rarely, there are occasionally to be found on board ship "Weary Williams" and "Slack Sams," and these will often put themselves and others to inconvenience rather than perform what they think too much labour. "Come along, Bill," said a tar to one of these characters, "heave round the pump, or we sha'n't get any dinner to-day." "Why can't the dinner be baked?" replied Bill. "It's salt pork," said the other. But Bill was not convinced, and only answered, "Well, what's the odds?"

It is a trying time when, for one reason or another, extreme economy is the order of the day. Sentries are posted to keep watch over the deck tanks and to allow no one to draw water from them except when properly authorised, and then only up to the stated allowance. Paint work and hammocks must then be cleaned with sea water; and, on extreme occasions, there is nothing but sea water to use for cleansing clothes, bedding, and for personal ablutions. Many are the wishes then for some patent soap which would produce a lather from sea water, but these desires are as vain as those of the old man who enquired for the friends of his youth, and echo answers in both cases, "Where are they?" and the notes of echo die away mockingly into the distance.

Stokers must have a fresh water bath, but in these circumstances their allowance must also be curtailed, and this leads to frequent disputes among them as to a fair division of the precious element. The first who reach the bath-room take the biggest share, and the last must whistle for his or do the best he can with salt water.

It rarely happens that there is not sufficient for drinking and cooking, but there are times when a pint of water will be sold by one tar to another for a couple of pipes of tobacco. When the value of water has reached this stage, it must be considered very precious.

Distilled water, such as is produced by evaporators on board ship, is naturally pure, and on this account it is almost universally used, even in ports where there is a plentiful supply of fresh water. Occasionally, however, some foreign substance will find its way into it and render it unpalatable or even injurious to health. The most likely cause of impurity is salt, which may pass into the distilled water by the too violent ebullition of the sea water in the evaporator, or it may leak into the distiller through the tubes which separate the condensing steam from the cooling sea water, or again there may be some leakage from the sea into the storage tanks.

The presence of salt is easily detected, either by tasting or by chemical treatment with nitrate of silver. When its presence has been established, the engineer staff starts on a hunt to discover where the leakage takes place. As a rule it does not take long to localise the offending part, and not much longer to remedy the defect. There must be some good reason for undertaking this hunt, as the palate alone is likely to be a deceptive test, and complaints of impurity are sometimes made which, when traced, are found to be due to the inferior quality of the tea or to the dirtiness of the kettles.

Grease sometimes contaminates the water, which substance, although not injurious to health, is nevertheless very unpalatable. On one report of bad taste in the water, it was traced to the evaporator, from which was drawn, on being opened, an empty oil lamp, which had probably been left inside with oil in it while the apparatus was being cleaned. At another time the impurity was traced to one particular deck tank; this was opened, and from the inside was drawn an old boot, several socks, a flannel vest, two greasy caps, and a number of other articles. These had been, apparently, stowed out of the way on the top of the tank, and then (the man-hole cover having been taken off, perhaps to facilitate getting water) forced in by other things placed on this convenient shelf.

To the old salt, whose life was principally passed in wooden vessels, the present supply of fresh water on board ship appears as a luxury. Says he, tugging away contemplatively at the place where his forelock used to curl, "You can't call a modern seaman a salt. He never eats enough salt junk, and never gets put on such a short allowance of water as to make him look out upon the sea and long to take a drink of it. In my time the sea was both god and devil. A god who preserved our food, such as it was; and a devil who, when we got a violent thirst, looked up smiling and tempting, inviting us to drink as much as we pleased; and, if we yielded, turned round upon us and drove us mad—mad for more, yet never satisfied."

Our worthy friend would open his eyes still wider if he knew that there is the additional luxury in store of iced drinks. Refrigerating apparatus, introduced into some warships for the purpose of keeping magazines cool to preserve gunpowder, is likely to be utilised for the purpose of preserving fresh food and for producing ice.

LITERARY NEWS . .
AND . . . .
BOOKS TO BE READ.

ONE of the best qualities of a novel is to arrest and retain the attention of its readers. That quality I found in an eminent degree in Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's "Mysterious Mr. Sabin" (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). The gentleman in question is almost a Cagliostro, a spy and arch plotter, or a "Mephistocles," as his secret instrument and minion calls him. He is filled with insatiable hatred of England, and the resource and fertility of invention displayed by Mr. Oppenheim in developing the resulting situations are extraordinary. Of course it is not to be supposed that a retired admiral, who spends half his nights in writing upon the defences of the Empire, could possess the key to England's weakness. Lord Deringham is thought by all his kindred to be the victim of mania, but they conceive greater respect for him when it is discovered that no resource is left untried to seize his papers. There is indeed one symptom in the admiral's furious zeal that reminds me of the actual mania of 1859, namely, his extraordinary care for coast defences, and, perhaps, if Mr. Oppenheim had understood the question of national defence better, he would have made the point of his story a little different. But this detracts not a whit from its interest as a novel of sensation. The huge plotting of Germany, the machinations of the Ambassador, the doings at the Russian Embassy, the mystery of Mr. Sabin's lustriously beautiful niece, the love scenes, and the working of the secret society, are all skilfully used for the making of a story of singular fascination. Though a sensational novel, there is considerable literary power in these pages, for the author has a fine sense of style combined with a real grip of character. Politics, mystery, and romance are very happily blended.

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Mr. Louis Becke, whose volumes have all a notable character, has been styled "the Ulysses of Pacific waters." There is the charm of freshness about his books, owing to the merit of the style and the strangeness of the scenes. To two of them my attention has lately been attracted. One consists of short stories from his own pen, while in the other he has collaborated with Mr. Walter Jeffery. Together they wrote "A First Fleet Family," and "The Mutineer" (Unwin, 6s.) is a kindred book. It is a vivifying of the curious story of the mutiny of the "Bounty," and keeps pretty closely to the accepted version of events. The story opens with the visit of Bligh to Tahiti for bread-fruit trees to carry to the West Indies, and he is represented as little more than a bully, though, when he is sent adrift with his companions, and we lose sight of him, the authors speak of the fine qualities he displayed in navigating the frail craft to Timor. They assign love for native women as an equal cause with the tyrannical bearing of Bligh for the mutiny. The wanderings of the mutineers, their difficulties, hardships, and gloomy suspicious of one another, with their misfortunes and adventures, are described. The jaded reader of superficial fiction will turn with gratification to a well-written story of the famous mutiny, because of its strange and unusual scenes, and its handling of unfamiliar historic fact. In the other volume, "Rodman the Boatsteerer" (Unwin, 6s.), twenty short tales are included. The title story is a virile picture of whaling and mutiny in Samoan waters, and most of the other yarns and sketches are cast in the company of mutineers, beach-combers, blackbirders, pearlers, and other of such classes. Over dark deeds the glamour of a graceful fancy is thrown, and the pictures of seafaring life in the South Seas are convincingly real and vivid, while the descriptive writing is excellent, though I note that the grammar halts sometimes.

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There is nothing in "Across the World for a Wife" (Ward, Lock, 5s.) to match the fascination of mysterious and dark-browed Dr. Nikola. Mr. Guy Boothby has written a story of wild doings in foreign lands in search of a lost hero, the pursuers being a very curious company, and the chase, when run to earth in a Cuban gaol, a very pitiable object. But he has been wronged by a cousin, and from his woebegone exterior there emerges an English squire. Then, when at last he has his own again, the book ends happily with a couple of weddings. There are many readers, I fancy, of this class of literature, which after all may harmlessly beguile an idle hour, but Mr. Boothby can do better work, I am sure.

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Perhaps I might have numbered "The Cardinal's Page," by James Baker (Chapman, 6s.), among the Christmas books I recently spoke of. It is designed, perhaps, mostly for the young, though cast in the fiery days of religious brawls in Bohemia, where John Huss had but lately been burned. Mr. Baker deserves credit for the wealth of adventure and the vigour of action he has put into his pages. I have not read his earlier novels, but from the high encomiums which I see have been bestowed upon them, I expected much from this story of historical adventure—too much, perhaps. But "The Cardinal's Page," though readable enough, is not a convincing story. The opening episode of the seizing of Wotton Manor has not the touch of reality, and the same remark applies to other parts of the book. "Saw this heretic the good priest ye spake of?" is an extract illustrating the too archaic dialogue. The historical novelist should know how to impart local colour without too much of the "methinks" and the "how now?" This said, let me add that those who like lurid stories of religious quarrel will find much to their taste in Mr. Baker's volume.

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Most people will like far better "Sea Urchins," by W. W. Jacobs (Lawrence and Bullen, 3s. 6d.). The author is a true humourist, and the dullest soul will be moved to laughter by his racy imaginings. It is long since I read anything so good of its kind. "Smoked Skipper" is capital, and the vernacular of the best. There is a pirate boy on board, with his head stuffed with "The One-armed Buccaneer," and "Captain Kidd's Last Voyage"; and the skipper and his crew humour him with blood-curdling stories, until the time comes for clearing his head of cobwebs. "'E's a beastly little rascal, thet's wot 'e is," says one; "fancy larfin' when I told 'im of pitchin' the baby to the sharks." But the young pirate soon gives them a Roland for an Oliver. When he has slipped overboard, stolen the boat, and left them on shore waiting, trembling and in vain, for the infernal machine to explode which he says he has left among the kegs of gunpowder, the situation is excruciatingly funny. This is but one expression of Mr. Jacobs' peculiar humour. "The Rash Experiment" is better still, and is truly a side-splitting yarn, arising out of the presence on board, for a holiday cruise, of the wives of the skipper and mate. The humour of "Brother Hutchins" is not less, and there is rollicking fun in "Pickled Herring," "Two of a Trade," and some other sketches. The drollery of Mr. Jacobs is irresistible. He sweeps you along in his merry craft with a spontaneous and original gaiety, and a waft of the ludicrous that is highly diverting. Those who have read "Many Cargoes" will not be disappointed with "Sea Urchins," which I warmly commend to all lovers of true humour, and particularly of that filled with the strong salt of the sea.

* * * *

Appropriately at this season, when the young are to be entertained, I have turned to "The Surprising Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen," a humorously illustrated edition (Wells Gardner, 3s. 6d.). Those immersed in serious concerns will not, perhaps, grasp the full flavour of the fantastic whimsicality of the famous Baron, but the open mind of youth revels in his unexampled drollery. Your "Search-Light," long before his beams were disclosed, discovered Munchausen, even in the nursery. Never will he forget the celebrated ride through the gate, where the thirsty steed drinks fast, and the Baron turns round in his saddle, surprised to discover the fluid pouring out on the ground, for the poor beast's hindquarters have been cut off by the portcullis descending as he passed under the arch. Nor, again, that journey through Russia, where the beast is tied to a stake, and the Baron awakes in the morning to find him hanging by his bridle to the weather-vane on the steeple, for the snow has melted to the ground while he slept. Nor, once more, that leap into Etna, where Munchausen makes acquaintance with Vulcan and the Cyclops, flirts with Venus, and, for his sins, is dropped through a hole, and comes out at the other side of the globe. Sheer audacity is at the root of the success of all these stories. Vastly entertaining is that of his visit to "his old friend Elliot," then defending Gibraltar. With a telescope, "purchased of Dollond," he discovers a gunner of the enemy just about to discharge a 36-pounder at the very spot where Elliot stands. Instantly he lays a 48-pounder, with the utmost nicety, upon the hostile gun, and at the very moment when the man applies the match he fires his own gun. "About midway between the two pieces the balls struck each other with amazing force. The enemy's ball recoiled with such violence as to kill the man who had discharged it by carrying his head fairly off, with sixteen others that it met with in its progress to the Barbary coast; where its force, after passing through three masts of vessels, was so much spent that it only broke its way through the roof of a poor labourer's hut, and destroyed a few teeth an old woman had left, who lay asleep upon her back with her mouth open." "Munchausen" is an accretion of unblushing asseverations upon the original stock of the curious old first edition. The *Gentleman's Magazine* ten years ago learnedly discoursed upon his original, who is supposed to have been a swindling Baron Carl Friedrich Munchhausen, who appeared at Halberstadt in 1702. Gulliver is his nearest literary kinsman. Quixote is further removed.

* * * *

The book is, perhaps, the best index of the age. All these issues of variously entertaining fiction which I have spoken of—and there are more, as well as books of more serious import, awaiting space to be dealt with—are cast in the happy form of a single volume. It is but a few years since the three-volume novel was the type and pattern of all fiction, and now that day seems as dead as the far-off times of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, "the admirable Sapho," with her ten-volume romances. But though books change, there is one that remains constant—old "Debrett." The original John Debrett carried on his business and produced his "Correct Peerage," to which a "Baronetage" was subsequently added, at a shop opposite to Burlington House, Piccadilly. He was famous in his time, and Nelson bowed to his view as to the Dukedom of Bronte, and "Debrett" is famous still. The new edition for 1899 of the "Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (Dean, 31s. 6d.), has just appeared. It is a portly volume indeed, but still a single one, and is quite indispensable to all who move in Society, or are concerned in any way with the great world. The new edition has been so well and recently revised, that the Khartoum honours are inserted in their proper places in the text. Those interested in questions of precedence will turn with confidence to the clear exposition in the preface of the history of the recent Royal Warrant to the children of Life Peers. Thus "Debrett" is ready at every point, and with real pleasure I chronicle the appearance of the volume.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Another Frontier Rising.



BENGAL LANCERS.

AFTER the prolonged and comprehensive Frontier troubles of last year, there seemed reason to hope that the Indian border tribes would settle down to a lengthened spell of more or less tranquil subjection to British rule. This hope was confirmed by the receipt of news only a few weeks back to the effect that the Afridis, who had taken a very conspicuous part in last year's risings, had accepted the terms imposed upon them by the Indian Government as the result of Sir William Lockhart's campaign in Tirah. But between what may reasonably be expected to happen on the North-West Frontier and what generally *does* happen, there is a distinction with a difference.



"WHERE ARE THOSE DRIVERS WITH THE GRAIN?"

The 1897 risings originated, it will be remembered, with an attack on the Malakand Camp, led by an elderly fanatic known as the Mad Mullah, a native of the Buner Valley, which is next door, so to speak, to the Swat Valley, traversed by the Chitral Expedition in 1895.

The Mad Mullah's attack on the Malakand Camp was a distinct failure, and he himself, after retiring into the Buner country, was subsequently compelled to flee into the mountainous region known as Kohistan. Here he has been nursing ideas of vengeance until the other day, when he suddenly appeared in the Swat Valley at the head of a force of Kohistanis, and began to threaten our ally, the Nawab of Dir. A number of Swatis flocked to his standard, and for the moment it looked as if the rising would prove serious. At the time of writing the situation has improved, and it is regarded as most probable that the trouble will subside as quickly as it arose. But the Indian Government has, none the less, thought it desirable to take some significant precautions.

As soon as the Mad Mullah appeared on the scene, the movable column, consisting of some 2,500 men, which is specially charged with the duty of watching this part of the Frontier, in co-operation with the Malakand garrison, was moved to Chakdara, on the Swat river, a station of great value as a point of observation, being, in fact, quite close to the fort from which the redoubtable Umra Khan, of Chitral notoriety, used to dominate the whole Swat Valley. In addition to this step, orders were shortly afterwards issued for the concentration of a force of two brigades of infantry with divisional and line of communication troops, which it was proposed, if the necessity arises, to move up forthwith to the reinforcement of the Malakand and Chakdara garrisons. In these circumstances the pictures we reproduce to-day are of special interest as both illustrating Frontier warfare in general and giving some interesting details of Chakdara Fort in particular.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

BRIDGE-HEAD, CHAKDARA.

Our Bengal Lancer illustration recalls very vividly the splendid work done in half-a-dozen Frontier campaigns—not



MOUNTAIN GUN IN ACTION.

to speak of the Afghan War—by these fine corps, among which the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 13th Bengal Lancers may claim to stand in the very first rank of native cavalry in India or anywhere else. Of these regiments the first two are relics of the famous Hodson of Hodson's Horse, while the 11th is sometimes quoted as *the* smartest Indian cavalry corps, and the 13th has a reputation all its own for dash and solid fighting efficiency. It has been mentioned in these pages before that the Bengal cavalry trooper is almost invariably a man of good birth and position, drawn from the fighting classes, and, under what is known as the Silladar system, the actual proprietor of the horse he rides. A Bengal cavalry regiment in peace-time is a picturesque sight, but on a Frontier campaign it has an even greater attractiveness for those who can appreciate the value of mounted units so self-contained, so mobile, and so everlastingly ready to fight.

The two pictures, one of which shows a mountain gun in action, while the other shows the mules of a mountain battery waiting for the feed bugle to sound, are simply redolent of Frontier warfare. The mountain gun has been immortalised by Kipling, and certainly deserves any panegyric that ever has been or ever will be bestowed upon it. The manner in which mountain batteries have scaled heights that ordinary infantry would think twice about attempting, and then come into action, to the utter surprise of everybody, and the extreme dismay of the enemy, has been lovingly described by more than one competent military historian. But it is questionable whether this branch of the Service will ever receive the full credit to which it is entitled for both bringing doubtful engagements to a victorious conclusion, and also for greatly lessening the loss that would infallibly have attended unaided infantry attacks.



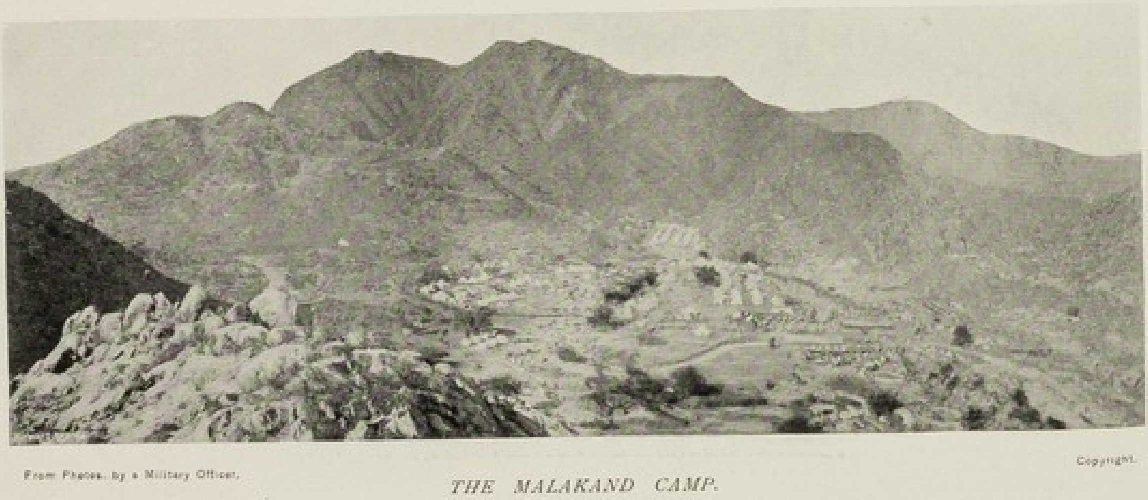
MAIN GUARD, CHAKDARA FORT.

The titles appended to the pictures of the Malakand Camp and of Chakdara Fort are mostly self-explanatory. It will be seen that the latter is a very substantial structure, as, indeed, it needs to be when it is considered that it serves to guard a highly-important bridge. The passage of the Swat river at this point was an important operation in the Chitral Expedition of 1895, and was cleverly carried out by the brigade under General Waterfield, the officer to whom was entrusted the command of the two brigades ordered to be held in readiness to move into the Swat Valley if necessary. On that occasion the river had to be forded, but as the ford is only occasionally practicable it was subsequently found necessary to build a bridge, and a picture of the bridge-head forms one of the interesting series we here reproduce. The illustration of the main guard with its circular bastions shows that a rush of fanatics unarmed with artillery would have little chance against the Chakdara garrison, while the Picquet Tower which covers the hill on the west of the fort is also a strong and business-like defensive work, considering the class of attack to which it is likely to be exposed.



A PICQUET TOWER, CHAKDARA.

There is no doubt that the system we are pursuing on the Frontier is having a marked effect, and that the tribes are impressed not only by having constantly before them the spectacle of smart, well-drilled, well-armed, and well-disciplined native troops, but also by seeing these troops safely ensconced behind walls much less open to a "Ghazi" rush than an ordinary camp.



From Photos. by a Military Officer. THE MALAKAND CAMP. Copyright.

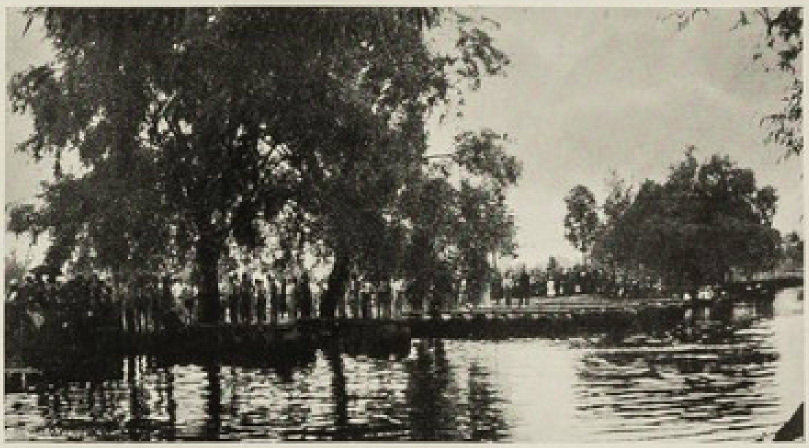
Building a Barrel Bridge.

THE advantage of training boys to be soldiers from their early youth is daily becoming more evident; not only do they learn much that will be a help to them in after life should they choose the Army as a profession, but their whole physique is improved by the drills and exercises consequent on their military education. The engineering branch of the Service possesses many attractions; boys like building redoubts, making bridges, and all the other interesting subjects comprised in field fortification, which is so thoroughly gone into, both in theory and practice, amongst "Sappers." At present these Volunteer Engineer Cadet Corps are only eight in number, but it is to be hoped that the good work and smartness shown by the few will induce the many to come forward, and that soon each Engineer battalion of volunteers will be proud to have attached to it the Cadet Corps of one of England's many far-famed schools. The accompanying illustrations are of the inspection by Major Tyler, R.E., in July last, of the Tower Hamlet Cadet Corps, which is composed of Bedford Grammar School boys. After a morning spent in drills and battalion movements, in which they are well trained by their popular commander, Captain Glünicke, who, himself every inch a soldier, takes a proper pride in the efficiency of his corps, they adjourned to the river's side. At the point chosen for their practice the stream is 70-ft. across, and yet in the astonishingly short space of twelve minutes they had built a substantial roadway to the opposite bank, and in another ten minutes had demolished the structure and returned the stores. We hardly think a better record could be produced by workers of longer experience and riper age.



CARRYING THE CHESSES.

The making of barrel bridges is one amongst many of the exercises in which these boy soldiers excel, and Captain Glünicke is well qualified to direct their efforts, having been with the German Army at the siege of Strasburg, when on September 21, 1870, a bridge was built across a moat with beer barrels found at Schiltigheim.



THE PIERS LAUNCHED.

Cask bridges are especially adapted to countries where beer is brewed and the rivers sluggish; thus the Great Ouse at Bedford lends itself to the operation, the river flowing smoothly between willow-studded banks, and the town containing many breweries. Here in an adjoining field the boys pitch their tent, and here they prepare their piers of casks. Each pier is composed of seven casks placed closely side by side, and kept in position by two pieces of wood, called gunnels, laid along the top of the casks, projecting over each end, and secured by means of slings and braces. When a sufficient number of piers are ready they are launched simultaneously.

Then begins the making of the bridge. This is accomplished by moving two of the piers till they are parallel with each other, leaving a distance of 10-ft. between, and connecting them by tie baulks long enough to rest on both gunnels of each pier; these are securely lashed across the ends of the gunnels, and at right angles to the piers. Between them other baulks are laid, which for ordinary work need not be fastened. On top are placed planks called chesses, which are kept steady by ribands racked down. Every raft carries twenty chesses, ten for its own use and ten to form the bay or superstructure that connects it with the next raft off shore. An anchor and buoy accompany each pier to hold it firmly against wind and tide. Two piers joined in the way above described are called a cask raft.

These rafts can be put together at convenient distances along the river's bank, and rowed or towed into position, thus expediting the manufacture of the bridge; or if secrecy is an object, they may be got ready at some distance from their destination, and, when a favourable opportunity occurs, brought quickly to the site of the bridge, when a few minutes



Photos. E. Broughton. Copyright.

TROOPING ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

suffice to finish the structure.

But this eventuality does not come into the calculation of the Tower Hamlet Cadet Corps as they build their passage across the Ouse, so the onlooker is enabled to watch their work from start to finish.

In an incredibly short time the piers are launched, joined to form the cask rafts, and made firm with baulks and chesses for the many feet of the builders, who, as soon as the last finishing touch is completed, hasten to test the solidity of the bridge by doubling in fours across it to the opposite bank and back again.

Only a few minutes are allowed them thus to enjoy the fruit of their handiwork; the word of command is given, and each soldier is at his post dismantling what he so eagerly constructed but a short time before. Like a flash the bridge is gone, and the piers hauled, as if by one man, out of the water.



Photo. E. Broughton. Copyright.

DISMANTLING THE BRIDGE—THE LAST CASK RAFT.

The boys march back to their school pleased with their performance, and with the well-deserved praise they have gained by their zeal and cleverness.

Cask bridges have not been used in the late wars owing to the surroundings being unsuitable, but in Ashanti, 1896, a bridge on barrel piers 150-ft. long was constructed across the Prah, one officer, one sergeant, four men of the Royal Engineers, and one civil engineer superintending, while the labour was provided by unskilled natives. This, we think, is the last instance of a barrel bridge having been made in war-time.

The Wounded from the Soudan.

THE recent visit of the Queen to Netley Hospital, for the special purpose of inspecting the sick and wounded from the field of Omdurman, is but one of countless instances in which Her Most Gracious Majesty has displayed the closest possible interest in the welfare of her brave soldiers. The eagerness with which such visits are looked forward to by the men themselves may well be imagined, but it would be difficult to describe the intense joy and pride which are felt by each patient to whom his august Mistress on these occasions bestows kindly attention and words of womanly sympathy. In the visit alluded to the interesting nature of the ceremony was heightened by the presence of the Sirdar, to whom, of course, such singular credit is due for the fact that the "butcher's bill" at Omdurman was not enormously larger than it was. Among the 800 men in the wards of Netley Hospital on the occasion of this visit, nearly 350 were undergoing surgical treatment for wounds received in action, or for injuries sustained during active service. Of these, surely by no means the least interesting patients were the men of the 21st Lancers who were so terribly knocked about during the now historic charge of the regiment at the battle of Khartoum. We give herewith portraits of four of these gallant fellows, including that of the non-commissioned officer who absolutely declined, though already badly wounded, to fall out, and who eventually emerged from the charge *minus* a useful feature, but *plus* a reputation for which a good many would be content to lay down their lives. A cavalry charge is generally productive of some very ugly things in the way of wounds. But we may be quite sure that the worst wounded man in Netley Hospital would cheerfully have gone through twice as much as he did in order to not only receive the approbation of his country but also the spoken sympathy of the Queen

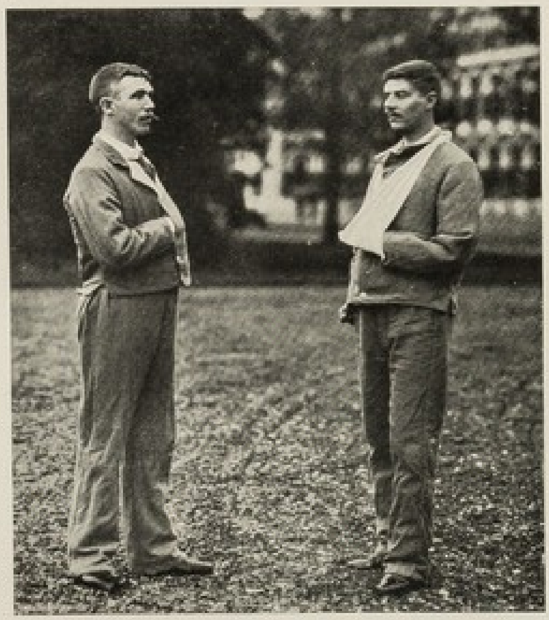


Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

WOUNDED HEROES OF THE LANCERS' CHARGE.

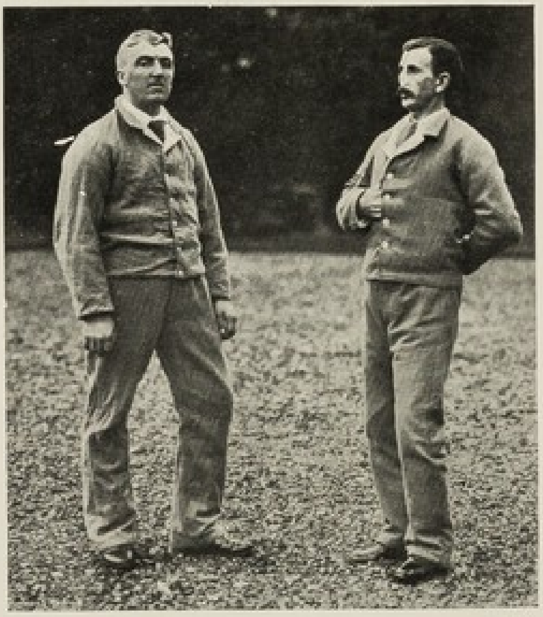


Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

FELLOW-SUFFERERS CONVALESCENT.

Per Mare, per Terram.

GATEKEEPER to-day, at the front lodge of a country house in the County of Westmeath, is the fine old Naval veteran whose portrait is here reproduced. David Verrent was born at Fareham, in Hampshire, in 1819, and is thus the same age as the great Queen-Empress he has served so loyally. Also he entered the Service, or rather took his rating as an able-bodied seaman in it, in 1837, the year Her Majesty came to the throne.

As the medals on his left breast show, he has seen a bit of service, and his first one came to him early in his service, for it is the Naval general service medal that covered all the operations of the Great War, and he holds it in right of having served in the last campaign for which it was issued—the



Photo. N. V. Lester Lewis. Copyright.
"AN HEART OF OAK."

capture of Acre and the operations on the coast of Syria in 1840. His next decoration was earned in the Crimea, where he won the Baltic medal, gained only by the Navy, and a transfer to a ship in the Black Sea gave him the Crimean medal with the Sebastopol clasp, and also the Turkish medal. That he holds that for long service and good conduct goes without saying. This fine old veteran, after nearly thirty years' service, is now over thirty years retired.

IF the casual passer-by would turn from Whitehall, underneath the Horse Guards' pathway, to where the parade ground fronts on to St. James's Park, he would find two war relics that are of great interest. They are old guns, mounted on ornamental carriages—or rather in one case on a pedestal—that recall some stirring scenes in this Empire's military history.

As you stand in front of the archway facing the park, there is on your left an old mortar, used by the French at the siege of Cadiz in 1812. Its story is an interesting one, for it to-day stands on the Horse Guards' Parade



Photo. K. Curtis. Copyright.
A RELIC OF THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN 1801.

"to commemorate the raising of the siege of Cadiz, in consequence of the glorious victory gained by the Duke of Wellington over the French, near Salamanca, on July 22, 1812. This mortar, cast for the destruction of the great port, with powers surpassing all others, and abandoned by the



Photo. K. Curtis. Copyright.
A PENINSULA RELIC.

besiegers on their retreat, was presented, as a token of respect and gratitude, by the Spanish nation to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent." So runs the quaint legend, in English on one side and in Latin on the other of the pedestal on which it is mounted. The gun on the right is probably of an older date, for it is a relic of Abercromby's campaign in Egypt in 1801, a long—very long—brass smooth bore of big calibre, and mounted on a trophy carriage built at Woolwich. The carriage is panelled along its length. At the breech end is a trophy of sword and sword and sceptre; next, a crocodile; then Britannia, with the Lion crouched beside her, gazing over a vista in which the Pyramids stand out prominently; and, of course the "G. R." cypher and the Garter Star



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.
FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE "GANGES."

THERE are not many sports the Navy is not keenly interested in There are not many ships in commission that cannot turn out a decent team of any kind, whether it be for cricket, football, hockey, polo, golf, or any sport that Britons indulge in. The photograph here reproduced shows us the "socker" team of the "Ganges." This is one of the Government training-ships for boys which are dotted around our coasts, this particular one being stationed at Falmouth. Fine stalwart lads they look, British to the backbone, and excellently typical of the kind of material that we are drawing into our Navy. The

present training-ship for the lads at Falmouth is an old 74-gun ship which was launched at Bombay in 1821, and was the second of her name since 1782. We have only to look at the faces and physique of the sturdy lads in our illustration to feel sure that they will, when the day comes, emulate the prowess of those who have gone before them.

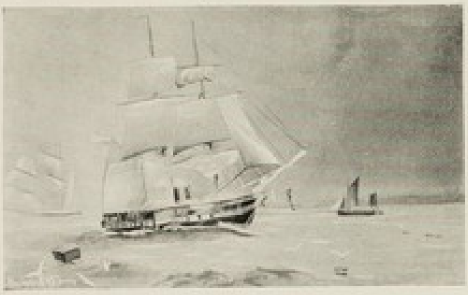


Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL—THE "FURIOUS."

THE sturdy old-fashioned wood-paddle frigate we here reproduce is the old "Furious," the second of her name since its introduction into the Service in 1797. One of a class dating just half a century back, she had four sisters, the "Tiger," "Magicienne," "Resolute," and "Valorous." These were vessels of a length of 205-ft., a beam of 36-ft., and displaced 1,221 tons, according to the old measurement, and were amongst the earliest steam craft in the Navy. One of the class, the "Tiger," had an unfortunate ending, which perhaps accounts for the name no more figuring in the Navy List, for she grounded off Odessa in a fog on May 12, 1854, when she was surrendered to the Russians, who thereupon sunk her. Rather a striking contrast to the picturesque craft here depicted is the "Furious" of to-day, a new second-class cruiser attached to the Channel Squadron. The "Furious" of to-day is 115-ft. longer and has 21-ft. more beam than her predecessor in the name, while she displaces no less than 5,750 tons. The original of the painting we here reproduce hangs in the ward-room of the "Jupiter," and for the photograph we are indebted to Lieutenant F. G. Loring, the torpedo-lieutenant of that ship. If we mistake not, this officer's father commanded the old "Furious."

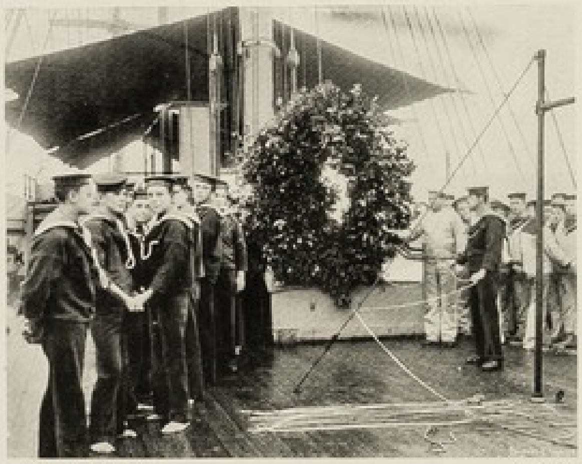


Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

A TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY.

LYING in Plymouth Sound are two ships which now serve as training-ships for developing the boy that is going to make the seamangunner and torpedo man of the future. In the Navy List the two are bulked together as the "'Lion,' Training-ship for Boys," but both of them are ships of note. The "Lion," which gives its name to the whole establishment, has much to boast of in the way of a record. This particular "Lion" was originally built at Pembroke, and was launched in 1847. One of the latest of those fine old wooden three-deckers, the 80-gun ships, she was converted, in 1859, at Devonport, to a screw ship of 60 guns. Her name record is a glorious one, and it is a good thing that the lads trained in her learn it as they do. There was a "Lion" in the fleet that defeated the Spanish Armada in 1588, and when Howard, Essex, and Raleigh sacked Cadiz in 1596. There was a "Lion" in the fleet when the Duke of York licked the Dutch in 1665, and the same ship shared in Monk's victory in the following year. There was a 'Lion" with Russell in 1692 at Barfleur. There was a "Lion" with Hawke in the great victory off Finisterre on October 14, 1747.

> "The guns that should have conquered us they rusted on the shore,
> The men that would have mastered us they drummed and marched no more,
> For England was England and a mighty brood she bore,
> When Hawke came swooping from the West."

And the "Lion's" record has also got behind it more than one very creditable single-ship action, to say nothing of the capture of Java in 1807. But good as is its record, that of its colleague, the "Implacable," in a way beats it, for it is a captured French prize, and to-day the only one remaining on the list of the British Navy. The "Implacable" to-day has its identity lost in the "Lion," but is nevertheless the French 74-gun battle-ship the "Duguay-Trouin," captured in Sir R. J. Strachan's action off Cape Ortegal a fortnight after Trafalgar. She played her part at the battle of Trafalgar, and was one of the ships that succeeded in escaping capture, and formed a unit of the squadron that Rear-Admiral Dumanoir drew off from the stricken field. But their lease of freedom was to be a short one. A fortnight later Dumanoir's flag-ship, an 80-gun ship, the "Formidable," and three 74's, the "Mont-Blanc," "Scipion," and "Duguay-Trouin," were all captured by a British squadron under Sir Richard Strachan. In the fight the "Duguay-Trouin" lost her captain and 150 killed and wounded. The four prizes were all brought in safety into Plymouth Harbour—where one of them now lies as an active, if not a fighting, unit in Her Majesty's Fleet—and were all added to the British Navy. The "Formidable" was Anglicised into the "Brave," the "Duguay-Trouin" became, and is, the "Implacable," while the other two retained their names in their new environment. Strachan's victory was but an outcome of Trafalgar, and consequently the picturesque scene we here illustrate always takes place on Trafalgar Day—namely, the hoisting to the masthead of a laurel wreath as commemorative of the greatest Naval victory of the Empire.

IN the sturdy warriors here represented we see the team from G and H Companies of the 1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters which won the Evelyn Wood Competition at the All-Ireland Rifle Meeting of 1898. No finer-looking lot of "Tommies" could be put in evidence than those in the picture here produced. Stalwart, sturdy lads all, from the officer down. The latter, by the way, is the one seated on the right of the triumphal board as the reader looks at the picture. Few regiments in the Service have a better record in our military history than the old 45th Nottinghamshire, Sherwood Foresters, which now, linked with the old 95th Derbyshire, form the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment). Since they were raised in 1741, they have seen service all over the world, and if they have not "surveyed mankind from Pekin to Peru," they have seen fighting in every corner of the globe. Their battle honours comprise Louisburg, which in 1758 was styled "The Dunkirk of the West," a whole string of Peninsula honours, Ava, South Africa 1846-47, all the Crimean honours except Balaclava, Central India, Abyssinia, and Egypt. Although they missed Waterloo, their record during the Great War is a glorious one, for they were a unit of Picton's famous "fighting division," and covered themselves with glory. The regiment has now again left for foreign service after a spell at home, and is now stationed at Malta.

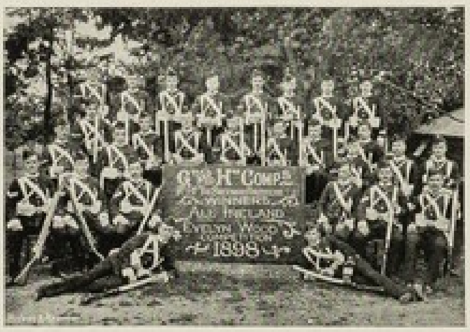
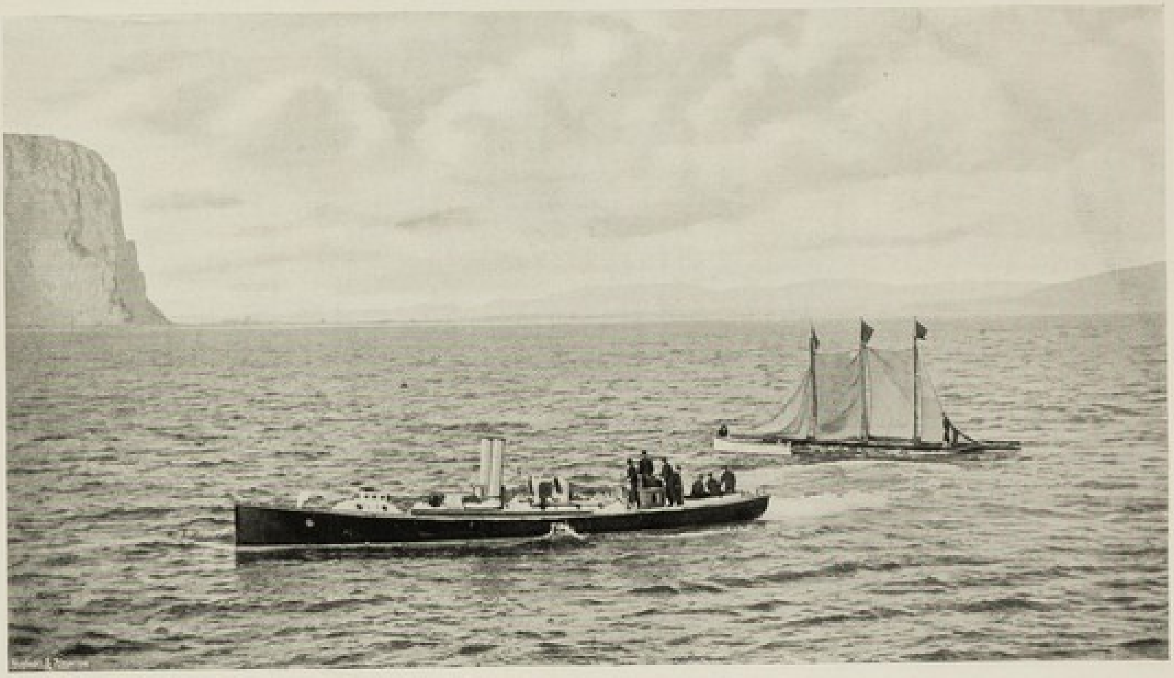


Photo. F. Charleton. Copyright.

SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

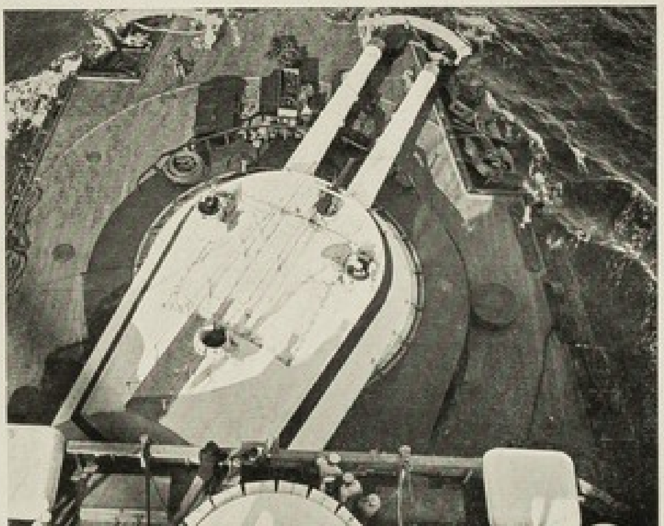
With the Channel Squadron.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]



PRIZE FIRING—LAYING OUT THE TARGET.

GIBRALTAR is the handiest and most central position for so important a factor in the scheme of Imperial defence as the Channel Fleet. Everything was very quiet, with but little doing, owing to the continued bad weather; but the ships went out as opportunity offered to complete the quarterly gun and torpedo practices. The "Jupiter," in addition, has carried out her annual prize firing, which it will be remembered she was unable to do at Portland with the rest of the squadron. We have left Gibraltar, and shall spend Christmas in England.



Phot. A. Debenham, Ryde.

THE FORE TURRET ABOUT TO FIRE.

[*The View is taken from the Fighting-top aloft.*]

I send you some reproductions of photographs which I took on this most interesting occasion. The first one shows the picket-boat towing the target into position in the sheltered bay at the back of the Rock, whose precipitous northern extremity may be seen on the left, and from whose base the flat, sandy, neutral ground stretches away to meet the mountains of Spain. The target looks big enough in the picture, but it is wonderful how small it appears a mile or so away, particularly if a troublesome wind or tide forces it more or less end on: then it would puzzle even a Bisley marksman to put fifty per cent. of hits upon it! The average number of actual hits in Naval prize firing lies somewhere between twenty-five and thirty per cent., but as only absolute marks on the target count, the shooting is invariably much better than appears on paper.

The next picture is a view from aloft, and shows the fore turret coming into action. In prize firing only one gun fires at a time, to facilitate the marking, and here the captain of the right gun may be seen in the right sighting position, standing by to fire directly



AT THE RANGE-FINDER.

the signal is given, while his officer has his eye along the left sights to see and criticise what is going on.

These big 12-in. guns are fired at the rate of one round per minute, and on this particular occasion twenty-six rounds were fired in twenty-four minutes, with five actual hits upon the target, while the majority of the others only missed it by a matter of a foot or two. It is a fine thing to think of—being able to hurl four 800-lb. projectiles every minute at an adversary with the knowledge that half of them at least ought to go home, and that they probably will, too, if our Navy is what we believe it to be.

Besides these we have, too, the 100-lb. projectiles from the 6-in. guns (to say nothing of 12-pounders and such small fry), six of them a side, firing at least five rounds each every minute, even greater accuracy than the turret guns. The target is repaired after each gun has fired, and boats are sent away from the ship to do it; now and again the centre flag is knocked away and at least two holes, if not more, put in the canvas sails.

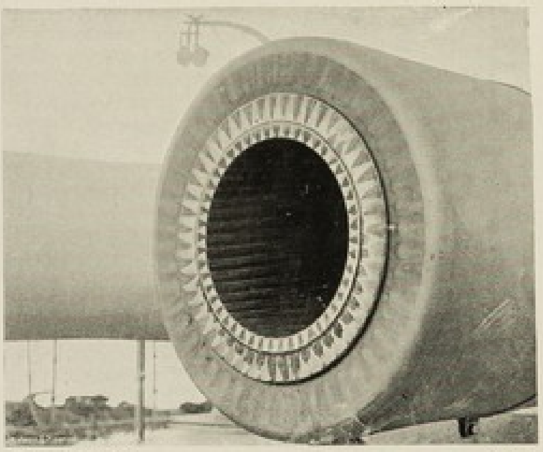


Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde

THE MUZZLE OF A 12-in. GUN AFTER FIRING.

The next illustration shows the gunnery lieutenant verifying the range through the Barr and Stroud's Naval range-finder. This instrument, from its necessarily exposed position, is not likely to be used much on service, but it is most useful and accurate in practice, and a great help in teaching officers and men to judge distances at sea correctly.

The fourth picture is a very curious one; it shows the normally burnished muzzle of a 12-in. gun after firing. The well-defined and regular markings are probably due to a rush of gas past the driving-band of the projectile at the instant it leaves the muzzle. The driving-band is a ring of soft metal on the base of the projectile which is cut into by the rifling, so giving the projectile its necessary rotation, besides making it practically gas-tight in the bore of the gun.

Admiralty House, Simon's Town.

ADMIRALTY House, Simon's Town, is the official residence on shore of the Admiral commanding on the Cape of Good Hope and West Africa station. Its comfortable appearance and pleasant surroundings our illustrations show of themselves. The house has been devoted to the use of the Royal Navy ever since the year 1813, when it was purchased for the use of the Commissioner of the Simon's Town Dockyard. At that time, following the usage of the Dutch, from whom we had then recently captured the colony at the Cape, there were two dockyards in South Africa, one at Cape Town and the other at Simon's Town. Owing to the expense of keeping up the two establishments, in 1819 the Cape Town Dockyard was closed, and its buildings were handed over to the Colonial Government. Simon's Town, which had since 1813 been considered the more important place of the two for Naval purposes, henceforward became the sole British Naval centre in South Africa. The Commissioner's house at Simon's Town at this time became the Naval Commander-in-Chief's shore residence, at first under the designation of "Commodore House," and later on, when the Cape station was raised to a flag officer's command, under its present designation of "Admiralty House." The house itself is situated near the railway station at Simon's Town, only two minutes' walk from the north gate to the dockyard. The Commander-in-Chief's offices are in the dockyard itself, in the central block of buildings. With regard to the name of Simon's Bay, on which Simon's Town stands. The Cape of Good Hope was, of course, originally a colony settled by the Dutch East India Company. In 1679 a certain Simon Van der Stel was sent out from Amsterdam as commandant at the Cape. In 1687 he had the bay, hitherto called Yselstein Bay, surveyed, after which he renamed it after himself, Simon's Bay. Van der Stel's idea was apparently that the bay would be useful for the ships of the Dutch East India Company to anchor in during war-time should any hostile ships be off Table Bay, and also as a port of refuge from May to August, when north-westerly winds prevail on the South African Coast. Thus the two separate dockyards at the Cape and at Simon's Town originally came into existence. How they were merged into the one establishment now at Simon's Town by the British Government we have related above.



ADMIRALTY HOUSE.



Photos. V. Harris. Copyright.

THE VIEW FROM THE SEA.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE LUCK, K.C.B., who has recently taken over the Bengal command from Sir Baker Russell, is perhaps the best-known cavalry officer in the British Army. It was, however, as an ensign of the 15th Foot that he entered the Service forty years ago, at the age of eighteen, and it was not until three years later that he became a lieutenant in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. Transferred as a captain to the 15th Hussars in 1868, he served in the Jowaki Expedition of 1878, and in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-79-80, commanding his regiment on the march from Quetta to Candahar. In 1881 he served in the Transvaal Campaign, and from 1884 to 1887 was a brigadier-general, first in Bombay and then in Bengal. In October, 1887, the Indian Government, by a happy inspiration, made General Luck its Inspector-General of Cavalry, with results which were almost magical. By 1893, General Luck's name had become a household word in the Indian Army, and the cavalry of that Service had been almost entirely reorganised on a basis of sound harmonious drill and solid fighting efficiency. After serving for a couple of years in command of an Indian District, General Luck returned in 1895 to England, in order to do for the British cavalry at home what he had done for the cavalry in the "Shiny East." Here again he scored a brilliant and solid success. In less than three years he carried out, largely by force of personal influence and character, reforms which a less vigorous, less hard-working, less single-minded man might have accomplished with difficulty in a lifetime. He has now left us once more for India, and has taken with him the good wishes of the entire Home Service, for he is a very notable specimen of the finest possible type of British officer, and as such deserves all the good fortune that may ever come to him. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: I think the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is doing much to correct the popular fallacy that there is nothing to do on board a ship except navigate her now and again from port to port, an idea which finds expression in the amusing "Ingoldsby Legends":

> "And you, ye sea captains, who've nothing to do
> But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all's blue,
> And tell us tough yarns and then swear they are true,
> Reflect, notwithstanding your sea-faring life,
> That you can't get on well long without you've a wife.
> So get one at once, treat her kindly and gently,
> Write a nautical novel, and send it to Bentley."

* * * *

"BRENTFORD."—Instructors in gymnastics wear crossed swords above their badges of rank, in order that their qualifications may be known to others. All recruits must undergo a special course of gymnastics, usually extending over two months. Infantry recruits must attend for one hour and a-half every day, divided, if possible, into two lessons. Cavalry and artillery recruits attend for one hour daily. The infantry course lasts for ten weeks, and that of the other two arms for two months. In neither case is the course allowed to be interrupted. Weak and awkward men are kept under gymnastic training for three months. Trained infantry soldiers undergo a farther training in gymnastics, with a view to their being in such condition that they can easily cover 1,000-yds. of ground at a rapid pace, and find themselves in good wind and able to use their bayonets efficiently. A certain number of men (not to exceed one-sixth of the garrison) are selected from time to time for training, and the course lasts not longer than three months. The men attend at the gymnasium every alternate day for instruction. The attendance of men over thirty years of age is not compulsory.

* * * *

As regards the training of non-commissioned officers for the post of instructors in gymnastics, classes are formed in the gymnasia at Aldershot and the Curragh twice yearly. Candidates for these courses must, if they have more than three years' service, be willing to extend it to twelve years with the colours. They are subjected to a strict medical examination, must be unmarried, and between the ages of twenty and twenty-eight. When quartered at a station where a gymnasium exists, the candidates are inspected by the superintendent of gymnasia of the district before being selected. After a month's instruction at Aldershot or the Curragh, a non-commissioned officer who has not made sufficient progress, either physically or intellectually, to give promise of becoming a good instructor, will be sent back to his regiment. Quartermaster-sergeant-instructors at the School of Gymnastic Instruction are selected from among the gymnastic instructors, and first and second class sergeant-instructors from the non-commissioned officers and men of the Army, when recommended by the inspector of gymnasia. Before appointment as second-class sergeant-instructor, a candidate must undergo a probation of three months, and the appointment is only confirmed if he is favourably reported upon. The recruiting regulations for the Cape Mounted Rifles are changed so frequently that I must refer you to the office of the Colony, Victoria Street, Westminster.

* * * *

IN answer to "J. H. C.," the "Europa" displaces 11,000 tons, her length is 455-ft., and beam 69-ft.; the "Talbot," 5,600 tons, length 350-ft., beam 53-ft.; the "Amphion," 4,300 tons, length 300-ft., beam 46-ft.; the "Pelorus," 2,135 tons, length 300-ft., beam 36-ft.; the "Dryad," 1,070 tons, length 250-ft., beam 30-ft.; and the "Brilliant," 3,600 tons, length 300-ft., beam 43-ft.

* * * *

"SERGEANT" asks the question, "Was Colonel Pearson hemmed in at Ekowe at the same time the 24th was massacred during the Zulu War?" The answer is "No." Colonel Pearson, who commanded the first of the four columns which composed the army under Lord Chelmsford, while on his way to Ekowe had a smart brush with the enemy at Inyezane on January 22, 1879. That is also the date of the lamentable disaster at Isandhlwana. It was not until after the gloom of this terrible day had been partially dispelled by the brilliant defence of Rorke's Drift, and the first stage of the war had been concluded, that Colonel Pearson was for some time beleaguered at Ekowe. He was relieved on April 2.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following curious extract, taken from the *Naval Chronicle* for February, 1814. It is of peculiar interest, knowing what we do of the prowess of our old-time tars in boardings and cutting-out affairs. "*New Exercise.*—The Lords of the Admiralty having determined that British seamen shall be taught the Naval cutlass exercise, Mr. Angelo, jun., has been some time at Portsmouth, drilling the seamen there. Last week an inspection took place in the dockyard, before Captains Milne and Hollis, the two senior captains afloat at that port, when upwards of sixty seamen were put through the exercise in the presence of a great number of Naval and Military officers, among whom were Sir A. Cochrane, the Earl of Northesk, and the Hon. Commissioner Grey, all of whom expressed their approbation of the measure."

* * * *

THE following letter, quoted by the editor of the "Cornwallis Papers" as illustrative of the education and habits of the British Army officer, *circa* 1800, is interesting as indicative of the alteration that has taken place during the present century. It is addressed by a subaltern to his commanding officer:

"To Lieutenant-Colonel ———, —— Foot.

"Sir,—I *believe* (I am a member of the —— mess) if so I will take the liberty to submit the following argument, viz., every gentleman under the immediate propensity of liquor has different propensities, to prove which I have only to mention the present instance with respect to myself and Lieutenant ———. *My* propensity is noise and riot; *his*, sleep.

"I ever conceived that in a public mess-room three things were certain: first, that it was open to every officer who chose to pay the subscription; second, that he might indulge himself with liquor as much as he pleased; and third, that if a gentleman and a member of the mess chose to get intoxicated in the mess-room, that no other officer (however high his rank in the regiment) had a right or dare order to restrain (not being president) his *momentary propensity* in the mess-room.

"As such, and this being the case, I must inform you that you have acted in a most unprecedented and unknown (not to say ungentlemanlike) way in presuming to enter the mess-room as commanding officer and to bring a sentry at your back (which you asserted you had) to turn out the amusement (a hand organ) of the company (a stranger being present) and thereby prevent the harmony which is supposed to exist in a mess-room.

"I appeal to you as a gentleman, and if you will answer this letter *as such*, you at all times know how to direct to

"——— ———, Lieutenant —— Foot."

The answer of the colonel would be interesting, but, unhappily, has not been preserved.

* * * *

"C. R."—To Lord St. Vincent's initiative was due the introduction of the ingenious machinery for block-making—one of the many inventions of the celebrated Brunel, and which, in old days, excited the admiration of every visitor to Portsmouth Dockyard, where the machinery was first installed. So perfect was it in design and construction that, from the first day it was put up, the machinery never required alteration or improvement. When the project was first brought before the Navy Board, one of the "Solomons in Council" waxed merry over the proposal: "What! turn a thing oval! No, that I never can or will believe. It is only wasting our time." Happily for Great Britain, the Navy Board has gone the way of many other obsolete institutions.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. But on his doing so his former friend lays before him such a scheme for obtaining vengeance on the woman who has hoodwinked him, and on, also, Sir Geoffrey Barry, who has married the real heiress, as well as on the heiress herself, that he turns his whole attention to this matter alone. What result that attempted revenge has is now to be shown.

CHAPTER XX. *(continued.)*

"GREAT heavens!" he cried, in his first surprise, "this is too awful. What a vengeance! What a vengeance! And Anne in it, too. Yet," he continued, "she could scarcely have taken a more effective way of ridding herself of the man. The schooner will be captured beyond all doubt by Thurot, or Boisrose, or some of those French sailors, half corsairs and half naval officers. And then—well! then—at best it will be months, nay, perhaps years, of detention in a French fortress."

"And at worst?" asked Ariadne.

"At worst! Why—this," and he pointed downwards to the deck. "That, with perhaps a broadside into them."

"I pity the others," said Ariadne; "him, I cannot pity. Oh! he was willing to undertake such a fiendish scheme to smuggle Anne and me into that loathsome ship, and would have succeeded had not Mr. Granger, who hoodwinked him into believing that he would help him, found means to catch him in the trap instead."

Whereon, in answer to Geoffrey's desire to be told all, his wife related everything that Anne had divulged on her return.

Extreme as Geoffrey's anger was—and in that anger he felt almost inclined to go ashore and punish Granger in some way for having even used his wife's name as a means whereby to lure Bufton to his doom—surprise once more took possession of him when he heard Ariadne say:

"Poor Mr. Granger! What a sad fate has been his. Oh! Geoffrey, why did not you tell me before that Lady Glastonbury was—was——"

"Tell you, child! Why, how could I tell you anything I did not know? 'Lady Glastonbury!' What was she to him that you speak thus?"

"Sophy Jervis was my dearest friend once at Gosport, and—as you know—she married Lord Glastonbury."

"Well! Ariadne."

"And Sophy Jervis was loved by, and herself loved madly, Lewis Granger."

"My God! And sacrificed herself to save him. Is that it?"

"It is, as I know now. Though not until to-night, when Anne told me all and enabled me to put one thing with another. And to-morrow," she continued, "I will show you her letters to me. Short of saying what the name of the man whom she loved was, she has told me all."

In the morning she did as she had said she would, and put in her husband's hands a small packet of letters which he read later, not without a man's compassion for the wrecked love of the unhappy pair, and with, too, much doubt upon his part as to whether these letters from one woman to another should not have been sacred from any man's eyes. Yet, also, ere he had concluded the perusal, he understood that it was well that Ariadne had shown them to him.

For in these letters the whole story was told, as Granger had briefly told it to Anne over-night in the Red Rover; the story of the girl's mad love for the handsome young lieutenant and his for her; of the delirious bliss of the earliest days of that love, days full of softest wishes and tenderest fears and hopes of happy years to come. Of happy years with him who, so cold to and disdainful of all others, was to her a slave—a slave, but a loving one! Then, while Geoffrey read on—knowing that, as he did so, the tears were in his eyes—the tale was told of how the blow had fallen; that the man she loved was ruined and disgraced; that he had committed a crime which would drive him forth from the society of all honest men, and out of the Service he belonged to—nay! worse, might bring him to the gallows. Yet she saved him, saved him at last, at the cost of her own happiness in this world; by the perdition of her own soul. The man he had robbed, or attempted to rob, was, by Fortune's favour, one who had wooed her long and unsuccessfully; now he would spare him upon one condition. That she resigned the man she loved, and wedded the man who loved her.

"And then," the last letter went on, "oh! my God, then, Ariadne, when I had been Lord Glastonbury's wife for six months, we learnt that the man I had loved was innocent, that he was the tool of a designing villain. We learnt it, through a letter written to my husband by a woman who had been the friend of that villain and was cognisant of the robbery he was meditating; by a woman who, discarded and cast off, had found means to communicate with Glastonbury, she imagining that the theft had succeeded. And, darling," the unhappy writer concluded, "my husband, though dissolute, is an honourable man; if he could find my unhappy lover he would tell him all, would send him that woman's letter. It might yet go far to restore him to his proper place in the world. Meanwhile, he intends to write to the Lords of the Admiralty."

Geoffrey called Ariadne to him when he had finished the perusal of the letters, and told her that he had done so; then he said quietly:

"It was a pity Lady Glastonbury never mentioned her lover's name to you. By chance (since I have spoken of him so much of late) we should have been able to help him. Now, it is too late."

"Geoffrey!" she exclaimed, after a moment's meditation, "let me see him. Perhaps—perhaps—if I let him hear those letters read it might do much to reclaim him, low as he has fallen, and horrible as is the calling he follows."

"Yet the calling which I profit by," her husband made answer. "Therefore is he little worse, if any, than we who employ him. But," he continued, "what use to see him, Ariadne? What can you do?"

"If I told him all that Sophy has written; if I plead with him to lead a better life—now that he has exacted so horrible

a vengeance on the man who destroyed him—might I not prevail?"

"Prevail! What is there for him to do?"

"God knows! Yet something better than that which he does now. Surely! Surely!"

For a moment Geoffrey stood reflecting. He was himself profoundly impressed by all that he had learnt, as it was most natural he should be. Had not he, himself, sat upon the very Court-martial which condemned Lewis Granger to ignominy; had not all upon that awful tribunal regarded him as a common knave; had not all refused to listen to his protestations of innocence? Yet now—now!—he *was* innocent. Everything proved it. Not only the letters of his lost love, but surely, also, the terrible retribution he had exacted from him who had so ruined him. If—if—by a pure, good woman's pleading he could be induced to lead a better and more honourable calling, should he stand in the way of helping him to do so, even though that woman was his own wife?

Later that day, as Geoffrey inspected some men who had been brought off from the shore—they having been taken by a pressgang over-night after a hard fight—a boat came away from the stairs with, seated in it, Lewis Granger. He had come in answer to a summons from Geoffrey, in which the latter simply said that he wished to speak to him in connection with something in his past life in which they had both played a part. But he had added at the foot another line: "I wish to make you acquainted with Lady Barry."

And now the unhappy man was close at hand, his mind filled with wonder at the strange summons.

"To make me acquainted with his wife," he had whispered to himself a dozen times—nay! a hundred times, since receiving the message. "Me! the exposed forger—the man driven out of the Navy for an ignoble crime—the crimp of to-day. And this in connection with something in my past, of which her husband knows as well as I! What does it mean?"

Yet, now, he was himself to know. At once! The boat had reached the side of the ship, the man-ropes were in his hands; above stood Sir Geoffrey Barry, watching him coming on board, with, on his face, a pleasant glance.

"My God!" Lewis Granger thought to himself, "he looks as once he might have looked at a comrade across the mess-cabin table, as he has never looked at me before. And—and—I am to be made acquainted with his wife!"

Geoffrey held out his hand to Granger as he reached the deck, noting as he did so that the man had come as a gentleman to visit a lady. He was clad now in a quiet but good black costume; also he was clean shaven and neat, which he had not been before. His wig was new and freshly powdered, and his lace was faultless. A different person this from the one who sat day by day in Jamaica Court, consigning drunkards and kidnapped men to their fate.

"Granger, I sent for you to tell you some news that has come to me. Through my wife, who has heard it from a lady—from——"

"Sophy!" the other whispered, divining—or, perhaps, it was not a whisper, his lips alone forming the word, though uttering no sound. And as they did so, he turned white as death.

"Yes. She has heard—her husband has heard—strange news. Nay, Granger, be steady," he said, breaking off as he saw the other put out his hand and touch a gun-carriage as though he feared to fall.

"What has—she—heard?" the latter asked a moment later, his voice almost inaudible.

"That—that—we who sat in judgment on you—that—that—all were wrong. I think it can be proved."

"It is too late," Granger said. "Too late. I have fallen too low. Do you know that since it all happened I—God help me!—have been drinking myself to death? That, now I have avenged myself on the man who ruined me, I shall do so even more furiously? To end all."



"Read them now if you desire."

"No! No! No! Think! Think still on what may be. If—if their Lordships are but satisfied that you were misjudged—I do not know—but—perhaps, it might be possible in these times of war to reinstate you. I do not know, I repeat. But it may be."

"Could that restore to me the woman I loved—the woman whom, Heaven help me, I love madly still? Can anything do that?"

"No," Geoffrey answered, his tone low yet full of sympathy. "No. Nothing can do that. But it could make her happy, ease some of her pain. If she could know that you were righted in the world's eyes, if she knew that the shame which has covered you was swept away for ever—could not that make her happy?"

"It might make our lot easier to bear," Granger answered. Then in a clearer voice he said, "I knew that Lady Barry and—Sophy—had been friends from girlhood. That was one, though but one, reason why I helped Anne to ensnare that scheming scoundrel."

"For that at least I thank you—for punishing him for his vile and wicked insolence. Now, tell me, did he in truth design to put her—great God! to think of it—on board the 'Nederland'?"

"He swallowed the bait I held out to him; jumped at it. Was so eager to see the plan carried out that, thus, he fell into my power. Yes, even at the last, and meditating further a double treachery, he fell into my power. You have heard that?"

"Yes. I have heard all. And—how can I pity him? Now, come and see my wife," and Geoffrey made a step towards the cabin at the break of the poop.

"Not yet. Not yet. Give me one moment to recover myself. To meet her—Sophy's friend—will be an ordeal to me. Let me collect myself."

The other busied himself about the deck, giving orders for the bestowal of raffle and other things until he thought Granger might feel sufficiently calm to meet Ariadne, then, turning to where the latter still stood with his eyes fixed on the river, he said again:

"Come. She desires so much to see you."

"Go on. Lead me to her."

Whereon, conducting Granger past the sentry and through the outer cabin, or office, he tapped gently on the door of the saloon, and opening it, said:

"Ariadne, Mr. Granger is here," while, motioning the other to enter, he closed the door, not going in himself.

"'Tis best that they should be alone," he thought, his mind delicate and manly as ever. "Far better. It is in truth an ordeal for him."

And Granger, entering that saloon—thinking how long it was since he had been admitted as a visitor to such a place—how long since he had stood face to face and on terms of equality with a gentle, refined woman!—knew that before him, and gazing pityingly at him, was Ariadne Barry, the dearest friend of the woman whom he had loved and lost.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Divine Despair.

At first he did not dare to raise his eyes to the slim girlish figure before him, his emotion being too great. Nor, if he saw it, had he dared to take the hand held out to him, but dropped a moment later at its owner's side.

But then, at last, he lifted his bowed head and gazed at her, seeing at one glance that she also was looking full at him. Seeing, too, that the sweet, delicate mouth was trembling, and that the pure, clear eyes were welling over with tears. And also he observed that, as he became witness of her emotion and deep sympathy for him and his despair, she turned her face away, and then, moving towards a chair, made a sign for him to also be seated.

"God bless you," she heard him mutter in a low, deep voice. "God bless you for your womanly compassion."

"Mr. Granger," she said a moment later, and still the sweet mouth trembled and her eyes were full of tears, "I have sent for—asked you to come to me—because I know so much of your past—your hopes. So much, too, of your unhappiness. Oh! Mr. Granger, I was Sophy Jervis's greatest friend."

"I know it," he murmured. "I know it. She told you all. Of my love—nay—it was not love, but idolatry!—of its too bitter ending. Though it is not, never can be ended."

"Ah! Mr. Granger, now you must live for other things. Live to see your wrongs redressed, your honour restored, your name cleared. You have heard from my husband that there is proof of your innocence."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I have heard." But, still with his head bent, he whispered the same words he had said to Sir Geoffrey outside on the quarter-deck, "It is too late."

"No. No. It is not too late. Geoffrey and I have talked together, and to-morrow he will go to see their Lordships. Oh! Mr. Granger, if you could return to your old calling, if you could once more serve the King in these troublous times, even in a subordinate position, yet with hope before you, would you not do so? Would you not lead a different life?"

"God knows I would, bankrupt as are all my hopes, all my future. Yet—you are aware of what I have been? Of what I am?"

"Yes, I know," and, although he could not see it, there was in her face a look of sublime pity for him. Pity that this man, still young and handsome—how handsome he must have been when first he won Sophy's love she could well understand, even though judging only of him now as he sat before her in his desolation and abasement!—should have fallen to what he had.

"There is," he went on, "no baser thing in all this world than he who traffics in his fellow-men. Yet, I elected to do it in my despair and bitterness. I might have earned a living otherwise, but this consorted with what I was, with what I had become."

"It is not too late. Will you not leave it, for—for—in memory of Sophy?"

"Yes," he whispered, "if you bid me for her sake—her memory. Yes. If my honour is cleared, but not otherwise, for otherwise it would be useless. If Sir Geoffrey, or any other captain, will take me, I will go back, even though as a seaman before the mast. I will do it for her sake, in return for your gracious pity of me."

"Thank God!" she cried. "Oh, thank God!" Then she rose and went to the 'scrutoire and, opening it, took out the packet of letters that she had shown her husband. "Read them; do with them what you will. Read them now, if you desire." Whereon she put the little parcel in his hand, and, leaving him alone, went into the next cabin.

"My love, my lost love," he murmured, as he glanced at them hurriedly, not knowing that she had gone away to give him ample time for their perusal. "My sweet. And we are parted for ever. For ever! To all eternity. Nothing can bring you back to me."

That he had wept she knew when she returned, yet a man's tears for her whom he has loved and lost need no pardon from another woman's heart; and so she gently bade him take the letters and keep them, extorting only from him a promise that he would in no way endeavour to communicate with Lady Glastonbury.

"For that," she said, "must never be. Neither sorrow nor trouble must ever come to her again. Have I your promise?"

"On my word of honour. As a man—who was once a gentleman, I swear it—yet, oh God! it is hard. Hard to think that I can look upon her handwriting again and the words that are not addressed to me, although concerning me. It is so long," he added, his voice deep and broken, "since a line has come to me. Yet I have promised, and I will keep my word."

"I know it. I take and believe your word."

"But," Granger continued, "if—when you write to her, you could tell her that—that—born of these letters," and he touched his breast as he spoke, he having placed them there, "has come the promise of a better life for me—a life loveless, but no longer smirched and blemished—then I know she would be happier. If you could promise that!"

"I will do it," Ariadne answered, the tears again rushing to her eyes, and all her emotions thrilling at the sorrow and despair of the man before her. "I will do it."

And, now, Granger turned away, knowing there was no more to be said, yet inwardly blessing her who had that day been as a ministering angel to him.

"Farewell, madam," he said; "I cannot thank you—but —but——" then, seeing that now she held out her hand again to him, and in such a manner that this time he could not fail to perceive her action, he took it in his own. And, o'er-mastered by her womanliness and supreme sympathy, he raised it to his lips.

"God bless and keep you and yours," he whispered again as he had whispered before; "God bless you for your sweet compassion."

* * * * * * *

Outside, Sir Geoffrey Barry was still engaged with the manifold duties pertaining to a ship which was soon to take part in a war that would doubtless be long, and must be deadly—as was and is ever the case when England and France contend for mastery. Already many things on deck were being stowed away which, when the time came, would be encumbrances. Also, the cutter had just come off from shore, bringing with it, this time, some willing sailors. Men who, having been paid off from a disabled privateer, and having spent all their money in sickening debauches on shore, were only too ready to again go to sea and earn some more. A fine band of brawny, dissolute sailors were these whom George Redway—now installed as captain of the cutter —brought on board with him; men who on shore were nothing but maddened and intoxicated devils, but who, when the enemy hove in sight and when they were at close quarters, would become heroes, nay, almost demigods. For then the old English blood became roused to its fullest and best; then woe-betide those who encountered these men.

"A fine body of seadogs," said Sir Geoffrey, observing the traces of recent emotion on Granger's face, but making no remark for the moment. "If I had not my full complement, these are the fellows I should wish to keep."

"There is one at least whom you can keep if you so please," Granger said; "one who will work like, live with, those men there," and he pointed to where half-a-dozen sailors were swabbing the deck.

"Yourself!" exclaimed Geoffrey, his face lighting. "Yourself! She has spoken to you of a different life?"

"She has spoken to me. In her mercy and goodness! And I have promised."

"Thank God! The trade I found you at a few days ago might well become the man you were supposed to be, not the man you are."

"That trade ends to-day. To-night, I tell the man who employs me that he must seek another tool. Almost directly, if you will have me, I join your ship."

"We can perhaps do better than you say. Yet, to-morrow, I must speak to their Lordships. As an officer you cannot of course go——"

"I—an officer! I do not dream of that."

"But," Geoffrey continued, "the 'Resolution' wants a gunner's mate. If I could transfer mine to her, you could come in this ship. If I cannot, then the 'Resolution' must have you."

"What can I say? How utter——"

"Say nothing, Granger," he continued, "you have suffered deeply, and—and—we have been comrades. If I who sat in judgment on you once and wronged you unwittingly can now help to right you, I will do it." And he laid his hand upon the other's arm as a firm friend might do. "I want to see you once more the Lewis Granger who was known and spoken enviously of when he was in the 'Revenge,'" he continued. "I want to see my gunner's mate—if I can have him—back again in his old place amongst us when this coming war is over."

For a moment Lewis Granger stood there looking at the man before him—the man whose life was so bright and prosperous; yet who, nevertheless, could feel such pity for one whose existence had been so broken.

"You forget," he whispered; "you forget. My disgrace, my ruin was not all. That, it seems, may be wiped out for ever. But what of the rest of my life? What have I been? Even during the past months. And—and—I have sent that man to death, a death in life, if nothing else."

"That counts not. What would he have done? To you—to Anne—to Ariadne! My God! Granger, you have instead saved him—from me. Had he been here now, were he within my reach, I would slay him myself as I would slay a snake."

"Yet I suggested the scheme to him, meaning thereby that he should fall into the trap."

"But not meaning that it should be carried out. He was the villain, and his villainy has recoiled on his own head. Dismiss all recollection of that. Live now to be prosperous and happy."

"Happy—never! Happiness and I are parted; henceforth our ways are far asunder. Let me go," he said, turning towards the side where the boat he had come in was waiting for him, "and if you can do what you say, if you can take me with you, let me know to-morrow after you have seen their Lordships. I shall be ready ere long."

(To be continued.)

Three Generations of Naval Engineers.

AN interesting feature of the Naval Service is the persistency of the Naval spirit in families—the following of the sea as an hereditary profession. All ranks can show instances, and we give here a unique one. It is that of a father, two



Photo. J. H. Killick. Copyright.
FLEET-ENGINEER T. FELLOWES SIMMONS (Retired).



Photo. H. Hill. Copyright.
FLEET-ENGINEER G. T. FELLOWES SIMMONS, "Theseus."

sons, and a grandson belonging to the Royal Naval Engineer Corps—Fleet-Engineer T. Fellowes Simmons, now 77 and retired, a veteran who entered the Service early in the Queen's reign at Woolwich Dockyard, then the hea.quarters of the



Photo. J. H. Killick. Copyright.
ASSISTANT-ENGINEER FELLOWES T. SIMMONS, "Mars."

newly-formed Steam Branch, as an apprentice for service afloat; Fleet-Engineer G. T. Fellowes Simmons, his son, of the "Theseus," who entered as an engineer student under a later system; Assistant-Engineer Fellowes T. Simmons, of the "Mars" (youngest brother of the last-named); and Engineer Student G. C. Fellowes Simmons (son), now at Keyham.



Photo. A. Honey. Copyright.
ENGINEER STUDENT G. C. FELLOWES SIMMONS.

The Interior of a Man-of-War.—II.

By Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Armstrong.

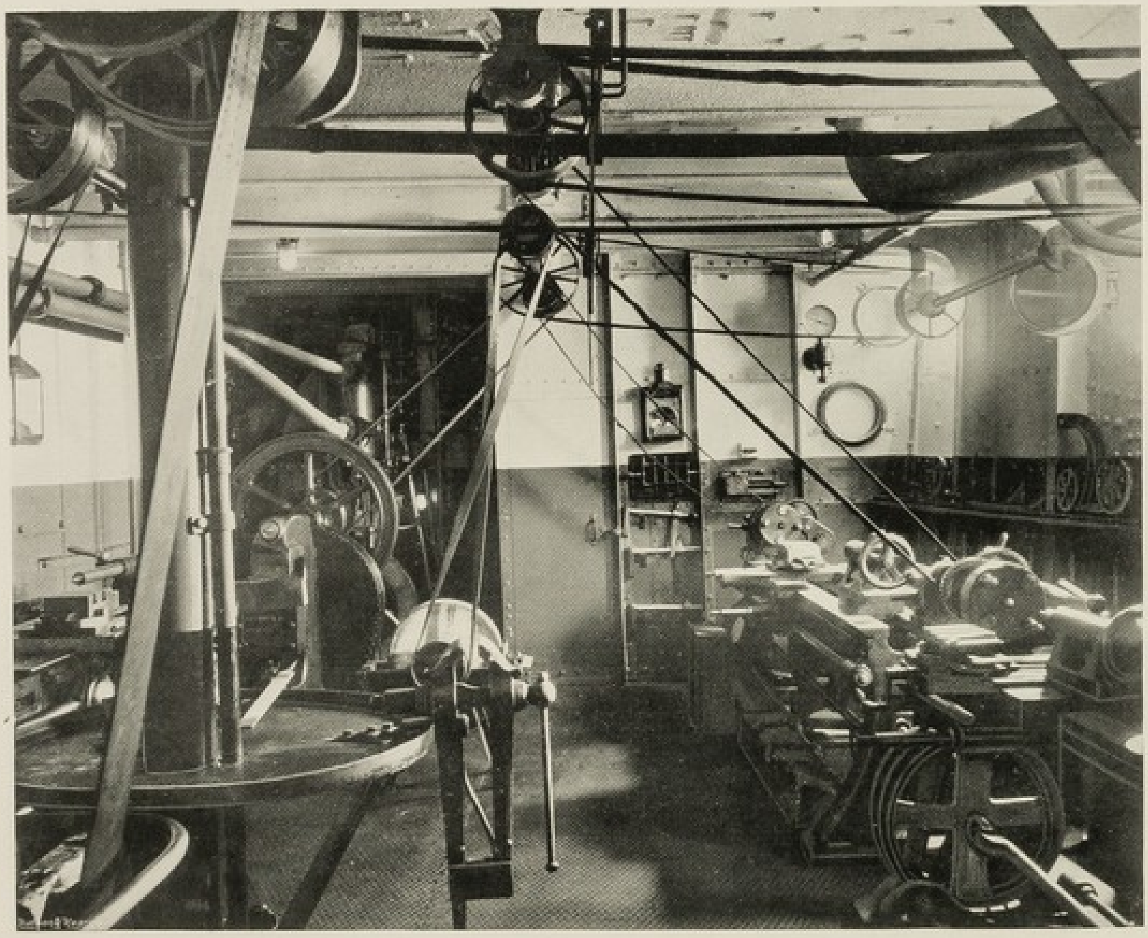
A FURTHER series of illustrations of the interior of a modern warship is published this week, beginning with a group of officers forming the chief engineer's staff of the "Diadem," from whom, including the chief himself, I received courteous assistance in the preparation of this article, and beg most cordially to thank them for the same. The group includes Staff-Engineer H. S. Rashbrook, Engineer A. E. Travis, also Assistant-Engineers G. H. Elgar, A. O. Byrne, G. H. Page, and H. H. Johnson.



THE ENGINEER OFFICERS OF THE "DIADEM."

The artificers' workshop is placed upon the main deck, where there is abundant head-room and natural light from several scuttles. Here may be found all the paraphernalia for fitting, erecting, and repairing machinery and gear of every description, from an ordinary bilge pump to the hydraulic buffer of a 6-in. gun. A separate driving engine for the machines in the shop, lathes, drilling and slotting tools, vices, hammers, and punches, together with spare parts for innumerable engines, are seen around the walls. Ours is the *only* Navy which carries a really valuable "reserve" of stores and spare parts of machinery, guns, and appliances, the unit for the "Majestic" type weighing nearly 900 tons.

The patent automatic door used for closing the openings in bulkheads made for the ventilating trunks to pass through is the subject of a special illustration. These ventilating trunks are a source of anxiety, as the normal condition of the apertures in the bulkheads must obviously be *open*, for sanitary reasons. The automatic door meets the difficulty.



Photos. Symonds & Co. Copyright—H. & K.

THE ARTIFICERS' WORKSHOP ON MAIN DECK.

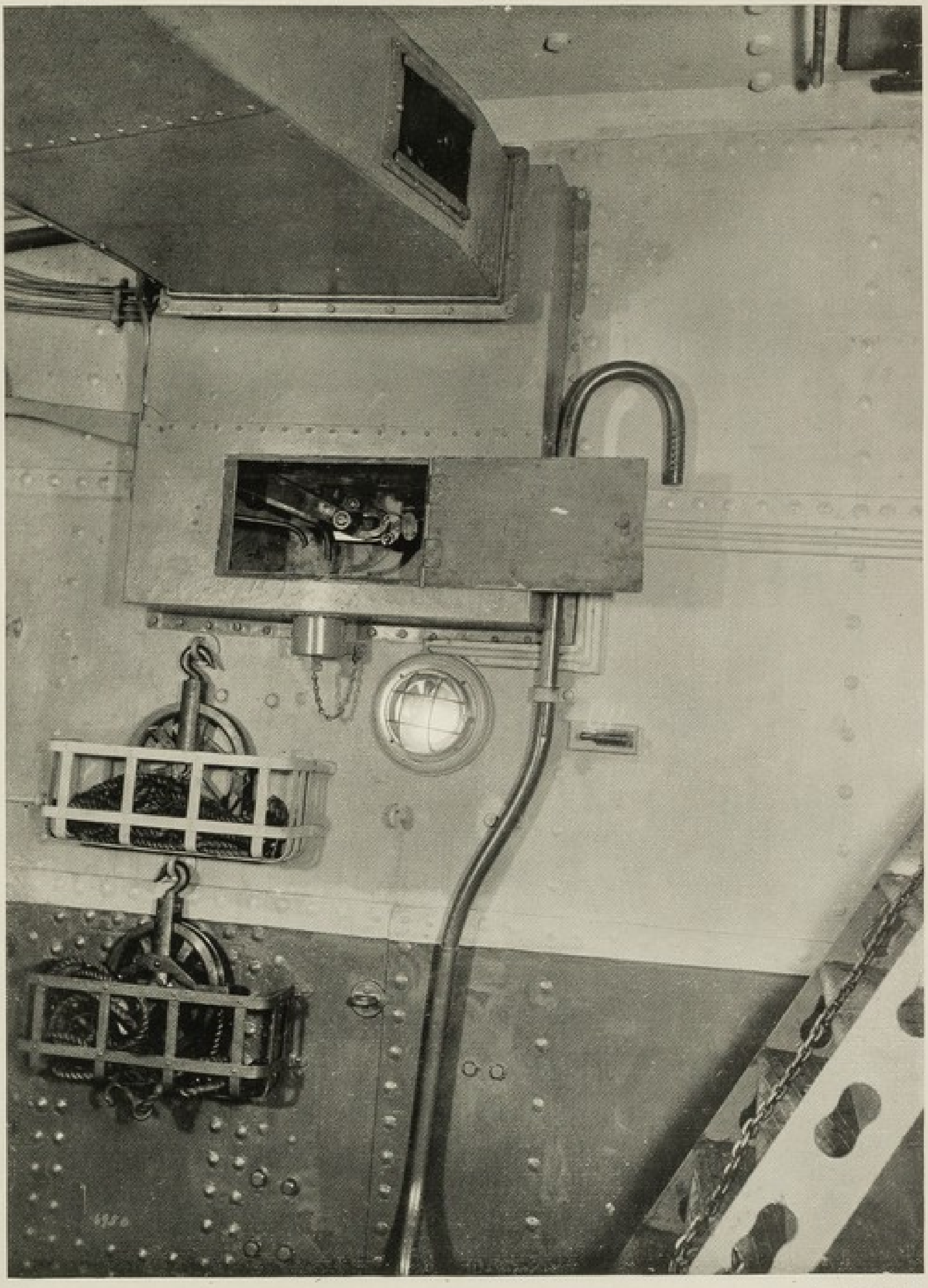


Photo: Symonds & Co.

THE PATENT AUTOMATIC DOOR FOR CLOSING THE OPENING IN BULKHEAD THROUGH WHICH VENTILATING TRUNK LEADS.

In the event of the compartment in which it is situated becoming flooded, if the aperture for the ventilating trunk were left open, the adjoining compartment would also be flooded when the water rose to the level of the aperture. But the rising of the water fills the small cylinder seen in the picture, and presses down the piston, thus actuating the gear within the automatic door-case. A trigger is released, letting loose a catch upon the long arm of a lever, and this lever, which is furnished at its extremity with a heavy counter-weight—a part of which is seen on the extreme left of the illustration—ascends suddenly. The counter-weight falls with considerable force and sends up the automatic door, which thus closes the aperture in the bulkhead. The ventilating trunk is seen on the top of the picture. The door of the automatic gear-case has been purposely left open so as to show its interior mechanism. Two ammunition "whips" are shown in cages below.

One illustration shows a bay in the "ammunition passage." The space on either side of the boiler-rooms is limited, so that the walls of the passage—which is narrow—are curved in, as seen in the illustration, to make room for the armoured doors at the lower ends of the armoured tubes leading downwards from the casemates. The view is taken looking straight up at these doors, which are opened by the two large hand wheels shown, with spindles and worm gearing above. The doors must necessarily be armoured, as they are intended to close apertures cut in the armoured deck. The whips and wheels for hoisting ammunition are seen on the walls of the passage. The armoured tubes are oval in form. The ammunition is brought in little trolleys from the magazines into the ammunition passage, and handed up to the platform seen at the top of the ladder; thence it is whipped up to the casemates on the main and upper decks. Thus the service of ammunition to the various casemated gun positions of the 6-in. quick-firers depends, so far as rapidity is concerned, upon the smartness of the guns' crews.

The system of introducing coffer-dams on decks below the water level, around the engine, funnel, and other hatchways, is of very recent date, and the "Diadem" is the first vessel in which it has been thoroughly developed. These coffer-dams are about 2-ft. high, and are fitted with double walls round all openings in the decks which it would be essential to *keep* open during an action. Primarily, moreover, these dams or coamings are designed to prevent water which has invaded the space above the armoured deck from getting down below. The ladders shown in the illustrations lead down to the magazines. It would, of course, be necessary to keep these hatches open during an engagement to maintain the service of ammunition to the guns.



AMMUNITION PASSAGE.

Showing two openings in armoured deck at the top leading to ammunition armoured hoists to casemates on main and upper decks.



Photos. Symonds & Co. Copyright.—H. & K.

PART OF COFFERDAMS ROUND HATCHWAYS ON ARMOURED DECK.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—NO. 100.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st. 1898.



Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

COMMODORE EDMUND S. POË, R.N.,

COMMANDING THE TRAINING SQUADRON.

The Training Squadron.



CAPTAIN A. J. POCKLINGTON, R.N.



CAPTAIN F. O. PIKE, R.N.

THE value of a practical training in seamanship, according to the older interpretation of the term, is still reckoned very highly, both in the Navy and the mercantile marine, as a preparation for the efficient handling of mastless ironclads and huge steam liners. The harbour training-ships are all rigged in the old fashion, and have attached to them sailing brigs, of which an account was given some time ago in these pages; and it is the practice in some of the more important steam-ship companies to insist that every officer who is engaged shall previously have had experience as mate or commander of a sailing vessel. How far such arrangements may be feasible in the future is a question which arises in this connection, but it cannot be discussed here; and it is probable that all seamen are agreed as to the importance of such preliminary training.



THE "RALEIGH."

In furtherance of these views the Training Squadron, of which some pictures are here given, is maintained. It consists of four vessels, all provided with a goodly spread of canvas, though they are, of course, efficient steamers as well; and it makes long voyages to various parts of the globe, under the command of the senior captain, who holds for the time the rank of commodore of the second cla s: the post being filled at present by Captain Edmund S. Poë, whose portrait forms the frontispiece. Captain Poë entered the Service in December, 1862, and became a sub-lieutenant in September, 1868, passing his



CAPTAIN G. H. CHERRY, R.N.



CAPTAIN R. N. GRESLEY, R.N.

examinations with such credit that he was selected for special promotion to lieutenant in June of the following year. He became a commander in December, 1881, and reached his present rank in June, 1888. He was awarded the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal in 1875, for jumping overboard and saving life, and the clasp in the following year for a similar act of gallantry; and in 1896 was appointed a member of the fourth class of the Royal Victorian Order, for special services rendered on the occasion of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

The present commodore's ship is the "Raleigh," 5,200 tons, of which a picture is given on the opposite page. She was built in 1873, and refitted at considerable cost in 1896; and, though she represents, of course, an obsolete class of vessel, of comparatively low speed, her appearance, with her large spars, fully rigged, is decidedly handsome and imposing.

The other vessels of the squadron are the "Volage," Captain G. H. Cherry; the "Champion," Captain F. O. Pike; and the "Cleopatra," Captain A. J. Pocklington. The two last named are sisters, built in 1878, and only about half the tonnage of the "Raleigh," while the "Volage" is an older vessel, built in 1869, of 3,080 tons. The portraits of the captains of the squadron appear on the opposite page, together with that of Captain R. N. Gresley, formerly in command of the "Volage."

Captain Pocklington was promoted to lieutenant for his services in the Ashanti War of 1874, and served subsequently in the Soudan, being mentioned in despatches; and he has also, like his commodore, received the medal and clasp of the Royal Humane Society for gallantry in saving life. Captains Gresley and Pike both served in the Egyptian War of 1882.

The characteristics of the several vessels which compose the squadron are well shown in the pictures. The "Cleopatra" and "Champion," it will be noticed, are "barque rigged," the yards which are attached to the mizenmast being merely spare spars, placed there for convenience of stowage and signalling purposes, and carrying no sails. The "Raleigh" and "Volage," on the other hand, are "ship rigged," carrying a full allowance of canvas on all three masts, and presenting a more complete and fully-equipped appearance in consequence. The view given of the "Champion" is an extremely effective one, showing the hull of the ship foreshortened. The "Volage" is represented steaming out of harbour at Portsmouth, and is flying the "Jack" on the fore mast while so doing, according to regulations; it is hoisted also on the flagstaff in the dockyard when any vessel is going in or out of harbour, and all concerned are thus made aware of the fact, for a large vessel occupies a very considerable proportion of the space available for navigation at the entrance of the harbour.



THE "CLEOPATRA."



THE "CHAMPION"

On the next page the "Volage" and "Calypso"—recently attached to the squadron—are represented under very different conditions, such as can only exist when actually at sea; the photographs having been taken, in fact, from some other vessel. The "Volage" has the wind fair on the port side, or on the "port quarter," and is thus enabled to set her studding sails—a long name, practically abbreviated in nautical parlance to "stun's'ls"—on that side. The studding sails are of great assistance under such circumstances; they are made of much lighter canvas than the other sails, and are set on booms sliding out on the yards, and in light winds they may be frequently seen to be "asleep"—a poetical nautical term signifying that they are steadily distended—when the heavier sails are hanging slack.

The "Calypso" has the wind right over the stern—the only circumstances under which the studding sails can with advantage be set on both sides, and a good breeze keeps them all steadily "asleep." A vessel at sea with such a crowd of canvas presents a very pretty picture, as will readily be imagined. The smart handling of studding sails has always been held to be a test of neat seamanship; a very slight error in setting or taking them in may lead frequently to a considerable complication.

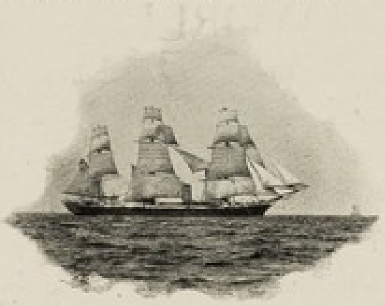


THE "VOLAGE."

The two remaining pictures on the next page will probably awaken some curiosity among

non-technical readers as to what the men aloft are doing.

They are, in fact, engaged in an operation which is very necessary before putting to sea,



THE "VOLAGE"—STUDDING SAILS PORT SIDE

unless, indeed, the vessel be going out under sail, which is a rare occurrence nowadays. When getting up steam the main mast, the main yard, and topsail yard above it must be protected from the smoke, which would otherwise discolour the paint and rot the sails; and these men are putting the canvas covers on the yards and main mast. One view is taken from the bow and the other from the stern; in the former the men are facing the spectator. The canvas covers for the yards may be seen hanging partly loose, as also the mast cover, not yet laced up in position. In the view from the stern the covers are on the yards, but the mast cover still hangs loose. On the near side of the mast may be seen the "main trysail," neatly secured so as to take up as little room as possible; this is covered up in harbour in snow-white canvas, which is removed at the same time as the mast and yard covers are put on, for the main trysail may be required at any moment when the wind comes sufficiently aslant to help the screw; if it comes further round the square sails will come into play, and then the screw may be dispensed with.



PUTTING ON STEAMING COVERS SEEN FROM FORWARD.

The object of this squadron being, as previously stated, to give young seamen a thorough grounding in the practical handling of spars and sails, there is, of course, a great deal of drill aloft. In harbour the lighter spars are sent down nearly every evening, and up again at eight o'clock next morning, with great emulation as to who shall be first; and woe to the topman who makes a blunder! At sea there is much reefing of topsails and shifting of sails, or even of heavy spars, which are supposed to be damaged. In these manœuvres British seamen have always excelled; and in the days of sailing-ships many a point has been gained in action by smartness in this respect.

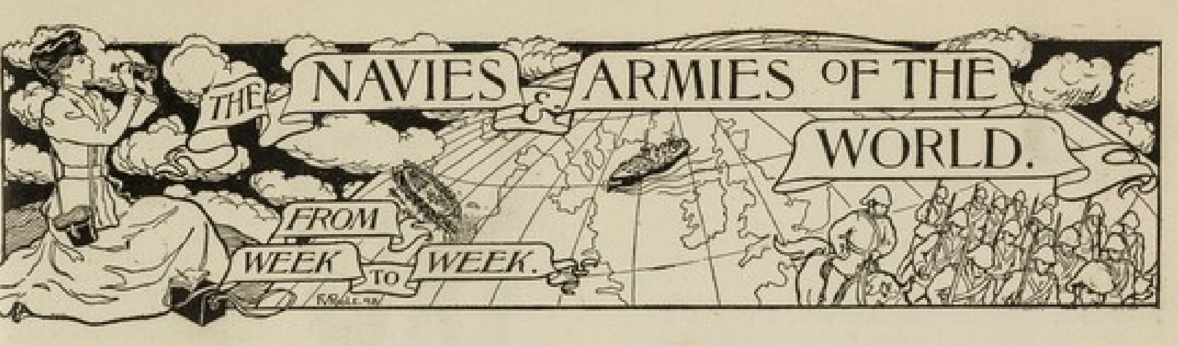
The Training Squadron also serves to carry the British flag into many quarters; and the other day the German Emperor displayed a great interest in the vessels, and subsequently entertained the officers right royally, in return for the courtesy and hospitality they extended to him as an Honorary Admiral of the Fleet in the British Navy, a distinction which he shares with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Critical and observant as he is, he could find nothing amiss in the Training Squadron.



PUTTING ON STEAMING COVERS SEEN FROM AFT.



THE "CALYPSO"—STUDDING SAILS BOTH SIDES.



If something of a practical kind is not done, and that shortly, the Czar's rescript runs a very considerable risk of looking consumedly foolish. It only appeared a few months ago, and since then all the Powers of the world, with Russia setting them an example, have had nothing more pressing to do than to add to their armaments. The good young Czar's own Army has been increased by two corps. Germany has added 65,000 men to the forces already on foot. The Russian Navy scheme is still in a somewhat nebulous condition, but it is not given up, and is even partly in way of execution. Therefore, we also are looking sharply after more battle-ships. France, which already draws every soldier she can lay hands on, and is indeed driven to include large numbers of men whom nature has not fitted to carry knapsacks, in order to swell her ranks, cannot well increase her Army. But she is considering great additions to her Fleet. On the other side of the Atlantic the United States is preparing to quadruple her Army at one fell swoop without neglecting her Fleet.

* * * *

We shall probably be on the safe side in estimating the additions made, or in preparation to be made, to the armed forces of the world, since the Czar proposed that we should all agree to make a stay, at about a quarter of a million of men for sea and land service. This represents a respectable second-rate Power on both elements. A State which could dispose of something over 200,000 good soldiers and a fleet equal to the proposed additions to the Navies of Great Britain, France, America, and Russia, would be an ally worth having. And all this is going on while the Powers of the world are supposed to be preparing to meet in a kind of peace conference. What gives an edge to the absurdity of the spectacle is that people are beginning to turn to Russia, and ask why she does not set the example. No nation is better able to lead in a general movement of disarmament, since none is so little liable to attack by her neighbours.

* * * *

Sir Henry H. Howorth, who has published some very effective criticism, both of the famous rescript, and of the sentimental praise given it by some among ourselves, has asked with some force whether the Powers who are to engage not to increase their armaments are also to be understood not to improve their weapons? It is a question worth asking, though not, I venture to think, so effective as Sir Henry seems to think. In one of his letters to the *Times* he starts the whole question of what constitutes the real strength of an Army, and solves it in a very dubiously orthodox way. "It is," he says, "the weapons and not the men which constitute the key of the position. It was neither the strategy nor the tactics nor the superiority of the men which won the battle of Sadowa; it was the Prussian needle gun. It was the superiority of the Prussian artillery which decided more than one critical fight in the Franco-German War. What would have happened at Omdurman if Thomas Atkins and his black companions had been armed with the mediæval weapons of the Dervishes? Who can tell?"

* * * *

Sir Henry has a considerable body of opinion on his side, but his doctrine is heterodox, none the less. One may turn his final enquiry round and ask him what would have happened at Omdurman if the Khalifa had had to deal with, say, the Spanish infantry as they were at Ravenna or Nordlingen, with the 16,000 Swedes and Scots of Gustavus Adolphus at Breitenfeldt, with the old bands of Tilly, or the New Model Army, whose weapons were even more mediæval than those of the Dervishes? The Mahdist would have been beaten all the same—and probably with equal slaughter. The only difference would have been that instead of being killed at a distance with bullets, the Dervishes would have been despatched at close quarters with pike and sword. Indeed, the charge of the Lancers ought of itself to have given pause to Sir H. Howorth. Their weapons were mediæval enough, and yet they rode through superior numbers of no despicable fighting men. It may be answered that they suffered, but it would not be fantastic to reply that this was because they were not sufficiently "mediæval." If they had been mailed they would not have suffered nearly so much. The truth is that the Dervish charge would have broken helplessly against steady pikemen, that they would have suffered terribly at close quarters from the musketeers, while well-led men-at-arms or cuirassiers would have ridden them down like stubble.

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Sir H. Howorth's quotation of the needle gun and of the German artillery revives old friends, but we ought to have heard the last of them long ago. Moreover, they are examples of what can be done to confuse the issues, by quoting what happens to suit your convenience, and suppressing everything else. In the war of 1866 the Austrians had better artillery than the Prussians, and yet they were beaten. In the war of 1870-71 the French had a better rifle than the Germans, and yet they were beaten. Baron Stoffel, whose reports from Berlin to the French War Office and Napoleon III. are full of good reasoning, knocked the bottom out of the legend of the needle gun thirty years ago. He allows that a good weapon is a good thing. The first-rate workman will produce with greater success when he has the finer tool, but it is his skill that does the work. In the 1866 war the Prussians, although they had the quicker firing rifle, spent fewer cartridges than the Austrians. Baron Stoffel quotes this as the real explanation of their success—or, rather, as the outward and visible sign of the qualities which gave them the victory. They fired fewer shots because their intelligence showed them that it is no use to shoot till you have a reasonable chance of hitting, and their discipline had taught the men to be cool, to aim straight, and not to squander ammunition. Baron Stoffel does not hesitate to give it as his opinion that if the Prussians had had the same rifle as the Austrians, their victory would have been equally complete. He supports his judgment by quoting that very superiority of the men which Sir H. Howorth denies. He says that the Prussian officer worked heart and soul at his business, and was inspired by a high patriotic and professional spirit; therefore he had the full confidence of his men, and made them like himself. Indeed, it is extraordinary that anybody with the history of war, from the campaigns of Alexander down to the Santiago Expedition, to guide him, can believe that the weapon is the key of the position. Yet many do believe this, and it is such pestilent heresy, that whenever it puts its head out our clear duty is to hit it.

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The death of Sir William Anderson has revived the old debate over the question whether the administration of fleets and armies ought to be in the hands of sailors or soldiers, or of civil administrators. Of course I do not mean that the whole question has been reopened by the death of the Director of Ordnance Factories. It is only a part, and a subordinate one too, which is under discussion. But, after all, most arguments which tell for putting a professional man over the Army factories tell also for putting him in the Admiralty or the War Office. In a general way the plea in these cases is that unless a man knows thoroughly what is needed for the Service, he cannot see that it is supplied. Now undoubtedly there is force in this, and there is also plausibility! but also, perhaps, there is more of the second than of the first. In the present case Sir R. Vesey Hamilton has supported the claim of a professional man to succeed to the Directorship by quoting the good work done very rapidly for the U.S. Naval Gun Factory, which is under the direction of Naval officers. But there are one or two questions one would like to have cleared up in this connection. Is the actual making of the guns in the hands of Naval officers, or is it only that they manage the establishment? If the first is the case, then are the officers engaged in the manufacture men "seconded" from sea for a time, or have they left the sea in order to apply themselves to scientific industry? One can hardly suppose that the actual work of making guns can be done except by men who have made a very special study of it. But in this case the guns are not made by Naval officers, but by men who have been Naval officers, and have then ceased to be so in any real sense of the word. As regards the general management, nobody need doubt that it might be excellently done by Naval officers; but it does not follow that it could not also be well done by others, and there is also the question whether, when you have trained a man to be a Naval officer, the best thing you can do with him is to fix him on shore. For after all that is what it comes to. Every step taken towards putting administrative control in the hands of Naval officers ashore takes somebody off a quarter-deck.

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What is true of the Navy is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the Army. It is not enough to say that the present management at Woolwich and other places is bad, in order to show that it ought to be in military hands. You must show that it cannot be good except with military control, which it would be difficult to prove. As a mere spectator from the outside, it seems to me to be a very dubious proposition that the Army should have the making of its own weapons. That it should say what sort of weapon it wants is obviously right. But the actual making of the rifle or the gun is an industrial process which can be perfectly well done by workmen under civil direction. Many Army men have been very successful in this line—as they have at the bar, in the church, and in medicine. But is it not the case that in exact proportion as they succeed in these lines of life they cease to be soldiers? Partnership with private arms manufacturers is a way of making a fortune—but not of making a general. Then, too, the Government factory is in a peculiar position. The tradesman and the scientific Navy or Army officer in partnership with him who keep a private arms manufactory, execute all orders sent them for profit's sake, and dictate to nobody. It is otherwise with the Government establishment, which must always have a great authority over both Services.

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The question is whether it will keep the balance even between them. No sane person supposes that either admiral or general would deliberately sacrifice the Service to which he does not himself belong. What one does see, and must see, to be possible, if not probable, is that they might not see one another's point of view. This at least I am sure of—and it is that after reading much that has been said about the National Defences, it seems clear that there are some things which no soldier will ever be got to see. Even able officers will be found making play with the enemy's fleet which slips through in a fog, or rides out the gale which sinks ours. It is no use for Naval men to come and tell them that this is not sense, because they will not believe them—and would not believe if Nelson came back from the dead for no other purpose than to tell them. Now, one cannot feel altogether persuaded that divergences of this kind would not come out with a professional chief over the Government factories.

David Hannay.

The War Record of the "London."

By Edward Fraser.

MR. GOSCHEN is to be congratulated on the name he has chosen for the new battle-ship of the present year's programme to be built in Portsmouth Dockyard. In every respect the name "London" is an admirable choice, a name of fine historic tradition in itself, and one closely associated with gallant deeds in past times. Our first "London" to fight under the British man-of-war flag fired her first shot in Blake's battle with the Dutchmen off the Kentish Knock of September 28, 1652. She was a stout-timbered old Indiaman, noted for many an encounter with the pirates of the Eastern Seas, and well known to the Naval officers of the time as one of the ships in King Charles's famous ship-money fleet, and one of the "Summer Guard" in the Downs, when the Fleet declared against the King. In the first Dutch War the "London" took part in three actions—the Kentish Knock battle just mentioned, with Blake; with Monk in the battle off Lowestoft in the following June; and then in the final crowning victory of the war, Monk's battle off Camperdown, when Tromp was killed.

To the "London" of the Dutch War succeeded a 64-gun ship of the regular Navy, to which Cromwell himself appointed the name "London" in July, 1656. Her short career of nine years is memorable for two things. First, that she flew the Lord High Admiral's flag in 1660, when she brought James, Duke of York, over at the Restoration; second, for the catastrophe of March 9, 1665, when the "London," on her way to join the fleet at the Nore for the second Dutch War, blew up, with the loss of all hands except nineteen men.

Our third "London," the famous "Loyal London" which the Lord Mayor and Corporation presented to Charles II. to replace the blown-up ship, won her spurs in the great St. James's Day Fight, July 25, 1666. The "Loyal London" was one of De Ruyter's victims in the Medway in 1667, but before the Dutch set fire to her she had been scuttled, and only the upper works were destroyed. Weighed up and repaired in Deptford Yard, the "London" lived to grace the Navy List for another thirty years. Flying Sir Edward Spragge's flag, she took a brilliant part in the battle of Solebay, May 28, 1672, closing her day's work by receiving the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief, on board to direct the last two hours of the fight. Under the hard-fighting Sir John Harman, the "London" again distinguished herself in Rupert's three drawn battles with De Ruyter, of May, June, and August, 1673. It was as the "London" that the ship fought, for King Charles had cut off the prefix "Loyal" when he launched the ship in 1670, in a fit of pique at the City's refusal to help him a second time over this vessel. The "London" fought on yet another famous day, in the battle of Barfleur, in May, 1692, and again distinguished herself as a second to Admiral Russell in the "Britannia." Her end came after the peace of Ryswick, in 1697.

Our fourth "London," launched in 1706, had a career afloat of forty years, but in that time met no opportunity of firing an angry shot. She was broken up in 1747.

Our next "London" was the "London" of ninety guns, launched at Chatham in 1766. This "London" first met an enemy in August, 1779, in the American War, when she was with the Channel Fleet in Sir Charles Hardy's unhappy retreat to St. Helen's before a Franco-Spanish fleet. In the Great War with the French Republic and Napoleon, the "London" cruised in the Channel with Lord Howe, but just missed the "Glorious First of June," having been recalled to fit for the flag of Rear-Admiral the Duke of Clarence—who, however, was not allowed to go afloat. She was present in 1795 in Lord Bridport's action off Belleisle, served with Sir John Borlase Warren in the Ferrol Expedition of 1800, was Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship at Copenhagen in 1801, and finally, in 1806, closed her active career by taking, after a stubborn fight, Admiral Linois' famous flag-ship, the "Marengo." The "London" was broken up in 1811.

A successor was laid down in 1813, but before her launch the name was changed to "Royal Adelaide," which ship is the present "Royal Adelaide," receiving hulk.

The "London" of ninety-one guns, launched in 1840, comes next—a sister ship to the present training-ship "Conway." This was the "London" that so brilliantly distinguished herself with Sir Edmund Lyons' famous "in-shore squadron" at the Naval bombardment of Sebastopol, on October 17, 1854. Afterwards, the "London" served for some years in the Mediterranean, and then she went to Zanzibar, as senior officer's ship for the operations against the slave trade. The "London" was broken up at Zanzibar in 1884, and since then to the present time the name has been absent from our Navy List.

FRIENDLY FOES.

By Godfrey Merry.



WIDE was the difference that existed between the French Army of 1812 and that of 1870 in what may be termed a friendly feeling towards their foes. The venomous hatred with which the French regarded the victors of Sedan (hatred which the lapse of twenty-seven years has done little to obliterate) was never shown to British troops in the old war-time; and whatever the rancour of political feeling which prevailed between the two nations, there was always a generous understanding between the combatants, and there are records of many acts of courtesy exchanged which soldiers of to-day might do worse than study.

The Peninsular War lasted so long that many of our men, from contact with prisoners, had acquired a small knowledge of French; and some who had been taken prisoners themselves, and afterwards exchanged, were even better acquainted with the language. It may also be said that the French prisoners had equal opportunities of learning something of English, so that inter-communication between the sentries of the outpost lines was not only possible, but very often took place. Indeed, it would make the hair of some of our latter-day tacticians stand on end with horror were there to be a revival of the free and easy relations which sometimes existed between the outposts at that time.

I have early recollections of an old Peninsular veteran, and will endeavour to tell in his own words an anecdote that is fairly descriptive of the times:—

"After the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, the opposing lines of sentries were very close to each other, the French being divided from us by a mill dam with a plank thrown across. Our side was occupied by my company, who were then on picquet. A blacksmith of ours had erected a forge in the old mill, and was busy at the time shoeing some officers' horses. The French sentry came across the plank to light his pipe at the forge, and he and I entered into conversation. While we were carelessly chatting, who should come along but General Crauford, who commanded our division, to enquire if his horse was ready. The Frenchman's red wings soon attracted the general's attention, and, with his well-known stern glance, he said to me, 'Who the devil's that you're talking with, rifleman?' I told him it was the French sentry, who had stepped across for a light. 'Indeed,' replied Crauford, 'let him go about his business; he has no right here. Nor we either,' said he in an undertone to his aide-de-camp, and he walked away."

Wellington, in Spain, found himself beset with many difficulties, which even his great genius could do little to overcome. One of the greatest of these was the question of supplies. Sir John Moore had exhausted all the British credit by giving paper in exchange for necessaries; being left without money, he had no option, and these liabilities had never been met by the home Government. The Spaniards, therefore, were dealers on strictly cash principles only, and when money was scarce rations ran short, and our men were reduced to sore straits, having to exist as best they could, knowing at the same time that the penalty for plunder was the lash or the halter. All this was bad enough, but the French troops were in even a worse plight, fighting the English being but a small portion of their troubles. They had to bring all their stores from France, long journeys across mountains and along bad roads, infested with savage guerillas and a blood-thirsty peasantry, who harassed their convoys night and day. The country contained numbers of the priesthood who had been expelled from France during the Reign of Terror, whose sympathies were certainly not with the rule of Napoleon, and they exerted their influence against it. Small parties of soldiers were continually being cut off and murdered; and although they always beat the Spanish forces whenever they showed themselves in the open, the knives of the peasants did much to thin the ranks of the invaders. Mutual privation and suffering seems to have fostered a kind of fellow-feeling between the British and French soldiery; and when not engaged in the congenial occupation of cutting each others throats, they were kindly disposed and even friendly in their relations with one another. Here is another story of the old soldier's:—

"While we were before St. Jean de Luz, we were, as

usual, in the immediate front of the enemy, and our outlying sentries and theirs were little more than thirty yards apart. Such good feeling reigned among the French and our men that it was not an uncommon thing if our fellows ran out of any luxury, such as brandy or tobacco, to go across to the French picquet-house and ask them to oblige us, which they often did, and we used to return the compliment. Such terms of intimacy they never extended to the Spanish or Portuguese, for whom they had the greatest contempt. But such a state of things at our outposts was too subversive of discipline to be tolerated by the officers in command, so a general order came out forbidding all intercourse with the enemy on pain of death. Nevertheless, the exchange of visits used to take place on the sly, but, of course, only upon the reliance of mutual honour. I remember one night (it was Christmas Eve) in particular; my half company formed the picquet, and we ran short of grog, so one of the men volunteered to go to the opposite lines and replenish our stock if the others would provide him with the necessary means. Without further discussion we clubbed our half-dollars, and started him off in the direction of our friends the enemy. Our comrade, however, was longer over the job than we thought was necessary, and we began to get anxious, thinking something must have happened to him. So we decided to send off two men to see whether any trace could be found of him, and also the liquor. Our search party, having stated the object of their mission to the nearest French sentry, were informed that our man was drunk in their picquet-house! Fearing that there would be trouble if the facts came to the knowledge of our lieutenant, they thought it best to fetch him home; so, having arrived at the picquet-house, they found him in the enjoyment of a real good evening, and he required all their assistance to get back. Just as the party were emerging from the French lines they had the bad luck to run right into Sir James Kempt and a patrol. He instantly ordered the party under arrest, but they were so far fortunate in escaping with only a slight punishment."


"Challenged him to single combat."

In spite of stubborn resistance, the French army was slowly but surely driven back upon its own frontier, and it seems difficult to realise that after such hard blows had been given and taken, anything like courtesy should exist between the combatants; yet such was the case.

A visitor to the chapel in Chelsea Hospital will be shown a number of Eagles taken from the French during the Peninsular Campaign. And it is curious to remark that, almost without exception, the Eagle pure and simple was all that was captured, showing that the flag was torn from the staff, destroyed or successfully concealed, and the metal emblem of the Empire quickly hidden in some soldier's haversack. But woe to that man should he be observed. He was at once cut down and forced to disgorge the secreted treasure. Yet the spirit of chivalry seems to have survived, to illustrate which I will repeat another story of my old friend's:—

"We were once supporting some of the 16th Light Dragoons during a reconnaissance, when I was the spectator of an individual act of gallantry on the part of a French trooper. A small force of the enemy's cavalry had got within sight of us, and for some time we stood facing each other, with the vedettes of both sides thrown forward until they had the space of about four hundred yards between them. While in this position, a French dragoon rode leisurely towards his opposing scout, and waving his long straight sword, challenged him to single combat. Instead of this, however, our man unslung his carbine, and fired at the Frenchman, who, not in the least dismayed, shouted out so that everybody could hear him, 'Venez avec le sabre; je suis prêt, pour Napoleon et la belle France.' Having stood still to be again fired at by the Englishman, and failing to persuade him into a sword fight, he rode quietly back to his own ground, loudly cheered by our men, while our dragoon was hissed, although we afterwards found out, for the credit of his fine regiment, that he was only a recruit."

There was undoubtedly a very strong objection on the part of the French people to anything approaching an occupation of French territory by the allied armies, but at the same time, when our troops crossed the Pyrenees they appear to have been fairly well received in the French towns. The people were getting sick of the long-continued war, and with the retirement of Napoleon came prospects of a prolonged peace

Concerning Toulouse, there used to be another yarn from the same source, which is characteristic of the high opinion the troops of both sides entertained for each other:—

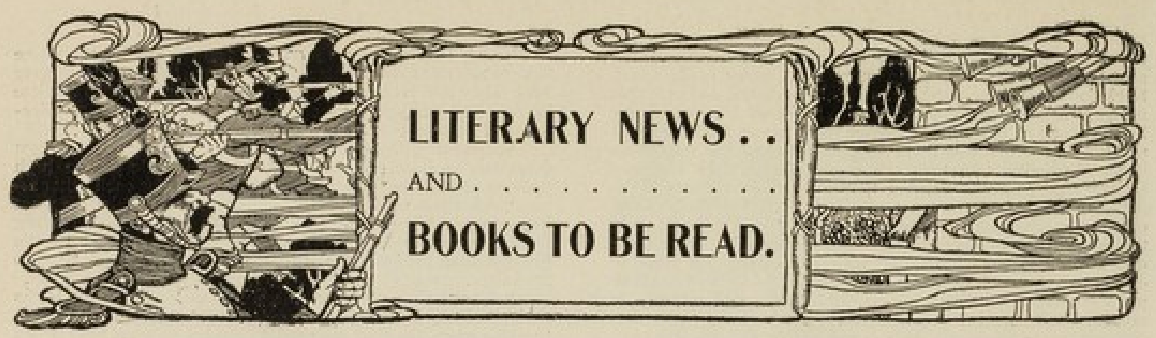
"After the news of Napoleon's retreat to Elba, we went into comfortable quarters in the vicinity of Toulouse. Having for the previous five years been more accustomed to the bivouac than the bedroom, it took us some time to get used to the latter.

"All the time we were there we were on excellent terms with the French troops quartered in the neighbourhood, and to while away the time we used to get up matches with them in running, jumping, and gymnastics. I got to know a very smart fellow, a sergeant of the 43rd Regiment of the French Line, and he and I were frequently together. One day he went to the colonel and got permission for myself and two other non-commissioned officers to visit him at Montauban, where his regiment was in barracks. On the day appointed we started off in high glee, and after crossing the river in a small boat (the bridge had been destroyed), we entered Montauban, and found the 43rd, with two other regiments, forming a brigade, drawn up on parade in the square of the town. Two fine bands were playing in front. In looking for our friend we had to pass up the front of two of the battalions, saluting, soldier-like, the officers as we passed. They all returned our salute, which made us feel proud of their courtesy. After a while we came up with our friend the sergeant, and as soon as parade was dismissed he gave us a hearty welcome, and escorted us to his quarters. On the way we were surrounded by a number of the officers, from whom we received sundry slaps on the back, and such remarks as 'Bravos les Anglais!' Dinner was prepared for us, the table being loaded with every delicacy that could be got, and to which we did not forget to do justice. After dinner the time was spent in conviviality, and never shall I forget the day we had with the 43rd of the Line."

Is it too much to hope that such sentiments as these will animate the combatants when we next indulge in a European war?

As a contrast to the foregoing examples, it is to be observed that animosity of the most bitter description was always rife between the French troops and the Spaniards as well as the Portuguese. These latter had suffered so much from plunder and various other atrocities committed by the invaders, that peasant and soldier alike were always ready to wipe off old scores whenever an opportunity presented itself. At one period during the war the ranks of our regiments were so thinned by fighting and sickness that the experiment was tried (in at least one battalion) of incorporating a few Spanish guerillas to fill up the gaps pending the arrival of recruits from England. Some of these blood-thirsty natives were attached to my old friend's company, one of them a young fellow whose father and mother had both been murdered by a foraging party of French troopers, and his greatest wish in life was to avenge them. This man was always in the thickest of the fighting, and for daring disregard of all dangers he had few equals; but, in spite of his undoubted pluck, he was just as remarkable for brutal cruelty. The climax was reached at the battle of Vittoria, where an English soldier observed the Spaniard freely indulging in his favourite pastime of bayoneting all the wounded Frenchmen that came within his reach. Sickened at the sight, the Englishman, though badly wounded in the face, promptly felled the other to the ground with a blow from the butt-end of his musket.

Everybody knows the fierce nature of the fighting during the awful Corunna retreat, but let it never be forgotten that the first act of Soult when he entered the town was to erect a monument to the memory of Sir John Moore. This act was remembered in England, and when Soult was in London at the time of the Queen's coronation he was as loudly cheered by the crowd as the great Duke of Wellington himself.



LITERARY NEWS .. AND .... BOOKS TO BE READ.

THE "New Far East" (Cassell) of which Mr. Arthur Diosy, vice-chairman of council of the Japan Society, writes so pleasantly and enthusiastically, is Japan. Of China he knows less, and writes less informingly. Statistics and material facts are, perhaps, scarcely his purpose, but those who desire to satisfy themselves as to railways in the Flowery Land, or other like matters, will hardly turn to his pages. On the other hand, it would be difficult to conceive a more happily composed account of Japan and its people than is contained in his volume. If it were not that he expresses his love for his native Britain, we might take him for a Japanese, so completely is he at home in describing their life and character, and so perfectly is he in sympathy with their progress and aspirations. By this I would not have you understand that he is unreasonably prejudiced in their favour. On the contrary, he does not hesitate to point out the weaknesses of their character, and in this connection his remarks anent commercial morality and the huckstering tactics of many Japanese traders are particularly interesting. But what I commend most in the book is its delightful picture of Japanese life, in the first place, and its remarkably vigorous picture of the Naval and Military development of the empire in the second. Mr. Diosy knows the Japanese Navy well. He is personally acquainted with many of its officers, who, he says, have profited much, as is, indeed, apparent, by Captain Mahan's message to the maritime nations. Quite thrilling are his pictures of Naval service in the war with China, and he gives instances of personal bravery that would do high credit to any Navy.

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There are many points in Mr. Diosy's volume to which attention might be drawn, but its political aspect is the most notable. There is something of the "I told you so" in his reproof of those who forecast defeat for the Japanese when they hurled their strength against the inscrutable stolidity of China. In the moderation of Russia he has no faith. He positively detests her. She is the one Power that knows what she wants, and gets it. An admirable staff does her work in East Asia, composed of men who devotedly spend laborious days and nights in fashioning the details of her policy. "Russia knows that once she has firmly established her rule, call it 'Suzerainty,' 'Protectorate,' 'Influence,' or what you will, over China, she will be mistress of three-fourths of Asia, together with her partner, France." I think few will differ from Mr. Diosy where he says, "Let Britain make herself strong, not only on sea, but on land," though not all will agree that this involves a departure from our traditional military system. It is only where we extend our land frontiers or establish spheres of influence that can be invaded that we create perils for ourselves. If such spheres must be established in China, it will tax all the ability of our military chiefs to provide for their defence, though, perhaps, the raising of the "1st Chinese" may suggest a solution of the problem. An alliance with Japan seems to suggest itself as feasible, for the interests of the two empires are practically identical, and this is the surest ground of co-operation. Yet it is difficult to suppose that a strict offensive and defensive alliance can be brought about, and Mr. Diosy himself suggests the doubt. He certainly generalises too far from Naval analogy when he says that the pitched land battles in the struggle for supremacy in the Far East would be fought, not in the vicinity of Peking, but in the forests of Finland or the plains of Northern France. But he has done good service in drawing attention to the main factors in a difficult problem, and his book is full of varied and even piquant interest.

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Mr. Alexis Krausse is another Englishman with a foreign name, who deals with similar conditions in a volume entitled "China in Decay" (Chapman, 12s.). Like Mr. Diosy, he regards the Muscovite with feelings of extreme apprehension. His point of view is excellent. He sees this country slowly extending her influence in China by commercial intercourse and negotiation, while Russia achieves her purposes by a bold display of force, inspired by a policy that is unscrupulous, though admirable for its thoroughness and foresight. Incidentally Mr. Krausse discounts the Naval value, not only of Wei-hai-Wei, but of Port Arthur. With an excellent geographical situation, it unites, says this writer, restricted water area, the deep water being close to the narrow entrance. To a Power commanding the sea, and able to throw a strong force ashore, it would be possible to cut, or at least very seriously to embarrass, the communications; but on this point Russia may well, after all, feel secure, and she is now busily engaged in completing and strengthening her position in the rear. Mr. Krausse's method is simple and satisfactory. Three well-written chapters on the country, people, and government of China are followed by enquiries into the relations of Great Britain, Russia, France, and Germany with the country. One questions why the United States and Japan are omitted. So far as I can gather, Mr. Krausse has approached his subject as an enquirer, and having amassed a great deal of information, has set it forth for the advantage of others. He does not give a perfectly satisfactory account of the diplomatic contest at Peking, and some of his propositions are certainly open to question. His general appreciation of the political future seems sound. It is no more than a grasp of the land-hunger of Russia, of the waste of China as a political entity, and of the contest that must inevitably follow. Behind that the veil hangs, and Mr. Krausse makes no endeavour, wisely enough, to lift it. Within its measure the book is of value, and those to whom the existing conditions in China are inscrutable will derive from it a flood of light.

A work that will appeal to few outside the circle of those professionally interested is M. Bertin's "Marine Boilers," translated and edited by Leslie S. Robertson (Murray, 18s.). It is the most important volume upon Naval engineering that has appeared for a long time, and several circumstances make it particularly interesting. The author, who is well known in this country, is a most distinguished French Naval architect. Sir William White, who introduces the volume in a graceful preface, describes his colleague's career. M. Bertin has long served in the French dockyards, as well as at sea, and in the Ministry of Marine. For some years he was principal technical adviser to the Japanese Naval Department, and he has since been principal of the Ecole d'Application du Génie Maritime, where his lectures were the origin of the present volume, and Director of Material at the Ministry, where he is now chief of the Technical Department. He is the responsible designer of the latest and swiftest cruisers built and building in France, and no man is more competent to speak upon the French practice in marine engineering. The next point that gives the book great importance is its subject, which is more especially that of tubulous boilers. Now in this matter, with courage and enterprise worthy of high commendation, French engineers have led the way, and we have undoubtedly gained enormously by their boldness. As Sir William White says, the book presents the best summary yet available, from a French source, of what their experience has been. The question of water-tube boilers has been eagerly debated in this country, and it cannot yet be said that all interested are absolutely convinced as to the advantage of the system, though unquestionably the vast body of professional opinion should be regarded as decisive. However, all enquirers will turn with confidence to this very able book, which, as Sir William White well says, in its arrangement, style, and terseness is a worthy specimen of the French method. A debt of gratitude is certainly due to Mr. Leslie S. Robertson for his admirable translation. It is more than a translation, for it embodies much later information from French and other sources, and the task of converting the French figures into their corresponding British units must have been an exceedingly arduous one. However, it was well worth the labour, for it has resulted in some correction of occasional slips in the original. This is a volume that is certain to command attention, for it has an authoritative character, and is a marvellous magazine of facts.

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The pressure of many things upon the space allotted to me has prevented me from alluding until now to *Cassier's Magazine* for December. There are interesting articles upon "Luxury in American Railway Travel," "Some Ancient Engineering," and other subjects, but one contribution will be particularly valuable to readers of this paper. It is that on "High Explosives in Naval Warfare," by Dr. Charles E. Monroe, who is firmly convinced that ships will yet be provided both with smokeless powder for their guns and high-explosive charges for their shells. Nitro-substitution compounds, he says, are the logical successors of "villainous saltpetre" for charges for shells impelled at high velocities from powder guns. Lyddite, mélinite, and other explosives have been repeatedly tried in this country and on the Continent, but the Americans have an excellent compound in joveite, though fear of mishap has prevented them yet from finally adopting it. Details of one trial are interesting. A 10-in. Midvale semi-armour-piercing shell, containing 28-lb. of the explosive, was fired with a velocity of 1,925 foot-seconds, and penetrated, to a depth of 12-in., a 16-in. plate from the "Kentucky," which was broken through at several places previously cracked, the evidences of the explosion being terrific. Dr. Monroe gives many other particulars.

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At the close of the old year, it seems appropriate to speak of some things that will be welcomed in the new. The *Live Stock Journal Almanack* (Vinton, 1s.) is, of course, indispensable to breeders and feeders of horses and cattle. Besides being an almanack, this is an encyclopædia, embodying many articles by experts. I notice as of particular interest, Mr. C. Stein's article on "Swimming Horses," Dr. George Fleming's able treatment of the subject of "Twisted Bowels in Horses," and Professor Axe's practical contribution on the conveyance of horses by rail. To cavalrymen all these will be of value.

° ° ° °

I am writing this upon one of Messrs. Hudson and Kearns' admirable "Blotting-pad Diaries." Those who do not know the comfort of doing their work upon one of these are to be commiserated. The firm pad of good blotting-paper, held secure by leather corners, the inter-leaved diary, with all its useful particulars, a fixture at one end, and a tablet for a week's reminders at the other, seems to me to be a perfect form. If some think otherwise, there are other styles suitable for particular or general purposes, some being made to fold. The handy and substantial character of these most useful pads is well known, whatever style is chosen. But for my purpose, and I think that of all hard workers, the "Banker's" is the best.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The Channel Squadron Homeward Bound.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MOST places, English ones at any rate, improve on better acquaintance, and the difference between our usual flying visit to Gibraltar and the five weeks' sojourn just completed beneath the shadow of the grey old



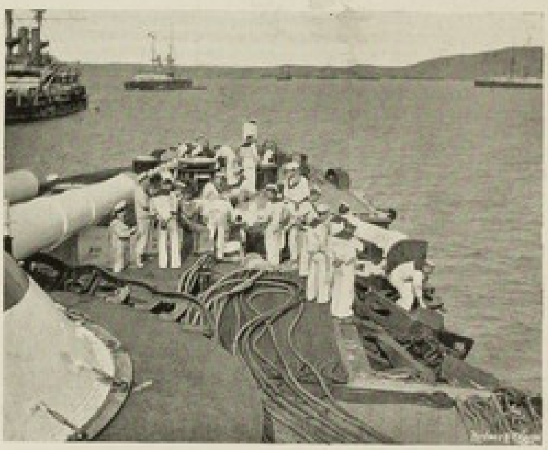
THE BOAT DECK, LOOKING FORWARD.

Rock was most agreeably pronounced. In fact, Gibralta was unusually pleasant, in spite of rather indifferent weather a general air of content seemed to prevail, though there was some little anxiety about the prospects of Christmas and England, which have now been satisfactorily allayed.

Prior to sailing for home the ships "prepared for battle" in every detail, and lest any enterprising local correspondent should (as in the case of the China Squadron lately at Wei-hai-Wei) deem such a step to be of serious import, let me here explain that this exercise is carried out elaborately in every ship in the Navy about twice a year.

It is precisely what would be done on the declaration of war, only instead of throwing the impedimenta overboard it is all stowed away below.

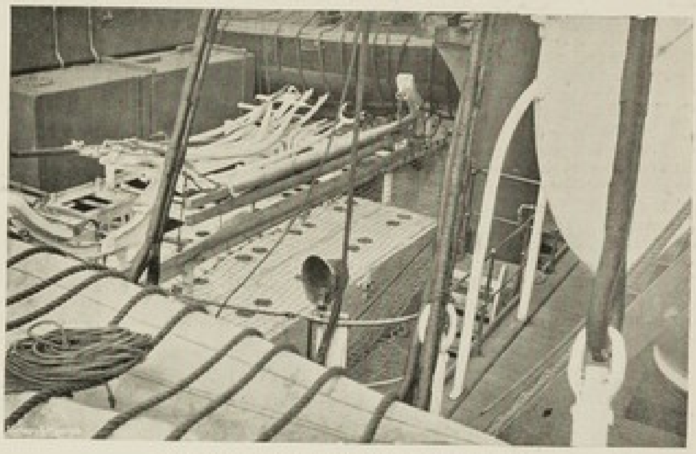
As the exercise presents several points of interest, I send photographs taken from different points of view. Commencing on the forecastle, anchors and cables are specially secured, all rails, davits, ensign-staffs, awning stanchions, etc., are got down out of the way of the turret guns, and the big 6-in. steel wire hawsers are "flaked" down with the necessary hemp hawsers and heaving lines, all ready to send to some more able-bodied consort in the event of the engines breaking down in action. Passing aft along the super-



THE FORECASTLE.

structure, we find all the boats stowed inboard, covered with canvas, and with hawsers wound round and round outside them, this with the idea of minimising the splinters if a shell should strike them.

All spare wood, lumber, spars, ventilators, etc., with



SHOWING THE SPLINTER NETTING.

which the "booms" are generally crowded, are sent below, or on actual service thrown overboard. Up aloft masts and yards have extra lashings and lifts, and the big steel derrick with which the boats are hoisted out is supported along its length by chocks and spare spars.

Underneath everything is stretched steel wire splinter netting, which is strong enough to keep fragments of boats, bridges, etc., from falling down and wounding the men at work in the upper deck battery.

Aft on the quarter-deck all the boats and their davits have disappeared, rails and stanchions are gone, hatchways are covered or can be at a moment's notice, and the towing cables are up ready, if we are destined to be lucky, to help some less fortunate comrade out of the hurly-burly of battle.

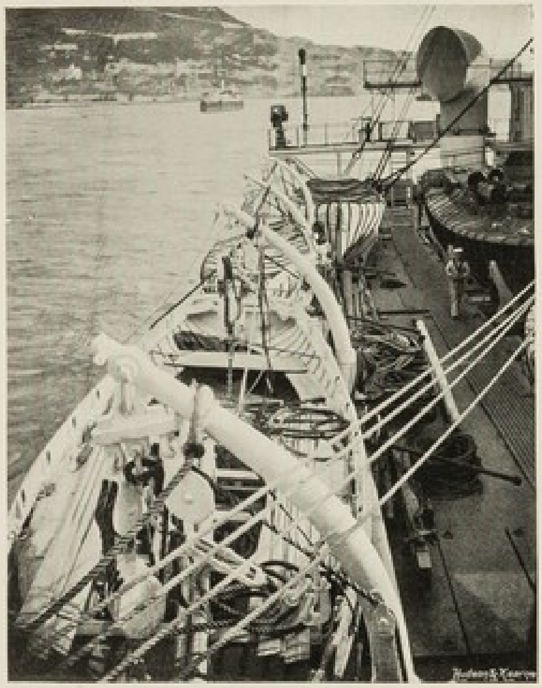
The last picture is, if not unique, at least very uncommon, being a snap-shot taken at night of men burning the electric search-light. The beam of another projector was made use of, and the result gives a very clear view of the men working the light.

The leading torpedo man in charge is on the right hand, and is holding a screen of red glass before his eyes to protect them while



Photos. E. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

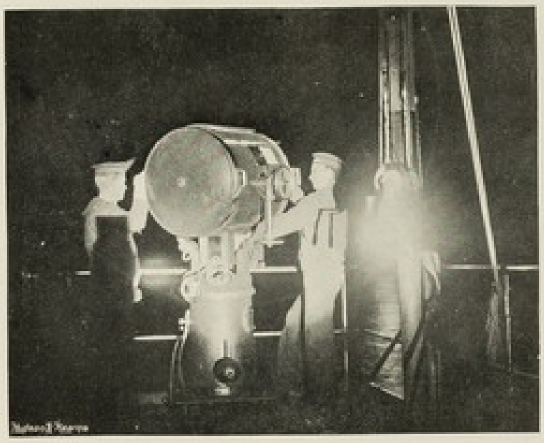
THE QUARTER-DECK CLEARED FOR ACTION.



THE BOAT DECK, LOOKING AFT

he adjusts the carbons. If the use of this screen is neglected the 30,000 candle-power light causes sore eyes at least, and in many cases temporary blindness. In the illustration the search-light of another ship is very distinct. The photograph is an excellent one, as showing what can be done with the camera at night.

This is the last letter you will get from me before we



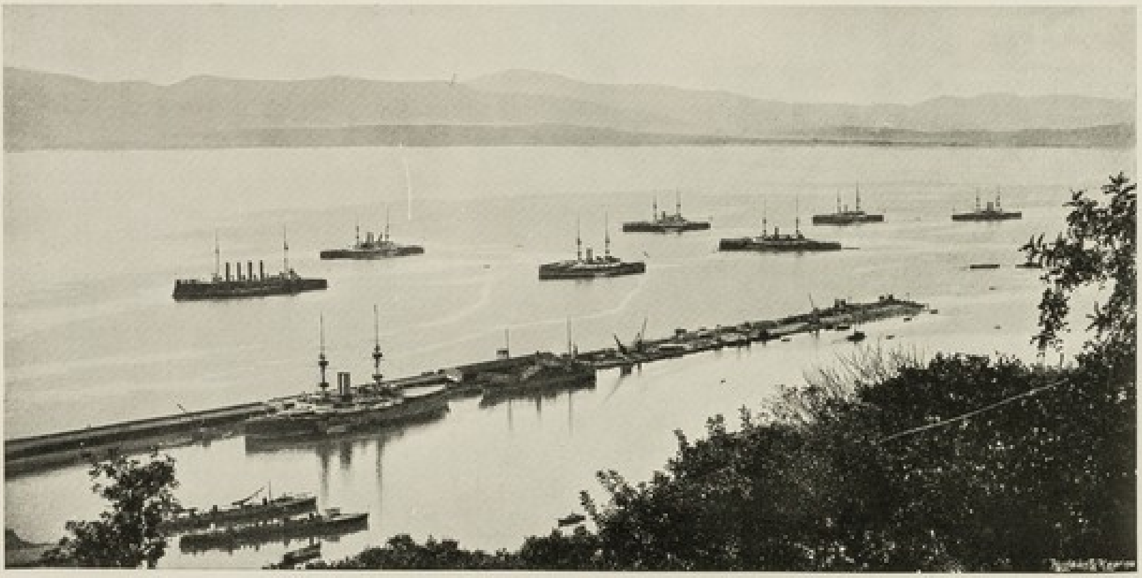
THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

take our Christmas leave. Soon after our arrival in the Channel the ships of the Squadron dispersed to their respective ports, where they will be docked and prepared for another cruise early in January.

Strengthening Gibraltar.

OUR first illustration gives an excellent bird's-eye view of the Squadron at anchor off the end of the New Mole, with the flag-ship as usual berthed alongside it. The illustration also shows the older portion of the New Mole, with the coaling sheds extending along its length. Three ships, if not four, can be put alongside and coaled at the same time if necessary, and, as can be seen, in a short time there will be accommodation for at least double the number. The first section of the new breakwater is in fact almost completed, and the second portion (that lying between the end of the Mole and the light-ships) rises at many points above the surface at low water. A general idea of the magnificent artificial harbour now under construction may be gathered from the second illustration, where the dotted lines show the approximate area and position of the space to be enclosed. That portion which is most remote from the point of view will be utilised as a Commercial Mole, and its existence will very much enhance the value of Gibraltar as a port of call for merchant shipping, as the facilities at present in this direction are none of the best.

Gibraltar dockyard and the new docks under construction lie at the foot of the New Mole, and before long it is to be hoped that almost any repair will be able to be effected upon a disabled battle-ship or cruiser. The contractor's under-



Photos. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY OF GIBRALTAR.

"RESOLUTION." "JUPITER." "MARS." "REPULSE."
"DIADEM." "MAJESTIC." "PRINCE GEORGE." "MAGNIFICENT."

taking has been anything but an easy one, for the water along the outer lines of the breakwater is very deep, also the rock in which the dock is being cut has been found very porous, necessitating a large pumping plant being constantly at work. The effect of the late war upon the silver coinage, too, and the rise in value of the Spanish peseta lately has made the wages of the workmen increase in proportion.

Far away in the distance, just over the masts of the "Diadem," lies the Spanish town of Algeciras, interesting chiefly since its Governor still bears the title of "Governor of Algeciras and Gibraltar, the latter temporarily in the hands of the British." The bay is only some five miles across, and the unpleasant thought arises as one looks over it that in time of war high explosive shells might be lobbed over into the dockyard and shipping from the opposite shore with the greatest ease and certainty. However, doubtless in such a case we should take very good care that those portions of the Spanish dominions were not occupied by a hostile force.



Photo. A. Debenham, Ryde. Copyright.

THE ARTIFICIAL HARBOUR NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT GIBRALTAR.

On the Australian Station.

THE "Royal Arthur" is the flag-ship on the far distant Australian station, which formerly was not considered of sufficient importance to require an admiral. Twenty years ago, and less, the senior Naval officer was a captain, with the temporary rank of commodore, flying his broad pendant on board a wooden corvette, one of a class which has long since succumbed to the inexorable advance of science, and which, if it survives at all, is only represented by a coal hulk here and there, or a figure-head in a ship-breaker's yard.

The present flag-ship is a large and powerful cruiser, of 7,700 tons, capable of steaming 19 knots, and armed with the most approved modern weapons, which would make matchwood of one of her predecessors at a range at which her guns would be as futile as a schoolboy's catapult.

The old wooden steering-wheel of the corvette, with some appropriate motto inscribed in brass letters round its ample



Photo. J. N. Taylor. Copyright.

CLEANING THE BOATS.



Photo. J. N. Taylor. Copyright.

AT THE FORGE.

circumference, and requiring the services of two or three men to handle it in rough weather, has given place to the neat little wheel represented in one of our illustrations. One man can tend it in the heaviest sea, for it merely controls the gear of the steering engine, a cunning piece of mechanism, of almost human intelligence, which responds instantly to the slightest movement of the wheel, but never runs away with the tiller, as one might expect an engine to do if once set going. The mechanism is so arranged that the movement of the wheel necessary to impart port or starboard helm is precisely the same as in a hand-wheel, so that the various orders to the helmsman have the same practical significance as of old; and the same anomaly exists, it may be remarked, in the fact that on the order "starboard" the ship's head swings to port, and *vice versâ*. Perhaps this may be altered in time, but the change will lead to some collisions before the new *régime* becomes familiar.

The brass pedestal on which the wheel works carries an indicator, by which the steersman can see at a glance the angle at which the rudder is inclined; and on the right stands the compass, by which he directs the ship on the course given by his superiors.

Another picture shows the steam-boats, reposing inboard in the crutches, which are moulded exactly to fit the shape of the boat, so that it rests secure and without injury when the ship is knocking about in a seaway. The men are engaged in giving the boats a Saturday morning clean out, that day being universally devoted in the Navy to cleaning everything on board, whether it happens to be dirty or not. The right-hand boat is a very small steamer, used for light work, and towing rowing-boats, etc., and also for taking the admiral about, the neat little polished and glazed cabin for his use resting at present in the stern of the larger boat, which latter is a very substantial craft, and is available for the use of the pole torpedo, besides carrying a formidable gun in the bow when requisite.

This is not, however, the largest steam-boat carried; there is also a steel torpedo-boat, 56-ft. in length, and of high speed, using the deadly Whitehead torpedo.

These huge boats, as will easily be realised, are no foolish weight; and to the uninitiated it may appear somewhat of a problem how they are got into the water and replaced so snugly in their crutches. Steam, however, is the solver of all problems nowadays—unless it is replaced by electricity—and near the left of the picture may be noted the end of a huge steel derrick, with a heavy wire purchase attached to it, which, when the wire rope is taken to a powerful steam winch, makes short work of the heaviest boat. The lower end of the derrick is pivoted very strongly on the mast, so that it can be raised at will, and lowered into its present position when not required.

The largest gun carried is the 9·2-in. of 22 tons weight; the smallest is the five-barrelled Nordenfelt machine gun of 143-lb. weight, of which there are six on board. The bullet is the same size as that of the Martini-Henry rifle—not quite half an inch in diameter—and the gun is controlled by three men, as shown in the illustration. The man on the left keeps feeding the gun with cartridges; the one in the centre does the aiming, controlling the direction laterally with his right hand and vertically with his left; while the third keeps on discharging showers of bullets by alternate backward and forward movements of the lever which he is holding, the empty cartridge cases being automatically thrown out as they are discharged. Though not as ingenious as the Maxim gun, the Nordenfelt is a deadly little weapon, and is not prone to jam or get out of order.



WORKING A NORDENFELT GUN.



Photos. J. N. Taylor. *AT THE WHEEL.* Copyright

One more picture shows the blacksmith at work; his portable forge is set up on some convenient part of the deck, his anvil is dumped down alongside it, and he and his mate are kept pretty busy, either in repairing various iron fittings of boats, etc., or in manufacturing some fancy fitting on which the commander has set his heart for improving the appearance of his already perfect ship, or facilitating the performance of a manœuvre which involves competition in smartness with other vessels.

New Zealand, as our readers are aware, is included in the Australian station, and Admiral Pearson has occasionally to pay a visit there in his flag-ship. The distance from Sydney is about 1,200 miles to the centre of New Zealand—that is, to the entrance of Cook's Strait, which divides the two principal islands—in a south-easterly direction.

The New Zealanders, though they are much younger colonists than their brethren in the big island, dating back only to about 1840, are no less loyal adherents of the old country, and admirers of the Navy; so the flag-ship's officers are treated right royally when they go the rounds of the principal ports.

There is, indeed, quite a flutter of excitement when it becomes known that a visit from the flag-ship is imminent, and preparations are at once commenced for a flattering reception, and for affording facilities to the eager inhabitants to visit the ship. This is more easy in some ports than in others, for the vessel does not always anchor close to the town; and at Christchurch the residents had, on a recent occasion, to travel five miles in steam launches, in windy weather, a process which is calculated, temporarily at least, to damp the ardour of any but a very violent enthusiast.

Per Mare, per Terram.



Photo. Vechins. Copyright.
OUR LATEST ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

THE most responsible post held by a subject of the Queen, if the nation were actually at war, would be that filled by the First Sea Lord, the Government's Naval adviser. Nor is it by any means a light burden in peace-time. He who holds this post to-day is that most able Naval officer Sir Frederick Richards, G.C.B., who has now just received promotion to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet. And he has well earned the honour, for not only has he been Commander-in-Chief on those two important stations, the East Indies and China, but he has also been a Naval Lord since 1892, that is to say, a period during which the material portion of the Fleet has been almost doubled in strength and numbers, and its personnel enormously increased.

AN important command is that of the Channel Squadron, just relinquished owing to ill-health by Vice-Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson, K.C.B. Everybody regrets that he should have been forced to take this step, because not only is his record of an unique character, comprising service in every corner of the globe, but he is also most popular afloat and ashore, and deservedly beloved in Royal circles. He has been twice shipwrecked—once in 1857 in the China Sea, and once in 1868 in the Straits of La Perouse.



Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.
A LORD OF THE "NARROW SEAS."

WE know, and we have no false modesty in saying so, that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is a popular journal all over the world wherever a British community is found. Greetings we receive from many parts at this time of the year; the one here reproduced is the latest. Note the Stars and Stripes as indicative of the cordial feelings which unite Britishers and Americans all the world over, and particularly those who are exiled from home in China.



A CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM WUHU.

WHILE Englishmen feel a glow of pride in the military history of their nation, one day will always stand out prominent, and that is October 25, 1854, the day when a handful of the Light Brigade charged into the teeth of the guns at Balaclava; and this is the *bonâ fide* actual trumpet with which Lord Cardigan's trumpeter sounded the order for the heroic dash, portrayed as it rests on its background of blood-red plush, hung in the mess-room of the 11th Hussars. And that regiment give it almost the same honour as they did their "guidon" when they carried it. If it leaves the mess, say to decorate a ball-room, it has its escort, and a sentry placed over it. It is, in truth, the fetish of the "Cherubims."



Photo. Gribble. Copyright.
"FORWARD THE LIGHT BRIGADE!"



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
SAVED BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH.

NO smarter or finer infantry regiment is there in Her Majesty's Indian Army than that very smart and fine regiment, the 4th Ghoorkas. Our portrait is that of a rifleman—the Ghoorkas, be it always remembered, are "Rifles," and very proud of the distinction—who had a lucky escape in the last Frontier campaign. Whilst on guard one morning, during the return of the regiment from Tirah, he was seized by four Afridis, and, before he could give an alarm, taken prisoner and carried off to the Bazaar Valley. Here he was kept for some forty-eight hours, carefully watched, though well treated and supplied with food. The second evening he

was taken out to have his fate discussed, and in the argument that ensued was momentarily left unguarded, an opportunity he at once embraced. Being, like all Ghoorkas, a good mountaineer, he managed to evade his pursuers, and after a night passed in hiding succeeded in reaching a British picquet.

OF Yeomanry Cavalry the twelfth in point of seniority is that fine corps, the Duke of Lancaster's Own. Our portrait is very representative of the corps, and represents Trumpet-Major Finnigan, who has just retired from the corps



Photo. Guttenberg. Copyright.
A TRUMPET-MAJOR OF YEOMANRY.

after twenty years' service. The trumpet-major comes of a soldierly stock, for his father, a non-commissioned officer of the 8th Hussars, was killed in the Balaclava charge, and he was himself till fourteen years of age a pensioner on the Patriotic Fund. The Duke of Lancaster's Own dress as dragoons, with scarlet tunics and blue facings. An improvement due in some measure to the efforts of Trumpet-Major Finnigan has been made in the appearance of their helmets.



Photo. Cribb. Copyright.
THE CHAMPION CYCLIST OF THE NAVY.

IN no section of Society has the bicycling craze taken a firmer hold than in the Naval and Military Forces of the Crown. Perhaps more in the Navy than in the Army, though every regiment has its team of officers and men, and military cyclists are becoming a recognised institution in modern warfare. In the Navy cycling has not any military use, though it would come in handy with landing parties, and for this reason it is an excellent thing that it has become such a popular recreation both with officers and on the lower deck. Our portrait is that of the champion cyclist of the Navy, he having won the Open Navy Gold Medal competed for at the cycle sports of the "Vernon" Torpedo School at Portsmouth. Arthur Bosting, R.N., who is twenty-three years of age, only joined the Service in 1896, and is a member of the Chatham branch of the Royal Naval Cycling Club. He built himself the machine on which he won, which shows his ability in the rating to which he belongs, that of engine-room artificer.

DURING the fishery season around the coasts of our earliest colony, the twelfth largest island in the world, Newfoundland, one of the cruisers on the North American station is told off to act as a controlling force, and see that there the fisheries regulations are complied with, and that there is no friction with the French fishers who flood to these waters. The season lasts from May to October, and during that period the officer in command hoists his pennant as a class commodore. Up to the end of last season the "Cordelia" occupied this billet, and the pennant she hoisted was that of the Hon. Maurice A. Bourke. Our picture is a group of her officers, and the commodore himself is seated in the centre, and easily distinguishable by the single broad ring of sleeve lace that denotes his rank.



Photo. Notman. Copyright.
THE OFFICERS OF THE "CORDELIA" JUST PAID OFF.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

SHOEMAKERS AT WORK.

Here we have regimental shoemakers at work. It should be stated that these men do not make the boots for the regiment. The boots are served out by the Clothing Department, but the regimental shoemakers do all the mending. The idea aimed at in this, as in other similar respects, is that a regiment should be self-supporting.



Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

"REGIMENTAL SPORTS."

This illustration shows some men doing one of the commonest forms of duty that come under the head of fatigues Soldiers, who have a nickname for nearly everything, dub this particular work "Regimental Sports." The coal is carried in zinc tubs, and it is interesting to remark the different methods adopted of carrying these heavy burdens.



Photo. G. Lekegian & Co. Copyright.

PRIVATE THOMAS BYRNE, V.C., 21st LANCERS.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

⁂ *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VI. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more gallant deed than that the performance of which has led to the bestowal on Private Byrne of the only Victoria Cross awarded to a soldier of non-commissioned rank for the advance on Khartoum. There is no need here to go into the history of that splendid charge which won for the 21st Lancers undying fame and the proud distinction of being henceforth known as the "Empress of India's" Own. It is sufficient to say that, in the course of the charge, Lieutenant the Hon. R. F. Molyneux, of the Royal Horse Guards, who was attached to the 21st Lancers for the campaign, was wounded, dismounted, and disarmed. Attacked by several Dervishes, his case seemed desperate, and would doubtless have proved so had it not been for the expert gallantry of the trooper whose photograph we reproduce. "In the middle of the charge"—so runs the paragraph in the *London Gazette*—"Private Byrne turned back and went to Lieutenant Molyneux's assistance. Already himself severely wounded, he attacked the Dervishes by whom the young officer was being so hardly pressed, received a second severe wound, and by his gallant conduct enabled Lieutenant Molyneux to escape." The fact that Private Byrne actually turned back in the middle of an intensely exciting charge to do this splendid deed makes the latter all the more conspicuous as an instance of cool and unselfish valour which it would be hard to beat even in the thrilling annals of the V.C. *(See page 368.)*

* * * *

EVERY encouragement is given to soldiers to keep themselves employed in the hours not taken up with actual drill, etc. In every regiment servants are required for the officers, and grooms for the officers' horses; also waiters in the officers' mess, in the sergeants' mess, and in the canteen. In the school one or two assistant teachers are necessary, and two or three men to do clerks' work in the different offices. Then, too, employment may be found in the regimental workshops for several men as tailors, shoemakers, painters, carpenters, and the like. In garrison towns there are many posts well worth trying for, such as those of clerks at military offices, telegraph clerks, messengers, attendants at libraries, and gardeners. Soldiers are also often employed in road-making and in building. These posts bring to the men extra pay, varying from 4d. to 1s. a day; but they are only given to soldiers who are steady and intelligent, and well up in their drill. These extra employments are eagerly sought after, not only for the sake of the pay, but also because the men holding them escape many duties that are monotonous and irksome. Thus they get off guard-work and a number of drills. Besides, they are much less liable to be told off for fatigue duty, and to that work there is no pay attached. There must always be a certain amount of this work to be done. Among the commonest "fatigues" are cleaning yards, guard-rooms, and hospitals, filling carts with coal, or carrying it for staff or departmental officers, or for guard. *(See page 367.)*

* * * *

A LIEUTENANT of Swedish infantry has addressed to me a question, the reply to which will, I think, be of very general interest. He wishes to learn "the conditions on which foreign officers are allowed to enter, or for a certain time to serve in, the British Army." So far as I know, there are no published conditions in regard to this matter, but the usual practice is sufficiently well defined to enable a fairly clear idea to be arrived at. Of course, as regards actual entrance into our Army, there is no real question. An ordinary commission in Her Majesty's Service cannot be held except by a "natural born subject of the Queen," and in making application for permission to present oneself as a candidate for Sandhurst or Woolwich this qualification is absolutely necessary. There have been partial exceptions to this rule, as, for instance, the cases of the late Prince Imperial and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. But such instances lie outside the ordinary pale, and are of mere academic interest. The same remark applies to the colonelcies-in-chief of the King's Dragoon Guards, the Royal Dragoons, and the Scots Greys, which are held by the Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, and the Czar of Russia respectively. These are purely honorary appointments, and their tenure does not carry with it a place in the active list of the Army, or imply any but an honorary connection.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH, however, the foreign officer is, as such, entirely debarred from holding an active commission, there have of late years been several instances of foreign officers being attached to English regiments, as a rule for particular courses of study, and it is in this manner alone that my correspondent could attain his wish to see something of the inner life of our Service. I do not say that an application of this sort would be immediately granted, but, if my correspondent went the right way to work, he would probably experience no real difficulty, and would certainly meet with every courtesy and attention from our military authorities. Probably his best course, after obtaining the consent of his own military superiors and the Swedish War Department to his application—that, of course, would be essential—would be to communicate direct with our War Office, in Pall Mall, requesting permission to be allowed to attend some particular course, preferably at Aldershot, giving at the same time particulars of his own service, and indicating clearly that his application was made with the full consent and approbation of his own Government. In all probability he would receive a reply stating that his request would be granted, and that during his stay in England he would be attached to such-and-such a regiment. To what extent he would become intimate with that regiment would of course depend upon himself, but he might make sure of a frank and hospitable reception. It is not likely that the War Office would readily accede to a longer association than, say, six months. With regard to the cost, this is an almost impossible matter to give exact advice upon, but a foreign officer in such circumstances should not allow himself less than from £20 to £25 a month for his total expenditure, if he wants to "do the thing well."

* * * *

"P. K."—Among the reforms introduced by Lord St. Vincent, the substitution of hair beds for seamen, in place of "flock, made of decayed wool" and other nasty ingredients, was one of the most important, from a sanitary point of view. When the project was first mooted, that hot-bed of fogeydom and jobbery—the Navy Board—scouted the notion as "unpractical" and "chimerical." The first lot of beds for experiment was only obtained by means of a ruse on the part of one of the members of the Board, and at some personal loss; and a subsequent order from the Admiralty with regard to obtaining a permanent supply was treated with "sarcasm" and "ridicule." But Lord St. Vincent was not to be denied, and from the year 1801 the British Navy seaman has had a wholesome and comfortable bed to lie on—a boon for which he is indebted to the pertinacity of his true friend, Lord St. Vincent. In his declining days, when he heard that many of his reforms had fallen into abeyance, the grand old veteran was heard to declare that "of all the services I lay claim to, the preservation of the health of our fleets is my proudest boast."

* * * *

"CALEDONIA" asks me to tell him the number of Scotch and the number of English in each Highland regiment. This is a question which I cannot answer, for it is impossible to enquire into the parentage of the men of the regiments. Besides, the vexed question as to what constitutes a Scot would arise. It is well known that a large number of men in the Highland regiments are not really Highlanders; many of them are Southrons, Irish, and even London contributes its quota. I met a Seaforth Highlander a short time since, and he said that he, like many others, was a "Bethnal Green Highlander." The same correspondent asks which Scottish regiments wear kilts, and which trews? The Royal Highlanders (the Black Watch), the Seaforth, the Gordon, the Cameron, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders wear kilts. The regiments wearing trews are as follows:—The Royal Scots, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Highland Light Infantry, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and the Scottish Rifles (Cameronians).

* * * *

"M. L."—Prize-money nowadays does not involve many entries on the credit side of the Naval officers' bank-book, but the custom is one of quite respectable antiquity. As early as 1242 Henry III. recognised the equity of the principle of "payment by results" by granting a charter to the Cinque Ports to fit out ships to wage war against the French, retaining a fifth share of the value of prizes for the Crown. In the fourteenth century the practice was to divide the value of all prizes captured between the Crown, which took a fourth share, the owners of the hired ships, who benefited to a like amount, and the officers and men engaged, the admiral taking a double share. Following the French model, the "fourths" later on became "tenths," as we find in 1584 that the admiral, "in consideration of the dignity of his place and the importance of his service," had *son droit de dixième*, and the right was then evidently a well-established one, as it was confirmed "*suivant les anciennes ordonnances.*"

* * * *

THE reproductions given on pages 354-55-56 are from photographs by various photographers. Those of Captain Gresley, the "Raleigh," and "Cleopatra," and the two pictures taken aloft, are by Symonds and Co.; the "Champion" by West and Son; and the "Volage" by S. Cribb. That of Captain Pocklington is by Heath, Captain Cherry by Mayall, and Captain Pike by Vandyck.

* * * *

IN the Christmas Number an article appeared entitled "Our Arsenal in the Far East." Of the three illustrations the two bottom ones were wrongly named, as the one entitled "Kowloon, with Leased Territory in the Background," should have been "The Chinese Naval Establishment at Whampoa," and *vice versa*.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

Ariadne Thorne, who is an heiress, the daughter of a sailor and now the wife of one, viz., Sir Geoffrey Barry, is with him in his frigate, "La Mignonne" (a capture from the French), which is lying in the Thames endeavouring to procure sailors to take part in the impending war between England and France—the great war which, a few months later, broke out, and was distinguished by the signal victory obtained by Hawke over Conflans in Quiberon Bay. The story has, previous to this time, been concerned with the attempts of an aristocratic scoundrel, known as Beau Bufton, to obtain the hand of the heiress, Ariadne, which he imagines he is about to do successfully. He has, however, been tricked by a foster-sister of Ariadne's into a marriage with her, she sacrificing herself in her determination to utterly ruin and crush the man who, a year or so before, corrupted her younger sister and drove her to her death. In her scheme she was assisted (if not directed towards it) by Lewis Granger, a man who, himself, has been ruined and disgraced through Bufton's knavery, and who, even now, is not satisfied with the vengeance he has already taken. It is to him that the title "Fortune's my Foe" (which is also the title of one of the most ancient songs in the English language) applies. Bufton has, however, by this time discovered the whereabouts of Granger, and the calling which the latter is engaged in, and has gone to see him with a view, if possible, of joining in Granger's business. But on his doing so his former friend lays before him such a scheme for obtaining vengeance on the woman who has hoodwinked him, and on, also, Sir Geoffrey Barry, who has married the real heiress, as well as on the heiress herself, that he turns his whole attention to this matter alone. How the tables were turned, and how the man's villainy recoiled on the man's head, has been described, as well as the rehabilitation of Lewis Granger's character, and the conclusion of the story is reached, it taking place during and immediately after the great English victory at Quiberon.

CHAPTER XXI. *(continued.)*

"FAREWELL," said Geoffrey, with one hand grasping that of Granger, the other on his arm—and with on his face the look of noble compassion that not often, but sometimes, passes between man and man—"farewell! To-morrow you shall hear from me—and—fear not. We sail together as comrades yet. I know it. Feel it."

Whatever Lewis Granger had to do to free himself from the hateful life which he had lived for the past few months was quickly done; and, ere another day had passed, he—in spite of protestations and remonstrances from the man whom he served—had cast that life behind him for ever. But still there remained one other thing to do, a journey to make.

He took the coach as the afternoon drew on, and, so, proceeded some dozen miles into the heart of the country, when, quitting it, he made his way on foot towards a village lying a mile or two from a great town. A little village that, here, rose upon a slight hill and was surmounted by an old church built of flintstones which, in the late March gloom of evening, stood up hoar and grim. And, striding through the village in which now lights were beginning to twinkle through the diamond-paned windows of thatched cottages, Lewis Granger made his way to the wicket gate that opened into the churchyard, and so round to the further side, and to a grave. A grave over which was a stone, having inscribed on it the words that told how, very suddenly, the Lady Hortensia Granger had died two years before.

"Ay," her son murmured to himself, as he stood there in the desolate place, and felt the night wind rising over the flat country around. "Ay. Suddenly! The blow killed her as it fell—perhaps in God's mercy. Yet, if I could have seen her ere she went—surely, surely, she must have believed my vows that I was innocent. And, now, she can never know."

That is the bitterness of it! The bitterness that those who have gone can never know what we would have told them had we not been too late. That which has happened after they have gone can never be told now. And such bitterness had come to the racked heart of Lewis Granger: the bitterness and misery of knowing that, of the only two creatures in the world whom he could love, the one had died of horror engendered by belief in his shame; the other had not died, but she, too, had believed.

"Oh, God!" he muttered, standing there in the swift-coming darkness, "if they could only have trusted me; could have waited patiently in that trust."

A bitter cry this from an over-charged heart, yet one that has found an echo in thousands of others, and in other circumstances. "If they would only have had faith in us; would only have waited patiently in that faith!" Or, better still, if we who erred and felt and suffered had not scorned to justify ourselves in their eyes; had not defied the present and trusted to the future to right us, and had not taught ourselves to laugh at doubts and be willing to love and lose and trust to the morrow to make amends. The morrow that is never to be; the future that is never to come! For there is neither future nor morrow on this earth for the loved one whose ears are dead and cold, and cannot hear our bitter plaint—nor ever any future for us either. The word has not been said—and it is too late! Too late! and only because that word, which would have righted all, has not been uttered. We were innocent, and scorned to proclaim our innocence; we loved and cloaked our love with assumed indifference, with pretended infidelity; we worshipped, and were ashamed to acknowledge our worship. And, now, those are gone who hungered for the avowal, and to whom it would have sounded as the sweetest music ever heard, and we are left, and—again!—it is too late.

CHAPTER XXII.

"As Ye Sow."

To roam the seas for months, storm-beaten and tempest-tossed, chilled to the bone with cold at one moment, burnt black by the sun at others; without food sometimes, and sometimes without drink—such has often been the lot of the English seaman in voyages and war-time, and so it was now in "The Wonderful Year," the year 1759.

Only with, perhaps, more added miseries and discomforts during the present hostilities than had been present in earlier times, since, in those days of the past, our enemy, our one great and implacable enemy, with whom it seemed almost that God created us to strive, had ever sought us as eagerly as we sought him. Yet, now, all appeared changed. The more we sought him the more he evaded us; upon the open sea we could never bring him—or very rarely bring him—to battle with us; and, vaunt as he might his determination to crush us, to invade our land, to sink us into a third-rate Power, yet, when we put forth to seek him, he was never to be found. Instead, his fleets were in harbour and his ships far up inland rivers; the sight of our topsails was sufficient to cause his own to instantly disappear beneath the horizon. Yet that, at this period, there had been innumerable encounters was still true. Had not Boscawen shattered De La Clue off Cape Lagos, Pocock defeated the French in the East Indies, and countless ships of war and frigates been captured by us? But still the great action—the one that was to be decisive—seemed as far off as ever when "The Wonderful Year" was drawing to its close, and when, after many returns to English ports, Sir Edward Hawke once more put to sea from Torbay, on November 14, to find, if possible, the great fleet of Conflans,

which was known to be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood of Belleisle.

November, 1759! a month of terrible storm and stress—yet, what is storm or stress to the seaman bent on finding his foe and vanquishing him!—a month when tempest after tempest howled across the seas, when days broke late and nights came early, when land fogs and sea fogs enveloped all for hours, so that inaction was forced to prevail. Yet, through all those furies of the elements the gallant fleet went forth, the "Royal George" (with, flying proudly, the Admiral's flag) leading twenty-three ships of the line and many frigates and bomb-ketches. It went forth, to be joined later by many other vessels, including, amongst them, "La Mignonne," under the command of Captain Sir Geoffrey Barry.

On board the old French capture was, too, Lewis Granger, again a sailor, though not yet again an officer; that, Geoffrey said, would come—after the war was over.

"After the war is over," Granger would repeat to himself; while sometimes, too, he would repeat the words aloud as the captain uttered them, "After the war is over."

Then he would turn away, saluting his superior if with him, or uttering some muttered ejaculation if alone.

He was not all unhappy now; the work which he had been allowed to resume occupied him sufficiently to distract his memories, and, for the rest, he had fallen easily into his duties. Moreover, he was better situated than he might have hoped to be. Their Lordships had made no objection to his being borne on the books of "La Mignonne" after hearing her captain's story of the man's innocence, more especially as that captain was one whose destiny seemed of great promise; and so Granger had gone on board the frigate ere she sailed from the Thames. But that was months ago now—months spent, as told above, in scouring the seas, in hardships and sometimes disaster. And, during those months, an accident had placed Lewis Granger in an even better position than that which he had at first assumed.

The master-gunner had been killed in a conflict between "La Mignonne" and a French corvette, which the former was chasing, and Granger had stepped into his shoes. And, though such promotion was not much to one who had once worn the uniform of a commissioned officer, yet it was something. It gave him a cabin to himself, where he could brood and meditate—as he did too often!—it enabled him to take his meals alone and be alone. And so, with his various duties, his charge of the ordnance and ordnance stores, his long hours devoted to the instruction of the raw hands who as yet scarcely understood the gunnery exercises, and a thousand other matters, he passed those months away. Passed them thus—and in forgetting, or, rather, in striving to forget.



"The 'Amarynth' . . . was the right name of the 'Nederland.'"

For he could not forget. That was the curse laid on him and beneath which he had to bow.

"If I could do that," he would say to himself, again and again; and most often when he lay awake for hours in his berth—"if I could do that. If, at last, her sweet, innocent face, her braided chestnut hair, the look of love that never failed to greet me as I drew near, might vanish for ever from my memory! If, too, I could think that she forgets—then—some day, I might obtain peace. But—I know it!—she no more forgets than I."

Stubbornly, doggedly as it ever is when a man wrestles with himself, so he wrestled now. And it was all of no avail. It was useless! But one woman had ever dawned a star above his existence; the woman who—star-like!—had fallen away from him for ever.

"Such love should never have been," he would continue, musing, "never have been, or, coming into my life, should have stayed always with me. Other men knew better what to do than I—could fool women, for a pastime, into loving them, could lead them on to madness, then grow weary and fling them contemptuously aside. And I despised such men. Do I despise them now?"

But only a moment later he would find his own answer to his own question, and would whisper to himself, "Yes. Even as it is, ours was the fonder, better love."

Keeping much to himself—as much as could be in a ship of war full of action, chasing sometimes a vessel of the enemy's that hove in sight, fleeing sometimes from two or three other vessels of the enemy which it would have been madness to risk an encounter with—he went about his duties, performing each and all as though he lived for that alone; as though, too, his frame was impervious to fatigue or the burden of a rough, hard life. With Sir Geoffrey he could hold but little communion—that, considering the different positions each was now filling, would have been impossible!—though sometimes they could be alone together in the captain's cabin for a short time. And then the latter would say words to the other of approbation and approval, as well as comfort, which, had it not been that all his future was blank and hopeless, must have cheered him. Only, because such was the case, those words could not do so, and murmuring again, as he had murmured so often, "It is too late," he would withdraw to his solitude.

But, now, every day brought it more home to those in the English fleet that at last the great conflict was drawing near. Before they had been two days out of Torbay on this their last putting to sea, a French bilander had been captured, from which the Admiral obtained some news of Conflans, while, on the morning of the 17th, the "Magnanime" (also a capture) let fly her top-gallant sheets as a signal that she had sighted something that might be, or might belong to, the enemy. And a moment later "La Mignonne"—which had been abreast of the lee line—was signalled to stand to the north to see what she could discover. What she did discover, when under full sail she had set forth in the direction ordered, was a French privateer making off as fast as she could go in the direction of the French Coast. Also, ahead of her, some two or three miles away, was a fleet of vessels which, cruelly enough, did not stand by to assist their slower countryman.

"She must be ours," cried Sir Geoffrey now as, flinging the waves off from her forefoot contemptuously, "La Mignonne," with every sheet fisted home, tore through the turbulent waters. "She must be ours. We gain upon her, too." Then he cried to the master: "Lay me alongside of her, as soon as possible. And tell the master-gunner to be ready."

That the privateer knew she was outpaced was evident from the manner in which she tacked—as the hare tacks and twists before the hound unleashed; also she showed that she did not mean to yield without a fight if she yielded at all. Coming round suddenly when "La Mignonne" was almost close upon her, she fired three of her lower deck guns, the English vessel only escaping being hit by the tossing of the waves which carried her high upon their crests, while the balls passed harmlessly beneath her.

That Granger was at his place was evident a moment later, when, from the gun deck of the frigate, there poured forth a broadside that, as it struck the privateer, sent her heeling over to her larboard side. Then, as she recovered herself and "La Mignonne" came round on the wind, another broadside belched forth.

"That has done it," cried Geoffrey. "Fire no more. She will sink in ten minutes. Lower away there to save as many as may be. They are taking to the water already."

However many might be taking to the water, as he said, it was certain that none would escape in the privateer's boats. For now she lay over so that it was impossible any such should be lowered from her; and that she would founder in a few moments, sucking down with her everything in the immediate neighbourhood, was not to be doubted. There remained nothing, consequently, but for those in the ship to throw themselves into the sea and to take their chance of either being picked up by "La Mignonne's" boats, or engulfed by the sinking vessel, or—which was equally likely—have the breath beaten out of them by the waves that ran mountains high.

Of such who were picked up at last, there were only three—one, a young man, who swam towards "La Mignonne's" boats with all the vigour of despair; the others being two middle-aged men. As for the privateer herself, she was gone for ever, leaving behind her no traces except a flag tossed on the water, some floating barrels, and a few coops full of drowned fowls.

"Bring brandy," cried Sir Geoffrey, as these men were carried over the side of "La Mignonne," more dead than alive, and with one alone, the sturdy swimmer, still conscious. "Bring brandy, and pour it down their throats. They must not die. They can tell much, and tell they shall."

Then, to his astonishment, the man who had swam so stoutly—the youngest of the three—opened his eyes and looked up at him, saying in English:

"What is it you would have us tell?"

"First," said Sir Geoffrey, "what was the name of that privateer? Next, how you, an Englishman, came in her? You, an Englishman, in a French ship at such a time! Man, do you know what may be your fate?"

"The privateer was 'La Baleine,' of Dunkirk. As for myself and scores of others, we were not there willingly. We were bound for the Colonies, and taken out of a schooner called the 'Amarynth' some months ago, and kept——"

"The 'Amarynth,'" said a voice—deep and low as ever!—in Sir Geoffrey's ear, "was the right name of the 'Nederland.'"

"My God!" said Sir Geoffrey, turning round suddenly on Granger, and himself speaking in a whisper now, so that the officers and men who were about should not hear him. "My God! The 'Nederland!' The ship that carried that scoundrel who, had he had his will, would have placed Ariadne and Anne in her."

"Ay," replied Granger, "if he had had his will. He who would have sent them and me."

"Speak," said Sir Geoffrey now, "speak and tell all. How has this thing happened?"

"Thus," said the man, looking up defiantly at his questioner: "Some were kidnapped into her, some went willingly. Bah! you both know that; both of you, sailors though you be. You were the man who led and encouraged the pressgang, who came to his house for men; that other by your side was——"

"Silence!" said Sir Geoffrey, white, and speaking sternly—though hating himself for having to do so. "Silence! and continue your narrative. I command here, and desire no opinion on my conduct. And I, at least, did not press you. Go on."

"We were half across the Atlantic," the fellow said, moodily, "when her captain, a Frenchman called Boisrose, took us, and, after fighting contrary winds for weeks, was nearing France to hand us over as prizes. Now—well! now, you have altered all that. What are you going to do with us?"

"That you will know later. At present, thank your God that you are saved—from death, if not worse. At least you are in an English ship. You shall be well cared for. Take them below," he said to the master-at-arms, "and give them food and dry clothes."

"Yet first," said Granger, "answer me one question: There was a man on board named Bufton. Was he *there?*" and he directed his eyes to the spot beneath which the privateer had sunk.

"There was no man of that name to my knowledge."

"A man whom one could not mistake. A man with a strangely long and pointed chin."

"Oh! He? Oh! yes, he was there. But he was a cur. He could not stand his fate. Had been a dandy, it seems, whose heart was burst."

"Why?" asked Granger, in an even deeper voice, "why? What did he do?"

"Threw himself overboard in despair one dark, rough night—as they told us—a week before Boisrose captured the schooner."

Instinctively Geoffrey and Lewis Granger both turned away at the same time, the latter looking at the other with hollow eyes.

"Take heart," whispered the former, "it was the fate he had prepared for—for——"

"Ay, it was. Yet still his death is on my soul."

"Had they not slain him, his death would have been at my hands. For he would have been killed to-day. He who would have killed the others. Take heart. Take heart."

CHAPTER XXIII.

QUIBERON.

THE storm was at its height, the darkness was intense, and from the black heavens the rain poured down in torrents. Yet, by now, all those who for thirty-one weeks had been on board their ships had become inured to toil and travail, to wet and cold and misery, relieved only by an occasional putting in to Torbay or Plymouth before going out again.

They had once more been at sea for some days, and, though driven to the westward by rough south-easterly winds, were, with pressed sails, directing their course towards Brest—towards Quiberon. For it was the night of November 19 which was passing away amidst darkness, cold and storm; it was the dawn of the 20th which was coming. And, although none in the great English fleet knew it for certain—while many suspected that such was the case!—that dawn was to herald one of those great English triumphs which are to be for ever blazoned on her scroll of fame. A victory which, if not as great as that of La Hogue in the past, nor of Trafalgar yet to come, was to take a worthy place beside them in our annals.

Ere that horrible night which was to usher in the great day had fallen, the fleet had been joined by frigates left behind to bring the last words from England—the "Maidstone" and "Coventry" being amongst them—and, if there was aught that could add to the happiness of all on board, it was the news that, with official despatches, had come for some few amongst the number letters—bringing news from home. Letters from loving wives and mothers, letters breathing prayers for safety and a happy future, letters full of sadness, yet which though bitter were sweet, too, to those who received them.

Amongst the recipients of such was Sir Geoffrey Barry, who, when he could snatch a moment from his duties, retired to his cabin to peruse that which had come to him—from his beloved and darling Ariadne! Need one write down for those to read who have themselves wandered across the seas, or taken part in storm or stress of battle, with what joy such letter would be eagerly perused, or how, from the pen of the loving woman who wrote it, would fall the words of gentle regret at the adored one's absence, the hopes of bright and happy days to come and to be passed by them for ever side by side? No need to tell these words; yet all were there—as we who have been parted from the thing we love best in the world know well. We who have been parted, if even for a week or less.

But there were other matters besides—matters strange and full of significance, to one at least in that ship.

"Lord Glastonbury is dead," Ariadne wrote; "he was found dead and cold in his bed. And, oh! Geoffrey, she is free. Is it wicked of me to write like this, and as though I rejoiced in it? I hope not, yet I think ever of poor Sophy's broken happiness, of Mr. Granger's sad lot. Now they can be—but I will say no more. It is too soon."

The first impulse that rose to Geoffrey Barry's mind was to at once send for Granger and inform him of the tidings that had come. But, then, after a moment's reflection, he decided that it would be best not to do so. To-night, to-morrow, at any moment, they might be in conflict with the enemy, whom all knew now to be in their neighbourhood. After the victory which none doubted they would achieve, it would be time to tell him. Therefore he would not disturb Granger at his duty, nor agitate him with thoughts best not indulged in while there was work to do. So, for the present, he held his peace.

And that there was work to do was soon apparent, when, at last, the dawn broke. Some English transports had been fallen in with a day or so before, and from them Hawke learnt that the French squadron of twenty-four sail had been seen several leagues west of Belleisle, and that there could be no doubt that this was the Brest fleet under Conflans. Now, at daybreak, all knew that this information was correct, for, as the full daylight came, the whole French squadron was observed chasing some English frigates and bomb-ketches, in the hopes of destroying them. Then, when the enemy saw the English fleet so near, they desisted from the chase, and, although they formed a line to receive Hawke's attack, they, a moment later, ran before the wind to seek safety.

And now there flew the signal from the "Royal George" for every ship to make her way towards the enemy, no regard being paid to the line of battle; the first to engage the French being the "Warspite" and the "Dorsetshire," while from almost every vessel might be seen the strange sight of the men tossing their caps overboard in defiance of that enemy. Also, from each ship were heard ringing cheers as the fleets drew near to one another. The battle had begun.

Amidst the tempest and fury, amidst the strife of the elements themselves, that battle commenced, while so thick was the reek and smoke of the powder, that soon neither the white flag spangled with lilies nor the Union Jack could be distinguished as they flew from their respective masts and staffs. Yet each knew where his enemy was, and towards that enemy each pushed upon the rolling, tossing waves.

(To be continued.)

Manila of To-day.

[From Our Correspondent.]

Manila, November 4.

WHATEVER Peace Commissioners and Treaties may say, Manila is already American. Since the beginning of October, we understand, some diplomatic gentlemen have been sitting in Paris discussing, among other things, what should be the fate of these islands, and in the meantime the enterprising Yankee is settling the matter without any palaver by means of a second invasion more sweeping and irresistible than the first.

This second attack consists of a rush of capitalists, small



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

and large, who evidently believe they have here a kind of Klondike without gold-mines. You cannot pour 20,000 Americans into a town without causing some stir in its circulation. It will easily be understood that the face of Manila is undergoing a change, and soon there will not be much trace of Spanish occupation left. The fighting, however, has left some ugly scratches. Some of the loveliest features of the town have been destroyed, not by the guns of the invaders, but by the defenders themselves. The botanical gardens, containing the choicest specimens of the fruit and foliage of this favoured island, palms, orchids, scented plants, and



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.
PAVILION OF PHILIPPINES EXHIBITION, USED AS BARRACKS.

tropical flowers of all colours and sizes under this sweltering sun, have been torn up, battered or knocked about for absolutely no reason. The Spaniards, when called upon to defend their town, were seized with the demon of destructiveness, and attacked everything they could think of, including these unoffending botanical specimens, and even the railing that enclosed them—which it would have been much better, from a defensive point of view, to leave standing. The Luneta, which used to be the fashionable promenade of the Don Seigneurs, and such of the ladies of Spain who favoured this portion of the Far East with their presence, used to have a magnificent avenue of trees running along the shores of the bay.

For military reasons which I cannot fathom, these were all cut down, and the Luneta to-day, if you except the electric lamp-posts and perhaps an occasional scraggy sapling, stands as bare as a table-top. To those who were in Manila before



THE POLITICAL EXECUTION GROUND.

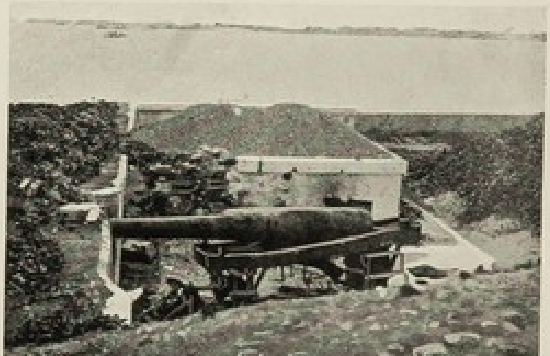
the war, and who knew the Luneta in the days when the lords and ladies from Madrid used to assemble here on a Sunday afternoon to see a few unhappy Filipino rebels shot or some other amusing spectacle, the destruction of this avenue appears not the least of the outrages of Spanish misrule. The buildings have not suffered so much as might have been expected, the Americans having exercised considerable self-



ONE OF A CHAIN OF BLOCK-HOUSES AROUND MANILA.
(Our Correspondent was arrested for taking this photo.)

restraint when their turn began. But the fine pavilion of the Philippine exhibition of 1894, though not destroyed, has been polluted. It served as the barracks for the Spanish and native troops.

As a further specimen of the military instinct of a once martial European nation, I send for the inspection of the



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.
A DISMOUNTED GUN AT CAVITE FORT.

readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a picture of one of the Spanish block-houses, which were intended to keep the Americans at arm's length. Immediately after the Naval battle at Cavite the Spaniards built a semi-circular



THE ESCOLTA—PRINCIPAL STREET IN MANILA.

chain of these block-houses, fourteen in number, all exactly like this, about 1,000-yds. to 1,500-yds. apart, surrounding the city from shore to shore. They are 30-ft. square, 30-ft. high of wood throughout, 1-in. planks in the upper and 3-in. planks in the middle and lower parts, loop-holed on all sides. They are entirely without windows or doors. Entrance and exit were made through a sort of trench or tunnel beneath



CLEARING THE RIVER PASIG—THE BOOM.

the walls. Inside are platforms upon which the marksmen stood and popped at the enemy. It is a curious instance of perversity that here, where the riflemen required clear range if they were to do any good, the foliage was not cut away. It could not have been left standing with the idea of sheltering the block-houses, which are perfectly visible in any case. If the Yankees think of establishing a museum at Washington



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BOOM.

or elsewhere, similar to that of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall, care must certainly be taken to convey one of these block-houses bodily thereto as a curiosity, together with one or two of the wrecked guns from Cavite fort, where they are at present neither useful nor ornamental. It may be added that my photograph of the block-house was taken while the Spaniards were still in occupation, and that the soldiers inside the building, peeping through the loop-holes, spied my apparatus, and promptly arrested me for the offence. I believe this was the only important purpose the block-houses ever served.

The Escolta, the main street of Manila, is now a busy thoroughfare, crowded with troops, traffic, carriages, and pedestrians. It used to be too wide for its population, now it is too narrow. The friars, Franciscan, Dominican, and others, who used to be the dominating element, have withdrawn to their monasteries. It is on record (I have it from the venerable Archbishop of the Philippines, the most Reverend Dr. Nozaleda) that when the Philippines were discovered in 1521 by Don Fernando de Magellanes—the same mariner who gave his name to Magellan Straits—the first act of this great sea-captain was to put up an altar and set about converting the natives to Christianity. At this, the second occupation of Manila, in 1898, the first act of the Americans was to renovate the telegraph station and start a newspaper.



PUTTING DOWN DYNAMITE CHARGES TO REMOVE WRECKS.

The natives are being taught the art of slinging type, and the beauties of the Morse Code. The newspaper, the *Manila Times*, is an admirable production in the circumstances, giving us the only news we can get of the latest prize-fight in New York, the last new scandal in San Francisco, the prospects of the tobacco crop, and so on. Whether this will help to civilise the natives I know not.

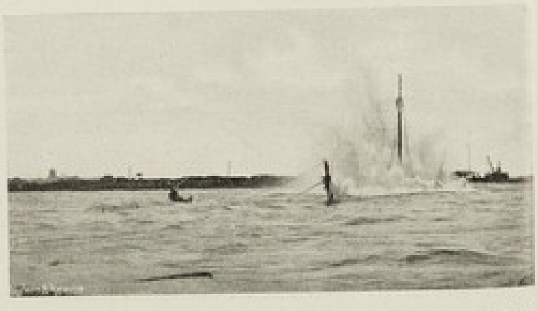
The next step of the Americans was to clear the Pasig river, of which operation I send several illustrations.

The first shows the mouth of the river and inner harbour of Manila as it was during the siege. The Spaniards sank a number of big schooners, and moored a string of lighters at the entrance, across which they built a barrier of chain-cables and booms, by way of shutting out the American ships.

The second shows the entrance cleared of most of the obstructions, only one or two of the heavier wrecks remaining.

In the third picture is depicted a wrecking party, under the command of Lieutenant Moffatt, of the "Charleston." The men have just lowered into the hold of one of the sunken vessels a 50-lb. charge of dynamite, connected by wire with an electric battery on the river bank.

The fourth is a view of the dynamite at work.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE EXPLOSION.

Military Police in Mashonaland.

IT is little more than four years since Mr. Rhodes arrived at Fort Salisbury and announced that this station would henceforth be recognised as the capital of Mashonaland. In that interval several incidents and accidents have occurred to diversify the history of the region in question, and to check the triumphant progress of British South Africa generally. But all this has not prevented the British South African Police from attaining and maintaining a very capital state of efficiency, and we have much pleasure, accordingly, in reproducing an excellent series of photographs of a corps which, as it stands, possesses high military qualifications, and, if occasion arose, would certainly be of distinct military value.



MAJOR GOSLING (ACTING COMMANDANT) AND OFFICERS, H.Q., B.S.A. POLICE.

It is true that the tendency of a body like the British South African Police must necessarily be in the direction of civilian usefulness rather than that of military excellence. As districts become more and more settled, and the chance of native risings more and more remote, the military policeman finds his civil duties expanding, and the requirements of the community gradually demand that he shall pay more attention to these and less to his training in purely military exercises. But even a decade hence, when Mashonaland may be almost as settled as Middlesex, and its capital may regard the prefix "Fort" as purely ornamental, it may still be considered desirable to retain many of the military characteristics for which the British South African Police are now conspicuous. And, in the present, there is no question as to the necessity for regarding the corps as a military organisation which no local volunteer corps could as yet hope to successfully replace.



WARRANT AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

The head-quarters of the police in Mashonaland are at Fort Salisbury, where are stationed the commandant, the district staff officer, and the quartermaster and paymaster of the force. Salisbury, too, is the centre of "A" District—there are five Mashonaland police districts, lettered "A," "B," "C," "D," and "F," which includes the band, the head-quarter hospital, and the ordnance store. The band, it should be mentioned, are trained as field and machine artillerists, and are quite capable of taking their place as gunners if required. In this connection it may be mentioned that the Mashonaland police possess a very fair artillery and machine-gun armament. In "A" District there are a 2·5-in. mountain gun, two 3-in. field guns, and three Maxim machine guns; in "B" District there are three machine guns; in "C" District a field gun and a Maxim; in "D" District a field gun and a Maxim; in "F" District a 7-pounder mountain gun and a Gatling.



Photos. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

A FIELD TROOP ON PARADE.

The Salisbury barracks have excellent accommodation for the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, with mess huts, stores, canteen, recreation-room, stables, etc. They are

connected with the town by telephone, by which all cases of lost cattle and other complaints can be promptly reported and as promptly dealt with.

Among our illustrations will be found a group containing the acting commandant of the British South African Police and the officers at headquarters. It will be noticed that the uniform is extremely plain and workmanlike, the full-dress hat being of the pattern made very familiar in this country by "Jameson's Ride," while instead of riding boots the sensible and simple *putties* have been adopted.

Another group is of warrant officers and non-commissioned officers of the corps, and a third shows a parade of a field troop of the headquarters squadron.

Two pictures exhibit a 7-pounder gun and a Maxim limbered up and in action. The Maxim appears somewhat over-horsed, or rather over-muled, but doubtless there is a specific reason for the bigness of the team. The 7-pounder gun, too, does not look quite such a handy weapon as a piece of such small calibre ought to be. One does not, however, doubt its capacity to do good service, and probably the nature of the country requires a pretty substantial gun-carriage.

The general view of a dismounted parade includes the band, A and C Squadrons, and the native contingent. These last are being converted from a separate fighting unit into District Police. Their drill, equipment, etc., are being improved, and they are found very useful in furnishing escorts for the native Commissioners.

The native contingent are armed with the Martini-Henry, but all the white troopers have Lee-Metford magazine rifles. Throughout the districts are various forts, which are manned by the British South African Police, every fort being well supplied with rations, ammunition, etc., and is quite strong enough to hold its own without assistance in any ordinary outbreak. This policy of scattered forts is a very sound one in a country like Mashonaland, where constant evidence of the strength of the dominant power is extremely necessary. It was probably largely due to the absence of such precautions that the last Matabele rising assumed such serious dimensions. If after the defeat of Lobengula a number of posts had been formed and kept up throughout the country, it is quite possible the outbreak might never have occurred.

Among the civil duties performed by the British South African Police is the supervision of roads and drifts in the neighbourhood of the out-stations. They have also to repair, when necessary, about 900 miles of telegraph wires, and in some districts they act as signallers, and have the postal arrangements in their hands.

A new commandant of the British South African Police has just been appointed. This is Captain J. S. Nicholson, D.S.O., of the 7th Hussars, who did splendid service in the Matabele rising, and who has already had police experience as commandant of the Northern Zambesi division.

The regiment, it may also be mentioned, has seen, as one of the regular forces of the country, a good deal of active service, being mainly responsible for quelling the Mashonaland rebellion, during which many casualties occurred. Almost all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men in the illustration wear the medal for 1896 and the clasp for 1897, and other decorations, and, notwithstanding its short existence, the corps can boast of a D.S.O., a V.C., and a C.M.G., earned in the ranks.



REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR BLATHERWICK.



BAND, A AND C SQUADRONS, AND NATIVE CONTINGENT.



A 7-pr. AND A MAXIM LIMBERED UP.



Photos. by a Military Officer. Copyright.

A 7-pr. AND A MAXIM IN ACTION.

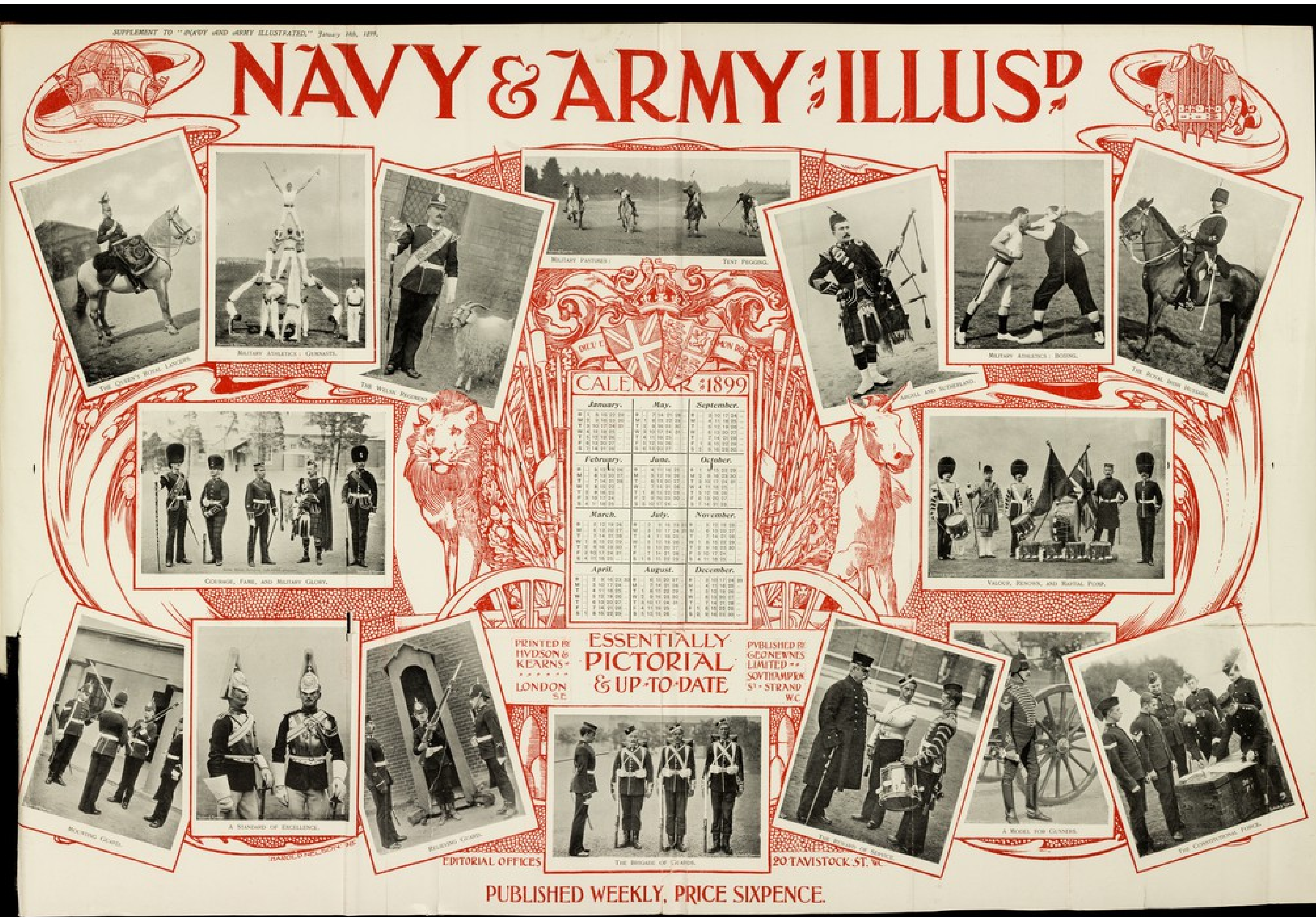
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Tent Pegg






SUPPLEMENT TO "NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED," January 14th, 1899.
NAVY & ARMY ILLUS^D
THE QUEEN'S ROYAL LANCERS.
MILITARY ATHLETICS: GYMNASTS.
THE WELSH REGIMENT
MILITARY PASTIMES: TENT PEGGING.
ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND.
MILITARY ATHLETICS: BOXING.
THE ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS.
COURAGE, FAME, AND MILITARY GLORY.
VALOUR, RENOWN, AND MARTIAL POMP.
CALENDAR 1899
January. May. September.
February. June. October.
March. July. November.
April. August. December.
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Photos. by

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 101.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1899.



Photo. G. Lekegian & Co. Copyright.

CAPTAIN P. A. KENNA, V.C., 21st (EMPRESS OF INDIA'S) LANCERS.

AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR BRAVERY DURING THE CHARGE OF THE 21st LANCERS AT OMDURMAN.

Italian Military Horsemanship.



A GOOD LEAP AT TOR DI QUINTO.

THE pictures of Italian military horsemanship which accompany this article will surprise many. In England we are accustomed to think that we know more of horse-flesh than our continental friends, but such feats of horsemanship as are familiar to Italian cavalry officers are certainly almost unknown among us. It will not be supposed, of course, that such perilous descents from mountain steeps as we depict are part of the regular training of the Italian cavalry. They are due to the initiative and intrepid character of individual officers and leaders, who feel that their enterprise in such matters meets with the full approval of the military authorities. A particular interest attaches to our pictures, because they are a striking illustration of the new spirit which inspires the Italian cavalry.



THE INTREPID SUBALTERN OF PINEROLO.

In the Middle Ages the Italian horse was famous. It was the product of the native stock crossed with the blood of the chosen animals imported by the Genoese, Pisans, and Venetians. In the prosperous time of the Italian States, no expense was spared by the great nobles in improving the race. Breeding and training establishments were founded at Rome, Padua, Pisa, Ferrara, and Naples, and, under the guidance of such masters as Friedrich Grison, Benjamin di Hannibale, Prosper Romano, Cæsar Fieschi, Pasquale Caracciolo, and, above all, Pignatelli, Italian horsemanship rose to fame, and the sons of powerful families from England, France, and Germany thronged to the schools. According to Philippe de Commines, the great nobles of France had no other battle-horses than those brought from the famous stud at Naples, and Brantôme describes the Duc de Guise mounted on his good steed Morel, "*des beaux genest et bons qui sortist du royaume de Naples.*" The fame of the Neapolitan stud-



THE CAREFUL DESCENT BEGINS.

horse continued throughout Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but owing to the impoverishment of many of the Italian nobility, a decline set in, and the export of horses was greatly reduced.

The riding of those days was that of the *haute école,* and had little in common with the Italian military horsemanship of these days, which some maintain has gone to the other extreme. It was about the year 1860 that horse-racing and steeplechasing became popular in the Army, coinciding with the crossing of the native race with the blood of horses imported from England and Ireland, the product being a sturdy animal approximating to the hunter type. The old officer was something of a swashbuckler or D'Artagnan, living in his own circle, and a good fighter. To him succeeded a type of higher culture, and the veteran did not easily reconcile himself to what he considered the humiliation of sitting on a bench to be lectured to. Now the officer who unites the new culture with careful training and the enterprising spirit which is so carefully fostered in Italy, makes an excellent chief. *Tali son le truppe, quali sono gli ufficiali*—" as the officers are, so are the troops "—is the excellent motto of the Italian cavalry.

Officers enter the cavalry either through the school at



INCREASING DIFFICULTY.

Caserta (for non-commissioned officers), or as cadets at Modena. In any case they go through a very practical course. The officers from Caserta are appointed in general direct to their regiments, while the sub-lieutenants who leave the establishment at Modena proceed to the well-known cavalry school at Pinerolo, in Piedmont, to complete their training, while many perfect their horsemanship during a month in each year in the hunts and exercises at Tor di Quinto, in the Roman Campagna. Pinerolo, where all but one of our photographs were taken, is in a mountainous country about twenty-two miles from Turin, and, though there is an excellent *galoppatore* or training ground, the comparatively difficult nature of the country has led some to the conclusion that the training would be better conducted in the neighbourhood of Rome, Pisa, or Pordenone.

The brilliant feats of horsemanship which we depict at Pinerolo are, however, a testimony to the excellent spirit maintained at the school. About a dozen years ago, Signor Paderni led the way by climbing on horseback and descending from a lofty, sugar-loaf-like hill, with very precipitous sides, but without either roads or paths, which rises detached from the main chain of mountains. He succeeded in a task of which the difficulty, as our illustrations plainly reveal, could scarcely be exaggerated. A successor, however, failed, and lost his life in the attempt, after which deplorable mishap further enterprise in that direction was for some time prohibited. But the spirit of the young sub-lieutenants of Pinerolo was not easily suppressed, and the arduous climbing of the hill, and the evidently perilous descent, in which the horse displays a courage and coolness equal to that of his rider, descending carefully where he can, and leaping where he must, is now practised with some regularity. Irish horses are found admirable in the work.

Signor Paderni, the civilian chief of the Pinerolo establishment, was succeeded by Colonel Berta, commandant of the cavalry school, who has transformed the establishment and practically created the great *galoppatore*. Lieutenant-Colonel Puggi, the second in command of the establishment, is largely concerned in the arrangement of the races and hunts at Tor di Quinto, which officers are greatly encouraged to attend.

The thoroughness with which the officers of the Italian Army pursue this method of training their horsemen is quite remarkable. Thus only in 1897 certain racing exercises were made obligatory for captains and subaltern officers—except those who had attended the regular military races—in all cavalry and horse artillery regiments, as also for staff officers; and in districts where no races or hunts were organised, endurance rides extending from 250 to 400 kilometres in distance were prescribed. Evidence of the spirit and enterprise of the Italian cavalry is therefore by no means lacking.



AN INTREPID COMPETITOR.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE COURAGEOUS LEAP.

A Giant Cruiser.

THE special incident in connection with the recent Fashoda dispute which will perhaps live longest in the minds of the British colony at Hong Kong, and of John Chinaman in general in that neighbourhood, will undoubtedly be the docking of the "Powerful."

The "Powerful" went into dock at Kowloon a short time ago, and forthwith became a nine days' wonder to all and sundry large crowds of interested visitors streaming every day to Hunghom Village to get a sight of the monster cruiser *in puris naturalibus*. Our readers may share the sensation in a minor degree another way by the photograph reproduced, which was taken at Kowloon on the occasion, though, of course, it is impossible in a picture to appreciate the immense size and huge bulk of the giant cruiser—538-ft. over all from ram to taffrail, 71-ft. in breadth, and 27-ft. in draught below the water-line.

Another illustration shows the starboard after mess-deck, *i.e.*, the starboard side aft of the main deck on which the Bluejacket portion of the crew of the mighty cruiser, which, with her sister the "Terrible," is the largest to-day afloat, are berthed. Note the neatness and trimness of its appearance, the complete absence of anything that approaches to untidiness or irregularity, remembering all the time that the photograph was taken just at an ordinary moment in the course of the ship's usual routine in an ordinary commission, and recalling also to yourself the fact that she carries a complement larger than any carried in any ship afloat, nearly one hundred more than is carried in the largest first-class battle-ship.

The "Powerful" had some trouble on her voyage out to China with some of her engine gear, but that has long since been got over. That this is so can be easily evidenced. Last July she made a twenty-four hours' spin, and covered 472 miles, giving her an average of just about 20 knots. She never used above 22,000 indicated horse-power—she can work up to 25,000 indicated horse-power under natural draught—and was burning the ordinary coal to be got on the station. It was done, too, in the tropics, with a temperature in her stokeholds that not many of us have ever experienced outside of a Turkish bath, or are likely to.

Our first illustration gives some idea of the magnitude of the mighty cruiser, as it illustrates the size of one of the ventilator's cowls which carry the sweet fresh air down to those at work below. Eleven men, it will be seen, are seated within it, and it could easily be made to hold as many more. And there are several cowls larger than this one.

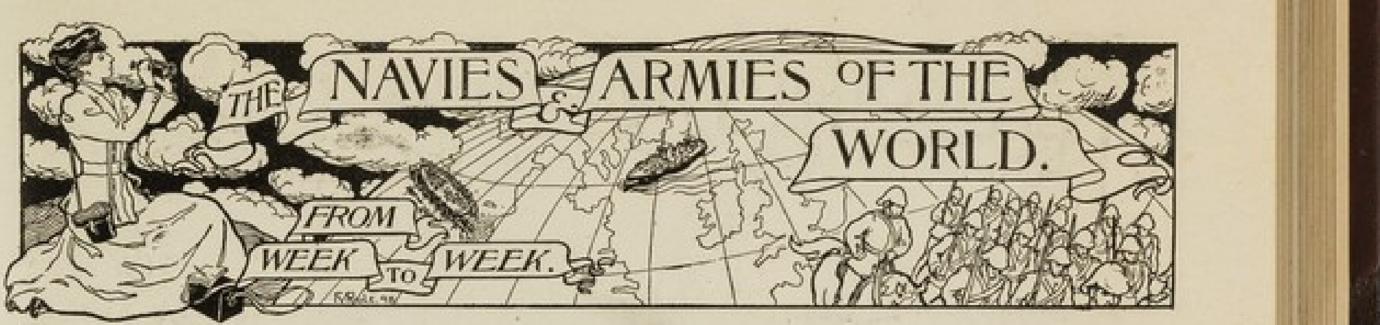


ELEVEN MONKS UNDER ONE COWL.



Photos. H. Sharpe. Copyright.

A NATTY MESS-DECK.



IF we did not conduct the military part of our affairs on principles peculiar to ourselves, it would not have been left to a private person to make the suggestion contained in the letter of "Amicus" in the *Times* of last Friday. It is that we should take an opportunity this year to test the real value of our scheme for the mobilisation of our "defensive forces" by putting it in motion. Not having the fear of orthodoxy before his eyes, "Amicus" means the Regular Army, the Militia, and the Volunteers when he speaks of the "defensive forces." For this he may, perhaps, be rebuked by some, but the average rational man who knows quite well what "Amicus" means, and knows it to be excellent sense, will hope that his advice will be taken. The reasons he gives are of even superfluous force. There is a scheme "carefully and minutely elaborated by a staff of officers specially detailed for the purpose." We are entitled to believe that the work has been properly done, as far as it has gone; but as yet it has not got beyond the stage of mere scheme, and paper plan. The next step is to put it to the test. Of course, this is so manifestly the right thing to do that it ought to follow as of itself, and without question from anybody. But it would be rash indeed to jump to the conclusion that the natural and obviously proper thing will be done. There are lions in the path. To mobilise the whole of our "defensive forces" would entail a good deal of disturbance and some expense. A few of the weaker sort among us may even be troubled by the thought that some of our neighbours might think we were "squaring up" to them; but their fears are of small importance. The chief difficulties are the disturbance and the expense, and the greater of these is the expense.

* * * *

Yet if they are resolutely faced, it will assuredly be found that these lions are stuffed with straw. There is no want of sense or of patriotism in the country, and they will never fail to answer when they are appealed to on sufficient grounds. All the dismal prophesies of friction and failure, and what not, which were made before the Army Manœuvres of last autumn, turned out to be quite wrong. The land-owners, farmers, and country people rather enjoyed the fun, and if they acted at all it was to help the authorities. Employers, and all men belonging to the Reserves, would take their share of the inconvenience caused by the mobilisation, if only the Government told them it was undertaken for a serious reason. As for the serious reason, it may be said to be lying in the middle of the street for all men to see. No work can be known to be certainly ready for use till it has been tested, and our mobilisation scheme has never been tried. The very partial mobilisation which took place during the crisis of San Stefano, and in the early days of the new organisation, was no test. Even if it had been, changes and additions have been made since then, and another experiment is required. Once persuade the country that the mobilisation is for its good, and there will be no difficulty about the money. Besides, it would be worth our while to suspend the Army Manœuvres for one year, and apply the money required for them to the other purpose. Even without putting the whole of the "defensive forces" on a war footing, we could make a tolerably fair trial of our scheme by doing what the French did—namely, by taking one district and mobilising that. Or again, Lord Wolseley once said that two army corps could be ready before the ships could be collected to carry them over sea. Let us see if he was right. Our money will have been well spent, whatever happens. It will be a great satisfaction to know that all is right; and if it turns out that much is wrong, we shall have had a warning in time.

* * * *

If Mr. Schreiner, the Premier of the Cape, is at all a representative man, it would appear that the British Empire is in no serious danger of being led into follies by any confusion of mind arising out of the dubious meanings of the words offensive and defensive. The text of the speech in which he moved the Vote for the £30,000 which the Cape is undertaking to pay towards the cost of the Navy, has now reached this country. It certainly shows that Mr. Schreiner at least understands the whole question as thoroughly as any man possibly can. "He believed," so runs the most telling passage of his speech, "that it was far better to make an annual contribution unreservedly, than to pay for certain ships, as was done in Australia, and say that these ships must protect their shores; for the great Naval battles would be fought not near their shores, but in the Mediterranean or the Channel." Sir John, or Admiral, Colomb, Captain Mahan or "Navalis," could not state the case better. As the Cape Assembly gave Mr. Schreiner unanimous support, even the Afrikanders of Dutch descent voting the money as cheerfully as the English, we must believe that in South Africa, at least, all the world is of the same opinion as Mr. Schreiner. This is much to be able to say. The Cape Colony has set an example which has every chance of being followed. One can hardly believe that, whatever stipulations the Australians may have made in the past, they will in the future insist on retaining ships on their own coast, where they can be shown not to be wanted, and on refusing to allow them to go where they would be of value. Experience justifies us in relying on the fund of sound sense which is nearly always to be discovered in men of British race when it comes to practical work. In this very matter of the use of the Navy the theory of the proper employment of a fleet may only have been put into words in our day. Yet in practice we have rarely failed to act on sound principles since the Cinque Ports men fought their famous battle with Eustace the Monk off Dover. The application has not always been wise in the same degree. It has varied according to the capacity of the men and the spirit of the times, but in the worst periods, as in the best, we have always understood that the most effectual way of preventing an enemy from attacking us was to fall upon him, and so prevent him from coming here at all. As the Council of Edward II. put it when war with France was seen to be coming—let us get our ships ready in order that the enemy may feel the war first. But though one may rely on the essential sagacity of our people, there is no harm in getting sound principles well set out in time. The more clearly they are understood, the more certain we are to act on them early; and if the sooner is the better in any case, it is in war.

* * * *

It has been said with considerable truth that we live in a time when phrases have a most extraordinary and even unparalleled degree of power. If an example were wanted, it has been supplied by the controversy, now warming into full vigour, between "Expertus," Sir Bevan Edwards, and "Onlooker," in the *Times*, and on the exciting subject of the government of the ordnance factories. "Expertus" said in his letter, that "In all War Office matters the study should be to decentralise administration and to centralise responsibility." Everybody seems to agree with him, which promises well for harmony—at the first blush. But the promise does not last long. It soon turns out that the parties to the discussion do not, or at any rate do not appear to, understand the same things by the same words. Centralisation is, in fact, one of a large vocabulary of terms now in current use which stand much in want of definition. What, as a matter of fact, exactly is "centralisation"? It is not enough to use the word as a term of abuse, and parade the mysterious thing as a kind of bogey. One wants to know what it is; why it is an evil; and how it is to be avoided. The epigram of "Expertus" sounds very well, but what does it signify? When centralisation has been hounded out of administration, what follows? Is each gentleman who is head of a department to do just what he likes, while another official is responsible for seeing that he does it properly? One supposes not. The chief of a department will have to answer for doing his duty properly; but that means, of course, that there is somebody to whom he has to answer, and that superior has another, and so it goes on till you reach the head of the State. If there is no central authority, administration would consist of a mere heap of atoms drifting along without common direction. But if there is to be a chief, all subordinates must report to him. They can have no authority save what is delegated to them, and must be answerable for every act. While that is the case, they will take care if they are wise to do nothing they are not fully authorised to do by their chief. But how can it be otherwise? One suspects at times that when people complain of centralisation, what they really mean is "bad administration," or "the wrong administrator." In this discussion about the factories, the real grievance, when one goes behind the phrases, seems to be not that administration was too much centralised, but that the wrong kind of person was chosen to administer.

* * * *

Meanwhile it is rather amusing to learn that, while the old cry of too much centralisation is being raised about the ordnance factories, there is a serious proposal to centralise various corps formed in our possessions of late years into "a Colonial Army." According to our ancient, and generally most successful, practice, we have been busy forming little military bodies pretty nearly all over the world for local purposes, and with a fine disregard for what our French neighbours would call "logic." East, Central, and West Africa have each their specimen or specimens. A new comer is shortly expected at Wei-hai-Wei. Now they are very mixed as to race, and not uniform in any respect—not even in origin, since some were raised by the State and others by companies. If decentralisation of administration, and centralisation of responsibility in the immediate chief is the ideal, it would seem that we have a state of things here which could hardly be bettered. Yet military correspondents are writing to demonstrate that all these independent parts should be formed into "a Colonial Army." Well, if they are, that army must have a chief, and he will very soon be "asking why," while his subordinates will be taking care to do nothing likely to get them into hot water—in other words, we shall have centralisation, with all its evils.

* * * *

A person of lively imagination would be put to it to hit upon a better example of a discussion which can irritate, and can settle nothing, than this controversy as to the treatment of the Dervish wounded at Omdurman, and the behaviour of the victorious troops when they entered the town. Mr. Bennett writes an article in the *Contemporary* telling us that Lord Kitchener's troops behaved like Dervishes out of the town, and like the men who stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and San Sebastian when they got inside. He was there, and ought to know. But then come other authorities, who also were there, and contradict him flatly. What is the upshot of a debate of this kind? It can have but one of two. Either one side or the other is saying the thing which is not; or each saw different parts of the same thing, and, as the Spanish phrase has it, "speaks of the fair according to what happened to himself." The impartial reader is left in an unsatisfactory position—whether your witness is telling what is, or was, called "a cuffer" in the gun-room (the youngsters were cuffed for using the dictionary word), or is merely inaccurate. In either case one is ill-informed. Meanwhile the rational course is to refuse to believe either that Englishmen behaved like mere brutes, or that in an army consisting largely of Soudanese engaged in fighting enemies who themselves give no quarter nothing happened which would have disturbed the tranquillity of a tea-party. Yet we seem to be invited to accept one or the other of these astonishing propositions.

DAVID HANNAY.

Regimental Distinctions in Dress

by P. Sumner.



How the Black Watch won their "Red Hackle".

IT is interesting in these days of strict uniformity of military dress to notice what deviations from the usual regulations are allowed by the authorities, and to which regiments these privileges are accorded. With this object we propose to mention a few of the most prominent peculiarities of regimental uniforms.

The Household Troops naturally possess many special distinctions, but these have been mentioned in former numbers, and we do not propose to devote further space to them in this article.

The Black Watch alone have the privilege of wearing a *scarlet* hackle feather. This was awarded them for their brave conduct at Guildermalsen in January, 1795, when the regiment (the old 42nd) repulsed the French Hussars, and by a gallant charge recaptured some British guns which had been abandoned. As the horses had been killed and the harness destroyed, the Highlanders were obliged to drag the guns along with ropes. No notice of this action was taken at the time, but the next summer at a review a large box was brought on the field and a scarlet hackle given to every man.

In 1881, when the present infantry helmet was adopted, the Highland Light Infantry were allowed to retain their old-fashioned shako. The only other corps in the British Army wearing the shako is the Scottish Rifles (Cameronians).

The bandsmen, however, of the Highland Light Infantry wear feather bonnets, while the pipers have the full Highland costume. In undress, the white jacket is worn, in company with all the Highland regiments and the Foot Guards. This white jacket is simply the old waistcoat which used to be worn under the coat by the British infantry till about 1830. It is interesting to note that it is still styled a "waistcoat" in the Foot Guards.

The bearskin cap of the Scots Greys with its handsome white hackle feather is too well known to need more than a passing allusion here. At the back of this cap, half hidden in the fur, is a silver badge, the White Horse of Hanover. The bandsmen of this regiment wear scarlet feathers, long enough to pass quite over the crown of the cap.

Notable exceptions to the general rule are the scarlet dress of the 16th Lancers and the blue uniforms of the 6th Dragoon Guards. The latter regiment is known by the name of the "Carabiniers," which was given them in 1691 by William III., as a reward for their gallant behaviour at the battle of the Boyne, the "carabine" being a kind of long pistol used by cavalry at this period. The 6th Dragoon Guards also have a double white stripe on the pantaloons as distinguished from the single yellow stripe worn by all the other Dragoon regiments, except the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), who have a broad white stripe. The latter regiment, by the way, owes its name to the fact that it is, and has been for the last century, mounted entirely on chargers of a bay colour.

An extra kettle-drummer, who receives special pay and is clothed as a sergeant, is allowed on the establishment of the 3rd Hussars. This distinguished regiment has scarlet collars on the tunics, the only other Hussars with facings being the 13th, who wear buff. Buff is also the colour of the busby-bag of the 13th Hussars, and the officers' sabretasches are covered with cloth of that shade. In this regiment alone battle honours are borne on silver scrolls on the officers' pouch-belts.

The 13th, the 11th and the 20th Hussars also form exceptions to the general rule, their sabretasches being crimson, while all other regiments have scarlet. The 11th Hussars also bear the crest and motto of the late Prince Consort over the regimental device in the centre of the sabretasche, this crest being that of Electoral Saxony, and consisting of "a barred pillar rising from a crown, and crowned with three peacock's feathers issuing from the upper crown." The sword worn by the officers in full dress is of a special pattern and has an interesting origin. At the siege of Bhurtpore (1825) volunteers from the mounted troops were asked for to form a storming party, and about 100 officers and men of the 11th Light Dragoons responded to the call. After the fight one of the officers picked up an ivory-hilted scimitar lying by the side of a dead enemy, and this pattern has been adopted by the regiment ever since. The original sword is in the possession of an officer still serving, and is actually worn by him at the present time. The 11th owe their crimson overalls, it is said, to the Prince Consort himself, who took a lively interest in the corps. By the way, it may not be generally known that the 10th Hussars are permitted to wear scarlet pantaloons at levées, etc. With the exception of four regiments (7th, 8th, 15th, and 18th) who have scarlet pouches, the officers of all the Hussars have black leather pouches. A conspicuous

part of an Hussar officer's equipment is the throat-plume on the horse's bridle; this ornament is of horsehair, of the colour of the plume worn in the busby, and besides being carried by all officers of Hussars it is also worn by those of the Rifles, and the 1st and 2nd Dragoons. The 10th Hussars have a peculiar pouch-belt, of black patent leather with gold chain pattern, said to have been designed by the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.).

The strange badge of two crossed flags reversed was borne on the shabracques, recently abolished, of the 15th Hussars. It was awarded them in commemoration of the gallant charge of the regiment at Emsdorf (July 16, 1760), when they defeated five battalions of French infantry and captured their colours. Again at Villiers-en-Couché in 1794 their conduct was so intrepid that the King ordered they should have scarlet feathers in their helmets as a reward; on being made Hussars the scarlet colour passed over to the busby-bag; later (about 1820) they were permitted to wear a scarlet shako, which again gave way to a busby with scarlet bag and plume. The scarlet colour is also found in the forage cap worn at the present day. The gold lace worn on the officers' sabretasches, and till recently on the shabracques, is of the Austrian Imperial pattern, and has been in use for over a century by this regiment, being granted to the corps in recognition of its gallant charge and rescue of the Emperor of Austria at Villiers-en-Couché.

The officers of the Rifle Brigade have always enjoyed a very peculiar privilege in the matter of dress, viz., their tunics are made after the Hussar pattern, but in rifle-green cloth with black braid. When the Hussars wore the old "pelisse" or hanging jacket, the Rifles had similar pelisses.

Shoulder-belts of special pattern are worn by officers of the Army Service Corps—pale Russia leather with three stripes of gold embroidery, and those of the Royal Engineers are similar, but the centre stripe is "wavy" or serpentine. The bandsmen of the latter corps wear black bearskins in full dress.

The regiments of Dragoon Guards have brass helmets, while the 1st and 6th Dragoons wear steel; the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys), as everyone knows, wear bearskins.



The 15th Light Dragoons at Villiers-en-Couché - 1794.

Brass Eagles are borne on the pouches of the 1st and 2nd Dragoons, in commemoration of the glorious charge of the Union Brigade at Waterloo (1815), when both the regiments captured a French Eagle. The badge is also borne by the sergeants in silver on the right arm above their chevrons of rank, and by the officers on the collars of their tunics. The only other cavalry regiment wearing a collar badge is the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, the officers of which have a silver star of St. Patrick.

Shabracques have lately been abolished in all regiments except the Household Cavalry; with them have disappeared many regimental distinctions. The 10th Hussars were allowed to have scarlet shabracques in review order (this being the colour of the shabracques when the regiment was originally made Hussars), and the 6th Dragoon Guards had white The 10th Hussars still retain their cowrie-shell ornaments on the bridles, etc., in full dress.

A relic of the once cherished "pigtail" is found in the "flash" worn at the back of the collar by officers and warrant officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. It consists of five black ribbons, one in the centre and two on each side, with slit ends like a guidon, and about nine or ten inches long. This silk facing was originally used to protect the coat collar from the pomatum and flour used in dressing the pigtail.

The Fusiliers bear "grenade" badges on the fur cap; the origin of which is traced to the fact that fusilier corps were first raised specially for the protection of the artillery. Only one of the fusilier regiments is permitted to wear a plume in the cap, viz., the Northumberland Fusiliers. This plume is borne on the left side, coloured red above and white below, and dates from 1778, when the men of the regiment at St. Lucia took the white feathers from the shakos of the dead Frenchmen, and dipping them in blood, stuck them in their own caps.

Light infantry corps differ from the ordinary Line regiments in the colour of their helmets, wearing dark green instead of blue.

Sashes are worn by sergeants of infantry over the right shoulder, as all soldiers know, but both officers and sergeants of the Somerset Light Infantry wear theirs in a similar manner—over the left shoulder. This is in memory of the battle of Culloden, where the regiment lost nearly all its officers and the sergeants took the vacant places. The badge of a "feather" was granted to this regiment for their gallantry at Brandywine Creek, where the men, hearing the Americans had vowed to exterminate the corps, stained their feathers red, so that their opponents might more easily distinguish them.

Another curious regimental distinction of the Somerset Light Infantry is that in mess dress the officers wear a waistcoat of cavalry pattern. The origin of this custom is as follows:—During the Earl of Peterborough's remarkable campaign in Spain at the beginning of the 18th century, he found himself on one occasion greatly in want of cavalry, and having procured about 600 horses, he determined to mount one of the infantry regiments, choosing the 13th Foot. The officers could hardly believe he was in earnest at first, but, the horses being ready accoutred, the men mounted, and afterwards acquitted themselves nobly in their new *rôle*. Most soldiers are aware that the officers of the 7th Hussars and the Oxfordshire Light Infantry are allowed to wear shirt collars in undress, but perhaps it is not generally known that the non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marines enjoy the privilege of wearing civilian clothes when on furlough. Another distinction of this fine corps is the wearing of crape on one button of the tunic when in mourning.

Certain regiments have a black line bordering each side of the gold lace worn on the officers' tunics. This distinction is the privilege of a corps which has been engaged in an important battle where the commander-in-chief has been killed or mortally wounded.

The quaint badge of the "Death's Head and Crossbones" borne by the 17th Lancers is well known, and was chosen by the first colonel of the regiment, John Hale, to preserve the memory of General Wolfe's glorious death at Quebec.

A special lancer cap is worn by the 9th Lancers, having a gilt metal band round the waist, instead of the usual lace, and the top part is covered with blue cloth, with gilt metal strips up the angles. The officers' pouch-belts also have no silk stripe and the ornaments thereon are of gilt metal. The forage cap is blue with scarlet band and braid.

The Scots Greys have white vandyked (or zigzag) bands and red buttons on their forage caps, and the Queen's Bays, the 2nd Dragoon Guards, have white bands and buttons, and the 12th Lancers have scarlet caps.

In five of the seven regiments of Dragoon Guards the officers have velvet facings, but the other two regiments (2nd and 6th Dragoon Guards), and the three Dragoon regiments, have cloth. One infantry regiment alone enjoys the privilege of wearing velvet facings, viz., the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent).

More fortunate than most infantry regiments in 1881, the Buffs were allowed to retain their old facings. The name of "Buffs" is derived from the original uniform of the corps, which consisted wholly of that colour. This distinguished regiment has the privilege of marching through the City of London with bayonets fixed, colours flying, and band playing; a privilege shared only by the Marines.

Prize Firing in the British Fleet.

By A Naval Officer.

BEFORE leaving England on the autumn cruise, the Channel Squadron did its yearly prize firing. The Admiralty allows a sum of sixpence per head of a ship's complement, to be bestowed at the discretion of the captain in prizes for the best shots. This, in a first-class battle-ship, amounts to about £20 sterling, and is distributed amongst the best at each class of gun.

Such tirades have lately been written in some of the papers about the unsatisfactory condition of Naval gunnery, that it will probably interest many of those who follow the daily life of the Navy, but who of necessity must yet be the "men in the street" with regard to its technical details, to know under what conditions and at what targets our "incompetent and untrained" gunners are exercised, and what sort of practice they make. Nothing is perfect, nor is Naval gunnery, but it is passably good for all that, and will doubtless improve even yet.

The firing returns show that at present the average per centage of hits lies somewhere between twenty and thirty, and this, as I shall endeavour to show, is by no means bad practice, while it is possible that it may be very good, as the element of luck enters a good deal into Naval prize firing.

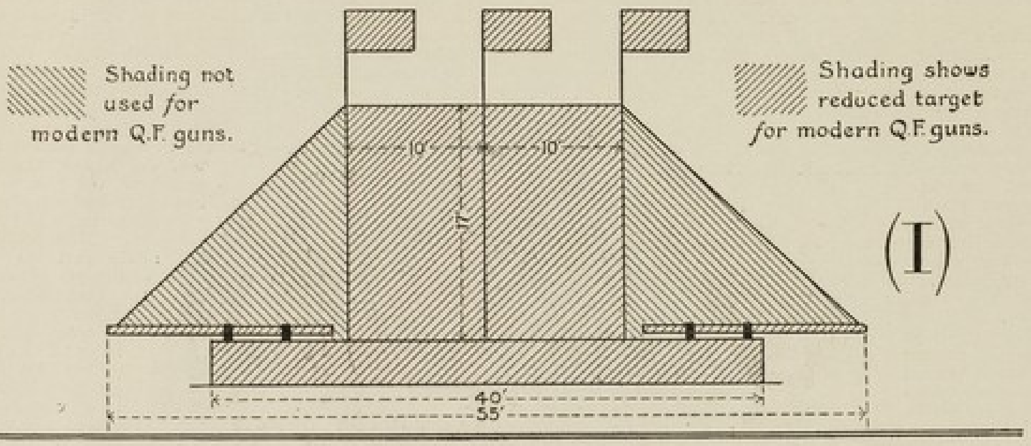
The target is of the shape and dimensions shown in the illustration above, and may be seen any day moored in the camber at Portland. It is merely a raft with three masts having canvas stretched between them, the triangular jibs at each end being only used for heavy turret and barbette guns, the modern quick-firers having proved it too easy a mark for them when at its full size.

When a ship is to do her prize firing the target is towed out to seaward, and there moored head and stern, so that it may always lie in the same direction, and three buoys are put down in the positions shown in the second illustration. All is now ready, and the ship steams down the line of buoys at a speed of 12 knots. One gun is fired at a time, and may commence directly the ship gets to the first buoy. Quick-firing guns are allowed two minutes each, so that if the buoys are in the right place, and the speed of the ship exactly 12 knots, the passing of the second buoy is a signal for the first gun to cease firing, and the next one to begin. Thus two guns have done their firing each time the ship runs past the line of buoys. To make certain, however, that each gun gets its two minutes, no more and no less, the time is always checked by a watch.

For very heavy guns, such as those in turrets and barbettes, the ship only steams at 8 knots, and each gun is allowed six minutes to fire, as their rate of discharge is necessarily considerably slower than that of the lighter guns.

The number of rounds, that is to say of *aimed* rounds, that a 6-in. quick-firer may reasonably be expected to get off is about five per minute, and though occasionally a gun will get off thirteen or fourteen rounds in the two minutes, this is unusual. With modern turret guns the rate of discharge is about one round per minute for each gun.

The marking is done by officers stationed aloft in the tops, and also from a boat which remains near the target. After each run this boat goes to the target, verifies the hits, and makes any repairs that may be necessary. Only absolute hits upon the target reckon as points.



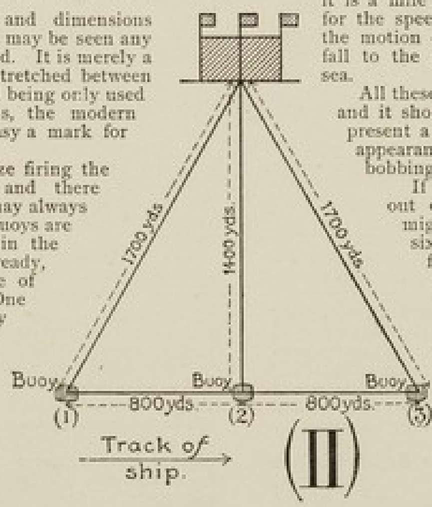
Fine, or at least smooth, weather is always chosen for prize firing, and the conditions are therefore favourable to good shooting; but there are a good many things that go to make the firing in the returns appear worse than it really is.

In the first place, since nothing but actual hits score, an unlucky gun-captain may put shot after shot a foot or two over or to one side of the target, and yet have a very poor score to show in the competition.

The target does not look so very big either when it is a mile away, and then he must allow correctly for the speed of the ship, the force of the wind, and the motion of both ship and target as they rise and fall to the swell that is rarely absent on the open sea.

All these things militate against absolute accuracy, and it should be remembered that a battle-ship will present a very much larger and more satisfactory appearance than a few square yards of canvas bobbing about spasmodically.

If our gunners can make thirty direct hits out of every 100 shots fired at the latter, might we not reasonably expect fifty or sixty per cent. of hits when it comes to firing at an enemy's ship at a moderate range?



Missfires, too, will occur occasionally, or some other small detail go wrong at the critical moment which, though taking no more than a minute to put right, is sufficient to utterly spoil a gun's record in prize firing. There is no preliminary canter possible, nor a second run allowed if there be some small breakdown or missfire.

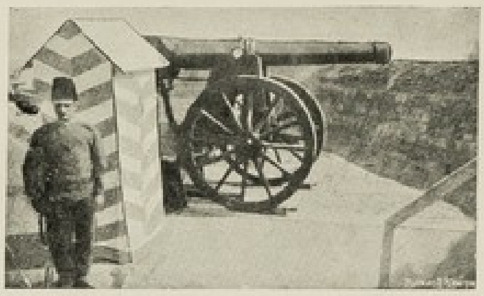
From the above it may be deduced that the standard of Naval gunnery is rather higher than some critics seem to consider it. It takes an exceptionally good man to systematically put half his shots on to the target under the ordinary conditions, though it is not by any means unusual to see this, or even better than this, done; but it is a good deal to ask the average shot to make more than twenty-five per cent. of actual hits under the Service conditions.

In and About Candia.

[By a Military Correspondent.]

THE international military occupation, combined with international naval control, of the island of Crete is now to all intents and purposes a thing of the past. The episode, protracted and complicated as it has been, is one on which Europe in general has no special reason to congratulate itself.

The excesses of the inhabitants, and of the Turkish soldiery, and the deadlock which for a long time existed in international policy with regard to the whole Cretan question, constitute a page of modern history which in future times will probably be regarded with mixed feelings of astonishment and disgust. At the same time, Great Britain has the satisfaction of feeling that, although she shares with the other great Powers concerned the responsibility of the "Cretan Muddle," her active operations in regard to the preservation of law and order in the island have been marked by some very bright instances of British vigour and fortitude. On one notable occasion our troops have been badly embroiled, and, notwithstanding the fury of an overwhelming mob, bore themselves with that gallant indifference to odds and circumstances which is so happily characteristic of the British soldier and sailor whenever "corners" become unpleasantly "warm."



A KRUPP GUN AND TURKISH SENTRY.



AN OPEN-AIR CAFE.



A HEAVY LOAD.



THE MAIN STREET IN CANDIA.



A VIEW NEAR CANDIA.

If the history of Crete in 1898 will not be pleasant reading in 1900, there will always be for Englishmen a feeling of proud gratification in the thought that, when things were at their worst, a British admiral showed European diplomatists the right way to set to work, and the pleasing effect on an apparently hopeless situation of a little straightforward action and a little common-sense.

Now that, amid acclamations and welcomes, apparently as sincere as they are vociferous, Prince George of Greece has, with the approval of Europe, assumed the Governorship of Crete, it is to be hoped that the reign of chaos is at an end. Ineffective as international occupation has been, it has at least prepared the way for a period of security from sudden risings and violent collisions between the Christian and Mahomedan elements. Above all, it has rendered possible the complete withdrawal of the Turkish troops, whose presence encouraged one side of the native population to commit wholesale excesses, while it goaded the other to furious and unjustifiable reprisals.

The pictures are pleasantly illustrative of several sides of Cretan life and scenery. That of the main street in Candia is redolent of that gradual merging into Oriental existence and surroundings of which the Eastern waters of the Mediterranean afford such striking indication to those whose scope of travel is restricted by the shortness of an English holiday. I also send you a pretty little landscape of country at the foot of the hills near Candia. On the top of the conical hill in the background is a Christian monastery.

The illustration of the open-air café in Candia is suggestive alike of the sunny East and of the unspeakable Turk. For the seated figures are Bashi-Bazouks whose performances in Crete have not habitually been of the most creditable description. Another trace of Turkish occupation is to be seen in the Krupp breech-loading gun and Turkish sentry in the International Fort at Candia.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark that the gun has now been removed—together with the sentry.

"Tuppence," when he was about half his present size, was bought for "tuppence" by one of the men employed in the transport service. At the time his photograph was taken he was a general pet, and was carefully groomed every day. It was hoped that in about two years, at his then rate of progress, he would be able to carry an entire bell-tent. Poor Tuppence! Painful, though, as this prospect may appear, it is lively compared with those of the average Cretan baby donkeys, as may be inferred from a glance at the picture I send of an unfortunate animal in charge of an inhuman "Bashi," the size of whose load is positively mountainous.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

"TUPPENCE."

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—III.

THE 3rd Battalion of the Victorian Infantry Brigade is raised in Ballarat, of world-wide renown for its gold-fields, and now the largest inland town in Australia. The battalion musters 450 strong, but, should occasion arise, its strength could readily be doubled, for in 1885, when there



THE OFFICERS, 3rd BATTALION INFANTRY BRIGADE.

was a Russian war scare, this number was recruited in a week. The Militia date back to somewhere about the time of the Russian War and Indian Mutiny; but by the Discipline Act of 1883 all were placed on a different footing, and the



THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Ballarat Rangers became the 3rd Battalion. The Victorian Militia like to be regarded more as Volunteer Militia, and are, perhaps, more correctly described by that term. A man after joining is put through a course of recruit drills for about three months, when he has to be inspected by a staff officer before being passed into the ranks. He has then to attend in each year five whole-day parades of eight hours, fifteen half-day parades of three hours, and twenty-four night drills of one and a-half hours, for which he receives a remuneration of £6 5s.; and he is sworn in for five years under the



THE BATTALION IN REVIEW ORDER.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE BAND OF THE 3rd BATTALION INFANTRY BRIGADE, LATE BALLARAT RANGERS.



THE VICTORIAN RANGERS—FIRING EXERCISE.



THE VICTORIAN RANGERS—"PRESENT ARMS!"

regulations of the Discipline Act. The whole-day drills are put in under canvas at the Easter encampments, when manœuvres are practised on as large a scale as possible.

Some illustrations are here given of the 3rd Battalion. It possesses a strong and efficient band, as may be gathered from the picture, and apparently a giant for a drum-major.

The Victorian Rangers are purely volunteers, and are composed of various corps in the metropolitan and country districts, distinguished by letters. The pictures given are of the G and H corps, of the Dandenong district, twenty miles from Melbourne. Being within one hour by rail, they are called into the Victoria Barracks at Melbourne for parade and inspection by the commandant. The buildings in rear of the men are the residential portions, while to the right may be seen part of the ordnance store buildings. The Rangers muster about 1,000 strong, and are commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Otter. They are shown in one picture at the firing exercise in the act of adjusting the sights for 500-yds.; and in the other at the "present arms," on the arrival of the commandant for inspection The Victorian

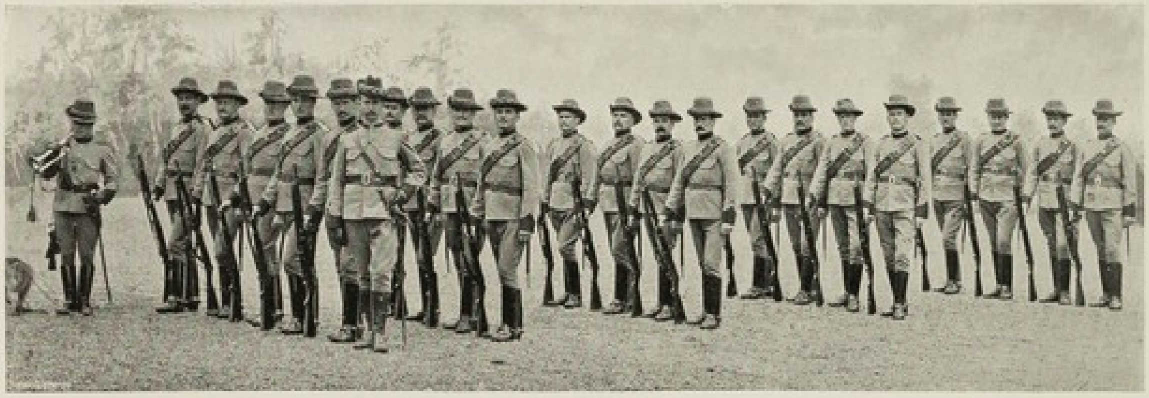


Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

WARRANT OFFICER IN DRILL ORDER,
VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL T. PRICE,
Commanding Victorian Mounted Rifles.



COMPANY OF VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

Mounted Rifles are also entirely volunteers, providing their own horses and equipment. A detachment of this fine corps visited England for the Jubilee celebrations, and won universal admiration. The men average something like 5-ft. 10-in. in height, and are fine, well-set-up fellows.

Those who saw the Australian mounted troops at the Agricultural Hall and elsewhere will not have failed to notice that they do not adopt the "cavalry seat" recognised as orthodox in the Imperial cavalry, but ride with shorter stirrups, and without the characteristic "jog" in the saddle which we are accustomed to see in England. They are, however, very fine horsemen, as they demonstrated in the Military Tournament. They are recruited from farmers, tradesmen, labourers, journalists, etc., and each man brings the horse that suits him best, and rides it in his own way. The Victorian Mounted Rifles muster about 850 strong, in two battalions, each company being taken from one district; the uniform is of the serviceable drab colour which has been so universally adopted in Australia, with a becoming puggaree of a different shade on the Tyrolese hat. They are commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Price, of whom a portrait is given, mounted on a fine horse, the colonel having the reputation—pretty frequent in Australia—of being a fine judge of horse-flesh. He is an able and very popular commander, and to his exertions the corps owes, in a great measure, its high standard of efficiency.



Photos. Gregory. *VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—AN EASY GROUP.* Copyright.

The warrant officer shown in another picture is also a fine specimen of his class; and the dismounted men in our other illustrations present, it will be acknowledged, a most satisfactory appearance. This corps was raised in 1885; and though it has as yet no war services, there is no doubt about the excellent spirit which exists among its members, and which has been so often demonstrated.

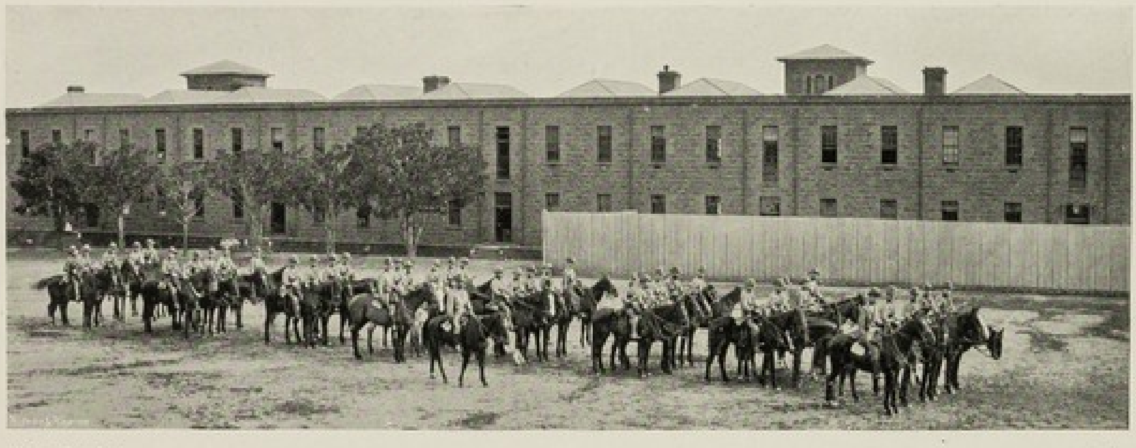
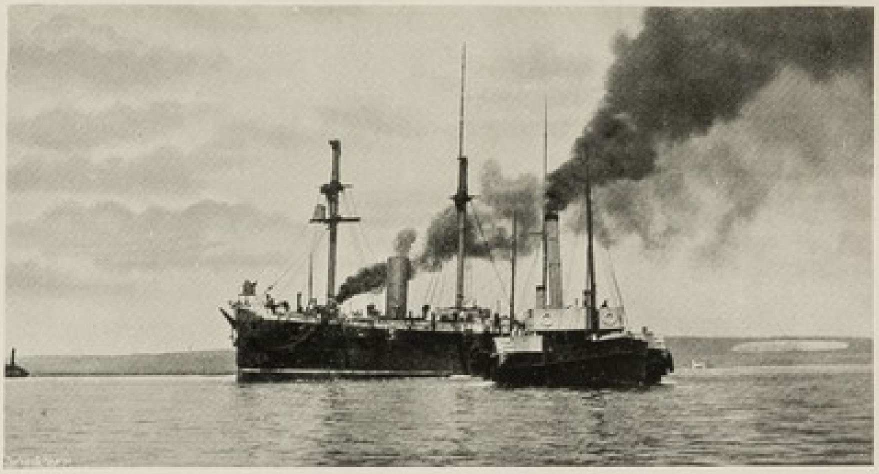


Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

SQUAD OF VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

"Here a Sheer Hulk."



ON THE WAY TO ROTTEN ROW—THE "CANADA."

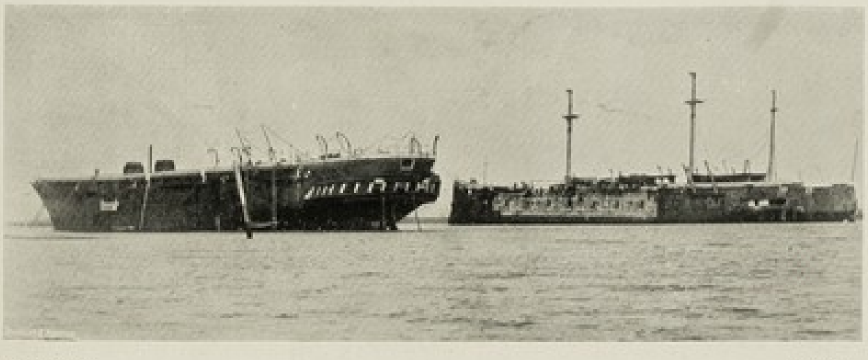
ROTTEN ROW is the last refuge of the time-expired and cast-off man-of-war. It is, so to speak, the condemned cell of the Navy for ships that are past service, where vessels that have hauled down their last pennants at their last moorings await the final fiat of the Admiralty that will hand them over to the tender mercies of the ship-breaker. "D Reserve" is the official designation of the class found in Rotten Row—aptly named, indeed, the Reserve of the Damned. There is a Rotten Row at each of our Naval ports — Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, but it is more particularly with the two latter ports and the old ships there that we, through our illustrations, are concerned here. It is not a very cheerful department of the dockyard establishment where the old vessels under orders for dismissal from the Service lie, for the denizens of Rotten Row naturally find their berthings in a more or less out-of-the-way place, beyond the general stir of the every-day life of the port. Nor, indeed, are the Rotten Row ships themselves the most cheerful of Naval objects, lying as they do dismantled hulks, forlorn-looking and abandoned, and weather-worn—poor old mangy sea-dogs that have had their day.

And yet, surely these old ships are not entirely devoid of interest. They may seem so to the passing tripper or Bank Holiday gazer, but surely not so to the Englishman who knows anything of his country's Navy. To him these old vessels must appeal, and strongly—these time-expired veterans of the Legion of the Lost; these old men-of-war whose names for the most part figure only on the "Vessels for Sale" page of the Navy List. To him they should have at least an historic interest of their own, if only through their names. Gone is the joyous launching day with its flutter of flags and patriotic music, the pretty baptismal ceremony, and the re-echoing cheers of the crowd. Gone, too, are the happy commissioned days at sea as a Queen's ship of the fighting line, when the now deserted decks were alive with the well-ordered activity and stir of Naval life. No more manning of yards or upper decks to cheer some departing consort on a foreign station, or decked out with flags from truck to water-line at some grand review or Naval spectacle, or as a compliment to some princely or specially-honoured representative of a friendly Power. All that is over and done with, and nothing remains to recall the past but the name. And yet that should serve, with people who have any acquaintance with the annals of the Victorian era of the Royal Navy, as far as the present-time Rotten Row occupants are concerned.



THE TARGET-SHIP "RESISTANCE," AND THE "HECTOR."

In old days a visit to Rotten Row must have been an inspiration impossible in these days. Those were the times when the old battle-scarred three and two deckers of the



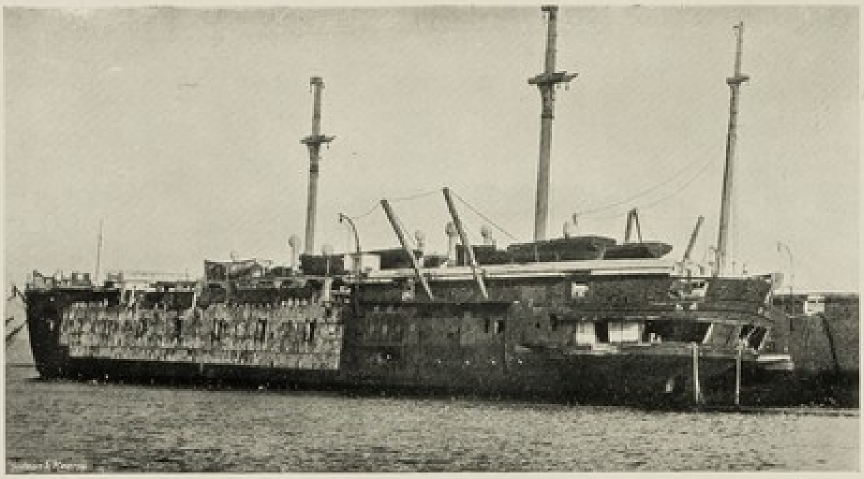
Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

OUR FIRST IRONCLADS.

"WARRIOR." "RESISTANCE." "HECTOR."

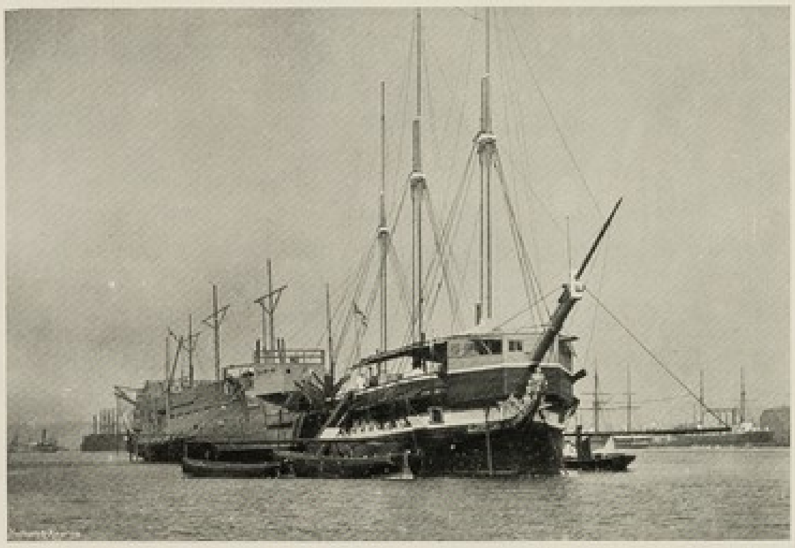
fighting days of the last century used to keep the moorings in Rotten Row at each of our dockyards continuously full; when the old ships of Hawke and Rodney and Howe came in due course to pass their last hours there, and the later ships of "Eighteen Hundred and War Time," the relics of Nelson's fleet. Says an old versifier in a magazine of eighty odd years ago, of a row along a Rotten Row of his time at one of our dockyards, shortly after the war with Napoleon, when Rotten Row was often crowded:

"We glide
Thro' lines of stately ships, and as we pass
The tale goes quickly round of glories old,
Of battles won in the great sea, of chiefs
Whose daring flags triumphantly were borne
By this or that famed vessel."

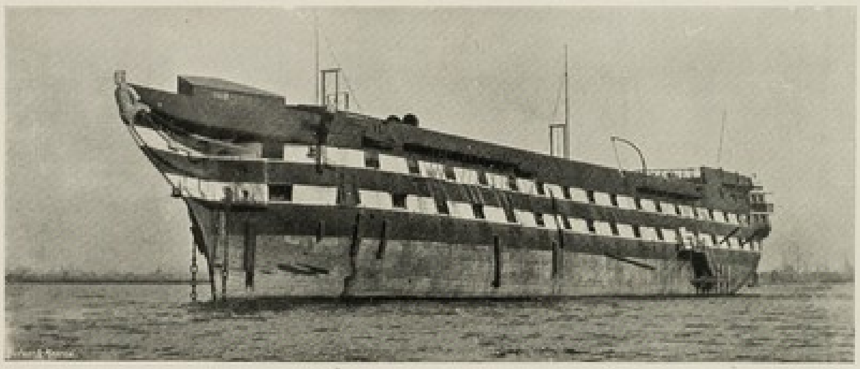


THE "RESISTANCE" AFTER HER LAST DAY AT TARGET PRACTICE.

There can, of course, be but little of this interest in the Rotten Row of our day, but yet some of the ships of our illustrations have their own associations. The "Canada," for instance, that we see being taken up Portsmouth Harbour to her last moorings, is one of the old composite (wooden hull on steel frame) corvettes of the Navy of the seventies, long a crack ship on the North America stations, and in which the Duke of York served in 1883 as a midshipman. The "Resistance" is one of the original ironclads built in the early sixties, which has been pretty well knocked to pieces during the last ten years as a target-ship to test the powers of modern shells. The "Hector," who shows her stern lying alongside the "Resistance," is another original ironclad of the same set and period, also long laid aside. The "Warrior" is the very first ironclad we ever built, and as such has a peculiar interest. There was some idea two or three years ago of rejuvenating her into a first-class cruiser of a useful kind, but the notion has now been given up. The "Vengeance" is an old heart of oak line-of-battle two-decker of the twenties, which took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol in October, 1854, and after being used continuously for years at Devonport as a receiving hulk, was removed from her dockyard berth last summer, her decayed timbers parting amidships into two pieces in the operation. The "Royal George" yacht, built for the Prince Regent, was the ship Her Majesty made her first visit to Scotland in, and has for many years past been regularly employed as the receiving ship to the Royal Yacht. The "Pitt" is the old three-decker laid down in the first place in honour of Nelson in 1806 as the "Trafalgar," and later renamed, first the "Camperdown" and then the "Pitt." Her last days have been as a coal hulk at Portsmouth. Lastly there is the old "Edgar"—the immediate predecessor of the present fine first-class cruiser of the name—91-gun two-decker, built in 1859, and the last wooden line-of-battle ship to serve in the Channel Fleet. She was for many years one of the quarantine hulks off the Motherbank, and familiar to all visitors to Ryde as they approached by the passenger-boats from Portsmouth Harbour



THE "ROYAL GEORGE" AND THE "PITT."



Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

THE OLD "EDGAR"



Photo W. M. Crockett.

THE REMAINS OF THE OLD "VENGEANCE."

Bluejackets at Bayonet Exercise.



FIXING SWORD.



POINT.

AMONG the contingencies which may arise when Bluejackets are, for the time, transformed into soldiers, is that of meeting the foe face to face with the bayonet, which is an exceedingly formidable weapon when it has a good man behind it, and a very clumsy one otherwise; for a good swordsman will very quickly get the better of a poor hand with the bayonet, notwithstanding the long reach of the latter. On fixing the bayonet, both hands being required, the rifle is placed firmly between the knees, as shown in the above illustration. The next picture shows what is known as a "right parry," that is, the man is defending himself from a thrust by quickly turning it off to his right, the great art being to throw it clear with as little lateral motion as possible, so as to be ready for a counter-thrust. In making a point, the left foot is advanced simultaneously, so as to throw the weight of the body in. The exercise being over, the men come to the position of "slope arms."



Photos. Russell & Sons

RIGHT PARRY.



SLOPE ARMS.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *With our next number will be given away a Military Calendar in two colours, illustrated with reproductions of characteristic photographs of Army life and types. The same calendar, mounted on thick millboard, can be obtained from the publishers at a moderate price.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 1, 1815.—The action of Corregaum, near Poonah, won by the British against the Mahrattas. English commander Captain Stanton, 1st Bombay N.I., who at the head of 600 Sepoys of that regiment, 350 irregular cavalry, and 2 guns, with 24 of the Madras Artillery, fought the Mahrattas, of 20,000 cavalry and 8,000 infantry, from 10 a.m. till 9 p.m., though his men were exhausted by a long night march. Our loss was 3 officers killed and 2 wounded, out of 8; 20 of the artillery killed and wounded, out of 26; 153 Sepoys killed and wounded, and 96 sowars killed, wounded, and missing.

January 3, 1810.—Capture of Shenaz, on the Muscat side of the Persian Gulf, by a squadron of Royal and East India ships, under Commodore Wainright, R.N., and a land force under Colonel Lionel Smith, consisting of the 65th Regiment, the flank companies of the 47th Regiment, and the 1st Battalion Bombay N.I. The enemy made a stout resistance, and only surrendered when our troops were, after a heavy bombardment, about to storm the breach.

January 4, 1812.—On this day Colonel Skerret, commanding the garrison of Tarifa, consisting of 700 Spaniards and 1,800 British troops, saw the siege raised by the French General Laval, at the head of 8,000 men. The siege had lasted fourteen days, and a desperate attempt to storm the place had been made. The regiments present were the 47th and 87th Regiments, part of the Rifle Brigade, the light companies of the 9th, 11th, and 28th, some Royal Artillery, and a detachment of Sappers and Miners. The chief credit of the defence was due to Captain—afterwards Sir Charles—Smith, R.E.

January 5, 1783.—Brigadier-General Mathews, with a brigade, captured from Tippoo Sultan the town of Onore, a place south of the town of Bombay.

JANUARY 1, 1807.—Capture of Curacoa by Captain C. Brisbane, of the "Arethusa," 38; with the "Anson," 44, Captain C. Lydiard; "Latona," 38, Captain J. A. Wood; and the "Fisgard," 38, Captain W. Bolton. The squadron surprised Curacoa at daybreak, when the Dutchmen were sleeping off the effects of seeing the New Year in, and the forts, shipping, and the whole island were in our hands in three hours.

January 2, 1757.—Capture of Calcutta by Admiral Watson's squadron acting with Clive's troops. Budge-Budge Fort, the key of the position, was silenced by the squadron, and was to be stormed next day by Clive, but in the night a drunken seaman named Strahan, cutlass in one hand and pistol in the other, scaled the breach alone, whereupon the garrison bolted. Strahan, when brought up for being drunk, replied, "He would never take a fort again without orders."

January 3, 1801.—Boats of the "Melpomene," Captain Sir Charles Hamilton, cut out a French gun brig in the Senegal river. Five boats left the "Melpomene"; two were sunk by the enemy, the remaining three boarded and took the brig after a very fierce hand-to-hand fight for twenty minutes.

January 4, 1799.—Desperate action between the "Wolverine," 26, Commander Lewis Mortlock, and two French luggers off Boulogne. Under cover of a dense fog, the enemy closed, and attempted repeatedly to board. The "Wolverine" was set on fire by combustibles flung into her, and her captain mortally wounded, but the luggers retired beaten.

January 5, 1814.—Capture of French 40-gun frigate "Ceres" by the British "Niger," 38, Captain Peter Rainier, and "Tagus," 36, Captain Philip Pipon. The "Ceres" yielded after a short running fight.

* * * *

CAPTAIN PAUL ALOYSIUS KENNA, 21st Lancers, who, with Lieutenant de Montmorency and Private Byrne of the same regiment, has been decorated with the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery in connection with the charge of the 21st at the battle of Omdurman, entered the Service in 1886. The 21st Lancers in those days were Hussars, and it was as a Hussar that Lieutenant Kenna obtained his troop in 1895. The Victoria Cross won by this comparatively young officer may be said to have been won twice over, for two very gallant and entirely distinct actions are recorded as having been performed by him within a very short space of time. Early in the charge, when the 320 Lancers, with their colonel 30-yds. ahead, were "going strong and well" at the human wall in front of them, Lieutenant Grenfell of the 12th, who was attached to the 21st, was killed, and as soon as he was missed Captain Kenna, with Corporal Swarbrick, rode to assist Lieutenant de Montmorency in his gallant attempt to recover the dead subaltern's body. Shortly afterwards Major Crole Wyndham of the 21st had his horse shot, and was lying on the ground in a perfectly helpless position, having emptied his revolver, when Captain Kenna galloped back, lifted the Major up into his own saddle, and bore him safely away. Such utter forgetfulness of self, coupled with superb promptitude in rendering help to others in surroundings where, if anywhere, a *sauve qui peut* would be wholly justifiable, could have no more appropriate reward than the simple Cross which England's Queen bestows "for Valour." *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

"F. T." writes to me from Calne Abbey to know how it is that the fighting-tops in French battle-ships and cruisers are so much larger than in our ships of a corresponding character? Well, for one reason, we prefer not to offer such a splendid target to small-calibre quick-firers as that afforded by the heavy superstructure and massive fighting-tops adopted in so many of the French types. Moreover, a very heavy weight of tops carried at a great height aloft does not, to put it in the mildest way, tend to improve the stability of a ship. The French have chosen to weight their ships with these very massive tops, and accept a decrease in stability to attain whatever advantage the heavier and better protected top will give in action. To such an extent, indeed, has this been carried, that, in more than one ship, stability was so seriously endangered, that one of the fighting-masts had to be removed. We, on the other hand, have been always careful to keep our tops, and indeed all superstructures, of such a lightness that they can in nowise endanger stability. In fact, we take good care that our war-vessels are always thoroughly seaworthy.

* * * *

"YORKY" asks how many Scottish kilted regiments are open to Englishmen? In furnishing him with the information he desires, I may first explain that for various reasons Scotsmen, especially Highlanders, do not enlist in very large numbers; consequently it is impossible to recruit regiments, whether Highland or Lowland, entirely from beyond the Border. At the same time, there exists in all the regiments having depôts north of the Tweed a very strong national feeling, and on that account every effort is made to fill the ranks with Scotsmen. As the demand, however, is greater than the supply, it obviously becomes necessary to grant to a certain number of Englishmen the privilege of wearing the kilt. Sometimes regiments are advertised as open to recruiting "in their own regimental district," or "to Scotsmen only"; but these conditions are withdrawn from time to time. After a regiment has distinguished itself in action, a "boom," as it were, is, for the time being, created, and it may then be possible, in the case of a Scottish regiment, to close the ranks to all but "the real Mackay." Such incidents as the storming of Dargai, or the charge of the Seaforth Highlanders (among others) at the Atbara, naturally stimulate recruiting for these regiments. (2) All Highland regiments have bands, similar to those of English regiments of the Line, in addition to bagpipes and drums. "Yorky" could join the band as acting-bandsman after being "dismissed recruits' drill."

* * * *

H. THOMAS.—To learn to play the bagpipes well is no easy task. One must first practice on the chanter, which somewhat resembles a whistle fitted with a reed. A man of average aptitude can play fairly well after, say, nine months' instruction. He should then be able to discourse marches, strathspeys, or reels; but few men would be able to play a pibroch until they had known the instrument for a longer time. To become an adept at that special branch of pipe-music necessitates almost as much trouble as is originally taken in learning to play elementary exercises, and demands constant practice. All Highland regiments, and indeed Lowland regiments also, have bagpipes. The non-commissioned officer in charge is commonly styled the pipe-major, but officially he is known as sergeant-piper, and ranks with a sergeant, or corporal of horse in the Household Cavalry. A corporal and lance-corporal are usually attached to the "pipes"; but the terms pipe-corporal or corporal-piper can hardly be regarded as official, seeing that neither is mentioned in the "Precedence of Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers" (Queen's Regulations, Section II., Sub-section IV.). I cannot say why the sergeant-piper in question wears a crown above his chevrons. All sergeant-pipers do not wear the crown; for instance, in the Royal Scots Fusiliers a grenade is worn. I may mention that more latitude is allowed in the dress of pipers than in that of other soldiers; consequently they are not always attired according to the Clothing Regulations.

* * * *

IN concluding the perusal of "Fortune's my Foe," our readers need not take farewell of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, since he at once commences a new serial in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* (which will also be produced simultaneously in the United States by one of the large American syndicates). This story, entitled "A Bitter Birthright," is, however, a modern one of adventure and mystery, and will be the first non-historical romance which Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has published for ten years. The author has not, however, the slightest intention of discarding historical novels, but only of occasionally interspersing their production by those of a more "up-to-date" nature.

THE EDITOR.



CHAPTER XXIII. *(continued.)*

AMONGST those distinguishing themselves upon this fateful day was that great ship of honoured and of long-transmitted name, the "Swiftsure." Never did any noble vessel which has served to make England's fame widespread perform greater feats of valour than did she upon this occasion. Forcing her way towards the enemy, she encountered Conflans' flag-ship, "Le Soleil Royal"—a name of evil omen to France, as some recalled who brought to their recollection another "Soleil Royal," crushed and destroyed at La Hogue—attended by two great French seventy-fours; and in an instant she had flown at them as flies the gallant hound at treble his number of wolves. Broadside upon broadside she poured from her seventy guns—almost above their roaring being heard the ringing cheers from those on board her as well as the howls of contempt and hideous oaths of her British bulldogs; and so she fought and fought till her guns were almost too hot to touch. Yet still she fought, not with the courage of despair, nor with the doomed energy of one o'ermastered, but with the spirit of some wild and savage tigress, recking neither of death nor wounds, nor destruction to herself, so that, amidst them, she tore and mangled and destroyed, while still thirsting for more death and destruction. Tossed on the rolling seas, hurled backwards and forwards as were those other three with whom she strove, she poured forth her deadly venom, until at last, outnumbered, with her main top-mast shot through, her main top-gallant mast gone, and her tiller-ropes cut away, she broached-to in the tempest, the three enemies rushing forward to encounter the English Admiral in his flag-ship.

That all the rest were fighting with grim determination, be very sure. The "Resolution" was pouring a terrible cannonade into the "Formidable," flag-ship of the French Rear-Admiral; the "Royal George" had been laid alongside "Le Soleil Royal" by now; the "Torbay" was sinking the "Thesée"—with an awful cry from all on board, the latter went down amidst the turbulent waves—the "Magnanime" was destroying for ever "L'Héros." Meanwhile the "Royal George" was driving "Le Soleil Royal" from out the fray, she being followed by "Le Tonnant" and three others. "Le Superbe" had drawn the "Royal George's" fire next, receiving the whole of the latter's broadsides, and was sinking close by her victress. And because of how she, this gallant French ship, had fought; because she was a foe worthy of England's best shot and steel; because she bore the hell of fire rained into her by the great English vessel as she went down with her colours flying, there arose from her enemy's decks a long and ringing cheer of applause. She was a conquered foe, but still a noble one, and the hardy British throats could not refuse to her the tribute she had so nobly won.

And now there came the greatest incident of this terrible fight. Upon the "Royal George" there sprang seven great French ships, and they surrounded her while pouring out from all their guns their broadsides, so that those in her consorts, because of the vessels which hedged her round, could do nought to help her—could, indeed, do nought but bewail her sad fate and gnash their teeth with rage. Yet, too, Providence watched over her: the guns that should have sunk her were not well served, the enemy were in a terrible state of discomposure, and the turbulence of the sea was now such as to make their broadsides terribly uncertain. Almost it seems a miracle to relate, but of all the balls hurled against her, not more than fifty struck the mark, and not one below the water-line. Also there were others of her own side crowding to her assistance now—amongst them was "La Mignonne," with her captain shot through the arm yet giving his orders as calmly from the quarter-deck as though he were upon some tranquil cruise—the "Hero," the "Mars," and the "Union"; while, to leave England the conqueror in this great fray, there was coming something else.

That something was the night. And the French, taking advantage of it, sheered off—they had had enough! "Le Soleil Royal" soon ran ashore with "L'Héros," when both were burnt. The "Juste" was on the rocks and overturned; beneath the water were several others, and a dozen more were aground. Well might the ten thousand French spectators ashore who had witnessed the great fight turn white and weep as night closed in on all around.

Of our losses the principal were the "Resolution" and the "Essex"; the remainder was not important. And so the great fleet which was to have invaded England was utterly destroyed, Conflans' threats were idle and empty now, France had received another death-blow to her ambitions, and Hawke's peerage was assured.

It was enough.

* * * * * * *

In the darkness of the November night they called the roll on board all the English vessels, and wrote down the names of the dead and dying, as well as of the missing.

And in "La Mignonne" they were doing it now, as slowly, with her topmast shot away, she followed in her turn. Two of her lieutenants did not answer to their names—never again would they reply to them!—also her master was silent.

"Mr. Granger," next called out the quartermaster, himself uninjured.

But neither to his name was any answer given.

"Is he dead or wounded?" asked Sir Geoffrey Barry, himself pale from his wound.

"Who's seen him?" roared the quartermaster. "Has anyone seen the master-gunner?"

"I seen him," cried a man, himself wounded and bleeding, "not half-an-hour ago. He was at his post then—where he've been all day."

"Call his name again," said Sir Geoffrey.

But, again, no answer was returned, as indeed no answer was returned to over forty names similarly called.

Then, later, they set forth to go the rounds of the ship and find those who had not replied, the captain going first, accompanied by a middy with a lanthorn. And many were found dead at their posts before, at last, they came to Lewis Granger.

He was lying by the middle-deck port-sills upon his side and with his face turned downwards, while all around and beneath where his head lay was a great pool of blood—his own and others—that slowly drained towards the scuppers and so ran out to mingle with the heaving waves beneath.

"Is he dead?" asked Sir Geoffrey, gazing down at him while the midshipman held the lanthorn so that they could see his face. "Is he dead?" And as he spoke there were tears in his voice.

Was this to be the end of all, he thought; the end of the man's hopes for a better life, the end of his unchanging, unchangeable love for the woman who, even now, was free?

"He is not dead, sir," the boatswain answered, kneeling by Granger's side and supporting his head above his own knee, "but he is dying; must surely die. See the great wound in his throat."

"Granger," said Geoffrey, kneeling by his side, "Granger—do you know me?"

Then the dying man opened his eyes and looked up at the other, who by that glance understood that he did know him.

"Shall I tell him?" thought Geoffrey. "Shall I tell him now, at the last moment? Will it make him happier? What best to do?"

"He is going, sir," the boatswain whispered, "he is going. His heart is getting more feeble, growing fainter."

"Granger," then whispered the other, "can you hear me—understand me? Listen, ah! listen, and so part happily. She whom you loved is free—free now to come to you. Does that in truth make you happier?"

"It—is—too—late," the dying man muttered hoarsely, for the last time!

And now his head lay heavier even than before upon the rough sailor's knee; while the man, with a glance at his captain, put up his hand and removed the cap he wore—he being followed in the action by all present.

Yet still Granger was not quite dead; still some life was left in the strong, suffering heart.

Once again he spoke.

"Tell her," he whispered, as Geoffrey bent his ear, "that—I—died—blessing—loving her—to—the—last. Tell her—I never loved but one; and that—my first—love was my last. Also—I beseech—you—leave her picture upon—my—breast—where it has always lain since—I—lost—her."



"FORTUNE'S MY FOE".

* * * * * * * *

With Quiberon, one more of those decisive blows had been administered to the enemies of England which, if it did not serve to preserve as lasting a peace as its forerunner at La Hogue, or its successor at Trafalgar, was enabled to do, did nevertheless warn those enemies that the old ruler of the seas, the old ocean rover, was not to be lightly encountered. Splendid always in her solitude and friendlessness, superb and contemptuous in her isolation and lack of allies—for who that is hated with the hate which is born of fear and envy can ever possess allies?—our island continued to hold her own at the Nile, in the Indies, both East and West, and, indeed, in every part of the world to which she sent her flag. True it was that she lost her vessels in many a hard-fought fight against enemies sometimes worthy, and sometimes unworthy, to be her foe, but, when she did so, those lost and shattered vessels never went to their doom without dragging countless others of those enemies to destruction as well.

Hawke left a proud legacy to those who followed him; to Rodney, Keppel, Pocock, Cornwallis, and—Nelson! A legacy which they received joyfully and with a full determination that they and their sailors should prove worthy of it. Amongst those sailors was one with whom this narrative has been much concerned—Sir Geoffrey Barry—who rose fast to distinction in his calling, and who remained in that calling until the now expiring century was almost at its dawn. If, in this story, the bluff and hearty seaman has not played the greater part, it is only because his straightforward, honest existence was necessarily overshadowed by the sorrows and tempestuous life of that other who, dying at last at his post, had found Fortune to be his Foe from almost the opening of that life.

That sweet Ariadne—gentle and loving, and possessing, above all other feminine attributes, the divine one of womanly pity and compassion—has not failed to justify her birth amidst storm and death is to be hoped. Her father wondered what her life was to be; he wondered, too, if it would be a chequered one, and when we remember that, even in the days of a century ago, the lives of our womenkind at home were mostly passed in tranquillity and peace, we may acknowledge that to her had come some of the turbulence which that father feared for a child born in such surroundings as she was. At one time she had almost lost the man who possessed her loving heart, and, later, a scheming and exasperated knave had almost succeeded in consigning her to a doom at which one shudders to think. For, up to the time when the grandmothers of some of us, and the great-grandmothers of others, were still in existence, many women were kidnapped in the manner in which Algernon Bufton hoped to kidnap her, and, once in the West Indies and some of our American colonies, their lives either became one long reek of shame and despair, or they toiled out those lives until their hearts broke.

From this she was saved by the blessing of Fate, by the love of her erratic but true-hearted foster-sister, and by him whose unhappy existence has been partly told. She was saved to be the fond wife of an upright English sailor, to become the mother of other English sailors, and to make for ever a summer in the heart of him who loved her so. Together they lived and loved and shared equally each others joys and sorrows, of both of which, like most of us, they had their portion.

Mrs. Pottle, grown old and blind, but at peace after many stormy years, lived always at Fanshawe Manor with the child whom she had seen come into the world, and from whose side she, at least, had never wandered. She lived there, ministered to and tended by one who, now growing grey herself, had once in the exuberance of her youth gone far to wreck her own career, but who had instead, as often enough she recalled, through that very exuberance found the way to save the creature she worshipped.

[THE END.]

The "Venerable."

By Edward Fraser.

In May, 1837, there appeared in the newspapers a paragraph which roused wide-spread interest. The paragraph ran: "It is stated that the old 'Venerable,' 74, the famous flag-ship of Lord Duncan at Camperdown, is to be sold for £4,000, to be broken up." The announcement caused an outbreak of popular indignation until the Admiralty published a disclaimer to the effect that the "Venerable" to be sold was not Lord Duncan's ship, but her successor on the Navy List.

From 1837 to the present time the name "Venerable" has been out of the Navy List, and it probably would have remained so had not last year been the centenary of Duncan's victory. That fact led somebody at Whitehall to place the name before Mr. Goschen, with the result that a "Venerable" is once more to appear in the British Fleet, in the first-class battle-ship of the present year's programme to be laid down at Chatham Dockyard after the "Irresistible." The "Venerable's" name is one well deserving of honour, first, for the part that our first "Venerable" took in the smashing fight of October 11, 1797, with

"'Adam the Bold' of Scamperdown
What bang'd the Flying Dutchman,"

as the old sea-song went. Or, as another popular ditty, sung in the drawing-rooms of many a North Country home in the days when the present century was young, had it,

"The 'Venerable' was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be the Venerable Duncan's name!"

Our first "Venerable," a 74, to which Admiral Keppel, during his brief tenure of office at the Admiralty in the American War, gave the name, in memory of his old master and friend—"the revered Lord Hawke"—first hoisted Duncan's flag in April, 1795, on Duncan taking command in the North Sea to watch the Dutch coasts on Holland joining the French Revolutionists against us. The flag-ship remained at its post when the rest of the North Sea Fleet deserted to raise the red flag of mutiny at the Nore. How Duncan, by a manly address, kept the "Venerable's" men loyal is a familiar story. Left with the "Circe" frigate alone in company, the heroic admiral, for weeks single-handed, blockaded Texel, keeping the enemy in by making believe that the rest of his fleet were watching just below the horizon. He anchored the "Circe" on the horizon line, and daily signalled messages to her, which she repeated as if to the main fleet out of sight of the Dutch look-outs on shore. The Venerable, Duncan anchored on the outer buoy leading into the Texel, so as to block the fairway, remaining there even when the wind was fair for the Dutch to come out and he knew their signal to put to sea was flying. To Captain Hotham, of the "Adamant," the only ship of the line that joined the admiral during the continuance of the Nore mutiny, on joining, Duncan sent an order to anchor alongside the "Venerable" in the narrowest part of the Channel, and fight his vessel till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," he added, "and when the 'Venerable' goes down, my flag will still fly."

On the day of Camperdown, the "Venerable's" guns did not slacken fire during the two and a-half hours that the battle lasted, and she came out with seventy-seven killed and wounded, being with difficulty kept afloat until she reached the Medway. The many recorded incidents of the gallantry of the "Venerable's" company at Camperdown—how Jack Crawford nailed the colours to the mast, the fine manliness of Covey the marine, Duncan's own dauntless bearing, for instances—are among the proudest traditions of our Navy.

But Camperdown was not the "Venerable's" only fight. Her quarter-deck was the scene of another fine display of courage and endurance at Saumarez's action off Trafalgar in 1801. Captain Samuel Hood commanded the ship on that day, on which the "Venerable" lost 104 killed and wounded. Unfortunately her shattered masts came down just as she was about to finish off her antagonist, the French flag-ship "Formidable," and then she went on the rocks twelve miles from Cadiz, only getting off later with difficulty.

In 1803 the "Venerable" flew Collingwood's flag in the Channel Fleet blockading Brest. She was wrecked in very dramatic circumstances in November, 1804, in a fog off Berry Head, owing to her missing stays while going out of Torbay with the Channel Fleet.

The second "Venerable," our only other ship of the name up to now, was launched in 1808. She took part in the Flushing Expedition of 1809, and after serving continuously till the end of the Great War, closed her active career in July, 1815, as flag-ship of Admiral Sir Philip Durham, at the capture of Guadeloupe, when the last French flag captured by a British man-of-war was hauled down to the "Venerable." This "Venerable" was the ship whose sale caused such stir in 1837.

An Important Blue-book.

By Gertrude Bacon.

In that quiet, old-world corner of Gray's Inn known as Verulam Buildings, is a certain office where twelve men sit at their desks, working swiftly and silently for the working hours of every working day of the year, under the superintendence of a genial, courteous gentleman, who passes his time in an adjoining room, at a writing table thickly littered with correspondence.

These thirteen busy brains and active pens are engaged in the making of one book; not an encyclopædia or a biographical dictionary, but a single octavo volume of some 600 pages or so, unpretentiously bound in a business-like blue paper cover with a plain white label on the back. Once every year a new edition of this same work issues from the office, representing a whole twelvemonth's labour and application, and information patiently gleaned from all parts of the world. Surely no other work of its size demands so much time and trouble, and assuredly no other needs it more, for upon the accuracy of its information, the absolute correctness of its contents, hang the lives of thousands.

This all-important work is not to be found on railway bookstalls nor on the shelves of lending libraries, neither is it among the varied collection of the average household. But no ship sets out to sea, be she stately liner, majestic battle-ship, or the veriest ocean tramp, which would not as soon think of sailing without her compass as without the blue-bound volume. The explorer over desert sands or trackless ice bears with him the precious tome, and though he may part with food and stores, clothing and medicines, he will cling to it till the last. In the Observatories of the world, from Siberia to the Cape, from California to Bombay, the Blue-book finds a welcome, and in the homes of the vast and ever-increasing army of amateur astronomers there also it figures as "guide, philosopher, and friend."

The book in question is the "Nautical Almanac," founded last century by Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal, and to give anything like a comprehensive description of its contents would be altogether impossible in this article. As its name implies, it is prepared mainly for the use of the sailor.

To guide his craft to the haven he seeks across the trackless waters the captain of every ship must continually discover his whereabouts on his chart, or, in other words, his latitude and longitude. To find the former he observes the sun at noon by means of his sextant, and finds its angular distance above the horizon. This is an important factor in his calculation, but not the only one, for he must also know the position of the sun at the moment of his observation. So he now turns to those well-thumbed pages of his almanac that give for every day of the year at noon the sun's "declination," or distance north or south of the equator, and with this knowledge and his observation combined he easily fixes his latitude. On the same principle, if the sun be obscured, the "Nautical Almanac" will enable him to find his latitude at night from a meridian altitude of the moon, a star, or planet.

To find his longitude the captain must know both local and Greenwich time. The difference between them gives him his number of degrees east or west of the central meridian. For since the sun passes over 360 degrees of longitude in one day, or 15 degrees in every hour, a sailor in the Atlantic, for example, who found his ship's time exactly an hour behind Greenwich at the instant of noon, would know that his longitude must be 15 degrees west. The local time is discovered by observation and calculation, in which the "Nautical Almanac" again plays an all-important part.

Besides these tables intended primarily for the mariner are many others chiefly of value to the astronomer—ephemerides of the planets, Jupiter's satellites, eclipses of the sun and moon, etc. The great aim and object of the whole almanac is absolute and unerring accuracy. Not one figure in all those hundreds of thousands in the closely-printed pages must be wrong, every statement must be beyond dispute, even to the decimal part of a second. Endless corrections and recorrections form the principal part of the work of the staff at Verulam Buildings. And when we consider how much a single error may mean, how the difference of one minute only in the longitude will put a ship fifteen miles out of her position, we may begin to realise how imperative this absolute exactness is, and how enormous the responsibility upon the director of such a work.

Dr. Downing, the universally respected and popular superintendent, is essentially the right man in the right place. Of great ability, shrewd, determined, and far-seeing, possessed of an enormous amount of energy and an infinite capacity for taking pains, the "Nautical Almanac" is in safe keeping in his hands; while during the seven years he has held the post his active brain has suggested a number of alterations and improvements that have been most successfully carried out.

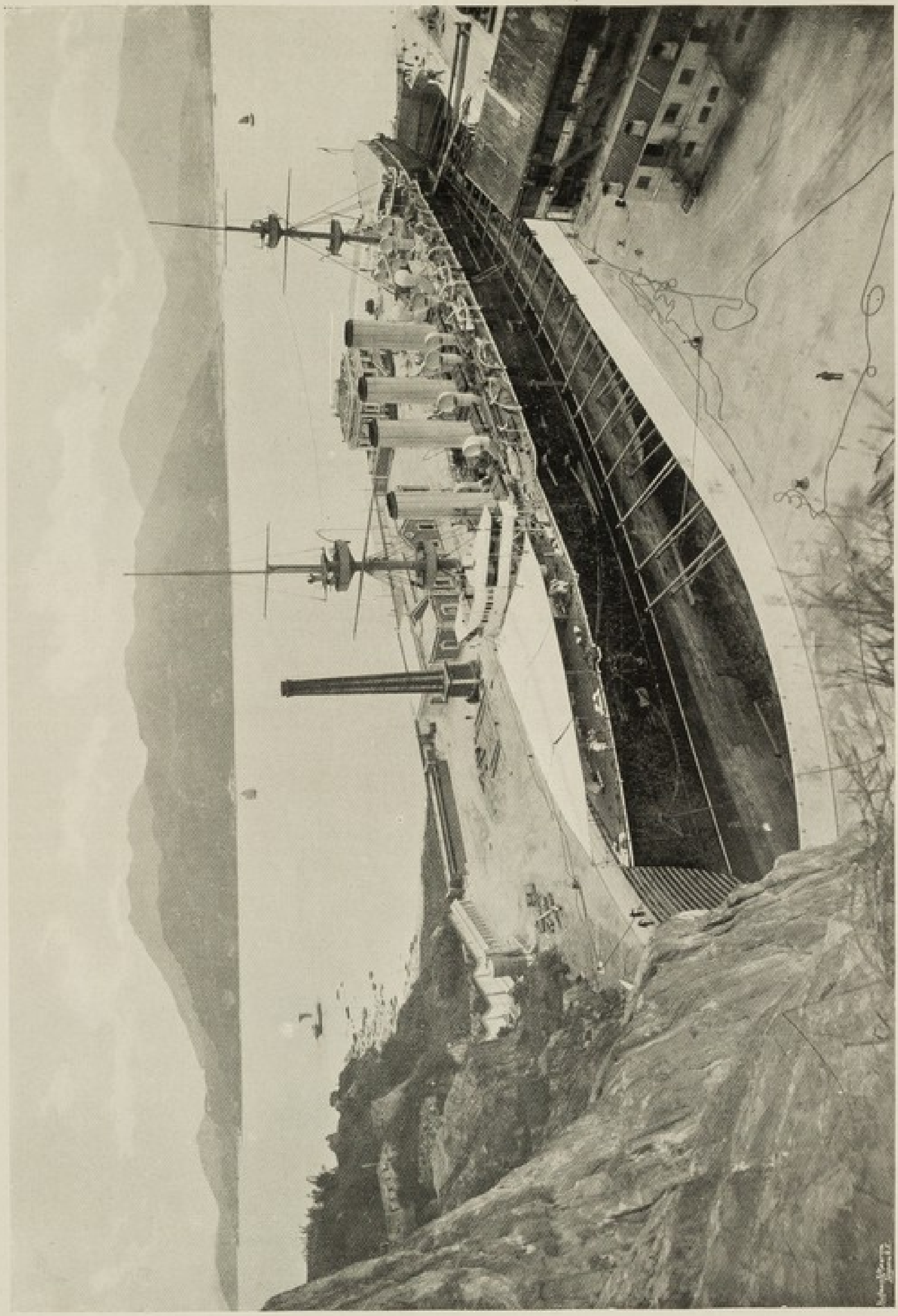


Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

A NINE DAYS' WONDER AT HONG KONG—THE "POWERFUL" IN DOCK AT KOWLOON.

(See page 380.)

Per Mare, per Terram.



Photo. H. Thomson. Copyright.
VICE-ADMIRAL H. RAWSON,
Commanding the Channel Squadron.

SIR HARRY HOULDSWORTH RAWSON, who has just hoisted his flag as vice-admiral in command of the Channel Squadron, is one of the most able and popular flag officers in the Service. Nor is his popularity to be wondered at, for he is one of those men who thoroughly endear themselves to those under their command, by taking a sympathetic interest in not only their work, but their recreations. His last command was that of the Cape station, and during it he had command in several expeditions both on the East and West African Coasts. In 1895 he landed an expedition from the force under his command and attacked and captured M'weli, the stronghold of a rebellious Arab chieftain with the euphonious name of M'baruk. He also it was who, in the following year, bombarded Zanzibar and deposed the pretender to the Zanzibar throne; for this service he was decorated by the Sultan of Zanzibar with the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar of the 1st Class. Again, in 1897, he it was who organised and commanded the Naval expedition against Benin City. This was to punish the massacre of the political expedition from which only two English officers escaped. The whole expedition was splendidly organised, and carried out with the most perfect success. Every inch of the road Rawson footed with his men, clad like them in shirt and trousers. Prior to the series of little wars he was engaged in during his tenure of the African command, he had seen service in China and Egypt. He also was the English officer who hoisted the British flag at Nicosia when we took over Cyprus. He holds the medal for saving life awarded by the Royal Humane Society, and the same deed—the rescue of two females who were capsized from a boat at Antwerp—won for him the 2nd Class Civic Cross of Belgium.

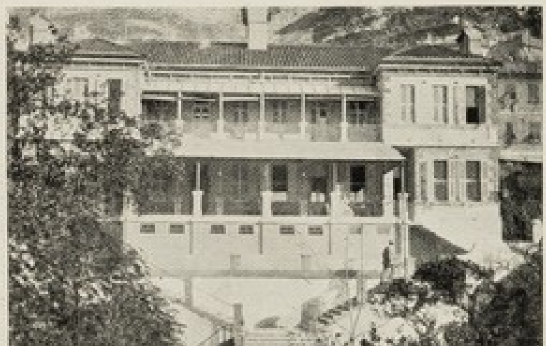


Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.
THE NEW NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB AT "GIB."

WHEREVER Britons do congregate, there before long a club springs into existence, and the illustration here given shows the new one recently opened at Gibraltar. It is, of course, an essentially military club, as practically the whole of Society at Gibraltar is military, with a small sprinkling of Naval officers and civilians. To officers exiled from home, whether it be at Gibraltar, Malta, India, or elsewhere within the wide stretch of empire over which the Union Jack floats, the club is always a sort of home. Here in the cool of the evening, when the day's work is done, all foregather. Here the home news is discussed, the papers—local and home—read and digested, the news of the station gossiped over, and arrangements either for work or play entered into. In truth no station would be complete without a club; and that the one at Gibraltar is comfortable and commodious is well evidenced from our illustration. The project of a club was mooted about a year ago. Prior to that, if the writer's memory is not at fault, there was only an "Assembly Rooms." Curiously enough the idea met with opposition, and there were dire prophecies of failure. Now it numbers hundreds of members, and the marvel is how Gibraltar got on for so long without a club. It adjoins the gardens of the garrison library, and, as may be seen, is both handsome and well designed.

IT is indeed a toss up as to whether our sailors or our soldiers show the greatest partiality for pets. Abroad, more especially, every regiment and ship generally has a pet of some kind. Of ships' pets we have seen dogs, cats, parrots, sheep, goats, geese, and bears. In one case we remember, during a commission in the Pacific, a pig, that came on board to be turned in the ordinary course into pork, so endeared himself to the crew that his life was spared, a modified amount of liberty given to him, his education attended to, and he became firmly established as the ship's pet. The pet whose portrait we here reproduce commenced her Naval career in the "Champion," one of the older third-class cruisers, and in that ship knocked about the world a considerable amount, for she served no less than three commissions in her. From her she went to the battle-ship "Thunderer" when the "Champion" passed to the Training Squadron. She has now been three years in the "Sans Pareil," and has altogether put in some fourteen years of life on the ocean wave.



Photo. J. Hicks. Copyright.
THE PET OF THE "SANS PAREIL."

IT would be difficult to say which of our British sports is most popular in the Navy, but we would feel inclined to rank them in the following order—football, cricket, tug-of-war. Our illustration represents the "socker" team of the "Anson," which is now completing a commission on the Mediterranean station. One feels somehow that every man in the team knows his work in the field, and is fully confident that each one of his ten comrades will do his share.



Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.
THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE "ANSON."



Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

THE WOUNDED FROM CRETE.

OUR next illustration is a view of the Valetta Military Hospital at Malta and the wounded and invalids from the Highland Light Infantry, who had such a tough bit of fighting at Canea. Little did this fine battalion think when they were fretting their souls out, as they probably were, at not going to the Soudan, that they were to take part in a very severe piece of fighting, and have nearly as many casualties as there were at Omdurman. The Mahomedan discontent, always simmering, came to a head on September 6, when a determined attack was made on a picket under Lieut.-Col. P. M. Reid. Lieutenant Haldane, ten men of the Highland Light Infantry, and four Bluejackets were killed, and Lieutenant T. H. M. Clarke, Royal Army Medical Corps, Second Lieutenant W. H. E. Segrave of the Highlanders, and a large number of soldiers and sailors, wounded, the brunt of the loss falling on the Highland Light Infantry.

THE interesting group we here reproduce represents Sergeant-Drummer John T. Taylor and two band boys of the 2nd East Riding of Yorkshire Volunteer Artillery. This regiment, which has its headquarters at Hull, is one of the older volunteer corps, for it ranks thirty-eighth in the order of precedence of artillery volunteers. Sergeant-Drummer Taylor is, as evidenced by his medals, an old soldier. He has in all put in twenty-two years' service, eleven of which were in the 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, and eleven as a drill instructor to the Yorkshire Hussars. After earning his pension he joined the volunteer corps in which he is now serving. He served through the Abyssinian Campaign, for which he wears the medal, and was present at the storming and capture of Magdala. His old corps, in fact, is the only cavalry regiment that enscrolls "Abyssinia" on its colours. The second medal which he wears is that for long service and good conduct. The little lad on his right is Sidney Charlton, a clarionette player, while the self-possessed-looking youngster on his left is Drummer Harry D. Blinkhorn. Both these boys have been in the volunteers nearly two years and were taught by the regimental Bandmaster.



SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

TUG-OF-WAR is always an intensely popular regimental sport. In big stations like Aldershot, the rivalry between the various regimental teams always arouses the keenest partisanship. No less keen is the rivalry within regiments when the various companies contend against each other for the regimental challenge shield. The winners of this trophy in the 1st Battalion of the Dorset Regiment, namely, A Company, are the team that is represented in our illustration. This fine corps, which has just relieved the Highland Light Infantry in Crete, was originally the 39th East Middlesex Regiment. A fine brawny team are the winners of the shield, and no doubt supply a large quota to the regimental team when it goes forth to do battle against other corps or ships. In many regiments the training of and making the tug-of-war team as fit and perfect as it can be made, is carried to a tremendous extent.

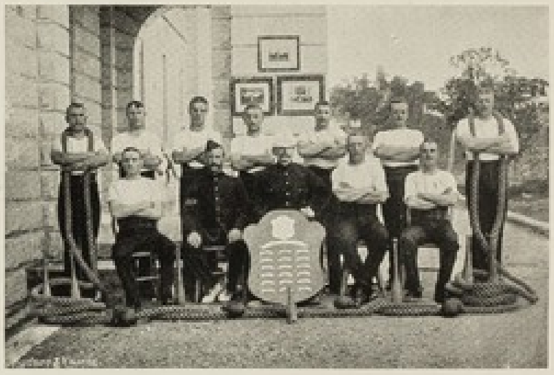


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

THE DORSET REGIMENT'S TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. R. A. J. TALBOT, whose portrait is here reproduced, was until lately in command of the cavalry brigade at Aldershot. He has now, however, been appointed to succeed Sir Francis Grenfell as Commander-in-Chief of the British force of occupation in Egypt, a post which must not be confounded with that of the Sirdar, who is the Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army. Major-General Talbot is a Household Cavalry man, all his regimental service having been passed in the 1st Life Guards. Africa is not new ground to him, for curiously enough all his war service has been seen in that country. His earliest experience was in South Africa, where he served through the Zulu Campaign of 1879. In 1882 he went with his regiment, in which he was then a major, to Egypt. He was present at the actions of El Magiar and Mahsameh, at both actions at Kassassin, and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He also took part in the rapid march on and occupation of Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir. For his services he was mentioned in despatches, and, besides receiving, of course, the medal and bronze star, was decorated with the 4th Class of the Osmanieh order. The Soudan Expedition of 1884-85 saw him again on active service. At this time he was in command of the 1st Life Guards, and he was the officer selected to command the Heavy Camel Regiment. It will be remembered that the camel corps that accompanied Lord Wolseley was in three sections—one composed of draughts from heavy cavalry regiments, a second from light cavalry regiments, and a third from Foot Guards and Royal Marines. The first of these Talbot commanded at Abu Klea, El Gubat, and Metemmeh, again earning mention in despatches, and his C.B. He is also an aide-de-camp to the Queen.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

MAJ.-GEN. THE HON. R. TALBOT, C.B.

Commanding Army of Occupation in Egypt.

LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

LATELY I have been reading a book which is calculated to give its readers a very firm grasp of the conditions which attend the settlement of Soudan questions, and, at the same time, a very clear idea of the difficulties that beset the exercise of power in Soudanese regions. The book I refer to is Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur's "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger" (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). The regions seem at first sight diverse, but Sir George T. Goldie, who contributes a valuable introduction, points out that there is essential homogeneity in that belt of Africa, which constitutes the true Soudan, and that political events on one river do react on the other. Lieutenant Vandeleur's stirring record does not cover the arrival of Major Marchand at Fashoda—it mentions him, indeed, as advancing that way—nor give us the latest details of the convention with the French in relation to the Niger, but it contains a profoundly interesting account of countries that attract, and that must continue more and more to engross public attention, as well as of our recent fighting for the pacification of them. Lieutenant Vandeleur left England in August, 1894, to take up an appointment in Uganda, and was soon engaged in an expedition to Unyoro and down the Nile from Lake Albert to Dufile. On the whole, his account of the navigation is unpromising, owing to the vast quantities of *sudd*, or floating vegetable matter, which were found filling the water for long periods. All authorities agree, he says, as to the value and abundance of the natural resources of the Bahr-el-Gazal; and he dismisses the French claims with the sensible remark that it is ridiculous, and contrary to geographical conditions, to contend that this region of the Nile Valley should be developed and opened up by way of the Congo. He served in the punitive expeditions against the Wa-Nandi, and describes the defeat and flight of Kabarega. The mutiny of Major Macdonald's troops in 1897, not less than the excellent promise of the Uganda Protectorate, will be far better understood after reading Lieutenant Vandeleur's stirring account of his campaigning in the very region.



On the March to Kabba.

From "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger."

* * * *

Still more interesting, I think, is what he and Sir George Goldie have to tell us about the Niger. Briefly, let me say that the author gives an account of European enterprise on that great river, and describes first his journey to Lokoja to take charge of a Maxim gun detachment. A conflict was bound sooner or later to occur with the Mahomedan slave-raiding rulers of the interior. He took part in the operations for the subjection of the Fulah power in Nupe, and gives an exceedingly interesting account of the flying column to Kabba, when the Emir of Bida eluded his assailants by escaping north-westward, then of the hard fighting and triumph at Bida, and afterwards of the expedition to Ilorin. Now in all this few things are more important than the fine qualities displayed by the black troops. In the preliminary reverse at Bida, everything depended upon their fire-discipline in very difficult conditions, and they acquitted themselves nobly. Sir George Goldie draws a fine picture of the splendid qualities of these Hausa troops well officered. On the rapid and arduous march from Lokoja to Kabba, and thence to Egbon, and again to Ilorin, with scarcity of water and sometimes shortness of rations, they were always good-tempered and cheerful, and even in their heavy marching order would pick up and carry the seventy-pound loads of the porters who fell out by the way. Their conduct was exemplary in camp and brilliant in the field. A force of little over 500 withstood for two days 25,000 or 30,000 of the enemy. Formerly slaves, they defeated their dreaded masters; Mahomedans, they fought for us against their brethren; men who had never faced cavalry, they stood firmly against charges right home against the face of their squares, maintained their fire-discipline, and delivered their volleys as if on parade. Here is a source of strength that officers who have made so much of fellaheen and the Egyptian Soudanese will yet weld into a strong defence for our West African possessions. Of the inland country this book gives a very satisfactory account, which will surprise many who know only the malarious coast region. The need is not hastily to attack slavery, but ruthlessly to check the slave-raiding. This book must certainly be read by all who would know the condition and prospects of our African possessions.

I promised to say something of Colonel Edward Vibart's "The Sepoy Mutiny" (Smith, Elder), and I do so with great pleasure, for I have twice read it with unflagging interest. Such experiences as those of this young subaltern of the 54th Native Infantry are burnt into the brain of him who witnesses them, never to be forgotten in their terrible details. It is pleasant, says Cicero, to remember evils that are past, but it cannot but have been painful to Colonel Vibart to recall the grim events of Cawnpore, in which he lost his parents, and the fearful horrors of the Delhi Mutiny, of which he was one of the survivors. When the furious news arrived from Meerut, the flame of revolt spread through the city, and when the first detachment of the 54th marched down from cantonments to the Cashmere Gate, the officers were slaughtered almost to a man. Colonel Vibart was with the later detachment which marched into the main guard, and, after terrible experiences, abandoned it only when defence was hopeless. The few fugitives, having with them several ladies, escaped to the bastion amid a hail of bullets, dropped to the ditch, and climbed the counterscarp. In extreme peril of their lives, and sometimes actually under fire, wounded and injured, some of them, they fled from place to place. Parched with thirst, in scorching heat, reduced to the verge of despair, they were delivered as by miracle from the hand of treachery. It speaks volumes for the horrors of the time that one poor lady of this devoted band, wounded and injured so that she could not walk, too heavy to be carried, had to be abandoned to the death to which, indeed, her sufferings had already consigned her. Colonel Vibart's vivid narrative impresses upon the reader all the horror of that fearful time. He recounts, too, his return to Delhi and the incidents of the siege, describes his impressions of Cawnpore, relates many things that are of interest in regard to the relief of Lucknow, and concludes with an account of service at Bareilly and in Central India. In order that the book may be complete in its account of the outbreak of the Mutiny, Colonel Vibart has included Colonel A. R. D. Mackenzie's recollections of the events at Meerut, from his "Mutiny Memoirs," as well as Mr. P. V. Luke's version of the famous story of the telegram, despatched by the youthful signaller to his colleagues at Umballa, that "saved India." Altogether the volume is a striking contribution to Mutiny literature, and is very well illustrated.

* * * *

And now I turn to Mr. Kipling, the interpreter. I discovered him years ago, with his soldiers three, in the dusty pamphlets of an Indian bookstall library, and now find him stepping on board one of Her Majesty's men-of-war to interpret in "A Fleet in Being" (Macmillan, 1s.) the life thereof to the multitude. The first thing that impressed him was the superb health of officers and men, then their quiet adequateness, thirdly, their grave courtesy. "But under the shell of the new Navy beats the heart of the old. All Marryat's immortals are there, better fed, better tended, better educated, but at heart unchanged." Part of his experience was as a guest during the manœuvres, but he was too much interested in the life of his own cruiser, unfolding hour by hour, to be intelligently interested in evolutions, of which, nevertheless, he gives a very intelligent picture. He is always thinking of the "Real Thing." What will happen when all this is in deadly earnest? But he leaves no doubt upon the mind as to the qualities of the men he met—those men of strong experience that makes for hardness, coolness of head, and above all resource. True are his appreciations, and vivid his descriptions. A little book to be read far and wide. This is how he describes the "almost infernal mobility of a fleet": "I had seen ours called, to all appearance, out of the deep; split in twain at a word, and, at a word, sent skimming beyond the horizon; strung out as vultures string out patiently in the hot sky above a dying beast; flung like a lasso; gathered anew as a riata is coiled at the saddle bow; dealt out card-fashion over fifty miles of green table; picked up, shuffled, and redealt as the game changed."

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 102.] *SATURDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1899.*



Photo, Fradelle & Young.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR G. C. F. KNOWLES, BART.

(See Article "Admirals All.")

"Admirals All."

"Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill."

IN a recent issue we produced portraits of a unique interest, inasmuch as they showed us three generations to-day living who have served the Queen in her Navy. We refer to the portraits of the Simmons family which appeared in our issue of December 24. In this issue we delve back into history, and give a series of portraits showing how the Naval tradition has from a long way back existed in certain families—in many families, in truth, for there are plenty that could be quoted. This one, however, is a very good example. The present Baronet, Sir George Charles Frederick Knowles, is the fourth of his line since his great-grandfather was created a Baronet, for purely Naval services, in 1765. His grandfather followed his father's career, though his son, Sir Charles's father, discarded a life in the Service to devote himself to the pursuit of science, and succeeded in attaining to the blue ribbon of the scientific world—a Fellowship of the Royal Society. Charles Knowles, however, returned to the career of his ancestors, and is to-day a vice-admiral on the retired list. Retired in 1894, he had seen close on half a century of service, for he joined the Queen's Navy in 1845, when a lad of thirteen. He was a lieutenant in the "Fox" during the Burmese War of 1852-53, and a year later was commanding the "Investigator" in the Niger Expedition of 1854. He has had his share of the peace service that in its way is harder work than that of war, and has gained the thanks of the Admiralty for service on the West Coast of Africa, during a Cuban insurrection, and in fishery service off the coast of Newfoundland; good work which brought him a well-earned captain's good service pension till his promotion to flag rank. And now we must trace his Naval descent, for it is an interesting one.

His great-grandfather, Sir Charles Knowles, was a son of the fourth Earl of Banbury, and entered the Navy in 1718. When Byng wiped out the Spanish fleet in the action off Cape Passaro in the island of Sicily, on August 11, 1718, which action earned for him eventually his peerage, young Knowles was a midshipman in his flag-ship, the "Barfleur." After that he had his chances, as most Naval officers had in those grand old days, and he saw plenty of service in Mediterranean African, and West Indian waters. He was posted in 1737, and his first command as a captain was of the "Diamond" frigate. In her he served under Vernon at Cartagena, and in the operations that admiral conducted in those waters. In 1746 we find him as Governor of Louisburg, and two years later brilliantly attacking and beating a Spanish fleet off Matanzas in Cuba.

From 1752 to 1756 he was Governor of Jamaica, and in 1765 he was created a Baronet, and shortly afterwards a rear-admiral of Great Britain. He was now to do what many unemployed officers of the Service did at the period—take service under the Russian flag—and in 1770 he entered the service of the Empress Catherine as a first admiral in her Fleet, and with a seat in her Council. This post he held for four years, and did much for the nation he was serving, for he was a clever engineer and Naval architect, and designed many ships for the Russian Fleet. He retired from this employment, and returned to die in England at a ripe old age in 1777, a very typical specimen of the grand school of Naval officers that his period produced. His only son, Charles Henry Knowles, succeeded him in the Baronetcy, and followed in his father's footsteps, for he also rose to distinction in the Naval Service of the Crown.


ADMIRAL SIR C. KNOWLES, BART., 1694—1777.
By the Uniform Coat Painted after 1748.


ADMIRAL SIR C. H. KNOWLES, BART., G.C.B., 1754—1831.
Probably Painted when a Captain, before 1797.

Educated at Eton, he passed from school into the Service, and after serving in various ships on the Mediterranean and North American stations, he gained his post rank, his first command being that of the "Porcupine," a 24-gun sloop, to which he was appointed in 1780. He was not long about baptising his new command, for soon after hoisting his pennant in her, he, with but slight loss to his own ship's crew, beat off a Spanish craft of much superior force. He served with distinction at the siege of Gibraltar, and in various commands on the Mediterranean and North American stations until 1797. This year found him in command of a fine line-of-battle ship, the "Goliath"—a seventy-four, if our memory is not at fault—and a name with a grand record that has now after a century been again added to our Navy List. In command of her he took an active part in one of our greatest Naval victories, that of Sir John Jervis over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent on February 14, 1797. Apart from his active work, Sir Charles Henry Knowles studied his profession with zeal and assiduity. He was the author of several papers on professional subjects, and he compiled a code of flag signals for tactics and sailing instructions which was adopted by the Admiralty. He was made a G.C.B. in 1820, and died in 1831, an Admiral of the Red, being buried beside his father at Guildford.

On the maternal side also Sir Charles Knowles has a very distinguished Naval pedigree, for his mother was a granddaughter of the celebrated Sir George Pocock, the hero of Havana, and who, with those under him, probably made one of the biggest hauls of prize-money during those wars when prize-money was to be made. Pocock was shipmate with the first Sir Charles Knowles, a midshipman in Byng's flag-ship, the "Barfleur," at the Cape Passaro fight. From the time he was made post in 1738 for twenty years his service was entirely on the East Indian station. He eventually commanded on that station, and three times beat the French squadron under Count d'Aché, his reward being a Knighthood of the Bath in 1761. In the following year he got command of the fleet intended for the reduction of Havana. He subsequently attained the rank of Admiral of the Blue, and represented Plymouth in two Parliaments. In truth Sir Charles Knowles's family record, from a Service point of view, is a highly-interesting one; and the more so in that it is only one of many families in which the Queen's Service, either on land or sea, has been the predestined career of its sons from generation to generation.


ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE POCOCK, K.B., 1706—1792.
Painted in the First Established Uniform of 1748.

The Anchors and Cables of Our War-ships.—I.

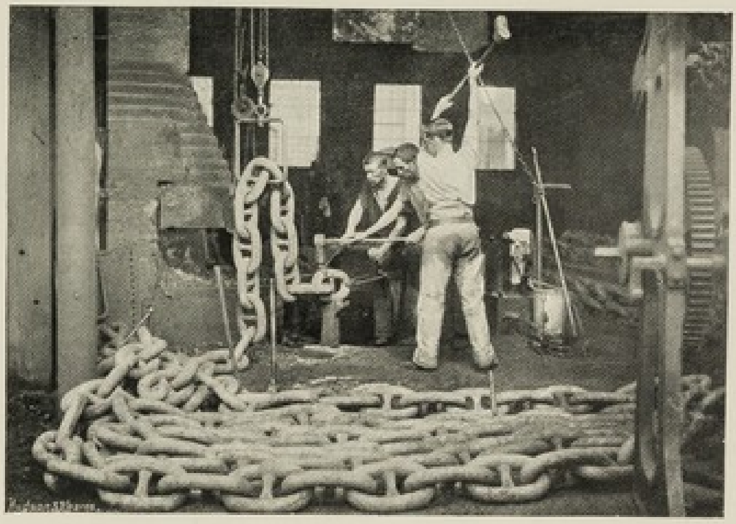
AMONG the many details concerning the design and equipment of our modern men-of-war which are published in various journals and books of reference, and which have been freely illustrated many times in these pages, there is one subject which is rarely touched upon, and never in any detail; but it is, nevertheless, a matter of paramount importance in the equipment of a ship; and it is, therefore, proposed to devote a few pages to the subject of anchors and cables, which cannot fail to be of interest.

To begin at the beginning, the general introduction of chain cables does not date so far back as to be out of the recollection of many who are still living. Formerly the only cables known were huge hempen ropes, most cumbrous to handle, difficult to stow, and far more expensive than their modern successors; liable also to chafe under friction, and to rot from alternate wetting and drying. When it is stated that, in the largest vessels, they reached the size of 25-in. in circumference—pretty nearly 8-in. in diameter—some idea may be formed of the difficulty of handling so unwieldy a monster, especially when wet, as of course they usually were.



Photo. Symonds & Co. *THE CABLE OF NELSON'S TIME.* Copyright.

Nevertheless, like many other things in conservative England, they died hard; and although the first attempts at the manufacture of chain cables date back to the year 1808, it was not until 1831 that the proportion of chain exceeded that of rope in the Navy; while a small proportion of hemp cable continued as part of every man-of-war's equipment until comparatively recent years. A piece of an old hemp cable of large size may be seen in one of the illustrations; and it may be remarked that a 25-in. cable of this kind was about equal in strength to a modern 2¼-in. chain cable.



FINISHING A 2¼-in. LINK.

In these days of elaborate and ingenious labour-saving mechanism, it is extremely interesting to note that the manufacture of chain cables remains essentially a hand industry.

Machinery is, of course, employed as far as possible in the preliminary processes; but when it comes to making up the chain, every link is welded by hand, or handled under the steam hammer.

There is no Admiralty cable foundry; the work is done entirely by private firms, with one or more of which a five years' contract is made. Among the most prominent of these are Messrs. Hingley and Sons, of Netherton; Wood and Co., of Chester; and H. Persehouse Parkes and Co., of Tipton Green, near Dudley. The last-named firm recently held the contract for ten consecutive years; and we are indebted to them for most of the interesting illustrations in these numbers, as well as for a vast amount of information gathered during a visit to their works.



Photos. Yert. Copyright.

MAKING A 1¾-in. CABLE.

The iron from which cables are made at Tipton Green is obtained from the famous Butterley Iron Works, in Derbyshire, and is supplied ready rolled to the thickness of link required. It must be the best fibrous iron, and samples taken from the bars must stand a strain of 23 tons to the square inch.

Chain cables are distinguished by figures denoting the diameter of the iron of which the links are formed; and we will now follow the process of making a 2¼-in. cable, which is a large one, though by no means one of the largest made nowadays.

A gang of men are carrying lengths of the rolled iron bar to the shears, which slowly and relentlessly open and shut their powerful jaws, and nip off unconcernedly anything which may be presented. The bar is thrust into these jaws at an angle, so that it is cut off with a bevel, or scarph, ready for welding, the length being accurately gauged by a stop; and so the whole

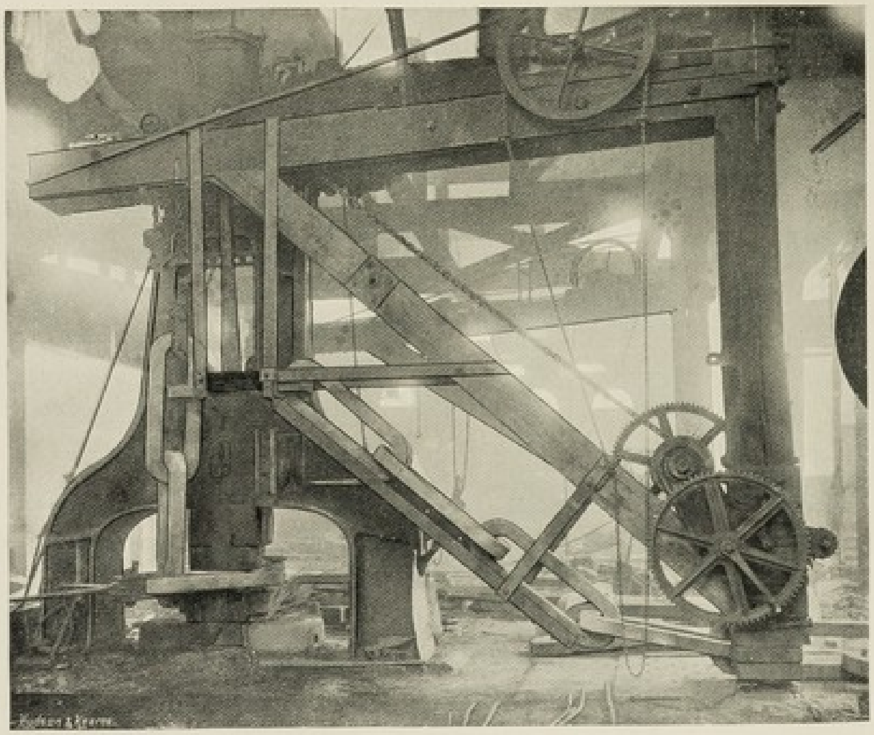
bar is cut up into even lengths, each composing a link.

These short lengths are then heated to a bright red, and quickly bent into the form of the link by another machine, so that the two scarphed ends overlap at the side of the link.

And here we finish with the machinery, the roughly-formed links being taken over to the small forge, where stand the chain-maker and his two assistants, with their anvil and all other needful appliances.

In a moment the two ends are in the glowing coals, and are raised to welding heat; then the link is slipped on to the one last formed, and the weld is completed with what appears to the ordinary looker-on to be astonishing and apparently reckless celerity.

But that chain-maker knows what he is about, the larger the chain the more skilful the smith, and a 2¼-in. chain man is a good one. The link is joined, and correctly shaped, hammered, tapped, coaxed, and finished off with admirable precision, so that the weld looks quite as smooth and perfect as any other part. The final operation is fixing the stud or stay-pin, which crosses the centre of each link to prevent alteration of form under heavy stress; and, being required to resist only a compressive strain, is made of crucible steel for the Navy, and cast-iron for the mercantile marine.



MAKING A HEAVY MOORING CABLE.

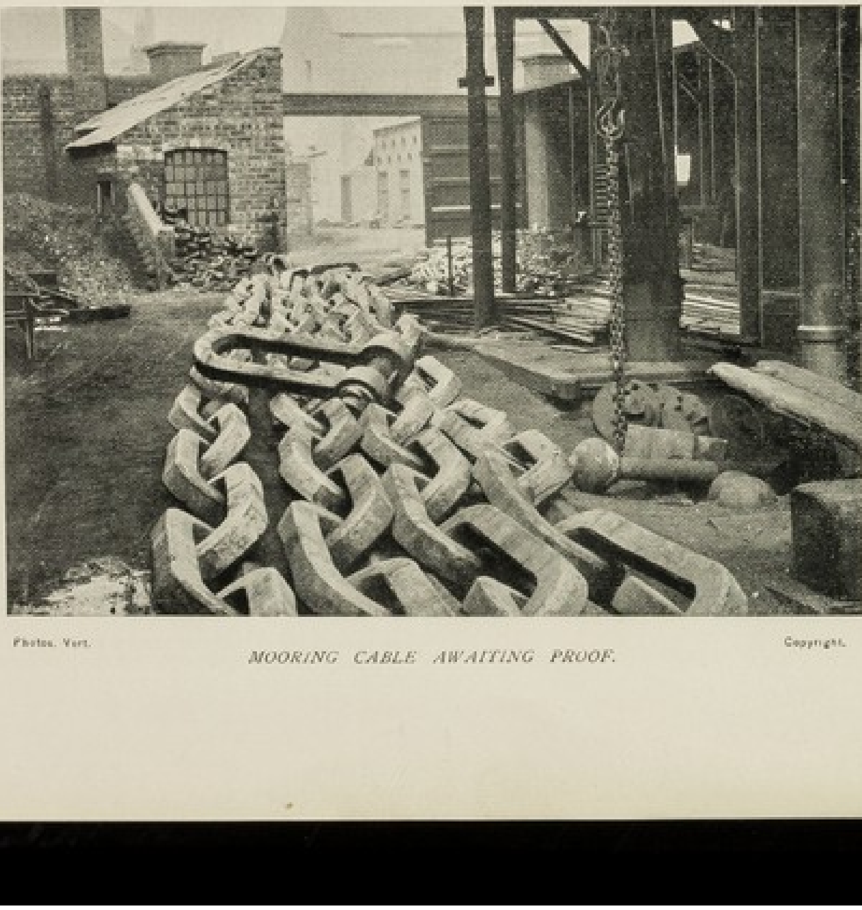
This little gang of three may be seen at work in one of the pictures, putting the finishing touches to a link, the long piece of chain already completed lying in the foreground. The gang earn among them about thirty-five shillings per day of eight hours. This is a wage which many a hard-working professional man would not grumble at, but there is no doubt that the men composing this industrious trio thoroughly and honestly earn the money. The finish and absolute symmetry of the links may be plainly seen in the picture.

In the next illustration may be seen another little gang, making a 1½-in. chain, the links in this and smaller sizes being welded at the end, instead of at the side. Thus there are "side-welders" and "end-welders" among chainsmiths; and the latter do their own bending and scarphing, so that, beyond the biting-off process in the shears, no machinery touches the iron after it is rolled in the mill to the desired thickness.

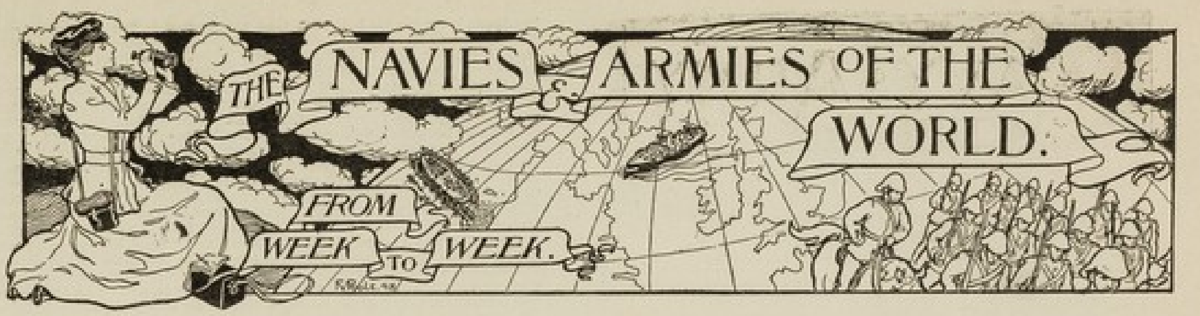
The chains used as permanent moorings for large vessels are made in a different form; and one picture shows an ingenious method of handling these huge links, each one of which measures 4-ft. in length, and weighs 5-cwt. They are made from bars formed of the best scrap-iron, and are welded under the steam hammer, as seen in the picture. So cumbrous is this chain to handle, that it was formerly made up in lengths of four or five links, which were joined by hand-sledges; an uncertain method, inferior to the hammer-work for such large iron. The difficulty has been surmounted, however, by the adoption of the method here illustrated, the chain, as it is completed, being hauled up by the crane, and sliding down an iron shoot, whence it is dragged away all in one piece.

The last illustration shows a mooring chain completed; in the centre may be seen the huge shackle used to join it together when necessary.

(To be continued.)



Photos. Vert. MOORING CABLE AWAITING PROOF. Copyright.



THERE is an amusing side to the current outcry against Captain Mahan. I mean that, after hearing him quoted for some years as if his opinion settled the question and his name was evidence, it is rather fun to see him roundly accused of inconsistency and heterodoxy. It is also, perhaps, a trifle rash in his admirers to be in such a hurry to find him wrong, seeing that the better they succeed the more effectually will they disable his judgment all along the line. You cannot prove a man to be a bad reasoner at one period without at least establishing a presumption that he argued badly in the others. Therefore it would, perhaps, have been better to wait a little, and to let Captain Mahan get done with his articles in the *Times* before falling upon him. Meanwhile, and apart altogether from the accuracy or inaccuracy of his views, past and present (if there is really any difference between them), as to the proper relations to one another of fleets and fortifications, the matter is of some interest to the "general reader." This authority, who in constitutionally governed countries is the voter, and a very important person, understands the terms used but dimly. "A Fleet in Being" is a thing he hears of with some awe, but no great comprehension. If one could get at his real views, they would not improbably be found to take some such interrogative form as this. He says to himself: "Now, supposing we were at war with an enemy who has a fleet, and I live in an unfortified seaport town, am I, or am I not, in danger of being murdered in my bed by a shell, and would it not be better for me, if there were a fort here, to fire at anybody who came near with hostile intentions?"

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Now it is not much use—in fact, it is no use—to talk to him about "The Fleet in Being." Neither is it other than a waste of time to quote Lord Vincent's contemptuous opinion of old women. "The Fleet in Being" is a very dubious business, and St. Vincent, though undoubtedly a very shrewd man, was not infallible any more than Captain Mahan, or, for that matter, any other son of Adam. To say that you can prevent an enemy from coming on to your own coast by attacking his, is only partially true. It is possible in this way to stop great fleets from coming with large armies for purposes of invasion; it is not possible to attain to absolute security that your foe will not raid. The evidence to prove this is abundant. At no period have we had a more effectual superiority over the French at sea than during the last years of Queen Anne, and in the Seven Years' War. Yet Forbin was for some time on the coast of Scotland in the first of these wars, and in the second Thurot caused us a good deal of annoyance till Captain Elliot put a stop to him. Even in the Great War we could not prevent Humbert from landing in Ireland, or stop the Fishguard invasion. We may remember, too, that it was the storms, and not Admiral Colpoys' fleet, which ruined the invasion of Ireland by Hoche. But the moral of this last story, perhaps, is that Admiral Colpoys did not keep the right kind of blockade. To say of the other cases that the French got very little good in the long run is to evade the point. Their failure may have been due to internal weaknesses which are not certain to be reproduced, or to defective management which might be avoided. The point is, that you never can have absolute security against raids; and then the question is, what the enemy will do when he is raiding? The old women and the general reader have a lurking suspicion that he may murder them in their beds with shells, and they get intensely irritated when they are told that it would not matter if he did, because, so long as we have the general strategic advantage, the foe must in the end surrender. They say—not altogether absurdly—that they pay their taxes to be protected, and that when they keep a dog they expect it to bark.

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The best line to take with these critics is not the high strategic, which as often as not is merely the pedantic, one, but quite another. The plain fact is that, no matter what our superiority in great fleets may be against an enemy who possesses ships of his own and is of an enterprising character, we never can afford to leave our own coasts entirely without immediate protection. We cannot allow another Thurot to cruise at large in our waters, and there is no means of stopping him, except one—to wit, other ships which can fight him on water. Therefore in a great Naval war it will always be necessary to keep a home fleet well appointed and well posted to dispose of hostile light squadrons which may escape our blockading forces. If it is adequate and is well handled, it will prevent all attacks on towns. We must have it to stop attacks on our trade, and if it can guard against them, it will be a sufficient protection against other forms of hostility against our coast. If the enemy cannot come here to capture our merchant ships ten miles out of port, neither can he come here for any other purpose. As for merely destructive raids on seaport towns, we ourselves have tried them, and have given them up. In the William III. and Queen Anne wars, or again, in the Seven Years' War, they were repeatedly carried out by us. But in the Great War against the Revolution and Napoleon we dropped them altogether. The reason was that we found them to be of no real use. No doubt they caused some loss to the French, but they did not weaken them in any appreciable degree, and they always cost us a certain number of lives. In the end they were found not to be worth the powder and shot, the wounds and the lives they cost. During Napoleon's reign, we never attempted to land on the coast of France till we were able to do so with a great army under command of the Duke of Wellington, who invaded France from the Spanish frontier. We knew that we should always have to fight, and that no advantage would be gained by local victory commensurate to the price paid. Of course, if we left ourselves entirely without organised force on shore, a thousand disciplined enemies would march where they pleased; but the average common-sense of the nation would make short work of any pedant who proposed to do anything of that kind.

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Captain Henry N. Shore ought not to speak in a letter to the *Times* of "a Mr. Jonas Hanway," still less to call him "an obscure Englishman." Jonas Hanway, like a good many people, was more famous in his life than he has been since, but his name is too frequently mentioned in the memoir literature of the time to allow it to be accurate to call him obscure. He travelled to the Court of Nadir Shah, and published his travels. He introduced the use of umbrellas into this country, and extorted the only answer which Dr. Johnson was ever known to condescend to make to a public attack. The list of the things he wrote fills four columns of "The Dictionary of National Biography," and the pamphlet which Captain Shore quotes is to be found there. So it is clearly not right to write of him as "a Mr. Jonas Hanway." At the same time, Captain Shore is very much to be thanked for quoting the passage he sends to the *Times*. The application of Hanway's words to the conditions of to-day is perfectly astounding. The nature of things has clearly not altered one atom in the relations of France and England. Then, as now, there was a conflict for commerce and colonies. Then, as now, France was restless and aggressive. Then, as now, we wished to trade and live in peace. National character and geography not having altered, other things remain the same. It is not uninteresting to note that Hanway was writing at the end of the American War, and just ten years earlier than the outbreak of the greatest of all struggles between Great Britain and France. Will the conditions which make rivalry between France and England inevitable also continue to make war the result of that rivalry, as in past ages?

DAVID HANNAY.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 6, 1797.—"Hussar," 28, Captain T. M. Russell, captured the French "Sibylle," 36. The "Sibylle" decoyed the "Hussar" close by a false distress signal, then opened fire. The "Hussar" backed clear, and after a fierce action took the enemy. Captain Russell, on receiving the French captain's sword, broke it and put the French captain under arrest.

January 7, 1806.—Boats of the "Franchise," 36, Captain Charles Dashwood, in Campeachy Bay attacked two Spanish war-brigs, seven gun-boats, and an armed schooner, putting the enemy to flight and capturing one brig—the "Raposa," 16.

January 8, 1761.—"Unicorn," 32, Captain Joseph Hunt, took the French "Vestale," 32, after an hour and a-half's fight off the French coast.

January 9, 1801.—The British cutter "Constitution" taken off Portland by two French privateers and retaken the same day.

January 10, 1810.—Dashing cutting-out affair by boats of "Christian VII.," 74 (a prize taken at Copenhagen), Captain Sir Joseph Yorke, in Basque Roads, to destroy a French coasting convoy under a heavy battery.

January 11, 1782.—Capture of Trincomalee by seamen and marines of Sir E. Hughes' squadron in conjunction with a military force.

January 12, 1810.—The "Scorpion," 18, Captain Francis Stanfell, captured the French "Oreste," 16, in Basseterre, Guadaloupe. The "Scorpion," while fighting the "Oreste," had also to fight a French battery on shore.

JANUARY 6, 1781.—The Baron de Rolle Court, at the head of rather under 1,000 men, landed in Jersey, who made themselves masters of St. Helier. Major Pierson, a young officer of the 95th Regiment, however, obliged them to surrender after a sharp fight, in which he himself and the French commander were both slain. His death is commemorated by the celebrated picture by West. The British troops consisted of a wing each of the 78th Highlanders, the 83rd Regiment, and the 95th Regiment—all three corps disbanded a few years later—six independent companies, a company of the Royal Artillery, and the Jersey Militia, with a total of about 3,800 men. Of these 81 were killed and wounded, while the French lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 567 men.

January 7, 1558.—Calais recaptured from the English, after more than two centuries of occupation, by the Duc de Guise. 1841.—During the first Chinese War Major Pratt captured Chuanpee. The British force consisted of portions of the 26th and 49th Regiments, a Naval brigade, and the 3rd Madras N.I.

January 8, 1812.—During the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, a force consisting of the 43rd, the 52nd, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade and a detachment of Sappers and Miners carried the San Francisco redoubt. The British commander was Colonel Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton.

January 9, 1806.—The Dutch troops at the Cape of Good Hope surrendered to Sir David Baird. The British troops consisted of the 25th, 59th, 71st, 83rd, and 93rd Regiments.

January 10, 1826.—Brigadier Pepper, with the 1st Madras Europeans—now the 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers—the 3rd Madras N.I., and portions of the 12th and 34th Madras N.I., captured the stockade of Sittang.

January 12, 1842.—During the Afghan War General Nott decisively defeated the Afghans on the Arghandab, near Candahar. The British force consisted of Blood's battery of artillery, two troops of the Shah's Horse Artillery, a regiment of the Shah's cavalry, two rissalaks of Skinner's Horse—now the 1st Bengal Cavalry—the 40th Regiment, the 2nd, 16th, and 38th Bengal N.I., a wing of the 43rd Bengal N.I., and the 3rd Shah's Infantry, in all amounting to 3,500 men. The Afghans numbered about 18,000 men.

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I LEARN with much regret that Mr. T. C. Cowen, whose letters from the Philippines, illustrated by his own photographs, have so often brightened the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, has been shot at Manila. Mr. Cowen now lies in the hospital at Hong Kong. The circumstances under which he received his injury are not stated, but there is reason for believing that the wound is not dangerous, and I am sure all our readers will hope with me for speedy news of his complete recovery. Even now I have by me a batch of photographs and notes just received from him, and which will shortly appear in these pages. Mr. Cowen is the son of the Editor of the *York Evening Press*, and in addition to acting as Reuter's special correspondent in the war between Spain and America, has contributed letters to the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers. He represented the *Times* in the Chino-Japanese War, and the manner in which he departed for the front is characteristic of him. He was then the Editor of the *Hong Kong Telegraph*, and one afternoon, while sitting at his desk, received the following telegram from the *Times*: "Proceed Japanese front. Remain there till close of war." He at once put on his hat and coat and walked down to the docks, chartered a special steamer, bought a few note-books and a pair of heavy boots, and within half-an-hour had left Hong Kong behind, and was on his way to the scene of hostilities. During the war between Spain and the United States he was frequently threatened with imprisonment for using his camera, and on one occasion was actually arrested while taking a picture for this journal.

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THE warrant officers—gunner, boatswain, and carpenter—form a most important trio on board a man-of-war. Having served for many years as Bluejackets, they have an intimate and very practical knowledge of their work, and of their former associates, which could not be acquired in any other manner. They also, with very few exceptions, appear to possess a marvellous adaptability in their superior station, making excellent officers, and being as a rule greatly respected by their subordinates. They have to pass a strict examination in the duties of their respective departments before they are deemed to be qualified for promotion, and each is responsible for the proper care of the stores under his control, of which a very elaborate and exact reckoning must be kept. Each man is, in short, an expert in his own work, and every commanding officer knows how highly a good warrant officer—and they are nearly all very good—should be valued. They have, indeed, been styled "the backbone of the Navy," and the term is no exaggeration. They form a strong link between the superior officers and the seamen—capable, loyal, and extremely knowing—so that they are taken into the councils of the commanding officers on almost any extraordinary occasion, and usually have some very sound and practical ideas to propound. *(See page 409.)*

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PERHAPS my readers would be at a loss if called upon to define a "squeegee band"; luckily I am able to instruct them by means of an illustration on page 411. The origin of the title is obscure, a "squeegee" being in reality an implement used in drying the decks. However, the word has been applied, in characteristic fashion, to a little group of amateur musicians to be found on board most men-of-war, and our picture shows an unusually refined specimen, including violins, banjos, guitars, and a zither, the last-named instrument being placed on a convenient coil of rope. The squeegee band is in great request in the evening, and frequently discourses dance music. Another picture shows a sale by auction of dead men's effects. The master-at-arms acts as auctioneer, and frequently displays great aptitude in this capacity. In the case of a shipmate who has been killed by an accident, such as a fall from aloft, the men run the prices up to a generous figure for the benefit of his widow, and one of the paymaster's staff notes the amounts, which are deducted from the men's pay. The effects of a deserter are sold in like manner; but in this instance the bids would be much lower, and it would be regarded as a chance of making a good bargain. *(See page 411.)*

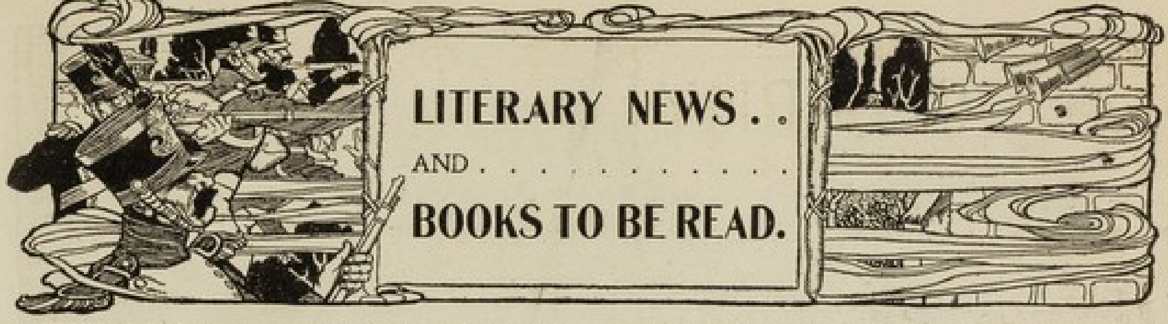
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BY no means the least important section of a battalion is what soldiers familiarly style the "drums." In using the term it must not be supposed that "Tommy" refers to the instruments carried by our military bands and associated with war from the earliest ages, but to the men and boys whose duty it is to beat them. The drummers of the Foot Guards are particularly calculated to attract attention, not only on account of their smartness, but because of the effectual manner in which they ply their drum-sticks. Everyone who has witnessed the daily ceremony of "changing guard" at St. James's Palace must have been struck with the "turn-out" of the drummers of the Grenadier Guards as, with the fifes, they played the guard to and from the Palace. The uniform of all infantry drummers is picturesque. They, as well as the men of the band, are distinguished by the "wings" worn on the shoulders, but those of the Grenadier Guards are even more gorgeously arrayed than their comrades of the Line. In addition to the uniform worn by other men of that distinguished regiment, their sleeves are covered with rich embroidery, consisting of a number of chevrons, but in order that these may not be mistaken for the ordinary badge of good conduct worn on the left arm a special rule obtains in the Foot Guards with reference to that honourable distinction. Drummers who are entitled to one or more good conduct badges wear them in the form of a V, or inverted chevron. By this means the badges cannot be confused with the chevron-pattern trimming which is common to all. *(See page 416.)*

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THE supplement presented with this week's issue is not only a Calendar, a very useful thing in its way, but will also be found to be a timely and up-to-date pictorial record of Army life English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish regiments are represented, as well as Military sports and pastimes. Here, too, in half-a-dozen pictures we have an epitome of Army life. Look at the young soldiers of the Household Troops, just starting on their career. See the soldier mounting guard, or the Militiaman under training. And again, what more typical than the illustrations entitled "A Standard of Excellence," or "A Model for Gunners." While, to complete the series, we see the old pensioner, with on his martial breast the reward of service, the decorations won on the field of battle. Two typical groups aptly represent "Courage, Fame, and Military Glory," with "Valour, Renown, and Martial Pomp." Surely these pictures should inspire the youth of the nation with a desire to emulate their countrymen who have already donned the Queen's livery, the patriotic badge of the nation's service. This Calendar will, I feel sure, be highly appreciated by all readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and as they are, indeed, world wide, it will not be long before it is to be seen wherever the Union Flag flies. The excellent photographs from which these pictures were reproduced were taken by the well-known firms of Gregory and Crockett.

THE EDITOR.



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

EVERY book that interests the Naval and Military Services is likely to interest the readers of this paper, and to them, accordingly, I commend Mr. W. Laird Clowes's "The Royal Navy: A History from the Earliest to the Present Time" (Sampson Low), of which the third volume has just appeared. Not everyone can possess such a book, but all—at least I hope so—may find it in their public libraries, and I promise them, if they are at all inclined to be studious in this direction, that they will find it full of excellent things. The book is the outcome of united efforts. In true collaboration writers can scarcely tell at the close what each has individually contributed to their joint work; but Mr. Clowes presides over what is really a co-operative undertaking. He is assisted by many writers, and, to the extent of more than a third of the present volume, by no less a person than Captain A. T. Mahan. In a later volume we shall have Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the now famous Rough Riders, late Assistant-Secretary of the United States Navy, and very capable writer on the war of 1812, with Mr. H. W. Wilson, and perhaps others. When first one heard of this monumental work one questioned whether this system of co-operation was the best for the expounding of Naval history. There was the doubt, too, whether it was good to ask foreigners to write our history for us; but nothing could justify this course so well as the really masterful contribution of Captain Mahan to the present volume. Then, again, can the operations of Naval war be divided strictly into the major and the minor? I think not. Yet once again it is Captain Mahan who sanctions the practice. I shall do him no injustice if I say that he thoroughly enjoys being freed from those single-ship actions and cutting-out expeditions, although he remarks that the historian of major operations is confined, perforce, to indicating the broad general effect of Naval power upon the issue. For is not this exactly the field in which he shines? And, after all, we can have no counsel of perfection in this matter. We must look to what is expedient and practicable, and I fancy the men are few who, having a task like this before them, would not have been obliged to resort to like means. The only thing I am surprised at is that Mr. Clowes should have considered it necessary to justify his work in rather an aggressive preface.

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His own share in the volume is confined to an account of Naval administration from 1714 to 1792, and to the larger operations from 1714 to 1762. Let it not be supposed that "administration" is all dry fact—though that certainly is there. The reader will find a good deal about the Admiralty, expenditure, and ship-building, but also much about the social life of the Navy in those days—about the "temporary ladies," for example, who came or lived on board. Mr. Clowes depends a good deal—I think too much—upon the somewhat scurrilous "Seaman's Letters" of Edward Thompson, who wrote in 1756. Here you may read of the discomfort of Naval life in those days—how it was an indulgence to sleep where day never entered, and fresh air only when forced. "Your light for day and night is a small candle, which is often stuck at the side of your platter for meals, for want of a better convenience; your victuals are salt, and often bad; and if you vary the mode of dressing them, you must cook yourself." Thompson recommended his friend to have tea and sugar, trusting to Providence for the rest, since his whole life and being would be bound up with a chest and hammock, which latter was a bed by night, and oftentimes a shield against bullets by day. So does Mr. Clowes discourse upon the inner life of our old Navy. Sooth to say his chapters on this subject are meagre, and may disappoint the special enquirer. Extraordinary is the interest they might have offered, but space, I suppose, was wanting, and we must await the good pleasure of excellent Mr. Oppenheim if we would know all about the civil history of the Navy. What Mr. Clowes describes was bad enough, in all conscience, but in such matters it is well to be on the guard against some exaggerated pictures. However, the perusal of such things arouses still higher admiration for the gallant fellows who suffered such things, and yet were capable of splendid heroism and loyal and unstinted service.

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Of that, Mr. Clowes has enough to say, with the help of Mr. L. Carr Laughton (who devotes his attention to "minor operations"), in the account of events up to the close of the Seven Years' War. Together, they have done exceedingly well, and Mr. Laughton, in particular, gives some vigorous pictures of old fighting by the aid of the captains' letters. The method Mr. Clowes has adopted and prescribed is not, it must be confessed, ambitious. It is merely a narrative, after the manner of William James, that careful and excellent man. Nevertheless, intelligent appreciations and good English have made all this entertaining enough. Certainly, it was inspiring to write about the achievements of Hawke, Boscawen, and the rest, and not less useful to tell the dramatic story of some uncomfortable things. The gloomy tale of the execution of Byng is well told, and will dwell in the memory. It was a hard thing to be held capitally responsible for error of judgment. Think of the scene on that quarter-deck—the sawdust, the cushion, the files of marines, the kneeling admiral bandaging his eyes, all the captains of all the ships at Portsmouth and Spithead resting upon their oars abreast of the mournful "Monarch," the roll of musketry, and the dead man. Think of the members of that court-martial appealing to the twelve judges, to the Commons, to the Lords, to seek a means of escape ere it was too late from the dreadful consequence of what they had done. It was a tragedy, look at it how we may, but, as Mr. Clowes says, it was not without a beneficial effect upon the admirals who followed, and the slackness of an evil tendency disappeared to return no more.

As will have been inferred, Captain Mahan approaches his subject which is really the War of American Independence, and of our death struggle with the French, in a different spirit. In short, I rejoice to find here the Captain Mahan of the epoch-making books, and not the member of the late American Board of Strategy, whose articles in the *Times*, to the disappointment of many, lead us into the shoaling water of fixed defences, and I know not what other matters subsidiary to the main facts and true essentials of Naval war. It is a pleasure to read history so good, reasoning so sound, and lessons so true, conveyed in language so excellent as this. For Captain Mahan, when he writes upon subjects he loves, is something of a master of style. Here he is always impartial. He holds himself in reserve. He never seeks to enforce a lesson upon the evidence of a few facts. He shrinks from being didactic. But ever and anon you come upon some just appreciation of fact or character, some luminous criticism, some discerning deduction, quite characteristic of the writer, and springing out of the matter in hand, whether it be of actions on American lakes, or of the mightier operations of Howe, Rodney, and Hood, or of any of those Titanic encounters, or powerful influences by which the world was shaped anew. How far-reaching is this appreciation of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga! "This event has merited the epithet 'decisive,' because, and only because, it decided the intervention of France. It may be affirmed, with little hesitation, that it was at once the result of Naval force, and the cause that Naval force, entering further into the contest, transformed it from a local to a universal war, and assured the independence of the Colonies." Reason taught the Colonists that control of the sea must have a preponderant effect, and experience, the rude schoolmaster of that large portion of mankind which gains knowledge only by hard knocks, had confirmed, through the preceding French war, the inferences of the thoughtful. It was by winning France to their side that the Colonists could find a counterpoise to a force that must otherwise ultimately prevail. We were, in fact, outmatched throughout the world, and how sound is Captain Mahan's remark, in another place in this book, that it is *better to be a good deal too strong than a little too weak.* I have dwelt upon this work at length, but there are some books that seem important enough to be so treated in this paper. I might have touched, too, upon Sir Clements Markham's admirable chapter on voyages and discoveries, which is included in the book. I cannot but draw attention to the excellence of the many illustrations which embellish the very handsome volume.

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Mr. Kipling's "Fleet in Being" has sold to the number of something like 30,000 copies. This is well, for he portrays vividly the life of the Fleet for the edification of the multitude. The popularity of Mr. Kipling is unabated. He is one of those genial beings who never tear a passion to tatters, nor catch you by the button-hole to pour a sermon into your ear, but he has just those qualities of humour, sentiment, and healthy fervour that infallibly gain the suffrages of the crowd. Therefore it is pleasant to find him picturesquely expounding the Navy. Several other Naval works of general interest are promised, but I think none will be welcomed so much as the long-looked-for autobiography of that gallant officer of long service, Sir Harry Keppel, which Messrs. Macmillan publish under the modest title of "A Sailor's Life." Sir Oswald Brierley prepared illustrations for the work before he died. Mr. Murray promises a life of Admiral Sir William Mends. Here we shall have yet another account of Naval experiences in the Russian War; and as the late admiral was Director of Transports at an important time, we should certainly learn something about Naval administration. From the same house will be published next month what will no doubt be a discerning account of "The Naval Pioneers of Australia," by Louis Becke, the "Ulysses of the Pacific," and Walter Jeffery. Two Military biographies of no common character also—one of pathetic interest, that of the late Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, the other of "Lumsden of the Guides."

* * * *

Mr. E. N. Bennett's "Downfall of the Dervishes" (Methuen) has attained a certain notoriety, in association with his article in the *Contemporary Review*, because of the serious and direct allegations against the Egyptian Army on the ground of a massacre of the wounded described in vivid terms. The *Contemporary* article must stand for itself. I am here concerned merely with the book, and will only say of its general character that it is an exceedingly lively and well-written account of the experiences of a correspondent. There is a growl at the Sirdar in it for the way in which he is understood to have treated the newspaper men. The special statements regarding Omdurman are, however, what are just now attracting public attention, and I confess, after reading the indignant denials of those who were competent to speak, that it is difficult to credit the assertions of Mr. Bennett. He says, in effect, that he saw the native battalions busily engaged in killing the wounded, in order that they might safely plunder their dead bodies of arms and clothing. We all know that in certain cases the wounded Dervishes proved dangerous adversaries to the advancing troops, and there were instances in which it was necessary and legitimate to despatch them. But Mr. Bennett alleges that many were killed in sheer wantonness and lust of blood. It is a hideous story, and we have not heard the last of this rash statement. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*



"'You're enough to give a man a sick 'eadache!'"

Up and down the sacred starboard side of the cruiser's quarter-deck, in the soaking rain and the gathering gloom, paced the post captain. On his sleeve, indicative of his exalted rank, were four gold rings and a curl; on his brow, suggestive of the rank's responsibilities, four deep wrinkles and a pucker. And never had the latter shown more plainly than to-night that the post captain had something on his mind.

Between the ship and the distant loom of coast-line rolled a dismal waste of grey water, where a thousand sea-horses were shaking their white manes in ecstasy at the freedom of the open. For the cruiser was at anchor in the great estuary of the Plate, and the roadstead was exposed to the full force of the rapidly-rising gale. Early in the afternoon several officers had landed in the whaler; and it was the prolonged absence of this party which kept the post captain out in the rain and deepened the lines on his forehead.

Presently he walked over to the gangway, where the first lieutenant was anxiously peering shorewards through his glass.

"Balhatchet," said he, "I'm getting uneasy about that boat. Can you see anything of her yet?"

The other slowly swept a large arc of the rain-blurred seascape with his telescope. Then, shutting up the glass with a shrug that was more eloquent than words, he hailed the after bridge.

"Any signs of the whaler, signalman?"

"Not yet, sir," bawled down the figure in oilskins dimly silhouetted against the twilight.

"And her recall has been hoisted for more than an hour," mused the first lieutenant gravely.

"There's a devilish nasty sea running already for a small boat," observed the skipper, "and I don't like the hard look of the sky—it's going to blow. I'll send a cutter to look for her, Balhatchet."

"Aye, aye, sir. Bo's'un's mate, call away the first cutter!"

"And I'll send a lieutenant in her," added the skipper, as the shrill pipe sounded along the decks. "Who is there available?"

Balhatchet stroked his chin. "There's Mr. Tawney-Tull," he suggested, with hesitation.

"I won't have that damned fool go," said the skipper, with an energy that made his subordinate jump. "He's a thundering sight more likely to lose the cutter than find the whaler. You must tell off one of the others."

"We are one lieutenant short of complement," reckoned up the first luff; "Jones is on watch, Ayscough's ashore, and Farnham-Flagg is sick. There's no one else to send, sir."

"Well, I won't have a boat leave the ship in this weather at night without a lieutenant," snapped the skipper; "and if they send me an irresponsible mountebank in lieu of an executive officer, it's not my fault. But you can tell Mr. Tawney-Tull from me," he added, as he prepared to descend the after ladder, "that if he doesn't come back safely I'll try him by court-martial."

When Tawney-Tull appeared on deck in oilskins and sou'-wester he was duly and promptly informed of this somewhat equivocal menace—which lost nothing of its impressiveness in the mouth of Mr. Balhatchet. To the first lieutenant of a Queen's ship the naval crown is often a crown of thorns, and the sharpest thorn is the subordinate—happily rare—who is accounted a "fool at his job." Excuses may be found for the sanguine mariner who, mindful of the rule of the road at sea, expects a steam tram to give way to his hired tandem, and wakes to a consciousness of his error in a hospital ward. Something may be said for the unfortunate who, being bidden to an up country station for a week's shooting, inaugurates his visit by knocking off a neighbouring tree his host's pet parrot and the finest talker in the colony. Even the unpractised squire of dames who miscalculates the power of his elbow, and swings a girl into the off-side flower-bed in place of the saddle, may (except by the maiden herself) be forgiven. And each of these feats—with some greater—had Tawney-Tull achieved in the course of a single month.

But when an officer, being on watch, crashes one of Her Majesty's ships between the forestay- and stern-lights of an anchored barque, under the impression that they belong to different vessels; when he shoves off in the sailing pinnace with both sheets to wind'ard and the plug out; when at midnight he taps for ten precious minutes on the captain's door for permission to stop the engines in the interest of a man overboard; when he nearly plunges his country into war by hitting with an erratic torpedo the flag-ship of an irritable Power—such a man, I say, does not inspire his superiors with enthusiasm. And these things also Tawney-Tull had done, adding to his account at Whitehall a great store of black marks in the doing.

"Away first cutter!" On the mess-deck the nightly din of banjoes, whistles, and concertinas, of half a thousand tongues in strenuous debate, ceased for an instant as the hoarse cry of the bo's'un's mate bellowed down the hatchways. Then the babel continued, while the eleven men whom the pipe alone concerned tumbled up the ladders one by one, wrestling with their oilskins as they went. Into the cutter, hoisted high at her davits, they scrambled with the silence and agility of cats. "All clear, sir!" sang out the coxswain, assured that the plug was in and the life-lines were free, and "lower away handsomely!" barked the officer of the watch to the quarter-deckmen on the falls. Then followed the whimper of tackle under the friction of the block sheaves, the splash and clatter of a ten-oared boat met by a leaping sea, the clink of falls hastily unhooked. The bowmen fended her head off the ship's side with their boat-hooks as Tawney-Tull, hanging from the end of the sea gangway man-rope, dropped into the stern sheets. A rattle of oars falling into the rowlocks, the hiss of a drenching greenback, a command to "give way together," and the "irresponsible mountebank" and his eleven tarpaulins cheerfully vanished in Stygian darkness and the teeth of a rising gale in quest of their derelict brothers.

Then followed what seamen fitly term "a dirty night." The behaviour of the weather was deplorable. While the wind screamed curses through the cruiser's rigging, the rain

[*Continued on page* 417.]



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

A CONCLAVE OF EXPERTS.

The gunner, boatswain, and carpenter, over their pipes in the dinner-hour, discuss important matters relating to their duties, or to the affairs of the nation. No class of men are better entitled to their leisure, for none work harder.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

A Midshipman's Letter.

The following is a letter, received by a Naval cadet on board the "Britannia" from his chum in a cruiser on the China station, which we think will prove interesting to our readers.

MY DEAR BILLY,—I am awfully glad your governor is going to have a shot at getting you on to this station when you leave the "Britannia." It will be jolly if you come to this packet, so that I can put you up to the ropes. I mean to write and put you up to a lot of tips connected with clothes, bicycling, camera, etc., and also about the voyage out, but I am waiting to hear from you first. We are now at Shanghai and the river Woosung, of which I send you some photographs, and I find it a pretty good change from the temperature of Singapore. I heard one of the ward-room officers who had been out here in the seventies say that the movements of the ships used to be run like the meetings of Parliament—to suit the tastes of sportsmen. Now the best shooting is bagged by the military, who get unlimited leave, and blaze away at tigers, etc. The dodge is to tie up a lamb or something tempting to tigers, and then climb a tree to get a better view. There are plenty of pheasants and small deer up this river, only one wants several days' leave, and politics and schooling spoil everything. We used to think that we finished schooling early by going into the Navy, but it is very much "all there"; a Gunnery Jack or Number One hammers in gunnery and seamanship a jolly sight harder than a spectacled professor did Latin, and that's the only difference.



A CHINESE SAMPAN AT SINGAPORE.



SCENE ON THE RIVER AT SHANGHAI.

What do you think of the queer-looking Chinese junks, with their high sterns and low bows? They are often armed, on account of pirates. At Hong Kong one used to see over a hundred of all sizes, with two to five masts, enter or leave the harbour every day. The other photographs show some of the flat-bottomed sampans, or shore boats. At Singapore, where the Chinaman rubs shoulders with the Malay, the sampan is run by a single man, and slow work it is. In Hong Kong there is the family establishment sampan, where the whole lot are born, eat, sleep, and die in the good old Cantonese fashion. Some say that the sampan population of Southern China runs into several millions. They hardly ever put foot on shore. One of our Chinese "boys" has a grand contempt for them. He says, "You belong English, me belong Chinee, sampan man belong no country!" which is another way of saying they are to be treated as lepers.

I don't know if pigs make a sty or a sty makes the pigs. All I know is that this sort of sampan is beastly dirty. At Shanghai the family keep their slum on shore, and the sampan simply plies for hire. So the Shanghai sampan is to its brother of Hong Kong as a Lord Mayor's coach is to a Corporation dust-cart.



CHINESE WAR-JUNKS AT WOOSUNG.

At Hong Kong I had a 'rickshaw ride out to Happy Valley, where they play cricket, football, golf, etc. We passed the Naval Hospital on the way. I got in a photograph of the cemetery, where there are many Naval graves. There are rumours of our going to Japan soon.

I wonder if the real thing is like "The Geisha"? I don't like to ask the other fellows, as there is no knocking the bottom out of their chaff if they think one's questions funny. All the same I should like to know Chin Chin.

Yours ever, JACK.



From Photos. by a Naval Officer

HAPPY VALLEY CEMETERY, HONG KONG.



MORNING ON THE RIVER, SHANGHAI.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright

A SQUEEGEE BAND.

A little group of amateur musicians get together in the evening and play for the amusement of their shipmates. There are usually several men on board who have learnt to play various instruments, quite independently of the regular ship's band.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



Photo. Reinhold Thiele, Scranbag. Copyright.

AN AUCTION OF DEAD MEN'S EFFECTS.

The master-at-arms, in his capacity as auctioneer, holds up a "lot" to be bid for; the corporals assist, and a writer attends to note the amount at which each lot is knocked down.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Per Mare, per Terram.



A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS GREETING.

ANOTHER Christmas greeting; this time from the Far West. We congratulate the 4th Canadian Infantry on the patriotism their card shows, as well as on its artistic excellence. Very typical is it of our Empire, from the tropics to the Far North, and we are glad to see the Navy not left out.



Photo. W. A. Altree. Copyright.

INTERIOR OF DOCKYARD CHURCH AT PORTSMOUTH.

IF on entering the main gates of Portsmouth Dockyard the visitor turns immediately to the right, he will find, in the open ground lying behind the boat-houses and pond, and almost opposite the Admiral's House and the Royal Naval College, the Dockyard church, the interior of which we here reproduce. It is an interesting old structure, for it dates from the reign of Queen Anne, when it was consecrated by the Bishop of Rochester by special commission from the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese it is, of course, situated. This old edifice is dedicated to St. Anne, and its bell originally did duty on the "Royal George." As will be seen, its walls are covered with memorial tablets to departed Naval heroes, some of great interest. When the sister Service wishes to commemorate her dead heroes, it is easy for her to do so, for every regiment has its locale; the Navy, however, has to fall back on the churches of the three great Naval stations of Great Britain.

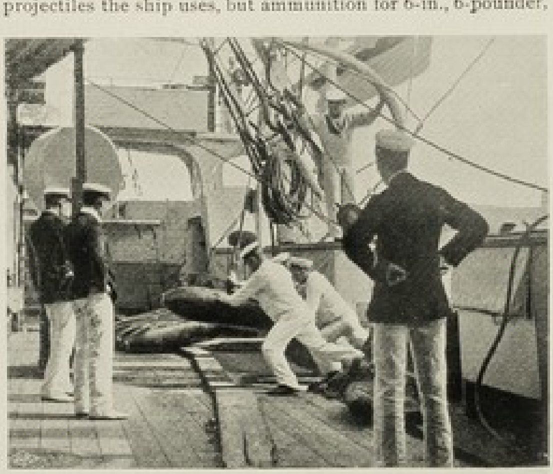
FROM the days of old down to the present, the glory of Warwick has been its castle, and a photograph of the magnificent armoury which it contains we here reproduce. As will be seen, it is a most complete collection, and magnificently ordered. The castle is still the residence of the Earl of Warwick.



Photo. K. Curtis. Copyright.

ARMOURY AT WARWICK CASTLE.

DURING the recent war scare, as was natural, our ships loaded up rapidly to their full supply of coal and ammunition. Our illustration shows the process of hoisting in ammunition on board the "Camperdown," one of the ships on the Mediterranean station. At the particular moment, the ammunition being got on board are the huge projectiles, 13·5-in. in diameter, used in the four 67-ton guns this ship carries in her barbettes. These are the largest projectiles the ship uses, but ammunition for 6-in., 6-pounder,

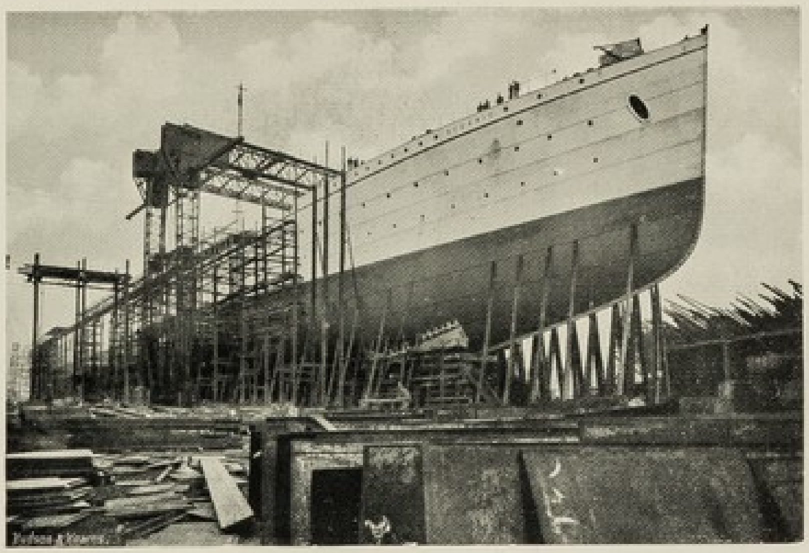


From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

PREPARING FOR WAR.

3-pounder, down to that for small arms and machine guns, has also to be stowed. The arrangement of magazines, and the availability of quick and rapid supply to each gun, is one that can hardly be over-estimated, more especially when it is remembered that now all except the heaviest ordnance is quick-firing.

HERE we see, at the moment preceding her launch, the mightiest of those "swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main," the mighty twin-screw steamship "Oceanic," of the White Star Line. Her enormous size can only be fully realised by comparison. She is 705-ft. long, that is, 25-ft. longer than the "Great Eastern"; 80-ft. more than the North German Lloyd's "William the Great," the mammoth German that holds the Atlantic record; 85-ft. longer than the big Cunarders "Campania" and "Lucania"; and 205-ft. longer than the largest war-cruiser afloat. She is, of course, an auxiliary cruiser. Her engines are of 45,000 indicated horse-power, as against 28,000 in the big German, 20,000 in the Cunarders, and 25,000 in the "Powerful."



THE BIGGEST THING AFLOAT.

A REVIEW with its accompanying march past is always a pretty sight, and the general and staff under the great saluting flag are always a striking feature. The group here shown was taken on the occasion of a review at Secunderabad, in the Deccan, the great military station at Madras. In the foreground is Lieutenant-General Sir J. B. Wolseley, a brother of the Commander-in-Chief, who to-day holds the Madras command, while beside him is Major-General Tucker, C.B., who commands the district. Lieutenant-General Sir J. B. Wolseley has seen much war service—during the Mutiny, on the North-West Frontier, in Egypt, and in Burmah. Major-General Tucker's war service has been in India, in Perak, and South Africa, and he earned his C.B. at Ulundi.



Photo. Meltzer. Copyright.

UNDER THE SALUTING FLAG.

NO regiment did better service in the late Egyptian Campaign than that distinguished corps the 10th, now known as the Lincolnshire Regiment. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the reception it has met with in India has been a cordial one. Our illustration represents the battalion on parade at its new station, Secunderabad, in the Madras Presidency. At least, it is half the battalion, for one wing did not arrive till after this parade was held. A close examination will show that almost every man wears a medal, and this the Egyptian medal just earned. To a roll of battle honours commencing at Blenheim, Atbara and Omdurman are now added, and fresh Egyptian honours have accrued to the regiment whose badge is the Sphinx. This regiment was the one of the British Division that was most closely engaged in the heavy Dervish attack on Macdonald's Brigade. Its *camaraderie* with Egyptian troops throws redoubled glory on its Sphinx badge.

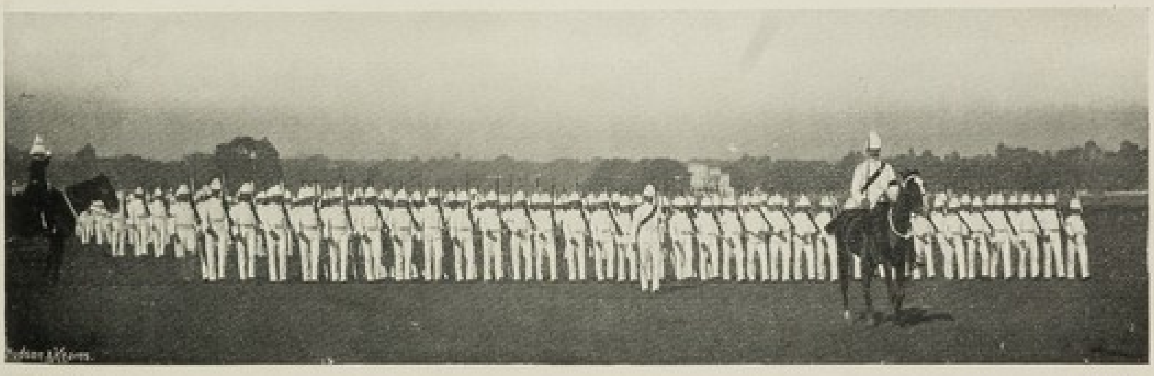


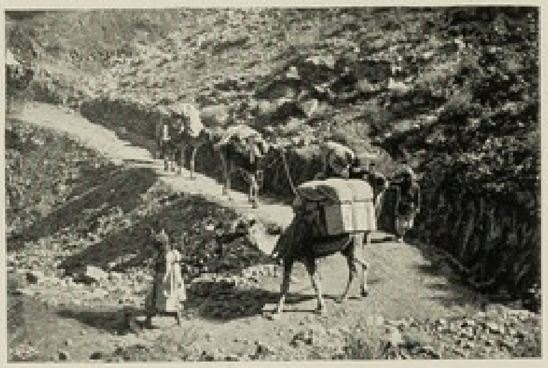
Photo. Meltzer. Copyright.

THE LINCOLNS ON PARADE.

Lessons in Hill Fighting.



A SCRATCH LUNCH.

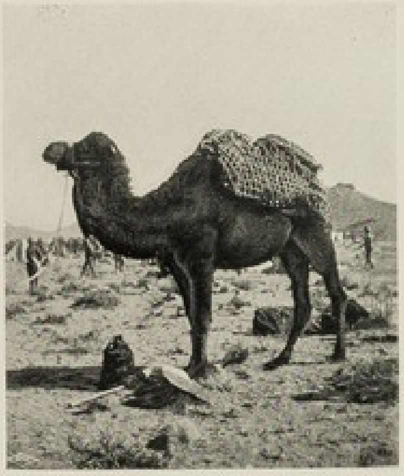


BAGGAGE COMING INTO CAMP.

"LIVE and learn" is an aphorism which applies to soldiering as to most other pursuits, but in all ages there have been professors of the art of war who have been much too slow in appreciating this solemn fact. Everyone knows that there are certain great principles which leaders of armies have to observe nowadays as carefully as they had to be observed in the days of the late Julius Cæsar. But big battles have been lost, and thousands of lives have been sacrificed, by commanders who, in putting these great principles into practice, have not studied details by the light of circumstances, and modified their plans to suit time and place and the character and capacity of the enemy.

The English Army has learnt some painful lessons of this sort in the hard school of experience. Majuba Hill was a sad example of the futility of ordinary tactics against an enemy trained to make the most of cover, and the story of the Soudan contains several chapters of gradual instruction in the art of savage warfare. But last year's operations on the Indian Frontier showed that we had still something to learn in this direction, and that, admirable and comprehensive as is the latter-day training of the British soldier, it does not, or till very recently did not, embrace all that British troops may sometimes find it very desirable, perhaps very necessary, to know.

When Sir William Lockhart set forth to teach the Afridis the lesson that no nation can ever hope to insult the British Government with impunity, it was a foregone conclusion that he would accomplish his object, and he accomplished it most ably and thoroughly. Penetrating to the heart of Tirah, he showed this powerful tribe that even their remote summer retreat was not safe from the reach of British vengeance. Since then the Afridis have more or less abjectly submitted, and have been thankful to accept the terms which the Indian Government has thought fit to impose upon them. But this triumph has been none too cheaply bought. The tale of British killed and wounded in the Afridi War was a long one, and many a family has had cause to rue the day when we took upon ourselves the task of punishing these warlike mountaineers.



A BAGGAGE CAMEL.

The reason is not far to seek. On close acquaintance the Afridi of to-day proved to be one of the most dangerous foes we have ever had to tackle, and we did not realise the fact until too late. Everyone knew that the Afridi was a born fighter, but everyone did not expect to find him not only possessed of an up-to-date rifle and ammunition, but also singularly proficient in the art of using them. Our frontier expeditions in the past have been well-nigh innumerable. But a good many of them have been "walks-over," while, at the worst of times, when "Ghazi" rushes were made, steadiness and sustained musketry fire on our part have generally proved a sufficient corrective to fanatical impetuosity.

But against the Afridis the old methods seemed to be strangely inoperative. It was useless to wait for them in the open, because they did not want to fight in the open. Even the ubiquitous screw gun, which in the hands of the Mountain Artillery has for years been the special terror of recalcitrant frontier tribes, did not appear to have its wonted effect against the Afridis. What was even more painful was the unquestioned fact that repeatedly these lively hillmen made remarkably good shooting against us, thanks to the musketry tuition they had evidently received



From Photos.

DAWN IN CAMP.

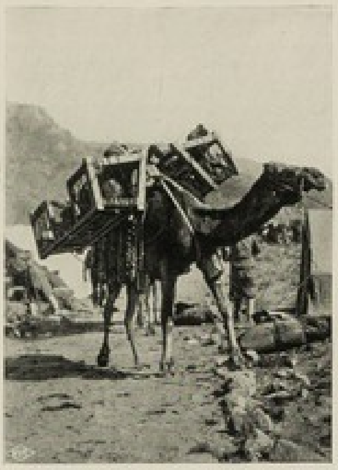


By a Military Officer.

METHOD OF PARKING CAMELS.

from ex-Afridi soldiers in our Native Army. There is nothing in the world so disheartening, even to British soldiers, who take a lot of discouragement, as seeing men drop all around one without being able to make any effective reply

Lastly, there was the nature of the country. The rugged hills, among which the Afridis were so much at home, were a severe tax upon the endurance of the British soldier used to the dead level of the flat region commonly found in the vicinity of Indian cantonments. However good may be their condition, however capital their ordinary training, neither Private Thomas Atkins, nor, for the matter of that, his officer, is very smart at running up mountains in full war-paint. That was a weakness which the Afghans found out twenty years ago. They used to say that they did not fear the Hindu soldier, because he could not fight so well as they did. Nor did they so very greatly fear the British soldier, because he was overburdened with arms and clothes, and could not move quickly over bad ground. "But the Ghoorka," they would add with solemn conviction, "the Ghoorka is Sheitan." The reason why the Ghoorka enjoyed this diabolical distinction was, of course, because, being a hillman, he thought nothing of doubling up a mountain-side, arriving at the top as fresh as paint and bent on making good use of the ugly knife which is his national weapon. Similarly against the Afridis the Ghoorkas displayed splendid activity whenever they got a chance, while British regiments, quite as eager to fight, had sometimes enough to do to get from one camping ground to another. Even the Highlanders found the operations pretty fatiguing, and it is no disparagement to the Gordons—quite the contrary—to say that, if their grand effort at Dargai had necessitated a few hundred yards more of the same rough going, they would have found it difficult to make the impression they did make, to their own immortal credit and the serious discomfiture of their brave opponents.



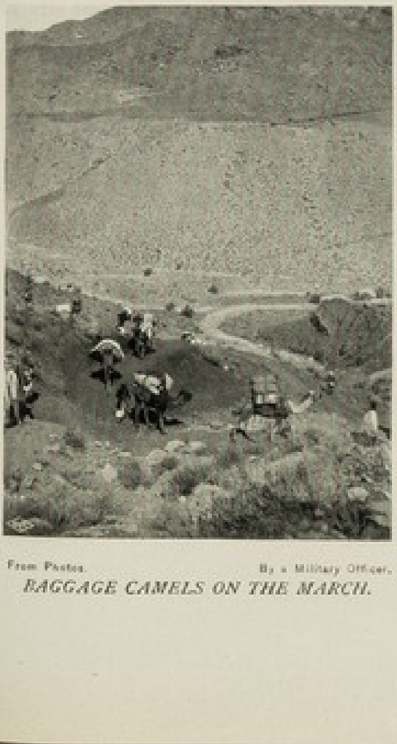
CARRYING THE SICK.



THE BAND OF THE 24th BALUCHIS.

Having regard to all these facts, the Indian Government determined this last cold weather to make a new departure by instituting a system of training British troops in mountain warfare. To that end it made special manoeuvre grants to several large stations with hilly country in the neighbourhood. Among these stations was Quetta in Baluchistan, and a correspondent stationed there has sent us a series of very interesting pictures which illustrate very graphically the class of manœuvres carried out with a view to instruction in mountain warfare. The hills depicted do not, perhaps, look very formidable to the untrained British eye, but we can assure our readers that they are not only of most respectable elevation, but of a singularly fatiguing description. In fact, to any but a very ardent pedestrian, the average Indian "hill" along the entire frontier is very nearly, if not quite, as disappointing, on near acquaintance, as an Irish mile.

It will be seen that no fewer than five of these photographs which we reproduce are connected with the transport, and this circumstance accurately represents the special importance of that branch in any description of hill fighting. It will be noticed that in this case the transport animals are all camels, which are not ideal beasts of burden for this work. Rudyard Kipling has given a vigorous description of the "oont" from the British soldier's point of view, which in life is an embodiment of groaning obstinacy, and as a corpse "gets into our water, and then, of course, we dies." But the camel has its good points. It will carry a stiffish load, keep up the same pace for many a weary mile, and at a pinch will subsist on food the bare mention of which would shock the feelings of a pony, a pack bullock, or a mule. The illustration showing the method of carrying sick men on camels is very interesting, as is also that in which "oonts" are shown "parked" in two long lines. A peculiarity of the camel is that if with extreme gentleness you put on his or her back a parcel weighing 4-oz. (the average camel-load is about 400-lb.) the beast snorts and groans as if its last hour were approaching. When it considers itself sufficiently loaded, it usually gets up and calmly walks off. On the march camels are strung together, and if they do happen to get frightened, it sometimes takes a heap of trouble to get them going smoothly again. The pictures of the mountain battery sentry and of the native band give a good idea of the serviceable khaki kit of our Indian troops. The band is that of the 24th Baluchistan Regiment, which is very much at home in this part of the frontier. The Baluchis make capital soldiers, and a regiment of them is at this moment employed in East Africa.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.
BAGGAGE CAMELS ON THE MARCH.



A MOUNTAIN BATTERY SENTRY.

A bright picture is that which shows a group of officers having a scratch meal pending the arrival of the baggage in camp. Another suggestive picture shows dawn in camp. Daybreak on the march in India is always full of picturesqueness, generally speaking of a very chilly description, especially among the hills. It is evident that a move is about to take place, and, in an hour or two, little will be left beyond the comparative level of the camping ground and those everlasting hills, among which henceforth it is to be hoped our troops will, on occasion, move almost as freely as the hillmen themselves.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

THE DRUMMERS' ROOM OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

The drummers of every battalion, though attached to one or other of the companies for the purposes of pay, live and mess together, and form a little company of their own. That there is good taste and *esprit de corps* among the men of the drums is evident from the above illustration.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

hissed and spat at the bad-tempered sea, till the latter presently wallowed and leaped and foamed in a perfect frenzy of rage. The lightning stabbed viciously, and in a hundred different places, whenever it got the chance, and the din of the thunder was maddening. In short, the ill-mannered elements did everything in their tremendous power—except play the game for a score or so of British seamen drifting about at their mercy in a couple of open boats.

Twenty times at least that night the post captain came on deck, and each time the markings on his forehead grew deeper. For neither whaler nor cutter returned, and to send more boats away in such villainous weather would have been midsummer madness indeed. Yet everything was done that common-sense and seamanship dictated; and though, by reason of a breakdown of the dynamo, the search-light early in the middle watch went out with an indignant hiss, blue lights were burned, rockets sent up, and guns fired at intervals till dawn.

With the first glimmer of day, a signalman with a glass slung over his shoulder climbed to the main-topmast head. Not a sign of a boat was visible anywhere on those countless acres of sullen, tumbled water. The barometer, however, was rising, and by breakfast-time the weather had moderated sufficiently to enable the launch, pinnace, steam-boat, second cutter, and jolly-boat to be called away and sent in search of the derelicts. Spreading to leeward, their wakes radiating from the ship like the sticks of a fan, the little flotilla of boats set forth; and an hour later it was barely visible to the look-out clinging to the mast-head.

On board the cruiser the anxious hours of that forenoon watch dragged themselves along with leaden feet. The first lieutenant being on deck, the special painting party in the flats below had their heads out of the scuttles till dinner-time. The five-foot-eight privates of the Royal Marine Light Infantry — whose waking hours are occupied mainly in sand-papering spanners, stanchions, and hose-nozzles into a state of dazzling polish—neglected this sacred duty to stand on ladders and crane their necks over hatchway coamings. The gravity of which dereliction assumes its true value when one considers that, even on the morn of a general action, before casting loose the guns, the rites of the great naval gods, paint and polish, would assuredly first be celebrated.

At length the general anxiety was in part allayed. For shortly after seven bells a mighty shout went up that the search boats were returning, and that the missing whaler was among them. Half-an-hour later ten dripping, unkempt officers and men clambered on to the quarter-deck, and explained how, in a water-logged boat, they had drifted at the eleventh hour under the lee of an islet; and how they had baled out and hauled the boat up on the beach, spending the remainder of the villainous night—if not in comfort, at least in safety—huddled between her and a driftwood fire. Of Tawney-Tull and the cutter neither rag nor stick had they clapped eyes on.

Then the lines on the post captain's forehead gathered themselves into a knot, and he swore softly under his breath. For the whaler having managed to weather the gale, he set down the loss of the stouter and bigger boat to Tawney-Tull's lack of seamanship.

"Yet, in weather like last night's, sir," hazarded the first lieutenant, on the "*De mortuis*" principle, "the smartest seaman in the Service might easily have been swamped."

"He *might*," rejoined the skipper testily. "The point is, that, in the case of the dam——I mean, the poor fellow who is drowned, the swamping was a foregone conclusion!"

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Many miles below the roadstead the coast of Uruguay takes a big trend to the eastward; and round this corner, with housed topgallant-masts and a tattered red ensign flying from her peak, there lay at anchor the most disreputable-looking of merchant brigs. Her only two boats were lashed bottom upwards athwart the deck, but, incongruously enough, riding by a long painter astern, bobbed a trim, white painted man-of-war's cutter. The dawn was breaking—an hour when all good mariners, save the watch, should be snoring in their bunks. Nevertheless, from the depths of the frousy fo'c's'le came the roar of a music hall chorus, and the number of choristers seemed out of all proportion to the needs of so small a vessel.

Under the smoky swing lamp in the cramped, tobacco-reeking cabin two men were sitting in their shirt sleeves. On the table between them stood a basin of steaming coffee, from which they drank in turn, and their general demeanour suggested a meeting of long-parted bosom friends.

Yet they had foregathered that night for the first time in their lives, and it certainly seemed unlikely that they would ever cross each other's path again. For one—the bald-headed, husky-voiced, red-faced one with the squint and the fringe of carroty whisker—was Hardy Fell, master mariner in the British mercantile marine, while his companion was no other than Lieutenant Tawney-Tull of Her Britannic Majesty's Navy.

"I'm that lamblike by natur'," the husky voice was explaining, "that a child might play with me—even when this yacht o' Beelzebub's misses stays. But wotever you do"—here the lamb banged the table with a vigour that made the coffee leap in the basin—"don't talk to me o' rewards. I'm a honest British seaman, that's wot I am, an' the knowledge of 'avin' done 'is dooty is reward enough for Cap'en 'Ardy Fell."



"A ginger-whiskered squint and a police tunic locked in close embrace."

The honest seaman cocked a chest, and squinted virtuously at the smoky beams overhead.

"In these days of self-advertisement," observed the guest hurriedly, "the sentiment does you gweat cwedit. When I said that I thought your gallantwy of last night ought to weceive some sort of official wecognition, I never for one moment dweamt that I should wound your susceptibilities."

The master mariner shifted his squint from the beams to the basin. "'Ave some more corfy," he suggested, pushing the latter across the table.

"Thanks. But all the same," continued Tawney-Tull grandiloquently, as he gulped down a mouthful of concentrated chicory and cockroach, "I shall consider it *my* duty to forward a weport of our wescue thwough the pwoper official channels."

"From all I've 'eard tell," mused the merchant skipper gloomily, "the tide in them channels is dam' sluggish."

"That is as it may be," rejoined the lieutenant stiffly, with the Service fool's veneration for red tape; "but you're all the more certain of wecognition in the long wun."

"My gawdfather!"—again the basin danced upon the table—"but you're enough to give a man a sick 'eadache! I tell you I don't want no recognition for savin' life at sea, an', what's more, I won't 'ave no blanky recognition!"

Mr. Tawney-Tull made haste to change the subject. "How long do you expect to be away on this twip of yours up the wiver?" he asked.

"In a one 'orse-power git-up of a pauper's 'earse like

this 'ere," opined the master of the brig, "anythink between eternity an' three months."

"Well, at all events, if we are here when you weturn, you must come on board the cwuiser and look us up. I am sure the skipper would like to thank you for——"

"Jumpin' Je'oshaphat! 'Ow many more times am I to tell you——Oh! look 'ere. Wot you'd better do is to turn into my bunk an' try an' get this little picnic off your chest with some 'olesome sleep. I'm only waitin' for the young flood—the tide turns in less than an hour—to weigh, an' get the old junk on the road again; an' when we're abreast o' your ship I'll put you aboard of 'er in your own boat."

Tawney-Tull pulled his boots off with alacrity. "Thanks, awfully," he said; "as a matter of fact, I can hardly keep my eyes open."

"Well, you won't want to use them till sunset at the earliest," grumbled the skipper, as he ascended the ladder. "It's a dead beat to wind'ard, and the pig-'eaded old sea-cow is safe to miss stays every bloomin' time we put the 'elm down."

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So absorbed was everyone on board the cruiser in watching the return of the boats, that it was long before anybody had leisure to note a brig, hull down, that was reaching out from the land.

Indeed, it was well on in the afternoon before one of the signalmen on watch drew his mate's attention to her.

"Looks like one o' they white-apron females staggerin' down Portsea 'Ard of a pay night, don't she?" observed the latter, with his glass fixed on her patched square foresail.

"If you arst me," returned the other, "I should say she'd lost all her sailormen overboard last night in the gale, an' was bein' sailed by the cook's mate. Watch 'er! That's the third time to my certain knowledge that she's missed stays in the last 'alf-hour."

Then the brig wore, and as her stern came into full view, the first signalman shut up his glass with a snap, and ran down the ladders to the captain's cabin.

"There's an English brig beatin' to wind'ard a couple o' miles astern of us, sir, an'—she's got our cutter in tow!"

One grieves to think how sadly the efficiency of the fighting ship must have been impaired by that day of happy surprises. For again all the afternoon the heads of the special painting party were thrust through the lower deck scuttles, while, as in the morning, the tall marines craned their necks over the hatchway coamings. When, three hours later, the brig, now abeam, hauled up her mains'l, squared her main-yard, and lay to, the excitement was intense.

But when the cutter was dropped alongside, and twelve draggle-tailed mariners clambered into her, all discipline was at an end for a full five minutes. Paint brushes, brooms, and brass rags were dropped as though they were red-hot, and the cruiser listed appreciably to port with the rush of the entire ship's company to man that side.

Then Tawney-Tull, once more on the sacred quarter-deck, told a brief tale of gallant rescue and open-handed hospitality. And as the brig, with her tattered red ensign streaming from the peak, staggered clumsily away close-hauled on the starboard tack, three ringing cheers went up from the cruiser for the honest British seaman who got sick headaches at the bare mention of the word "reward!"

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So glowing a picture did Tawney-Tull paint of his friend Hardy Fell's behaviour, that the post captain (the lines now smoothed from his forehead) sent a report of the case to the senior Naval officer, who in turn forwarded it to the Admiralty. The natural result of this action was the arrival at Montevideo three months later of the orthodox pair of binoculars, with the direction that they should be "presented to Hardy Fell, master mariner, as a mark of their Lordships' appreciation of his seamanlike conduct." As the arrival coincided most opportunely with that of the cruiser, and of Hardy Fell himself in his disreputable brig, it was arranged that a public function should be organised, at which the British Consul should present their Lordships' testimonial to this most gallant yet modest of British seamen.

Now, in view of the latter's known aversion to any reward (other than the approval of his own conscience), it was deemed advisable to keep him in ignorance of the proposed ceremony up to the last possible moment. Indeed, the English ladies of Montevideo were putting the finishing touches to the flower-decked, flag-draped daïs ere the Consular constable was despatched on board the brig with a polite request for the honour of Captain Hardy Fell's immediate presence at the Consulate.

Then followed an awkward stage wait of two hours by the Consular clock, and, seeing that the brig was berthed alongside the adjacent dock wall, within an easy ten minutes of the Consulate, it was plain to everybody that the constable was encountering considerable difficulty in overcoming the honest seaman's bashfulness. On the red baize covered platform, in their best store clothes, sat the Consul, the bishop, the senior Naval officer, the post captain, and Tawney-Tull, comparing watches, and—except the prelate—saying things *sotto voce*. In the row of chairs facing them sat half-a-dozen ladies, yawning behind their fans, and mentally pulling each others toilettes and characters to tatters. On the table between, flanked by an Admiralty letter and a carafe of water, lay their Lordships' binoculars.

Still the coyness of the honest seaman prevailed over the Consular constable's blandishments.

"Such an ideal English sailor, you know," explained the senior Naval officer's wife to the bishop's estimable helpmate—who could not be expected to know much of seafaring matters—"so modest, and yet so prompt in emergency. My dear, if he hadn't stopped the brig's engines in the nick of time, and thrown grappling irons into the boat as she drifted by, poor Mr. Tawney-Tull wouldn't be where he is now."

Had the latter manœuvre really been carried out, Mr. Tawney-Tull would assuredly now have been in his coffin; and, indeed, he looked as if he would much prefer being there to occupying his present position. For at that moment a husky voice without was heard protesting (with many strange sea oaths) that it would "'ave the law on the counsel for causin' a honest British seaman to be manhandled by a prize-fighter rigged up in a copper's uniform."

"While as for that there Tawney-Tull," added the voice—and I shudder to think of the adjective prefixed to that aristocratic name in the hearing of the ladies—"me an' 'im'll 'ave a bone to pick nex' time 'e crosses my bows."

So far from evincing any desire to cross the honest seaman's bows, Tawney-Tull promptly shifted his position so as to bring the portly form of the right reverend prelate between himself and the door. The next moment there burst upon the assembly a circular disturbance of great severity, the elements of which appeared to be a ginger-whiskered squint and a police tunic locked in close embrace. Not until it reached the platform did this typhoon subside, when the elements resolved themselves into the Consular constable and the laggard Man of the Hour himself.

The latter collapsed heavily upon the chair which bore his Lordship's shovel hat, while the former dabbed a bloody nose, and said hard things in a stage whisper to Lieutenant Tawney-Tull.

"The next time you want 'omicidal maniacs asked to our 'At 'Omes,'" he remarked with a snuffle, "I 'ope you'll send the invitation by post! I found 'im"—he indicated the limp figure in the chair by a jerk of his head—"in a public-'ouse down by the docks; and 'e got it into 'is silly 'ead 'e was wanted for the purpose of 'avin' 'is certif'cate suspended. Of course, there was a bit of a onset. An' what's more," continued the battered constable vindictively, "'e 'asn't been nigh 'is bloomin' ship for a week!"

"You're a liar," rejoined his enemy with maritime directness, "and I'll 'ave the law on you as well, you swab, I will, for libellin' a honest British seaman."

Anticipating the constable's reply, the senior Naval officer hurriedly opened the proceedings with a few well-chosen phrases. "The gallant officer"—I quote from the refreshingly original report of the one English paper—"concluded his remarks by inviting Mr. Tawney-Tull to recapitulate the circumstances under which the man-of-war's boat was so gallantly rescued." Which Mr. Tawney-Tull, with much enthusiasm and a lisp increased by nervousness, proceeded to do.

Murderous resentment, sullen suspicion, helpless bewilderment had each in turn been expressed upon the red, weather-bitten face of the guest of the afternoon, and now, at Tawney-Tull's oratory, it finally wreathed itself into the fatuous smile of the slumbering dipsomaniac.

"Completely worn out, my dear, by watch-keeping," explained the senior Naval lady to the bishopess; "the way some ship-owners overwork their crews is simply scandalous. Well, as I was saying, although I was paying that wretched cook of mine at Southsea £12 a year, she had the impertinence to give me warning, if you please, merely because we had five dinner-parties in one week!"

The thrilling—if somewhat incoherent—narrative of Lieutenant Tawney-Tull having been rapturously received by the ladies, the Consul rose to make the presentation. "Rarely had a pleasanter task fallen to his lot," he declared, "than the one he was called upon that afternoon to perform. Gallantry in a British seaman, he was proud to say, was no more than they all expected; but when gallantry was coupled with such modesty as that set forth in the graphic tale they had just listened to, the task was doubly gratifying. It was, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that he handed to Captain Hardy Fell the very handsome token of their Lordships' appreciation."

The honest seaman being rudely shaken into wakefulness by the constable, the fatuous smile speedily gave place to a

squint of intense ferocity. In the Consul's outstretched hands, with leather case and sling complete, lay their Lordships' binoculars. Presently the squint focussed them, and its owner shied like a cab-horse.

"Wot the 'ell's that bunch o' cat's meat?" he demanded huskily.

The Consul, with chilling hauteur, explained.

"For me! From the Lords Commish'ners o' the Bri'sh Admi*ralty*! *That* tup-penny 'a'-penny woman's fal-lal for the theaytre as a reward for savin' a boatful o' Navy tailors bumpin' about at night on the 'igh seas! Where's a honest seaman's compensation for all the paint an' gildin' scraped off his ship's side? Look 'ere, mister"—he leaped to his feet, and banged the table with his fist—"wot I wants, an' wot I mean to 'ave, is five 'undred dollars! Don't make no mistake about it. Five —— 'undred —— dollars, an' not a red cent less!"

While the ladies hurriedly made for the door, Tawney-Tull endeavoured to appease his ruffled *protégé*. He was promptly met with a rebuff in the shape of a black eye that lasted him for weeks afterwards.

Then the honest seaman gave full vent to his outraged feelings. He flung the bishop's shovel hat at the Consul, and emptied the carafe over the senior Naval officer and the post captain. After which he operated on his enemy the constable with mould from the flower-pots till that unhappy myrmidon resembled a moribund earthworm.

Finally, with a great crash of glass, he hurled their Lordships' binoculars through the window.

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"Excessive watch-keeping at sea produces some very remarkable results," observed the bishopess demurely, at afternoon tea.

"One lump, or two, dear?" enquired the senior Naval lady sweetly.

"The storm is up, and all is on the hazard"
—Julius Cæsar, V., I.

FOR QUEEN AND MOTHERLAND

(From different points of view.)

I.—THE MONEY GRUBBER.

I'M secure in me dirty street, a-truckling for me bread,
And I wouldn't care a hang if the Tommies all was dead;
So long as I can make a bit and all is going well,
It's blow your British Army, and yer ships can go to 'ell.

What do we care for the Army, if the pence come rolling in?
What do we care for the Navy, if we can make lots o' tin?
"Body and grub" is the motter o' life, to be nourished and bally well fed;
If fools go out to be starved and shot, it's better them fools was dead.

II.—THE FIELD-MARSHAL TO THE NEW SUB.

"It's got to be done, it's got to be done," that's what they say at "The Rag,"
Your pumps must be off the velvet pile, your boots must follow the flag,
Your feet must carry your legs, my lad, wherever may duty call,
And your legs must carry the Empire Flag to its victory or its fall.

Oh! It's "Steady the Buffs, steady the Buffs," wherever the flag shall roam;
Think of the glory waiting you, think of the loved at home;
Die if you must, but dying smile, full knowing your dear one's eyes
May weep with sorrow, yet weep with joy, if the Empire "Victory" cries.

III.—THE CAPTAIN TO HIS CREW.

Beat up to quarters, roll the drums, now "Clear for action" 's come,
Remember that you're fighting, lads, for glory and for home;
Then fight the guns for all we're worth, then fight for those we love,
Yes, fight for Britain's honour and the pennant up above.

Yes, lads, the pennant up above, that *whips* in every clime,
The pennant handed down to us from Hood's and Nelson's time.
God grant no foe may ever say *their* bravery we lack;
We fight for the White Ensign, and the glorious Union Jack.

IV.—THE GREAT MOTHER SPEAKS.

Glory to God! I, the Mother, still holding my hand on the helm,
Strive with my strength to pilot, the noble old ship of the realm;
Older a servant than anyone now, serving in blue or in red,
My heart's in my child—lands, my people, my throne, and the fields where my children have bled.

Oh! soldier mothers weeping for the heroes you have lost,
Oh! sailor mothers grieving for your dear ones tempest tossed,
Whatever you have suffered, oh! my heart goes out to thee,
For our sons who fight our battles, and our sons who rule the sea.

F. HAMILTON-KNIGHT.

Some Noted Rankers.

By WILL SWALES



SINCE the abolition of purchase many young men have enlisted into the Army with the view of ultimately attaining commissioned rank. Others have gained the coveted commission for distinguished service in the field. All sorts and conditions of officers have passed through the ranker stage. The late Prince Albert Victor, who became a major in the 10th Prince of Wales's Royal Hussars, was at one time a private in the 4th V.B. (Cambridge University) Suffolk Regiment, as were also the Marquess of Lorne and the Earl Waldegrave, while a son of Lord North went through a similar experience in a Dragoon regiment.

Some regiments are noted for the number of men who have risen from the ranks, while others are the reverse. In this connection it may be stated that the 1st Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment—known under the old designation as the 37th Foot—had no non-commissioned officer promoted for upwards of thirty years; while the Royal Warwickshire—the old 6th of Foot—had a similar reputation for a quarter of a century. The Somersetshire Light Infantry previous to 1896 had only sent one ranker since purchase was abolished. On the other hand, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry may be considered a lucky regiment, eight sergeants having been commissioned since 1881.

Few rankers have done so well in such a short time as Major A. J. Arnold, D.S.O., of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who led the Royal Niger Company's troops in the expedition against the Nupés. Major Arnold is a young officer of thirty-two, and while serving at Aldershot as a non-commissioned officer of the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, acted as orderly to Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who then commanded the division. Sergeant Arnold attracted the attention of the chief, and after upwards of seven years in the ranks was, in 1893, given a second lieutenancy in the 3rd (the King's Own) Hussars. Lieutenant V. J. Tighe, one of Major Arnold's chief officers at the capture of Bida, is also a ranker, having had seven years in the "Old and Bold" Northumberland Fusiliers before being commissioned to the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.

The noted cavalry officers who have "taken the shilling" include Major G. H. C. Hamilton, the second in command of the 14th (the King's) Hussars, who twenty-three years ago was promoted from corporal of horse in the 2nd Life Guards to a lieutenancy of Hussars. Major Hamilton is a son of a Crimean and Indian Mutiny officer—the late General H. M. Hamilton, C.B.—and is a brother of Brevet-Colonel B. M. Hamilton (East Yorkshire Regiment), the special service officer with the Benin Expedition. He was also a brother-in-law of Sir George Colley, who was killed in the disastrous Boer War, in which both the brothers Hamilton served. The ex-corporal was aide-de-camp to Sir Sam Browne in the Afghan War, and was mentioned in despatches. He is a well-known competitor at the Military Tournaments at the Agricultural Hall.

Major and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Finn, of the 21st Lancers, has had a noteworthy career. Entering the Army as a private soldier, he had attained the rank of squadron-sergeant-major in the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers—in which his brother served as a troop-sergeant-major in the Indian Mutiny—and took part in the Afghan Campaign, 1880. Sergeant-Major Finn was mentioned in despatches, awarded the medal and clasp, and the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. After the close of the campaign the gallant Lancer was given a commission, and thirteen years later he had reached the rank of major. At the time he was the youngest field officer in the Army. He is the only cavalry officer who is entitled to wear the private soldier's decoration. Major Finn took part in the recent famous charge at Omdurman, and was mentioned in the Sirdar's despatches. Captain J. S. Roche, who for some eight years was a brother officer of Colonel Finn, and who was promoted from the 21st Hussars to a troop in the 3rd Hussars nearly two years ago, was the only sergeant raised from the ranks of the 21st Hussars for thirty years. Captain Roche served as a ranker with the Light Camel Corps throughout the Nile Expedition, 1884-85, and was also with the Soudan Frontier Field Force in 1885-86. He fought in the engagements at Abu Klea Wells and at Giniss, and received three decorations.

A conspicuous example of pluck and energy is Major A. M. Caulfield, D.S.O., of the Border Regiment, a young officer who enjoys the unique distinction of wearing the medal for distinguished conduct in the field granted to soldiers in the ranks, and the distinguished service decoration granted to officers. The gallant major comes of a military family, and is the son of a late lieutenant-colonel of the 66th Foot (the 2nd Princess Charlotte of Wales's Royal Berkshire Regiment). Young Caulfield served in the ranks of his father's old corps in the Afghan War, and was wounded at the battle of Maiwand. He got two medals for his work, and was recommended for a lieutenancy. While serving in India in 1886, Major (then Lieutenant) Caulfield was selected for duty with the Burmese Expedition, and, as brigade transport officer, served under Brigadier-General Low, and gained mention in despatches. He was also appointed a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. The major's last active service was as an officer of mounted infantry in Upper Burma, 1889-90, and for this work he received a clasp to his Burmese medal, which already contained two bars. Major Caulfield does not forget his old ranker friends, and at his marriage in London, last year, he was attended by a guard of Maiwand heroes (drawn from the Corps of Commissionaires, etc.) and a guard of "non-coms." who had served with him in Burma. In addition to his duty in the Berkshire and Border Regiments, the major has served with the Egyptian Army, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and the Westmoreland Volunteers.

Brevet-Colonel Hector A. MacDonald, C.B., D.S.O., of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), who is now among the senior officers attached to the Egyptian Army, has had a career which any soldier should be proud of, and he is the wearer of a dozen decorations. At the time of the Afghan War he was a non-commissioned officer, and he accompanied his regiment in the affair at Karatiza and the engagements at Charasiab. He also took part in the Maidan Expedition, in the operations about Cabul, and was with Sir Frederick Roberts in his famous march and the subsequent battle. Sergeant MacDonald was thrice mentioned in despatches, and the close of the war found him with the rank of junior lieutenant. The young subaltern afterwards served with the Gordon Highlanders in the Transvaal Campaign. Joining the Egyptian Army early in 1888, three or four months after he had got his company in the British Army, Colonel MacDonald was soon once more attracting attention; while in the following year he was appointed to the Companionship of the Distinguished Service Order, besides getting his fifth mention in despatches. The gallant colonel's splendid work with the Dongola and Khartoum Expedition, as is well known, added further distinction to this fine specimen of the British soldier, the second ranker who has been appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen. Many noted rankers served with the Egyptian Army during the expedition which wiped out the Khalifa's forces, among the number being Lieutenant J. F. Wolseley—a nephew of Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief—who before gaining a commission in the Cheshire Regiment was for nearly three years in the ranks of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Others included Ex-Sergeant-Major W. E. Bailey (Army Service Corps) and Ex-Colour-Sergeants S. K. Flint (Dorsetshire Regiment) and C. McKey (Grenadier Guards), who got second lieutenancies in the East Lancashire Regiment, Royal Irish Rifles, and Middlesex Regiment respectively, and who were promoted on the recommendation of the Sirdar after the Dongola Campaign.



Sergeant Hector MacDonald at Charasiab.

The number of lieutenants-colonel who have risen from the ranks is small. The Army Service Corps can, however, claim one officer, now on the active list, who has been plain Tommy Atkins—Lieutenant-Colonel J. Stacpole, who is deputy-assistant-adjutant-general at Portsmouth. Colonel Stacpole, who had eight years in the ranks, got his first commission in the 75th Foot (now the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders), his company in the Leicestershire Regiment, and field rank in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He has the medal, clasp, and star for the Soudan Campaign of thirteen years ago.

During the past ten years alone over 200 sergeants have received the rank of second lieutenant. Where so many have distinguished themselves it is difficult to select special cases, and in the space at my disposal it is impossible to do more than refer to some of these noted young officers.

Captain W. R. Robertson, D.S.O., who is a student at the Staff College, is the first ranker who has passed the college examination. He was for nearly eleven years in the ranks of the 16th Queen's Lancers, and was troop-sergeant-major when selected for a second lieutenancy in the 3rd Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards. He has been on the staff of Sir George White, V.C., and was intelligence officer in the Chitral Expedition, where he gained the Distinguished Service Order.

Lieutenant C. J. H. H. Noble, the Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment, was for five years and seventy-seven days in the ranks of the Bedfordshire Regiment, and when a sergeant in the old 16th was known as the sub-editor of the regimental journal. He received his baptism of fire in the recent Tirah Campaign.

The sons of several distinguished Army officers have elected to enter the Service as private soldiers with a view to reaching commissioned rank. One of the late instructors at the Hythe School of Musketry—Captain H. C. E. Smithett—is a case in point; and, singular to say, Captain H. R. Hardy, one of the late assistant-instructors at the school, is another instance. Captain Smithett's record is almost unique. He served as a youth in the Cheltenham Volunteers, then held a commission in the militia for three years, and afterwards enlisted as a private in the regulars, serving three and a-half years in the ranks of the distinguished Highland Light Infantry before gaining a commission in the York and Lancaster Regiment. Captain Hardy served for some years in the ranks of the 2nd York and Lancaster Regiment (the old 84th), of which his father—Major-General F. Hardy, an Indian Mutiny veteran—was formerly commandant. He got his commission in the Royal West Surrey Regiment about nine years ago. Captain Hardy served as a sergeant in the West Indies, and as a subaltern at Malta. He is now District Inspector of Musketry in Ireland.

Second Lieutenant J. H. Hallowes, of the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), is the only son of General G. S. Hallowes, who at one time commanded the King's Own Scottish Borderers, in which his son served from private to sergeant; while Lieutenant C. G. Hay, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, is the son of Colonel G. J. Hay, C.B., D.L., of the 3rd West Yorkshire Regiment. This young gentleman was for nearly eight years in the ranks of the Cheshire Regiment.

In this article I have dealt with the promotion of young soldiers to combatant commissions, the appointment of quartermasters and riding-masters being usually conferred upon warrant officers. The newly-appointed Provost-Marshal of the Army, Captain and Honorary Major J. M. Wood, the late quartermaster of the 1st Royal Dragoons (the Emperor of Germany's regiment), however, holds a unique position, having served in the ranks from private to sergeant. He was appointed lieutenant, and subsequently held the adjutancy, of his regiment. Less than a year after he got his troop, Captain Wood accepted the appointment he has just vacated, and is thus, it is believed, the first combatant officer who was ever appointed quartermaster.

Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin.



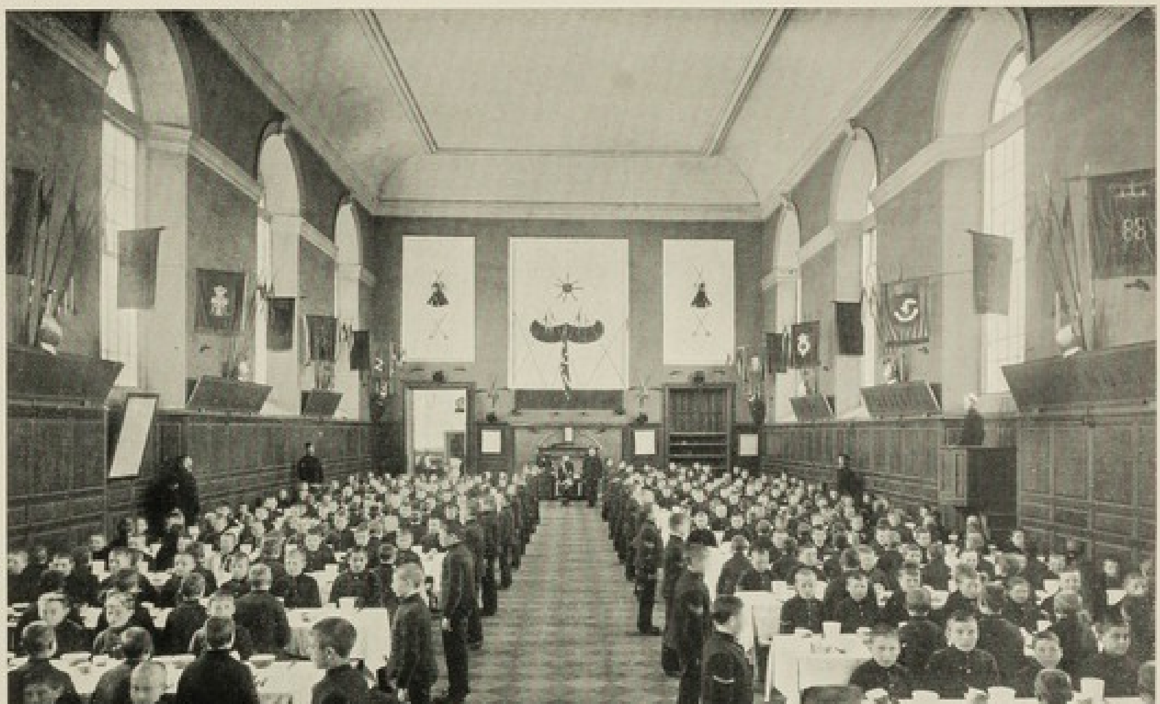
COLONEL HALE, COMMANDANT, AND OFFICERS.

THERE is no military institution in Ireland that is looked on with more favour and sympathy by the public of all creeds and classes than the Royal Hibernian Military School. Indeed, it should arouse similar feelings among the English people, but so little is known of it, while of the kindred institution—the Duke of York's School—a good deal is heard from time to time, although somewhat younger than its Irish brother.

The Royal Hibernian Military School was founded in the year 1769, and from that date to the present it has supplied our various regiments with a constant relay of young soldiers—so far as its limited means would allow, the average number being about 110 per annum. The school is situated on the southern border of the Phœnix Park, on high ground overlooking the valley of the Liffey, which can be seen winding its way for miles through the beautifully-wooded country to the south and east, till it is finally lost to sight amid the smoke and haze of the city.

Many distinguished officers have held the position of commandant of the school, an office now held by Colonel Hale, under whose rule the institution fully maintains its past reputation. With the commandant there are a considerable number of other officers, on each of whom a very full share of labour and responsibility devolves, particularly upon the adjutant, Captain Smyth, the head-master, and the sergeant-major. There are also three chaplains—the Rev. Robert Foster, B.A., Church of England; the Rev. M. Donovan, P.P., Roman Catholic; and the Rev. J. M. Hamilton, M.A., Presbyterian—to whom the moral and religious training of the boys of their several denominations is entrusted. There is besides a resident doctor, so that in every way the boys are admirably cared for.

The school is organised on a strictly military basis; the boys wear a military uniform, and when on parade they have



Photos. G. M. Roche — Copyright.

BOYS OF THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN MILITARY SCHOOL AT DINNER.



THE BOYS ON PARADE.

quite a soldierly appearance. They receive an education well calculated to fit them for a military career in after life; and although it is not compulsory on them to join the Army, the great majority of them voluntarily follow the calling of their fathers. While in the school they are taught drill, and are trained either for musicians or as tailors or shirt-makers, and at the same time habits of cleanliness, regularity, and obedience are inculcated in their young minds. The first and most necessary qualification for a boy seeking admission is that his father must have had a good character in his regiment; he must also be certified free from mental and bodily infirmity. Total orphans have a first claim; secondly, those whose fathers have been killed in action or died on foreign service; thirdly, those who have lost their mothers and whose fathers are serving abroad. The age of admission is from seven to eleven years.

Smart deserving boys gain promotion to the various grades, from lance-corporal to colour-sergeant, and are paid from 1d. to 6d. per week, according to the rank they hold. Good conduct secures for each boy a good conduct badge for each year he may be in the school, and for each badge he may be in possession of he receives a small additional emolument, besides book prizes, as a further reward.

The entrance gate is situated at the south-east side of the enclosure, and passing the gate lodge we see on the right-hand side a substantial stone building, which is the commandant's residence, and near by is that of the doctor and the adjutant, also that of the Church of England chaplain. These buildings form the east and north-east portions of the block which stands around three sides of the square and parade ground. Passing these by, we find near the north-west angle the Roman Catholic chapel, a neat Gothic structure substantially built of limestone, and approached by a pretty avenue of trees.



Photos. G. M. Roche. Copyright.

THE COMMANDANT'S HOUSE AND ENTRANCE GATE.



Photo. Capt. B. Smith. Copyright.

THE AVENUE.

A little further north is the church, for those who are members of the Church of England, and under the shadow of whose walls lie the remains of those boys who have died while attending the school; here, too, have been interred many of the past officers of the institution. The church was built in the year 1775, and the stained glass windows of the chancel possess considerable interest. That in the centre is in memory of the late Earl of Carlisle, who was twice the popular representative of Her Gracious Majesty in Ireland,



Photo. G. M. Riche. Copyright.

THE CHURCH.

and those on either side were erected by the officers of the 7th Hussars in memory of Trumpet-Major George Henry King of that regiment, who died at Secunderabad on November 11, 1887. Trumpet-Major King was for several years a pupil in the school. There is a brass plate on the sill of one window bearing the following inscription:—"This window is placed here by John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of



Photo. Capt. B. Smith. Copyright.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

Ireland, in memory of his cousin and friend, Lord Frederick C. Cavendish, Chief Secretary. Born November 3, 1836, killed in the Phœnix Park, not far from this church, on May 6, 1882." This inscription tells its own sad tale, the horrible details of which are still fresh in the public mind.

Our last picture shows an old veteran—Sergeant James Crawly, late of the 107th Regiment. He served through the Indian Mutiny and other campaigns, and was discharged after twenty and a-half years' service. Beside him are two boys of the Royal Hibernian Military School; next him is Colour-Sergeant W. Manning, aged 14, son of Sergeant-Major Manning, Lincoln Regiment. The boy to the left is Colour-Sergeant James Brown, aged 14, son of the late Garrison Sergeant-Major Brown. This boy has distinguished himself through his entire school career; recently he gained the £5 prize—the chief school distinction. He has since left, and is studying for the position of Army schoolmaster.



Photo. Guthrie Bros. Copyright.

"SONS OF THE BLOOD."

The Home-coming of the Suffolk Regiment.

THIS is not the first time that the gallant Suffolks have figured in the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. But as the 1st Battalion is about to return to England from Malta, preparatory to starting afresh on a protracted tour of Indian service, we gladly take this opportunity of depicting them as recently photographed during their stay in the island of the Knights of St. John.

The camp photographs were taken at the Speranza manœuvres, and are interesting glimpses of the life under canvas which suits the British soldier so well, and which, despite an occasional grumble, he is always willing to "take on," whether the fighting be of a sham or sternly real description. We hasten to inform our readers that the massive proportions of the foot attached to the recumbent figure in one of these illustrations are caused by one of those freaks of distortion with which all users of photographic lenses are familiar. We have no desire to incur an action for libel by wilfully, and without explanation, attributing to any member of a notably smart corps the possession of feet the measurement of which *looks* like large fourteens!



Photo. R. Ellis. *THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT IN CAMP.* Copyright.

Malta as a military station has many advantages, and though the sojourn of the Suffolks has been a short one, they have doubtless enjoyed their experience of what in some ways is a unique form of colonial soldiering. For Malta stands, as it were, halfway between India and England, in a professional as well as a geographical sense, for the British soldier. There is not quite the same restless striving after up-to-dateness which is characteristic of Aldershot, nor quite the same ever-present realism which a battalion at full war strength, ready to go to the front at forty-eight hours' notice, finds so exhilarating in Indian service. But Malta has many peculiar charms, not the least among which is its comparative proximity to home. Rudyard Kipling's description of the home-sickness which befel Private Ortheris is by no means overdrawn, but home-sickness is commonly relative to distance, and probably Ortheris would not have sighed half so deeply for the buses going over Vauxhall Bridge if he had been in Malta instead of the Punjab.



From a Photo. *"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."* By a Military Officer.

A pleasant feature of life in Malta is the constant arrival during the trooping season of transports laden with troops going out to or returning from the shiny East. The fact, too, that the standing military garrison of the island is a large one, and that Malta is of still greater importance as a Naval station, produces a pretty constant flow of social intercourse and pleasant exhibitions of Service hospitality. For the Suffolks, there has been the additional excitement of a possible call to duty in Crete, and of warlike rumours involving much more serious potentialities.

The 2nd Suffolk are at Rangoon, and the intention was that the 1st Battalion should relieve them about the middle of February. Presumably this arrangement has been modified, since, at the time of writing, the 1st Battalion is under orders to embark at Malta on January 2, and to return to England, being stationed, on arrival, at Dover.



Photo. R. Ellis. *OFFICERS 1st BATTALION SUFFOLK REGIMENT.* Copyright.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. VII.—No. 103.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1899.



Photo. Mayall & Co. Copyright.

GENERAL SIR H. E. WOOD, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO THE FORCES.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—IV.



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS—SERVING OUT AMMUNITION.

ONE of our illustrations shows a very characteristic little group of two—the sergeant-major of the Victorian Mounted Rifles, and the pet kangaroo Daisy. This little animal hops about after the members of the corps with

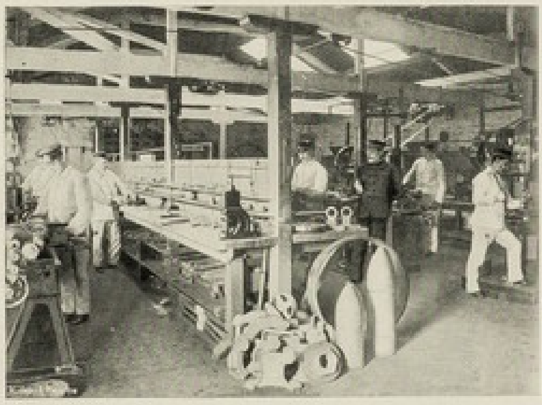


THE AMBULANCE CORPS—A WELL-ATTENDED PATIENT.

a most important air, and evidently considers that they could not get on without it. The sergeant-major is a credit to the regiment.

The Army Service Corps is organised on much the same lines as that of the Imperial Army, and, as will be noticed in the illustration, the uniform is very similar. The men are represented in the act of getting out ammunition for issue, a small squad of men, with a sergeant, awaiting their turn by the shed, while a bugler stands by the waggon wheel ready to summon the next lot.

The Ambulance Corps is represented at the legitimate employment of dressing the wounds of a patient—imaginary wounds, fortunately, in this instance—and there appear to be a great number of ambulance men to look after him; more than he would be likely to get in action. In the background another patient is being cared for.



THE ENGINEERS' WORKSHOP.

The Engineers' machine shop presents a very business-like aspect; evidently there are a number of skilled mechanics in the corps, some of whom may be seen at work at the lathes.

The two pictures of the Cadet Corps are very interesting.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, ST. KILDA ROAD.



Photo. Gregory — Copyright.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR AND THE REGIMENTAL PET, VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

as illustrating the military enthusiasm which exists in the colony. The Grammar School Company won the colours presented by Lady Loch, when Sir Henry—now Lord Loch—was Governor.

The Foots Cray Cadet Corps prepares for cavalry without fixed bayonets, possibly because the rear rank would find it difficult to hold their rifles in position with the additional weight. The Cadet Corps have been established about twelve



Photo. A. Sutcliffe. *TENT PEGGING.* Copyright.

years, and number over 2,000—obviously an excellent source of recruiting for the Militia.

Two illustrations show some competitions at the Military Tournament held last year at Melbourne. Those who have seen the display at the Agricultural Hall will recognise the engagement of "sword *versus* lance," always an interesting one, though the sword usually has the best of it, which surprises the uninitiated; the lancer seems much more formidable at the first glance.

The Victoria Barracks, facing an incipient boulevard on



Photo. A. Sutcliffe. *SWORD v. LANCE.* Copyright.

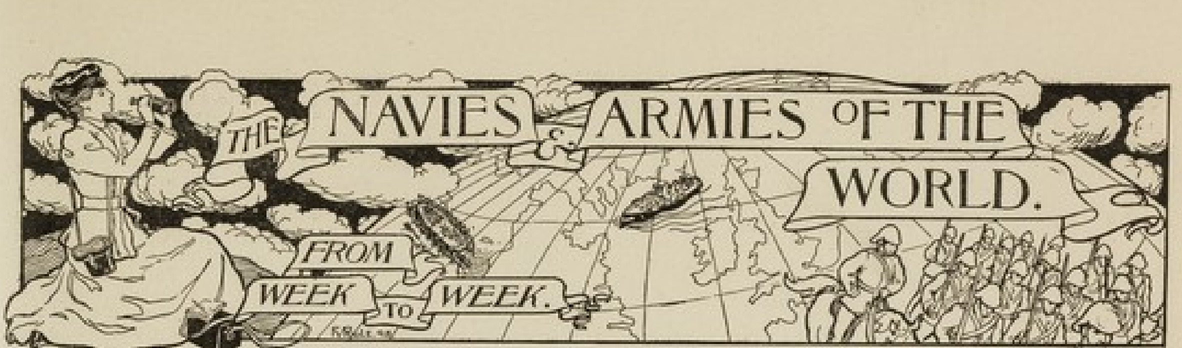


Photo. Copyright. *THE FOOTS CRAY CADET CORPS.* H. & K.

the St. Kilda Road, forms a good serviceable-looking block; more so, in fact, than some barracks in the "Old Country."



Photo. Copyright. *THE CADET CORPS—THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL COMPANY.* H. & K.



IT is a pretty and also a good-natured act on the part of Major-General Trotter and the committee of the Royal Military Tournament to invite the charity children to come to the dress rehearsal of May 24 next. Moreover, it is a very sensible step on their part for two reasons. The rehearsal will go off all the better for being performed before an audience, and perhaps the show may have a good effect in quarters where recruits are to be found. Meanwhile the announcement comes as a timely reminder that the yearly military show is in progress of preparation, and it also seems to supply an opportunity for presenting a respectful request to the managers. One ventures to hope that in the coming tournament there will be less of the Buffalo Bill element than has been the case lately. Buffalo Bill is all very well, and one passage of him is even strictly correct. But he ought to be kept within somewhat more tight bounds than have always been imposed upon him. Last year, for instance, the malt was threatening to get altogether above the meal, and that is not the way to make good liquor. If the competitions, musical rides, and so forth, do not fill up enough of the time, or are not sufficiently attractive to the public, an attempt might be made to develop the pageant. We have seen men in the uniforms of old-time soldiers and sailors march in and out, carrying their ancient weapons—or imitations of them. Would it not be better than a mere sham of a sham fight (for Buffalo Bill cannot well be anything else) if they were to perform some of the antiquated manœuvres? It would not be more difficult to teach men to do the pike drill, or the manual exercise with the musket on the rest, than to teach them to go through a stage skirmish with blacks. With management, a show of this kind might be made quite as picturesque, and it would assuredly be of far greater real interest.

* * * *

The French, who have just translated Colonel Yorck von Wartenburg's well-known German work on the generalship of Napoleon, have not failed to insist upon the oddity of the fact that it has been written by the descendant of the general who struck such a terrible blow at the Emperor's power. Perhaps Colonel Yorck has all the more interest in the Corsican on that very account, and it is at any rate not strange that the representative of an able man should himself have brains. We, for our part, are pleased to see the race of this Prussian general of English name, and extraction, keeping well to the front. Although the name is now written Yorck, one must suppose this is to give it a more German air. Droysen, in his life of the famous general, spells it York. But though one speaks of him as famous, it is with great doubt whether many among us remember what it was that General York did, or why the armistice of Potscherau struck Napoleon a heavier blow than the battles of Salamanca or Gross-Beeren; yet it was in its way a great feat, one from which many men who would have faced a whole park of artillery, or all the cavalry of Murat, would have shrunk. It was York who at the critical moment of the retreat from Moscow forced the hand of the Prussian Government, and compelled it to take sides against Napoleon. He may be quoted too as an example of one of those men who seem to be selected by fate to be the instruments of a great work in a great crisis. In his youth he had served in the Dutch colonies as a soldier of fortune, and is described as cold and silent, with strong passions, which he kept in order by force of will. When Prussia was compelled to contribute a corps to Napoleon's army for the invasion of Russia, he was sent as second in command to Grawert. The commander-in-chief fell ill, and this unforeseen circumstance threw the whole power into the hands of York at the critical moment when Diebitch—afterwards "the subduer of the Balkans"—sent him the news of the destruction of Napoleon's army. The Prussians formed part of the left army of invasion, and were away from the immediate scene of the disaster. They could have extricated themselves, though with difficulty, and if York had drawn his army out, and left the whole responsibility of seizing the opportunity to complete the ruin of his Government to Napoleon, nobody could have said that he was wrong, but he would have thrown away the chance of making his mark for ever on history and doing a great work for Germany.

* * * *

The course which York took was to make an armistice with Diebitch, the Russian general, and the practical result of this was that the Prussian troops passed over to Napoleon's enemies. With the single exception of Nelson, who for the rest never had quite such an opportunity of showing the absolute fearlessness of his nature, no man of that time could have been trusted to show an equal measure of "political courage." All the letter of the code of honour and all tradition were against York. He put his King in a position of extreme difficulty. He exposed Prussia to much peril. He risked his own head. What unquestionably must have weighed most heavily of all with York was the danger that he might set going a patriotic ferment in Prussia, which might well become revolutionary if the King had not the nerve to put himself at the head of his people. A very brave and honest man might well have quailed. An able, selfish man of the common-place order would assuredly have refused to take the risk. Happily for Prussia, York was one of the rare men that can pick the one thing necessary to be done out of a tangle of conflicting courses, and who then can go resolutely to the end. If others failed, the shame should be for them. He at least would give them their chance. For himself, he was prepared to take the line of the old lady who said, "What is my poor little soul worth compared to the honour of the family?" Beyond all doubt his action was of vital importance, for he forced Prussia to act before Napoleon had time to reconstruct an army in Northern Germany. Naturally enough he fell into the background for the rest of his life.

* * * *

The appearance of Captain Adolf von Tiedemann's letter in Monday's *Times* is an incident to be welcomed. It is not so much the substance of what he has to say that is satisfactory as the fact that he has spoken. Nobody could have believed—nobody that is not run away with by hysteria—that an English officer in Lord Kitchener's position would have allowed his conduct to be disgraced by senseless barbarism, and there would have been no grain of sense in the kind of cruelty he was charged with having shown. The vindication of Captain von Tiedemann only confirms what one knew and believed already. Yet it is an excellent thing that he has spoken. There is possibly an element of politics in his action. We can at least fairly guess that the German Emperor, without whose consent a captain in the Royal Prussian Great General Staff would hardly have written to an English newspaper, is disposed to let both Germany and other countries know that he wishes to keep on terms of respect with the British Army. But, apart from that, and even if that is not the case, the German officer's letter is a sign that the fine old feeling of "good comradeship and friendship" among all "noble cavaliers who follow the honourable profession of arms," to whatever nation they may belong, is not extinct. The notion that you were bound to hate the individual officer of the army opposed to you, or likely to be opposed to you, is quite modern. It comes out of the savage wars of the French Revolution, and owes its existence to the fact that modern armies represent the nation in arms, and are animated by political hatreds, and not by the old professional sentiment. Formerly, the officers on either side considered one another as men of honour, and gentlemen engaged in playing the game of war. The Veres, for instance, spoke of Spinola with profound admiration as a great soldier and gentleman, though he was fighting another cause than theirs. They felt that such a man was an honour to the whole profession. The English captains who waited on Suffren at the Cape saw nothing unpatriotic in telling him how highly they thought of his campaign against them in India. Nowadays, and in some countries, at any rate, they would be screamed at. Frenchmen who did such a thing would be called traitors. This is a foolish, ill-blooded spirit, and does not even make men fight a bit better.

DAVID HANNAY.

A Sketch of a Famous Regiment.

By Colonel W. W. Knollys.

THERE are many distinguished regiments in the British Army, and the story of their achievements will always be read by men who have a pride of race with as much interest as is the record of an illustrious family by the members of it. The old 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, now the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was a regiment of no great antiquity, but one of remarkable individuality, and its gallant deeds made it conspicuous.

Its origin was peculiar. In March, 1800, a letter of service was addressed to Major-General Wemyss of Wemyss, nephew of the last Earl of Sutherland, whose estates and peerage had been inherited by his daughter Elizabeth. General Wemyss had previously raised two successive regiments of Sutherland Fencibles, and being so closely connected with the Sutherland family, no doubt possessed great influence in the country. The Countess, moreover, aided him in a more active manner than he could have anticipated. A census was made of the number of available men in the different parishes, and the Countess's agents demanded a quota from each. There was a little grumbling among the parents, but the young men themselves readily responded, and never dreamt of questioning the right of their chieftainess to their services in war. This exercise of feudal, or clan, authority was probably the last in the United Kingdom.

Many of his old Fencibles enlisted in the new regiment, and altogether Sutherlandshire furnished 460 of the total of 626 men authorised, the remaining 166 being obtained from the neighbouring counties. The recruits, being of a superior class of men, were considered so reliable that after being enrolled they were allowed to return to their homes, where they remained during the three or four months which elapsed before the regiment was embodied. When the summons arrived to join at Inverness there was not a single absentee.

The regiment assembled at Inverness at the end of July or the beginning of August, 1800. It was inspected in August by Major-General Leith Hay—a curious coincidence, for Colonel Leith Hay, a kinsman of the General, commanded the regiment during part of the Russian War and in the Indian Mutiny. On September 23, 1800, the regiment embarked at Fort George for Guernsey. There, in May, 1802, died a remarkable man, for whom Frederick William of Prussia would have gladly paid a large sum; his name was Samuel M'Donald, popularly known as "Big Sam."

He had served in the two successive regiments of Sutherland Fencibles and in the 1st Royals. His tall stature and civil disposition attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, in whose service as porter at Carlton House he remained for several years. When the 93rd was raised, "Big Sam" joined it as sergeant. While in the Sutherland Fencibles, the Countess of Sutherland had allowed him 2s. 6d. a day extra pay to provide sustenance for his enormous body. The "Annual Reporter" for 1802 asserts that Sam "measured 7-ft. 4-in. in height, and 4-ft. round the chest."

He was extremely muscular, but so pacific that he was never known to exert his strength improperly. By the inscription on his tombstone in Guernsey he is described as 6-ft. 10-in. in height, as well proportioned, and of uncommon strength. The measurement given on his tombstone is probably correct.

In September, 1802, the 93rd was brought back to Scotland, whence in February, 1803, it went to Ireland; there it remained till the summer of 1805, when it sailed with Sir David Baird's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope. In the disembarkation, the 93rd lost thirty-five men by the upsetting of a boat in the surf. In the subsequent battle the Dutch, though numerically superior, and with more field-pieces, were completely routed after a good resistance. The loss of our troops was 16 killed and 191 wounded, of which the share of the 93rd was 2 men killed and 5 officers and 53 men wounded, out of 661 of all ranks.

For upwards of eight years the 93rd remained in South Africa, earning an admirable character. Often as many as fifteen months elapsed without a court-martial being necessary. It is noteworthy, that not only did they remit large sums home, but also paid for their own chaplain, and established regular kirk government in the regiment. When, in 1814, they returned to England, out of a total of 1,016 men 977 were Scotchmen.

A few weeks later the regiment, with 33 officers and 929 men, embarked with Sir John Keane's expedition, taking, in the following January, a prominent and glorious part in the unsuccessful attack on the American lines near New Orleans. In previous fighting the regiment had lost 11 men killed, 1 lieutenant mortally wounded, and 16 men wounded. On January 8, when the great attack was made, there could not have been more than 850 of all ranks actually engaged. The American position was about five miles below New Orleans, and on the left bank of the Mississippi. On the right bank were some strong works, which were, after hard fighting, captured by Colonel Thornton. On the left bank was a line of entrenchment, composed of sugar barrels and cotton bales, and with a ditch 4-ft. deep. This line stretched across an open plain, from the river to a swampy thicket on the left. Numerous pieces of artillery were mounted on this line, and in front of the right, close to the river, where the road to New Orleans ran, was a strong redoubt.

To attack this advanced work, the light companies of the 7th and the 93rd and a company of the 43rd were told off, a company of the 44th being detailed to carry scaling ladders. After passing through a murderous fire this little column reached the redoubt, when to their disgust they found that the scaling ladders had not been brought up. Nevertheless they, after hard fighting and a loss of 188, captured the redoubt. In the meantime, further to the British right, the 21st and 4th, and a portion of the 95th—now the Rifle Brigade—with the 44th to carry ladders and fascines, were sent against the centre of the American entrenchments. Owing, however, to the misconduct—not merely neglect—of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. — Mullens, commanding the regiment, the 44th had brought up no ladders, and the assaulting regiments were cut to pieces. It would appear that the remaining companies of the 93rd were then sent forward under a deadly fire. They sprang into the ditch, but being without ladders could do no more. Some heroic spirits mounted on each others shoulders and clambered into the work, but were at once killed or captured. Their comrades, unable to advance, unwilling to retreat, remained in a mass, to be shot down by the Americans with impunity. The Highlanders had simply nothing to fire at, for the Americans held their muskets over the parapet with one hand and fired them off with impunity and certainty at the helpless heroes below.

At length the order came to retire, and those who survived then—and not till then—quitted the fatal scene.

The loss of the regiment on that day was their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Dale; 2 captains and 60 men killed; 9 officers and 368 men wounded—many of them died on the 9th; 3 officers and 102 men missing. Of the missing, 1 lieutenant and several men died; the remainder were captured. Thus the total loss of the regiment on January 8, 1815, was 545 of all ranks, or nearly two-thirds of those engaged. The regimental colour was saved, but the King's colour was missing. It is believed that it was used as a shroud for Lieutenant-Colonel Dale, who it is said requested that his body might be wrapped in it.

The next time that the regiment distinguished itself was during the Russian War. At the Alma they attracted, together with the other two regiments of Colin Campbell's Brigade, the admiration of all beholders; but their loss was only 1 officer and 7 men killed and 44 men wounded. At Balaclava their loss was but 2 men wounded. They, however, gained a proud name on that day, viz., "The Thin Red Line." The circumstances were sensational, and most creditable to the regiment. When the Russian cavalry issued from the Tchernaya Valley into that of Balaclava, a force estimated by Sir Colin Campbell at 500 men in four squadrons, but by Todleben nine squadrons, detached themselves from the main body and advanced at a gradually increasing pace towards Balaclava. Sir Colin's weak command consisted of the 93rd, 100 convalescents, 30 or 40 Guardsmen, a couple of Turkish battalions, and a field battery. Sir Colin had at first drawn up his men on a rise, and knowing the importance of protecting the harbour, had said to the 93rd: "Remember that there is no retreat from here, men. You must die where you stand." To this address the Highlanders cheerily called out: "Aye, aye, Sir Colin; if needs be, we'll do that."

To obtain cover from the Russian artillery Sir Colin had withdrawn his men to the rear of the brow, but when the Russian cavalry appeared he moved them to the summit again. The Turks wavered and broke up. The 93rd, however—in line—were so little disunited, that when they saw the enemy they brought down their bayonets and made as if about to charge. Sir Colin checked them with: "Ninety-third! Ninety-third! Damn all that eagerness!"

At a range of from 600-yds. to 800-yds. a volley was fired by the front rank, without, however, checking the galloping horsemen. At 400-yds. the rear rank fired another volley, on which the Russians manœuvred so as to turn the right of the Highlanders, but Sir Colin wheeled up the Grenadier company, whose volley caused the cavalry to retreat.

The 93rd fought during the Mutiny on many occasions lost

many officers and men, made surprisingly long marches, and covered themselves with glory. I shall only refer to their storming of the Secunderbagh, the Shah Nujif, and the Begum Kotee. The Secunderbagh was stormed on November 16, 1857, by seven companies of the 93rd, the 4th Punjab Rifles, a part of the 53rd, and a battalion of detachments. The 93rd, on whom fell the chief brunt of the fighting, were lying down under a low bank 100-yds. to 150-yds. from the strong-walled building. On the order to storm being given, General—then Captain—Burroughs, who was standing on the top of the bank, in order to get a good start, made a rush for the breach. Several others raced with him, among them being Lieutenant-Colonel—now Sir John—Ewart, Lieutenant Cooper, and some of their men, and several of the 4th Punjabees. On reaching the hole in the wall Burroughs, though a little man, found it so small that he had to enlarge it with his hands. Almost immediately on entering he received a tulwar cut on the head, partially stopped by his feather bonnet. Ewart had a desperate fight with six Sepoys, whom he shot with his revolver. Afterwards, seeing two rebel native officers with a colour, he sprang at them. They fiercely resisted, but the claymore, however, proved victorious, and the rebels were slain. Ewart, like Hotspur, all bloody and dusty from the fight, seized the colour, and going up to Sir Colin, who had been close up all the time, said: "I have slain the last of the enemy with my own hand, and captured this colour!" The hot-headed Sir Colin shouted, "Damn the colour; go back to your own regiment, sir!" Then seeing Ewart's downcast and surprised look, he felt that he had been too harsh, and added: "I honour you for your gallantry, sir, but go back to your men."

Inside the Secunderbagh about 2,000 corpses of the mutineers were found, for scarcely a man had escaped. They had, however, fought stubbornly, and the loss of the regiment was heavy.

Notwithstanding the exhausting work which the regiment had gone through at the capture of the Secunderbagh, it was called upon an hour or two later to assist in the attack on the Shah Nujif. Our artillery, however, made no impression on the enemy's defences. As a last resource Sir Colin called on the Highlanders to storm. Sir Colin, addressing them, said that the position must be carried before dark, and that he himself would lead them. A cry, however, arose from the regiment that the general must not expose himself, and that they could lead themselves. Just at that moment Sergeant Paton, who was granted the V.C., came running up to the brigadier, announcing that he had discovered an opening on the flank of the building through which an entrance might be made.

Brigadier Hope, with a company of the 93rd, guided by Paton, crept round to this accidental breach, and as soon as they entered, one by one, the enemy fled, in the gathering gloom, with such rapidity through the rear gate that only about a score of the rebels were overtaken and bayoneted. A curious feature of the capture of the Shah Nujif was that amongst the defenders were some archers, who used their bows with deadly effect.

We now come to the capture of Lucknow and the successful assault of the Begum Kotee on March 11, 1858. Just as the regiment was preparing to storm, a boy-captain of the 93rd, M'Donald, plucked a rose from a bush close by, and gave it to the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Munro, saying, "Good-bye, old friend; keep this for my sake." There were two breaches. One portion of the regiment dashed at one breach, another portion at the second, the 4th Punjab Rifles being in support. After two hours' hard fighting inside, and driving the mutineers from house to house and court to court, the place fell into our hands. Our loss was 2 officers and 13 men killed, and 2 officers and 45 men wounded, many of the latter afterwards dying of their injuries. Of the enemy, 860 lay dead in the centre court alone, and many hundreds besides in the different enclosures and buildings.

As soon as the right wing had passed through the breach opposite it, Pipe-Major John M'Leod walked up and down the court under a heavy fire, playing the pipes as coolly as if he had been pacing the mess-room on a guest night.

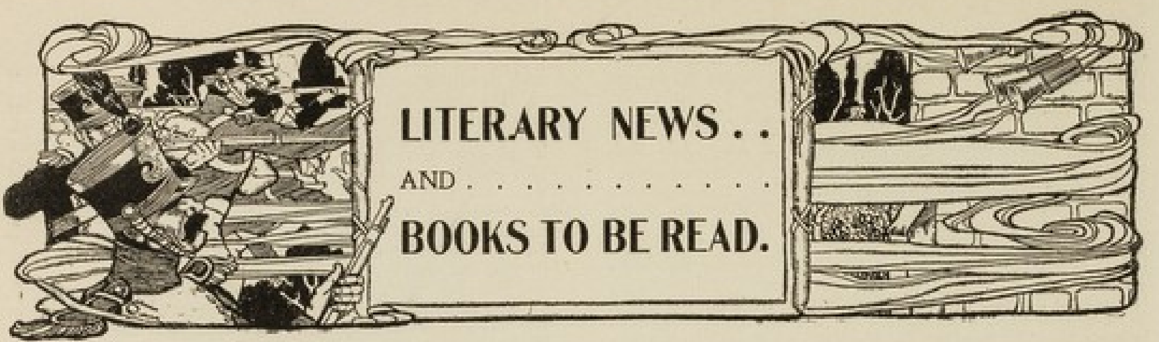
On July 1, 1881, after a glorious existence of eighty years, the 93rd Highlanders ceased to exist, becoming the 2nd Battalion of the Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The memory of the 93rd Highlanders will be always associated with that of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Both officers and men had a feeling for him resembling that of the Old Guard for Napoleon, or that of the 10th Legion for Cæsar. Colin Campbell knew them collectively and individually. When, on November 11, 1857, on the eve of advancing to the rescue of Outram and Havelock from the Residency, he reviewed the troops, riding down the line he said a few words to each regiment in turn, but all preserved a solemn silence. At last he came to the 93rd, which was drawn up in close column. Mr. Forbes Mitchell, a corporal in the 93rd, in his "Reminiscences of the Mutiny," says, "When Sir Colin rode up, he appeared to have a worn and haggard expression on his face, but he was received with such a cheer, or rather, shout of welcome, as made the echoes ring from the Alumbagh and the surrounding woods. His wrinkled brow at once became smooth, and his wearied-looking features broke into a smile as he acknowledged the cheer by a hearty salute," and then addressed the regiment in a stirring speech, winding up with, "Ninety-third! you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work!" A voice from the ranks called out, "Aye, aye, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and the children out o' Lucknow or die with you in the attempt!" and the whole regiment burst into another ringing cheer, which was taken up by the whole line.

Vale Sir Colin Campbell, vale 93rd, for the two names are inseparably written on the roll of fame.



Lieutenant-Colonel—now Sir John—Ewart at the Storming of the Secunderbagh.



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

I HAVE been reading with very great pleasure a book entitled "Twenty Years in the Near East" (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), and it certainly is a book to be read. The author, Mr. A. G. Hulme-Beaman, late of the Levant Consular Service, and afterwards a foreign correspondent of the *Standard*, is a veritable modern Ulysses. He is, besides, a man of infinite jest, and has descriptive talent not easy to parallel. The spirit in which he has regarded his work, the independence of his character, and his keen eye for the picturesque, attract readers to him, and he holds them enthralled. To begin with, he was a student-interpreter attached to the Embassy at Constantinople, but he soon developed into a full-fledged Consular Assistant at Beyrout, then very sleepy and behind the age, but delightfully described, and thence passed on to Damascus. Now he carries us into a veritable land of romance, where we pass through the "needle's eye," hear the sound of lute and 'ood floating from latticed casements, and the plashing of fountains in marble courts, meeting veiled figures, and living as it were in the days of good Haroun al Raschid. His next-door neighbour was a lady whose loveliness had made her famous among the reigning beauties and wits of European Courts, the separated wife of an English peer, married then to an Austrian noble, afterwards uniting her fortunes with those of Sheikh Mijuel, who, in the spirit and very form of chivalric bravery, rescued her from the Bedouins at Palmyra. But Mr. Beaman was a student, and sacrificed himself in the cause of linguistic enquiry. I shall leave him to describe how he fared under the guidance of a lovely young widow of Damascus: "In the afternoon a hammock would be slung in the orchard under the peach trees, and Jemileh would sit beside me, reading the '*Elf Leil ou Leileh*,' or reciting poetry with a running explanatory comment, till I almost imagined myself an Eastern prince. Heigh! for the days when one was young! It may not have been strictly consonant with official tradition to have the flies kept off the British Vice-Consular person by a pretty little Syrian widow, but it was distinctly delightful all the same. And then the high jinks we used to have in the evenings! when Jemileh would ask one or two of her lady friends, and, seizing her 'ood or lyre, would sing until we were tired of sitting and lying about, and afterwards set the example for a dance." An excellent way of learning Arabic, one cannot but agree, and the hard-working student, as Mr. Beaman says, "will be a lucky dog indeed if he finds a Jemileh to help him."

* * * *

But Mr. Beaman was not always a learner. There came a time when he had learned, and after transporting us to Cairo, of which the sights and scenes are described with kaleidoscopic picturesqueness, we find him, in the days of Arabi, amid cantankerous interpreters, himself interpreter-in-chief, and the "tongue" of Lord Wolseley, whose "eye," as he humorously said, was Captain Rawson, R.N., the gallant officer now in command of the Channel Squadron. Mr. Beaman says his duties in the field at that time will always be one of the pleasantest of many pleasant experiences. Lord Wolseley pressed him to say how he would like his services rewarded, and, seeing so many C.M.G.'s going to those who had hardly stirred a finger, he was then content—he regrets it now—with a couple of nags and a couple of medals. I do not concern myself here with this genial writer's strategic and political opinions. He would have us withdraw from Egypt as "an Achilles' heel inviting the arrows of our jealous continental neighbours." He suggests that we should abandon the Mediterranean, leaving it to become a *mare clausum*, "a Naval rat-trap for others," or, I suppose, a place where France and Russia should fight like the legendary Kilkenny cats. Mr. Beaman did not approve of the conviction of Arabi. In fact, the circumstances so vexed him that he determined to quit the service of the Foreign Office, not liking the ends to which he was employed, the manner in which his special knowledge was used, nor the prospect of spending his best years in some outlandish Turkish villayet. Let us not quarrel with his resolve, because his changed circumstances have enabled him to add some most readable chapters to his volume. He became special correspondent of the *Standard*, and the rebels condemned entrusted him with the management of their property, and in one case with the care of lovely daughters, which was rather an onerous business. Then he established the *Times of Egypt*, and he gives a most amusing account of his journalistic woes as editor, translator, leader writer, and business manager, marshalling strange "comps," countermining the wiles and hardening himself against the gibes of eager rivals. The first number was "a monument of typographical 'pie,'" whereat the *Bosphore Egyptien* waxed hilarious. The paper "used to come out about five or six in the evening, and then the weary proprietor and sub-editor would betake themselves to Santi's Restaurant, in the Ezbekieh, and in some leafy corner eat humble pie." At length, after defeating, by *force majeure*, the rowdy bullies of the bazaars, who beat the vendors of the *Times* till their lives were endangered, as well as the secret sneaks who suborned the "comps" and induced strike after strike, the laugh came round to the side of the enterprising innovators. But it was an absorbing business, and at length, having triumphed, Mr. Beaman shook a loose leg, and was free.

* * * *

A laconic telegram, "Go to Belgrade—Mudford," sent him like a rocket from the banks of the Bosphorus to those of the Danube. King Milan had abdicated, and the correspondent's work was cut out. I shall not attempt to describe it. Only this, let me say, that the reader will gain a clearer idea from these vivid pages of the perils and trials which are undergone by those through whose exertions they find the news upon their breakfast-tables. He gives an amusing account of Servia and the Serbs. The country is unhappy because she has too great a past and heroes too Homeric to live up to, and too little a present to give her a chance of doing so. As to the Serb, "his vanity would be comic if it were not deplorable"; he absolutely cannot conceive that he is anything less than perfect. Hence there is no lower point from which he may spring higher. "Out of a population of about ten millions, seven millions walk on four legs, with an independent air—a sort of 'pig and a brother' assumption of co-equal rights and privileges. The Servian pig is certainly a remarkable animal, and no other worldly pig is so self-assertive, so strong, and so hairy as he." Mr. Beaman has travelled as a correspondent, a sportsman, and an observer through, and has lived in, Macedonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Russia, and elsewhere; has had experience of the Panitza plot, the intrigues of Zankoff, and the assassination of Stambouloff; has seen a good deal of later Egyptian warfare, including the battle of Ferket and the capture of Dongola; and has gone through all the Cretan troubles with a failing heart at a hopeless outlook. Finally, he makes a brilliant triumph with his account of Constantinople, beginning with the Palace as the *fons et origo mali*—that small area on the top of the hill which "contains more iniquity, probably, than any area ten times as great on the surface of the globe." He has great respect for the Turkish Army as "the most mighty artery of Turkey." It is against a possible *coup d'etat* on the part of the Constantinople or Adrianople Army Corps, he says, that the Sultan has fortified Yildiz, and filled its precincts and surroundings with picked regiments given increased pay, and with officers devoted to his service and "pampered with every imaginable favour." I have endeavoured to give you an idea of the varied and supremely attractive character of Mr. Beaman's pages. He touches upon everything worth describing. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* His book should be widely read.

* * * *

The irate officer who is scowling at "Military Dialogues" on the cover of that volume, which is from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel N. Newnham Davis (Sands and Co.) is not like the reader of it, who will find a good deal of entertainment in its pages. It is dedicated "to all good subalterns," because all the light-heartedness of the Military Service is due to them. There is nothing in the volume of heroism, charging squadrons, the shouting of captains, or "the sublime acts of baby boys and curly-headed drummers." But it contains, as its humorous author says, "the pinches of salt and pepper that go to season the solid military ration." Here are the colonel and his wife, a couple of subalterns, and a society lady calling upon the wife of the newly-promoted quartermaster, all the affected *bonhomie* and the *gaucherie* of it; here the major, who has just got his step, about to buy a charger, a nice grey, long-tailed horse from the shafts of the doctor's waggonette, which will answer on parade, and yet will take his wife and the children out, and, as that lady says, "be something that I could drive myself when Herbert is on duty." "The Safety of the Army," describing the anxiety of the colonel and the feelings of his men during a movement on the flank during manœuvres is most amusing. In short, "Military Dialogues" includes a good deal of excellent matter and many things that are capital.

* * * *

There is occasion to touch upon a question that concerns Naval and Military officers rather keenly. I mean that of life insurance. Some six years ago Sir Henry Brackenbury drew attention to the hardships to which officers were subjected, by paying higher premiums for all the world and war risks, in the *United Service Magazine*, with the result that an impetus was given to this branch of life insurance, and that some concessions were made. I observe that last month, in the same magazine, Captain Walter Triggs contends that these concessions were largely illusory. It is a question that cannot be discussed here, but I commend what he says to the attention of sailors and soldiers, to whom this is a matter of considerable importance. The argument urged is that the risks of "climate" and "occasional small wars" combined only just counterbalance the abnormally low rate of mortality on home service, while a fair premium to cover the risk of a national war once in forty years would be about 5 per cent. on the civil rates paid during the whole term of Military service, it being always considered that cases of specially unhealthy climate and of officers of the Indian Staff Corps should be separately considered.

* * * *

The late war with Spain, says Charles W. Eliot in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the destruction of vessels, forts, towns, and war material, with the killing, wounding, and starving of Spaniards, was a great exhibition of power in applied science. He is not eulogising, however, "this trade of barbarians, this damnable profession," but only, quite philosophically, discussing the destructive and constructive energies of the United States Government. Incidentally I learn that an immediate result of the war has been to render much more certain the weather forecasts in the States. This sounds enigmatic, but it rests upon the fact that the wave of expansion has led to new and valuable meteorological stations being established in the West Indies. Many other points concerning the war are luminously treated by Mr. Eliot from the purely philosophic standpoint.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

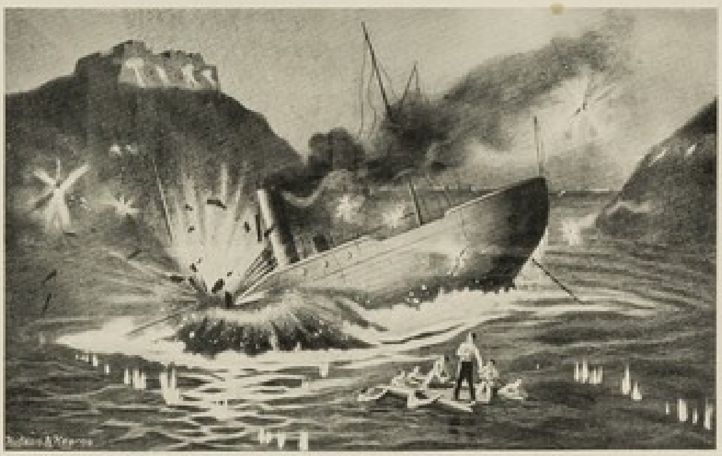
The Mimic Battle at Olympia.

THE keen interest awakened in the minds of the British public by the Naval displays and mimic Naval battles at the Royal Naval Exhibition some years ago is, to all appearances, a lasting one, if the crowds which attended the recent exhibition of an encounter between war-ships at Earl's Court, and those who are besieging Olympia to see the mimic representations of the battle of Santiago, can be taken as any criterion. A few facts and figures, therefore, concerning the cost, and the time and trouble expended on the production of these mimic fights, should prove interesting to the readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.



THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON OFF SANTIAGO.

Naturally the cost of a simulated engagement at sea such as Messrs. Barnum and Bailey are giving at Olympia at the present time can only be put down as the merest trifle compared with the cost of real battles. Even in regard to the expenditure of shot and shell alone, any comparison would be ridiculous. But simulating the noise and confusion of war is not to be done for nothing, especially as, like the real thing, there is plenty of smoke in it. At Olympia each mimic battle is responsible for the expenditure of thirty bombs, twenty-five "fusees," thirty smoke cases, 10-lb. of red fire, and 1,000 cartridges. The cost of ammunition and "perishable props" is about £70, which means that something like £640 worth of fireworks, etc., is expended weekly in order that the American squadron may twice daily destroy Admiral Cervera's unlucky cruisers as well as blow the Morro Fort, as represented at Olympia, to atoms.

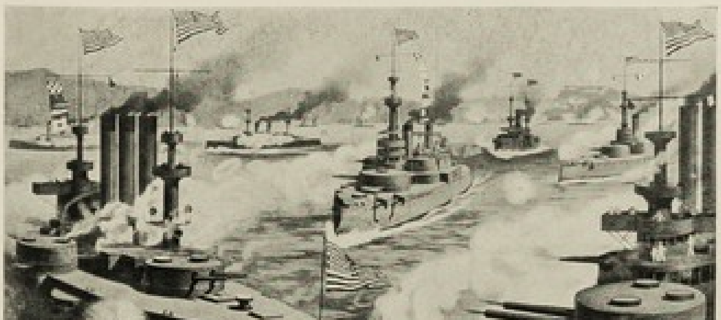


HOBSON'S GALLANT EXPLOIT IN THE "MERRIMAC."

The miniature American squadron consists of eight vessels, the cost of which is from £250 to £700 per ship, the first sum representing the actual cost of the little gun-boat "Gloucester," and the larger sum that of the big cruiser "New York." The original "Gloucester," it will be remembered, was the vessel on board of which Cervera surrendered his sword to the Americans after his fleet had been smashed and burnt.

The Spanish ships are models of the four ill-fated cruisers destroyed at the battle of Santiago. The other two models are of the "Merrimac," the original of which, a collier, was unsuccessfully used to bottle up Cervera in Santiago Harbour, and of a merchantman which attempts to run the blockade, but is fired upon and captured. Altogether, the expenditure upon the vessels, inclusive of their construction and equipment, amounts to between £6,500 and £7,000.

The models are built to exact scale, one-twentieth of the size of the vessels they represent. The battle-ships weigh from 1,500-lb. to 2,000-lb. each. They took four months building.



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Barnum and Bailey.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S CRUISERS.

One man controls each ship, the motive power being electricity supplied by storage batteries. This man not only controls the steering, but runs the batteries, carries on the signalling by a series of electric switches, and fires, by means of lanyards, the guns, which have a revolver movement. The guns fire from sixty to eighty shots a minute.

It is beyond question that such representations as are given at Olympia are interesting and exciting, by reason of their novelty and picturesqueness, but they can only by a very wide stretch of the imagination be held to bear resemblance to an actual engagement at sea. Those who have never seen anything more than a picture of a war-ship cannot do better than take an opportunity of seeing one of these displays; but it would be a mistake to suppose that vessels really manœuvre as do those in the mimic arena. For ingenuity of construction and organisation, and for beauty as a spectacle, their designers deserve great credit. Our pictures are reproductions of the posters with which Messrs. Barnum and Bailey are at present covering the London hoardings.

The Legation Guards at Peking.

[From a Military Correspondent.]

American. Lieut. Dutton. *German Military Attaché.* *Russian. Lieut. Neyehlopp*

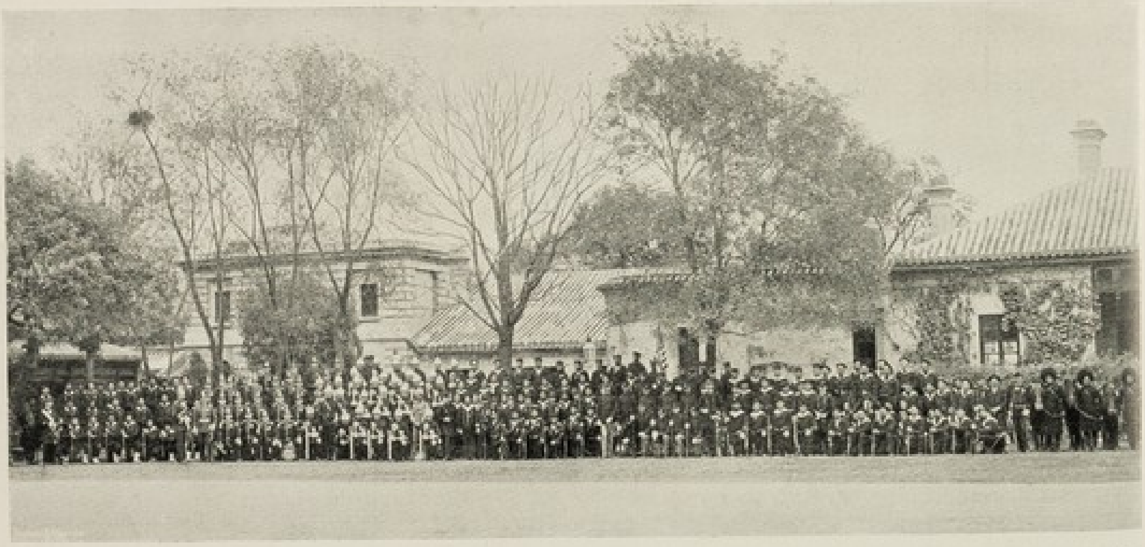


OFFICERS OF THE GUARD.

Austrian. Lieut. Prica. *English. Captain Wylde.* *German. Lieut. Robert* *Italian. Lieut. Terni.* *French. Lieut. Fontaine.* *Japanese. Lieut. Aremias* *Three Japanese Officers.*

Peking, *November*, 1898.

I AM sending you two photographs of the guards composed of sailors and marines which have been brought into Peking by various foreign nations for the protection of their Legations. The first of these guards to be landed was that of the British Marines, under command of Captain Wylde, R.M.L.I. This detachment was delayed five days at Tientsin, as the Chinese would not allow it to proceed inland. Meanwhile the Russian and German guards had also landed, and as things in Peking were beginning to look serious, and possible danger to the Legations was apprehended, great pressure was brought to bear upon the Chinese authorities, with the result that all three guards came up from Tientsin by special train and marched into the city together. Since then other guards, including one landed by the Americans, have arrived. Altogether there are now over 220 foreign sailors and marines in Peking, and with them four guns. Such a departure from the traditional exclusiveness of the Chinese capital is viewed, as may be imagined, with mixed feelings by the Pekingese.



From Photos. by a Marine Officer.

THE MEN OF THE GUARD.

Italian Bluejackets. *German Marines.* *English Marines.* *Russian Bluejackets.* *Japanese Bluejackets.* *American Marines.* *Austrian Bluejackets.* *French Bluejackets.* *Cossacks.*

Per Mare, per Terram.

THE general public, as well as the Service, is keenly interested in all that relates to Army bands and those connected with them. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the popularity of the Army is largely assisted by the public performances of military bands, which, it must be remembered, depend largely for maintenance upon the pecuniary contributions made by regimental officers towards their support. It is not only, then, to the Army that a very recent notification in the *London Gazette*, appointing three military band-masters to the rank of honorary second lieutenant, appeals. This is more particularly the case, as the three band-masters in question are very well-known figures in at least three leading military centres, while one of them bears a name which in London is simply "familiar in men's mouths" as a "household word."



Photo. Elliot & Fry.

SECOND LIEUT. CHARLES GODFREY,
Band-master Royal Horse Guards.

Second Lieutenant Charles Godfrey, it is almost needless to state, is the son of Second Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, the famous band-master of the Grenadier Guards, who, until these present appointments, was the only one of his rank to receive a commission. That honour was bestowed upon Mr. Dan Godfrey on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee in 1887, and Mr. Godfrey's recent retirement, after a long and brilliant career, will be in the remembrance of most of our readers. On Mr. Charles Godfrey, the band-master of the Royal Horse Guards, it can hardly be said that the mantle of his father has descended, for long before the great "Dan" had retired into private life the younger Godfrey had achieved a distinct reputation, and had brought the band of the "Blues" to literally the "concert pitch" of perfection.



SECOND LIEUT. CAVALIERE ZAVERTAL.
Band-master Royal Artillery.

Second Lieutenant the Cavaliere Ladislas Zavertal is the very exceptional band-master of a very exceptional military band, that of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, the normal establishment of which, including men and boys in various stages of proficiency, is close upon 100. Ladislas Zavertal is a Milanese, and completes his half-century this year. He was selected for his present appointment out of about eighty candidates in 1881, and, although a foreigner by birth, is a naturalised British subject, and, it is pleasant to add, he makes a point of having only British subjects in his band. Among other decorations he wears the Order of the Crown of Italy, conferred upon him after the performance of one of his operas at Prague, and in 1896, at a full military parade at Woolwich, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha presented the Cavaliere with the important Order of Art and Science. Some years ago, too, he was elected a member of the Society of St. Cecilia of Rome, and is now entitled to wear no fewer than five decorations.

Second Lieutenant George Miller, the accomplished band-master of the "Red Marines," otherwise the Royal Marine Light Infantry, at Portsmouth, enjoys a distinct reputation and popularity, which is heightened by considerable personal as well as professional qualifications. Excellent evidence of his musical ability is afforded not only by his position, and the efficiency of his band in the performance of classical productions, but also by the fact that he holds the degree of Mus.Bac. of Cambridge. The hereditary tendency of military music is as pleasantly exhibited in the family of Mr. Miller as in the case of the Godfreys, Mr. Miller's son having just been appointed to the band-mastership of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. In this connection we are enabled to mention an incident which took place so recently as New Year's Eve, and no allusion to which has, we believe, been made elsewhere. On the date in question the "Red Marine" band was playing at Osborne, and Her Majesty personally and most graciously congratulated Mr. Miller on his promotion. It is characteristic of our Queen that she should have included in her congratulation a reference to the success of Mr. Miller's son, who was known to Her Majesty as a former Windsor choir-boy.



Photo. Symonds & Co.

SECOND LIEUT. GEORGE MILLER.
Band-master R.M.L.I.

PROBABLY in no great capital in the world is the soldier less in evidence than in London. In any large European town or capital the soldier is always well to the fore, and that this is the case is rendered more apparent by the continental habit of putting civilian officials, such as police and fire brigade men, into military or semi-military uniforms. The two snap-shots here reproduced depict scenes illustrative of the soldier-life in London.



A RELIEF GUARD IN HYDE PARK.

The illustration below is of the powder magazine in Hyde Park, so well known to all Londoners as the point at which the coaching clubs hold their several parades during the height of the London season. This is the central ammunition depôt for London, and is always of course guarded night and day. A very necessary precaution, as the place is a standing temptation to miscreants of the Anarchist school for the use of their dynamite bombs.

In the above illustration we have a snap-shot of the colour-sergeant marching the relief guard to the magazine.

Of the eight battalions of Guards, soon to be nine, for a third battalion of the Coldstream Guards is in formation, all but three are always in London. Two are at Wellington Barracks, two at Chelsea, and one at the Tower of London. To-day there are at Wellington Barracks the 1st Grenadiers, just back from Omdurman, and the 3rd Coldstreams, the latest raised battalion of the Guards. At Chelsea are the 3rd Grenadiers and 1st Coldstreams. At the Tower are the 1st Scots Guards.



Photos. K. Curtis Copyright.

THE MAGAZINE, HYDE PARK.

Out of London the stations are Gibraltar, Gravesend, and Windsor, at which to-day are stationed the 2nd Grenadiers, 2nd Coldstreams, and 2nd Scots Guards respectively.

The largest city in the world has thus, it will be seen, the smallest garrison in proportion to any other large city. But

that is a tribute to the good order and discipline maintained by the police, and to the good sense of the resident population, rather than any evidence of laxity on the part of the military authorities. As a matter of fact it is very, very seldom that one even dreams nowadays of "calling out the military" for the repression of disturbances in the British Metropolis, although possibly the reflection might oftener arise if troops were not actually available in case of real emergency. Still, quite apart from any stern necessities of this sort, there can be no doubt that the daily guard-mounting, the marches to and fro of guards in course of relief, and the occasional parades, are features of London life which would be very badly missed, and which, by constant exhibition of types of smartness and discipline, have an important social as well as picturesque value.



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

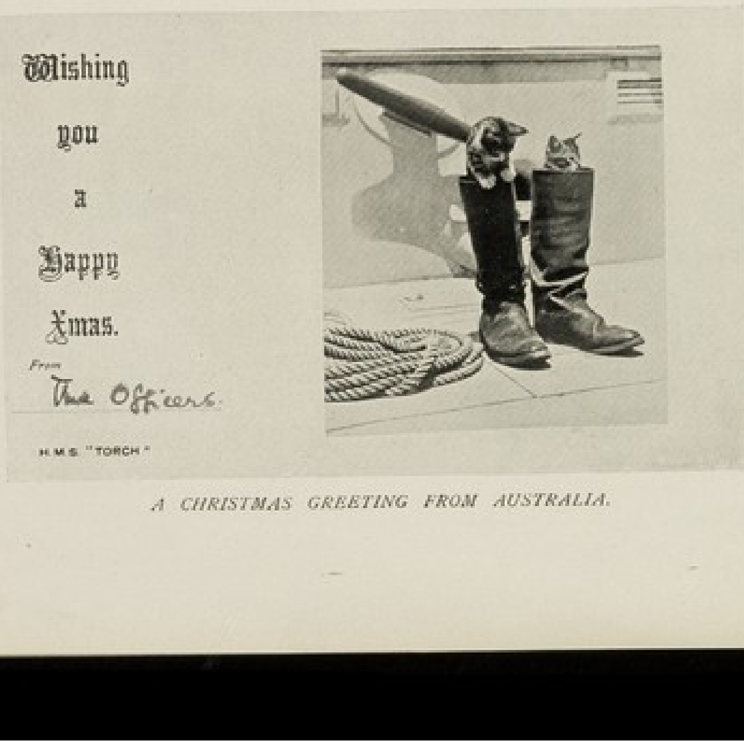
"ACTION FRONT"—IN REAL EARNEST.

PROBABLY no branch of the Service lends itself more perfectly to pictorial effect than does the Royal Artillery, and the photograph here reproduced is one of very great interest, for it is an actual battle scene. It represents the 10th Field Battery R.A., just returned to Woolwich after taking part in the campaign on the Indian North-West Frontier, actually in action at the Tanga Pass, Buner, just a year ago. The Buner country is adjacent to the Swat Valley, and is the birthplace of the Mad Mullah, the aged fanatic whose recent rising, happily quelled at the outset, gave serious promise of fresh frontier trouble. The inhabitants are a very wild and warlike race, and their country is anything but a pattern one for troops, more especially for gunners, who have other matters to carry along with them besides their own selves and small arms. But in this latter connection it is particularly interesting to note that, in spite of the nature of the ground, the Frontier operations of 1897-98 were an astonishing revelation of the value of Field Artillery in circumstances in which some years ago its employment would have been thought to be greatly restricted, if not utterly out of the question. Time after time field batteries were freely sent out in cases in which formerly Mountain Artillery would have been deemed absolutely necessary, and with the happiest results. For while the moral effect of the little mountain gun is undoubtedly excellent, it cannot, of course, compare with that of the 12-pounder, which, especially with shrapnel, is, as we all know, a very formidable weapon indeed, and makes even the most stiff-necked and reckless of frontier tribesmen extremely chary of coming under its immediate notice. It need scarcely be added that this extra efficiency is only attained at the cost of great exertion on the part of gunners, drivers, and horses, since a field battery, marvellously mobile as it is, can only tackle mountain warfare if everything connected with it is in the most perfect state and the men manning it are animated by the best possible spirit. The 10th Field Battery, it may be remarked, is an excellent type of that corps which, as Kipling declares, is "first among the women, and amazin' first in war." It covered the infantry attack on the Tanga Pass, was in action for a period of close on five hours, and during that period expended close on 500 rounds of shrapnel. The very successful issue of the action was undoubtedly due in the largest measure to the accurate fire of the battery. The illustration is an excellent as well as a most interesting one, for it gives one a capital idea of the nature of the ground over which the troops had to operate—rock and boulder strewn scrub-covered hillside.



The Last Winner of the "Pollock" Medal.

IT is no small feather in a man's cap to pass first out of Woolwich, and this honour has been at the recent examination gained by the subject of our illustration, Cadet-Corporal Kenneth Essex Edgeworth. By so doing he wins the "Pollock" medal, which, as the proud legend on the reverse runs, is the "Pollock Prize. Royal Military Academy. Founded by the British inhabitants of Calcutta to commemorate the eminent services of Major-General Sir George Pollock, G.C.B., and awarded to the most distinguished cadet of the season." This medal, which commemorates the memory of the hero of the Afghan War of 1842, was originally given at the East India Company's Military College at Addiscombe to the most distinguished cadet of each term. When the East India Company's service was merged in the Queen's and the Addiscombe College was abolished, the gift was transferred to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. In addition, Lieutenant Edgeworth, Royal Engineers, as he now becomes, won the mathematical prize and that for chemistry and physics. Mr. Edgeworth is an old Marlburian, where he won the "house scholarship" on entering and the senior mathematical scholarship the following year. His school may well be proud of him, and there is every prospect that in years to come the Army will be proud of him also.



A CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM AUSTRALIA.

ANOTHER Christmas card, this time from the

Australian station, and for it we tender our most hearty good wishes for the New Year to Commander H. Preedy and the officers of Her Majesty's good sloop "Torch," not forgetting the kittens, who, by the way, seem fairly happy in the berths they have taken up in Lieutenant Heathcote's sea-boots. Poor little "Gin and Bitters"—as they are named—their young life is dawning under the shade of war, for the cleat and its shadow on the superstructure behind them looks exactly like a torpedo awaiting discharge from a stern torpedo-tube, whereas its use is merely to belay a rope.



A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR THE EDITOR.

IT is a far cry from Prince Edward's Island, Canada, to the offices of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED in Tavistock Street, London, England, but the distance is easily and happily bridged by such kindly greetings as those which are carried by the accompanying Christmas card from the Charlottetown Engineers. We should add that the inside of the card contains Kipling's characteristic allusion to the work of the Sapper, and a pretty little picture of the quarters occupied by the Charlottetown corps. We note that the latter "comes of age" this year, and are well assured that the manhood thus attained will be a right vigorous one.

THIS interesting picture represents a very important incident in the closing chapter of the Cretan crisis, the surrender, namely, of their guns by the insurgents, a step insisted on by the Great Powers as a necessary preliminary to the declaration of an autonomous government. It is characteristic of the Cretan character that this somewhat distasteful proceeding should have been surrounded by some sort of joyous ceremonial. These insurgents, who for months have been the despair of united Europe, and who have exhibited from time to time every kind of lawless mood from sullen defiance to murderous fury, are here depicted marching merrily along, carrying a large picture of their new Governor, Prince George, and having small photographs of him even attached to the guns they are about to surrender at the Commandery. The photograph which we reproduce has several points of interest, among which may be noted the building nearly in the centre of the picture, which is the English hospital at Kaleppa. The procession is shown on its way to Canea, and is composed of about 800 Cretans. Before surrendering their guns to the admirals at the Canea Commandery, the insurgents "loosed off" more than 100 rounds per man; so it may be imagined that the proceedings were of a distinctly noisy description.

Not content with this demonstration, the insurgents kept up a succession of cheers for Prince George, for the four nations (Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy), and for Crete. The procession, it will be noted from the photograph, was headed by a band. This was supplied by the Russians, and after it came a military escort, about 100 strong, furnished by the aforesaid four nations.

Altogether a great function, and one which certainly deserves to have great results. In one sense it cannot fail to mark a very important change of situation, for there can be little question that the crisis throughout has been sharply accentuated by the fact that so many of the insurgents have been in possession of useful guns, and have been keen to use them on all sorts of inconvenient occasions.



LANDING IN CRETE OF PRINCE GEORGE.

THIS excellent photograph, which was taken at the moment when Prince George of Greece, the new Governor of Crete, first set foot on Cretan soil at Suda Bay, is of great historical interest. It represents, let us hope, not only the *finale* of a long series of international complications, exceedingly troublesome, frequently dangerous, and occasionally disastrous, but also the beginning of what promises to be an altogether brighter, fairer, and more sensible *régime*.

Personally, Prince George has much to recommend him for his new post, and officially he is so strongly backed by the Great Powers, that he can hardly fail if his rule is even moderately strong and impartial.

As for the Cretans, a good many harsh things have been said of them at various times, from the days of the Greek poet, quoted by St. Paul, who succinctly described them as habitual liars, vile beasts, and persons of "slow-bellied" disposition. But they have commonly had the excuse of labouring under very bad forms of government, and latterly under the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey their grievances have been accentuated by the most acute form of local rivalry and religious intolerance. Now that Mahomedan misrule and a



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

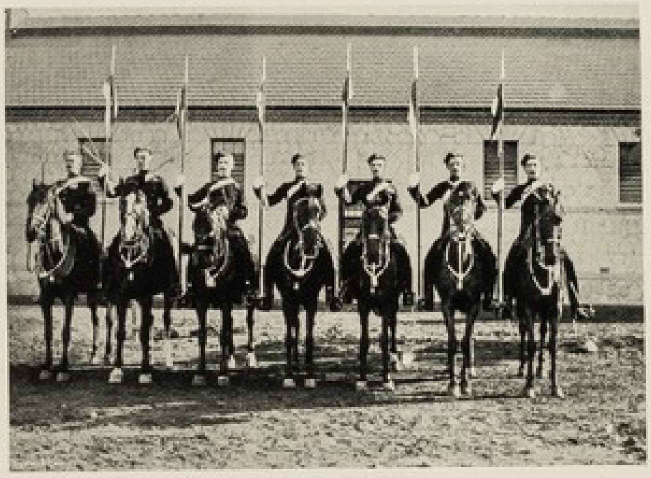
CRETAN INSURGENTS SURRENDERING THEIR GUNS.

not very brilliant interregnum of international interference have given way to autonomy and the governorship of a popular and neutral-minded Prince, we may surely hope that the reign of disorder, varied by massacre, has terminated in Crete, and that the island will gradually lose the evil prominence it has attained during the last year in the world's politics. Reverting to our picture, we are informed by our correspondent at Canea that Prince George arrived at Suda Bay in the French cruiser "Bugeaud," which is seen in the background flying the "Autonomous" flag. As the Prince landed he was saluted by the assembled admirals, the foremost being the French admiral, Pottier, and after him the Italian admiral, Bertholo, and the Russian admiral, Sgridlof. Then comes Rear-Admiral, now Sir Gerard, Noel, K.C.M.G., our own gallant and vigorous representative, to whom, more than to the entire concert of Europe, was due the credit of finally making the Cretans "sit up" and listen to the strong voice of armed authority.



PRESENTATION PARADE AT CAIRO.

IN the accompanying illustrations we have a remarkably interesting example of the presentation of a reward to an extremely deserving and, we may be certain, most popular recipient. The reward in question is the Decoration of the Royal Red Cross, which was presented, at a full military parade at Cairo, to Miss Amy Florence Grist, of the Army Nursing Service, "in recognition of her services in tending the sick and wounded in Egypt, in connection with the recent operations in the Soudan." The parade at which the Decoration of the Royal Red Cross was presented to her was a very special one, held at Abbasiyeh on December 20, and at it several D.S.O.'s were also presented by Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Grenfell after the troops had been inspected, marched past, and formed into the usual three sides of a square. A notable recipient of this latter important decoration was the Rev. Robert Brindle, Chaplain to the Forces, who, it will be remembered, officiated on the occasion of the Memorial Service for General Gordon at Khartoum, after the battle of Omdurman. The parade was rendered additionally interesting from the fact that it took place almost immediately before the departure of General Sir Francis Grenfell prior to his taking over the Governorship of Malta. General Grenfell, whose escort, composed of men of the Empress of India's 21st Lancers, is shown in another picture, is so well known to all readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED that it is quite superfluous to expatiate here upon his notable and brilliantly-varied career. On leaving Egypt Sir Francis Grenfell gave over his command temporarily to Major-General Lane commanding the garrison of Alexandria, and he has since been substantively succeeded by Major-General the Hon. Reginald Talbot, late commanding the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. As a cavalry leader of great distinction General Talbot will doubtless be very pleased to have under his immediate and constant supervision such a fine regiment as the 21st Lancers, of whose smartness and solid efficiency the troopers of General Grenfell's escort are happily typical.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL'S ESCORT.

OUR portrait of Lewis Bey, otherwise Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel D. F. Lewis, C.B., a regimental major of the Cheshires (the old 22nd), and "specially employed" in Egypt, is the portrait of an officer who has achieved extraordinary distinction by the purest merit. Colonel Lewis first came to the front in the Dongola Campaign of 1896, in which he commanded the 1st Egyptian Brigade. After the expedition had accomplished its object, Major Lewis, who had been given a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy for his services, was appointed Commandant of Dongola, and in the Nile Expedition of 1897-98, including the Atbara and Omdurman operations, he was transferred to the command of the 3rd Egyptian Brigade. Throughout the battle of Omdurman, Lewis's Brigade was on the immediate left of Macdonald's, and, during the tremendous Dervish onslaught on Macdonald's Soudanese, Lewis's Brigade formed at right angles to Macdonald's. Of Colonel Lewis personally, Mr. Steevens, the well-known war correspondent, says that he is one of the most popular officers in the Egyptian or any other army, and that his talents and abounding vitality would have led him to distinction in any career. For his services at the Atbara and Omdurman, Colonel Lewis, who is affectionately known as "Taffy," received the C.B. But his achievements did not end with the recapture of Khartoum. Having been detached to follow up the last of the Mahdist leaders, the Emir Ahmed Fedil, Colonel Lewis hunted him in the jungles which fringe the banks of the Blue Nile, until, on Boxing Day, he caught and crushed him, killing 500 of his Dervishes, and taking 1,500 prisoners. The fact that he won this important victory with a single Soudanese battalion, and a comparatively small force of irregulars, adds lustre to this smart piece of work on the part of an officer who, while he has three times commanded a brigade in action, and fought an important battle "off his own bat," is still only a regimental major of the fine old 22nd, a fact of which both he and they are doubtless proud.



Photo. Lekegian & Co.

LEWIS BEY.

Ship and Shore.

THE civilian who comes across the Reservist or discharged soldier in private life commonly fails to realise what a much-travelled individual the average Army man is in these days of colonial expansion.

Next to a campaign the greatest break in the monotony of a military career is a change of stations involving a journey by sea. The increased garrisons in South Africa have expanded the opportunities enjoyed by the British Army in this direction, and one can well imagine that by many of all ranks the voyage from Bombay to Durban, or from Durban to Southampton, or *vice versâ*, is preferred to that between England and India, with the Red Sea as a half-way reminder of what discomfort can be produced by simple unadulterated heat.

The lively set of photographs we reproduce herewith were taken in connection with the recent voyage of the transport "Simla" round the Cape of Good Hope, and give a capital idea of some of the striking incidents which occur when troops have to be embarked or disembarked in "surfy" waters. The "Simla," it may be mentioned, embarked the 18th Hussars at Bombay, disembarked them at Durban, took up the 7th Hussars, and carried the latter on first to Cape Town and then to Southampton.

Our first two pictures show the curious method of disembarkation adopted at Durban. It will be seen that the men were transferred from the ship into the tug and surf-boats by means of a basket swung round by a crane. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for these photographs says that the sea grew very rough during the performance, and that to get all the men out of the trooper with the one available basket was a very tedious process. Meanwhile some of those who had been transhipped early were over five hours in the dancing tug and surf-boats. There is reason to believe that a touch of sea-sickness here and there enlivened the proceedings.

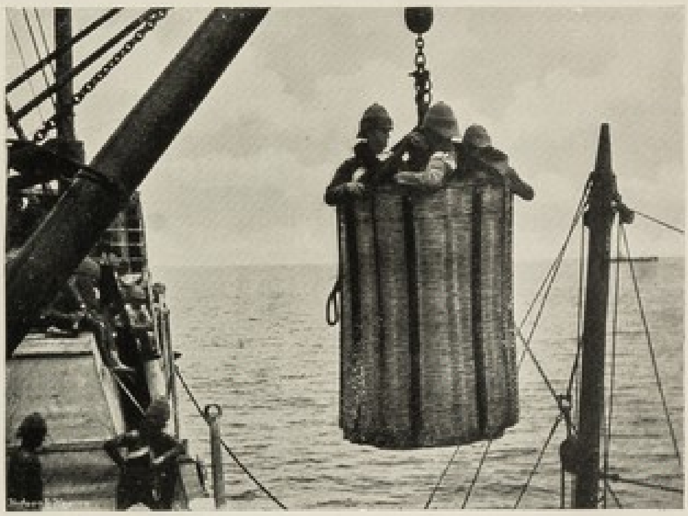
The picture which shows a basketful of the 18th Hussars being lowered into the tug is finely suggestive of a number of pleasant reflections. Who, for example, on meeting one of these gallant fellows, say, at Aldershot, in all the bravery of full dress and clanking sword and rattling spurs would picture him hanging between sky and sea in a basket? One wonders, too, what the old folks at home must think when they get letters describing these sort of experiences from youngsters on foreign service. It is possible that in the past a good many of these yarns have been regarded with severe suspicion as mere "travellers' tales." In this direction the pictorial records furnished by the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have a high moral value, by proving, for example, that "our Jack," or Tom, or Harry, as the case may be, is really sometimes sent ashore very much as if he were a sack of potatoes, and that he has not been writing taradiddles home with the unworthy object of obtaining what the "Dandy Fifth" Lancer calls a P, Ho, Ho.

An excellent complement to the disembarkation pictures is furnished by the four in which the embarkation of the 7th Hussars for England is capitally illustrated. In one of these we see the men pressing into the surf-boats with that light-hearted alacrity which is typical of the British soldier, especially when his nose is turned in the right direction—that of "home, sweet home."

The boats themselves do not look particularly comfortable craft, and, judging from the lumpy condition of the sea, some of those cheery faces assumed a wholly different expression before the more staple deck of the big "Simla" was reached. On the further boat "forrard" will be noted the travelling basket, with the use of which we have already become acquainted. For the benefit of those to whom all that relates to the sea is as a sealed book, it may be remarked that those wormy festoons hanging over the sides of the boats are merely "fend-offs" made of rope and yarn, which are used to break the



18th *HUSSARS DISEMBARKING AT DURBAN.*



'TWIXT SKY AND SEA.

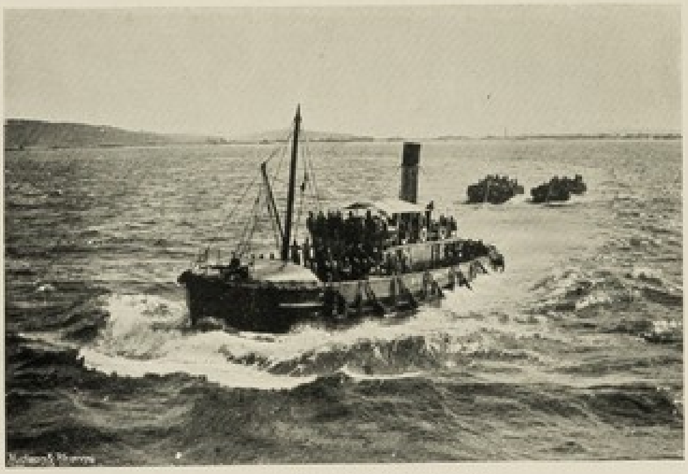


From Photos. By a Military Correspondent

7th *HUSSARS EMBARKING ON SURF-BOATS.*

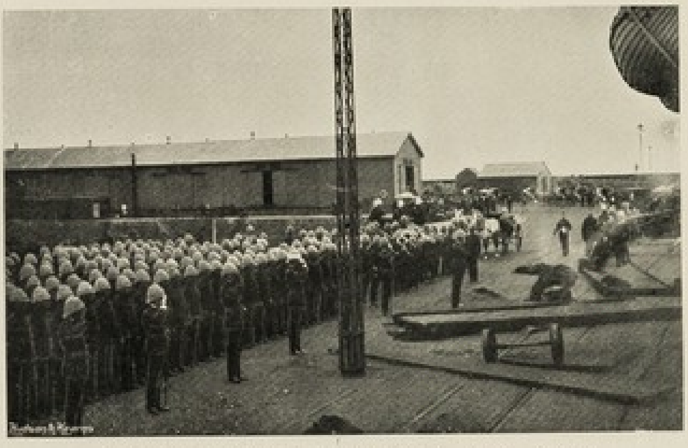
force of the impact of a boat with another boat, or ship, or landing-stage, when coming alongside.

A bright, lively picture is that which shows the tug with surf-boats in tow on the way to the troop-ship. There are those who regard a trip on a tug in a choppy sea as representing the very acme of discomfort to which a life on the ocean wave can possibly attain. Yet probably if a plebiscite were taken of our readers, a good majority would vote in favour of a tug as against a surf-boat towed by a tug. And we make bold to say that in the little trip here illustrated not a few of the gallant 7th were forcibly reminded of the "bumpity-bump-bump" of their early riding school days, their only consolation being that here there was no riding-master present to vilify them for getting green in the face, and wanting to dismount, without orders.



ON THE WAY TO THE TROOPER.

Between Durban and Cape Town a rather exciting incident occurred on board the "Simla." During the night of October 30 the sentry on the poop rushed to the captain of the ship with the alarming intelligence that the ship was on fire, and that the flames were actually breaking out of the stern. Even the bravest and coolest sailor afloat has a wholesome horror of a fire at sea. Perhaps, indeed, he fears it more than an inexperienced landsman does, because he knows what horrible possibilities it involves. One can imagine then that the captain was for the moment considerably perturbed by the sentry's explicit statement. Of course the ship was stopped, and, equally of course, many of the passengers, missing the regular throbbing of the screw, turned out to see what was the matter. Happily the trouble was soon explained. It was a very rough night, and a heavy sea had unshipped the stern life-buoy, which hangs over the side of the vessel ready to be released by a cord in case of a man falling overboard. Should the cry "Man overboard!" be raised, it is the duty of the sentry on the poop to pull the cord which releases the stern life-buoy. By an ingenious arrangement a blue light apparatus attached to the buoy is automatically ignited, and being unextinguishable by water, the light indicates at night-time the whereabouts of the buoy both to the drowning man and to the ship. In this case the sentry, looking over the side of the ship, suddenly saw a blue light burst out under his nose, and concluded that the ship was on fire.



INSPECTION OF 7th HUSSARS AT CAPE TOWN.

At Cape Town a surprise of another sort awaited the 7th Hussars, and here again all was well that ended well. The times were, as of course we all remember, very anxious times, owing to a certain difference of opinion concerning a miserable little mud settlement on the banks of the Upper Nile. That difference of opinion was such a real one, and involved such very large issues, that the transport officer in charge of the 7th Hussars was informed by the admiral in command of the South African station that, without orders from home, he must not leave Cape Town, for fear of war with France! Of course the necessary order arrived, and the 7th Hussars are now comfortably bestowed in English barracks instead of remaining at the Cape, or—possibly—languishing in French prisons. But the incident is interesting as showing how many slips 'twixt cup and lip there are in the life of a soldier, and how even, to use a racing term, "in the straight for home" he may meet with an accident, perhaps a whole chapter of accidents, calculated to make England seem nearly as far off as the moon when looked at through the wrong end of a telescope.

Final scenes before leaving the Cape are depicted in the two closing illustrations of this excellent series. The 7th Hussars, it will be remembered, did splendid service in South Africa, especially in connection with the suppression of the Matabele rising, and well deserved the honour done them in a farewell speech by the Acting High Commissioner and Governor. The regiment was also inspected prior to final embarkation by Colonel Morgan Crofton, D.S.O., temporarily in command of the troops in South Africa. The glimpse we get of the corps drawn up for inspection at the docks is sufficient to show us that the men have that "set" look which comes from service alone, and which no amount of work in home quarters can give.

The weather on the homeward voyage was so rough that the "Simla" was three days late in getting to Southampton, yet our correspondent cheerfully describes the voyage as "on the whole a very pleasant one."



From Photos. *ABOUT TO EMBARK.* By a Military Correspondent.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

We are glad to learn that our Diary of Naval and Military events is appreciated by our readers. There seems to be a very general wish, however, that, instead of giving a diary for the current week, we should give it for the week to come. This week, therefore, we are giving two instalments, and hereafter will conform to the new arrangement.

JANUARY 13, 1797.—Action between the 44-gun frigate "Indefatigable," Captain Sir Edward Pellew, and 36-gun frigate "Amazon," Captain R. C. Reynolds, with the French 74-gun ship "Droits de l'Homme," Commodore La Crosse, off the coast of Brittany, fought in a storm, with the sea running so high that the people on the main deck of the frigates were at times up to their waists in water. After the battle, both the French ship and the "Amazon" were wrecked, the action taking place close in shore.

January 14, 1676.—Destruction of four Tripoline men-of-war in the harbour of Tripoli, in a night attack by the boats of Sir John Narborough's squadron, led by Lieutenant Cloudesley Shovell.

January 15, 1815.—Capture of the 44-gun frigate "President," Commodore S. Decatur, by the British 40-gun frigate "Endymion." The "Endymion" was one of a squadron cruising off Sandy Hook, and sighted and chased the "President" single-handed, engaging her for upwards of ten hours.

January 16, 1780.—Rodney, off Cape St. Vincent, on the way to effect the relief of Gibraltar, with 21 ships of the line, met a Spanish squadron, under Admiral Langara, comprising 11 ships of the line, with two frigates. The action, a running fight, took place at night, in squally weather, and resulted in the capture of six of the Spaniards, while one blew up.

January 17, 1783.—Cutting out of a French armed schooner, the "Eclair," under three heavy batteries in Guadaloupe, by the boats of the British gun-ship "Daphne," 18-gun sloops "Cyane" and "Hornet," and the schooner "Garland."

January 18, 1783.—Action between the British "Argo," 44, and French "Concorde," 40, and "Nymph," 40. The "Argo" fought for two hours and then had to yield, but was retaken two days later by the "Invincible."

January 19, 1839.—Aden taken possession of by the "Volage" and troops.

January 20, 1814.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Iphigenie," by the "Venerable," 74. The French ship's consort, the "Alcmene," had been taken by the "Venerable" four days previously. The "Iphigenie" then escaped, but was chased by the British "Cyane," 22, and "Jason," brig, who kept touch with her until the "Venerable" again came on the scene.

January 21, 1807.—Capture of the French 16-gun ship "Lynx," by the boats of the 32-gun ship "Galatea," Captain George Sayer, off the Caraccas. The "Lynx" was escaping by her sweeps, when the "Galatea's" boats dashed after her, and after two attempts to board finally carried her. The boats in chase were seven hours pulling under a burning sun, and lost nine killed and twenty-two wounded in the attack.

January 22, 1809.—Capture of French 40-gun frigate "Topaze," by the British 28-gun frigate "Jason," 32-gun frigate "Cleopatra," and 18-gun sloop "Hazard." Our three ships, coming from different quarters, cut the "Topaze" off. The "Cleopatra" got up with the enemy first, and after an hour's action the "Topaze" surrendered on the other two ships coming up.

January 23, 1761.—Recapture of the 60-gun ship "Warwick," by the 32-gun frigate "Minerva," Captain Alexander Hood. The "Warwick" was armed *en flute*, and the action lasted on and off for six hours.

January 24, 1761.—Action between the 32-gun frigates "Richmond" and "Félicité," off the coast of Flanders. Both vessels went ashore during the battle, but continued to fight until the tide floated the "Richmond" off, on which the "Félicité" was abandoned by her crew, taken possession of by us, and burnt.

January 25, 1782.—Skirmish between Sir Samuel Hood, with 22 sail of the line, and the Comte de Grasse, with 29 sail of the line, off St. Kitts. Hood drew de Grasse from his anchorage in Basse Terre Roads, where the French had blockaded a British force on shore, outmanœuvred him, and got possession of the anchorage, but the British troops on shore had to surrender meanwhile, hard pressed by the strong force of troops de Grasse had landed.

January 26, 1782.—The Comte de Grasse, out-manœuvred, as just related, stood in and made two fierce attacks on Sir Samuel Hood's line at its anchorage in Basse Terre Roads, one in the morning, and one in the afternoon. Each attack was, however, beaten off with severe loss of men and some damage of ships to the French.

January 27, 1695.—Action off the Barbary Coast between the "Plymouth" and "Falmouth," Commodore James Killigrew and Captain Caleb Grantham, and the French 60-gun ship "Content" and 52-gun ship "Trident." Other British ships coming up the French surrendered. Commodore Killigrew was killed early in the action, while the "Plymouth," which got into action an hour ahead of the "Falmouth," was gallantly engaging close both French ships.

January 28, 1801.—Capture of the French 36-gun frigate "Dedaigneuse," off Cape Finisterre, by the British 36-gun frigates "Oiseau," "Sirius," and "Amethyst."

JANUARY 13, 1849.—Defeat of the Sikhs under Shere Sing by Lord Gough. The strength of the Sikhs was estimated at from 30,000 to 40,000 men. Their loss is not known, but it was heavy. Our army numbered about 25,000 men, and our loss was 2,338 killed, wounded, and missing.

January 14, 1812.—Capture, by surprise at night, of the San Francisco Convent, at Ciudad Rodrigo, by the 40th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Harcourt.

January 15, 1761.—Pondicherry, garrisoned by French troops and some native allies, surrendered to the British under Colonel—afterwards Sir—Eyre Coote. His troops consisted of the 1st Madras European Regiment, a Naval brigade, some of the Royal Marines, Madras Artillery, and some native corps.

January 16, 1885.—From 9,000 to 11,000 Dervishes suddenly attacked Sir Herbert Stewart at Abu Klea. Our loss was 168 killed and wounded. The enemy left 1,100 dead bodies near the square; besides, there were many corpses carried off, and a large number of Dervishes wounded. 1809.—Marshal Soult defeated by Sir John Moore, the latter falling in the action. The French had 17,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and fifty guns. The British had no cavalry, 14,500 infantry, and twelve guns. The British loss is computed at 800, the French loss has been put as high as 3,000; but these figures are probably exaggerated.

January 17, 1826.—Bhurtpore stormed by General Lord Combermere, after a siege of thirty-eight days. The enemy's commander was Doorjun Sal. Our strength was nearly 29,000 men, and our loss during the siege 1,050.

January 19, 1812.—Lord Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm. He had about 35,000 troops, including cavalry, available for the siege, but only about two-thirds of these were actually employed. The French garrison, which was commanded by General Barrie, numbered under 2,000 of all ranks, of whom 300 were killed or wounded, and 1,500 taken prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded was 1,200 during the siege.

January 22, 1760.—Colonel Eyre Coote won the battle of Wandewake from a large body of French European troops under Lally. 1879.—A British force, commanded by Colonel Durnford, R.E., and consisting of 78 men of the Royal Artillery, 450 of all ranks of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 24th Regiment, and some natives—the total being about 1,730 men—were annihilated, only a few isolated men escaping. The Zulu force numbered 10,000 men.

January 23, 1879.—Repulse of the Zulus at Rorke's Drift by Lieutenant Chard, R.E., who had under him a company of the 24th Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Bromhead, and a few details and sick men. The Zulus numbered 3,000 men, and, after more than twenty-four hours' severe fighting, withdrew at daybreak with a loss of 400 killed and many wounded.

January 27, 1793.—General Mathews assaulted and captured Hyderghur.

* * * *

THE career of the Adjutant-General of the Army, whose latest photograph we reproduce on our front page, is both so comprehensive and so familiar, even to the "man in the street," that any detailed recapitulation of it here would be as impracticable as it would be unnecessary. To details which have already appeared in these columns we need only add that Sir Evelyn Wood's leading characteristic—a useful and uncommon one—is many-sided excellence, and that his claim to have attained his present great position by sheer merit alone is so transparently good that no one has ever dreamed of disputing it. Starting life in the Navy, he has been since 1855 pre-eminently a fighting soldier, as his Victoria Cross and his record of war service amply suffice to show. But he has also been a diplomatist in South Africa, an organiser in Egypt—it was Evelyn Wood who raised the army that Kitchener led to Khartoum—a tactician at Aldershot, and an administrator in Pall Mall. In addition to these remarkable achievements he is a barrister, and a successful *littérateur* whose reminiscences of the Crimea have been as popular as his dissertations on cavalry have been instructive. As Adjutant-General to the Forces he controls an immense department, to which is assigned the supervision of Army discipline, training, clothing, recruiting, and various other heads. Born in 1838, he is still activity, industry, and alertness personified, and in any great national emergency the nation would turn to few, if any, of its commanders with greater confidence than to the sagacious, resourceful, and genuinely popular officer who, though his Army List initials are "H. E.," and he has been a knight these twenty years, is everywhere familiarly, and still respectfully, known as plain Evelyn Wood. *(See illustration on front page.)*

THE EDITOR.

A Century Too Soon.

An Inventor Whose Inventions have been "Reinvented" in Our Time.

By Major C. Field, R.M.L.I.

THE old adage that "There is nothing new under the sun" is very applicable to the weapons of to-day. Breech-loading guns, muskets, and even repeating weapons were used hundreds of years back, but their cost and the difficulty of turning them out in any quantity prevented their coming into general use. But the ideas were in the brains of inventors, as will be seen by a few extracts from an old work written in 1758, in which the author, John Robson, Engineer, sets forth several "Schemes and Inventions, to be Practised by Land or Sea against the Enemies of Great Britain." All are of his own proposing, and most have come into practical use within the latter years of the present century. Take, for instance, armour plating. John Robson suggested it for batteries 100 years ago. Armour was actually used on ship board long before Robson's day. The Knights of Malta had a lead-plated floating battery in 1530, and in the war in the Netherlands between the Dutch and Spaniards the former had an ironclad named the "Finis Belli," afterwards captured by the Spaniards and renamed in derision the "Caranjamunla," or "bogey." The "Ark of Delft" was another Dutch ironclad of this period. Robson proposes to protect the bases of his "metal forts" with a queer kind of concrete armour, made of "blocks of pebble stones run together with metal of old guns, or any cheap sort of cast iron," though he thinks that in some cases "small pebble stones run together with lead" would be preferable, "as splinters will rarely fly from this material, nor will a ball be deflected from it with so great a force as from cast iron." The fronts of the actual battery are to be of "cast iron, sufficiently strong to resist and break the heaviest cannon-balls; the iron to be well backed with masonry between the guns." The inventor is not at all sure about the thickness, having no opportunity for making experiments, but, "although no theory that I know of gives any light to this case, I will take it as a thing certain that less than 30-in. thickness of cast iron will long resist and break the heaviest balls." He proposes that the guns should be muzzle pivoted, to obviate the necessity for any but the smallest ports, and explains that he would wish them "to lie in their port-holes, something like a ball in a socket, that will turn any way and not make any opening. This is all the alteration I propose in the guns," he concludes, "except it hereafter be found practicable to make guns to be loaded at the breech, by a contrivance proper for that purpose." It should be said, too, that Robson's armour was to be sloped at 45-deg., "that balls may glance freely off." We have the same system in Gruson's cupola turrets, as used on the Continent, and in the sloping sides of the protective decks of men-of-war. This early inventor by no means confined his improvements to fortification; field guns, ships, and politics also claimed his attention. But before leaving this special branch of the subject, a very quaint definition of his deserves to be quoted. "The art of fortifying small places," he states, "is called fortillity, and the places so fortified are called fortlets, or fortins." The use of shields on field guns will soon probably be general. Robson anticipated this means of protecting their gunners. He says, "Let iron be fixed to the axle-tree of the carriage, of strength sufficient to support an iron bar 20-ft. in length" (this would have its inconvenient side in close country, one would think) "lying across, a little before the muzzle of the gun and about 6-ft. in height from the ground, on which to hang a mantlet, musket proof, with a small piece of mantlet to cover the mouth of the gun, which may be put aside when it is to be fired; the mantlet, extending about 8-ft. on each side the carriage, will cover the men that push the carriage forwards, as well as the musketeers that march with the cannon."



Robson's Armoured Fort.



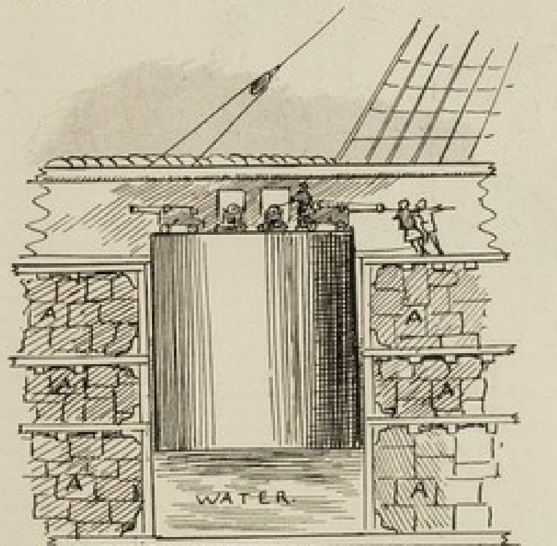
Robson's Method of "End-on" Fire.

As regards maritime warfare Robson has a great deal to say, from proposing outrigged rowlocks, such as are now used in racing-boats, to inflatable neck-bands to assist soldiers or sailors, when landed on an enemy's coast, in crossing a wet ditch in the assault on a fortress. The former are found in his proposed "reconnoitring boats," which were to be more swift and handy than any craft then extant. They were to have lowering centre-boards, to enable them to carry an exceptional amount of canvas, two fins aft, and a swinging weight in the stern sheets, which was supposed to increase speed by being swung violently against a padded "butt" placed at the height of the thwarts. The construction of floating batteries is a subject to which the author devotes considerable attention. He is very much in favour of "end on" fire, and wants to place his guns pointing forward, each tier some way further astern than the next lower one. He is not quite sure whether this arrangement would be a safe one for any of the gunners except those in the highest and aftermost battery; still, he says, "it may be imagined a man may stand safely 10-ft. or 12-ft. distance before a cannon, provided the crown of his head is about 2-ft. below the passing ball." He suggests that "a few experiments upon the head of a dog or other animal will clear the point, and fix exactly how near a man's head may be to the muzzle of a gun when fired and receive no uncommon harm."

For his floating batteries he proposes a cuirass of some non-inflammable material, quilted, and hung in several layers. "I cannot think at present," he writes, "of a better material for this purpose than the feathery part of quills, cut as long as may be not to spoil the quill. The tops of all sorts of quills are very strong; if a quilt were made of them it would be very strong. This material may be had cheap, it being generally thrown away as not fit for any service." Between the guns, at a little distance from the ship's side, are to be hung other thinner "quilts" to catch splinters, while lower decks are to be protected by a thick interior barricade of "bags of hog's hair, coarse, hairy, woollen rags, etc., which must all be wetted in time of action, for the better preventing of fire." The ports are to be automatically closed by shutters hauled up by the recoil of the guns. But perhaps his most remarkable invention is a prototype of the modern turret. A vessel is proposed, which is to be of small size, and is to be filled solid below the upper deck with cork or other light substance, except that amidships there is to be left a well which is "to contain a circular body to swim in it, upon which swimming body a proper number of 18-pounders are to be planted, suppose eight, which will be moved round at pleasure and fired through narrow embrasures in a good parapet fixed upon the vessel's deck; and the men stand safe behind the swimming battery, to load the guns under its cover at one side while the guns are firing on the opposite side toward the enemy." Here plainly is a circular revolving turret, or at least a turn-table, such as is now invariably used for the heavier nature of guns on board ship.

But not alone did the ingenious John Robson direct his

attention to the material and construction of our floating defences, for he was also at much pains to point out the object for which our Navy should be used. In short, he anticipated Captain Mahan in his demonstration of the absolute necessity there is for this nation to obtain and to keep the "command of the sea." He calls it "being masters at sea," which is practically one and the same thing. After describing a method of protecting troops engaged in a landing operation by means of "Rowling breastworks," he goes on to observe that "It does not require great penetration to perceive the vast advantage Britain has over all other nations by being masters at sea; I shall only give an instance in this one case. Let it be supposed the French, or any other nation, should attempt the methods here described, would they not run a great risk, and always be afraid of being surprised by our stronger squadrons? Can they lie upon the sea secure and pursue their operations as the Britons can? or can they, when they attack a place belonging to Britain with ships, promise themselves, with any degree of certainty, that they will not lose their ships and troops, and everything they bring before the place?" Again he refers to that Naval preponderance which he sees is so vital to his country, as follows: "I will not undertake to enumerate the advantages to the nation which is strongest at sea by putting the schemes here laid down into practice, and by being masters, not only of all the harbours in Europe, but in every other part where any advantage appears; and not only destroy the Naval power of France for the present, but limit that power to a certain number of ships of war for the time to come. This," he goes on to say, "would be a blessing to all Europe." Like many other Englishmen of to-day, he cherished a profound distrust of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, and so he explains his statement by alleging it as his opinion that "There have been few bloody wars in Europe amongst Christians in the two last centuries that have not either been begun or prolonged by the intrigues of France; therefore if Britain at this time (1758) will enter heartily upon destroying the Naval power of France, and the other Powers of Europe countenance the design to prevent France as far as possible from ever being any considerable maritime power for the future, this would certainly be the greatest good done to mankind by mortal men since the world began." He con-

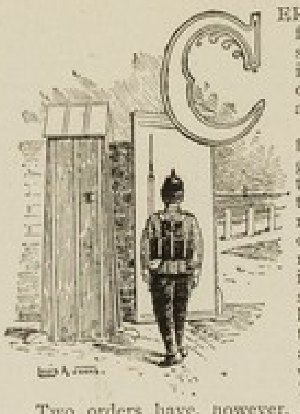


Turret of Robson's Floating Battery.

tinues his discourse by referring to "the restless spirit of the French nation," which results in "obliging nations to arm in their own defence," and concludes by stating that, "it being the British trade that chiefly supports and supplies the British power, therefore Britain ought always to look upon every encroachment upon her trade by a powerful rival as greatly dangerous, not only to her laws and constitution, liberty and property, but to her being a Kingdom." It is a well-worn saying that "History repeats itself," but might not several of John Robson's reflections have been culled from the columns of the London newspapers of a few months back?

Locked Out.

By Lieutenant D. Dallas.



CERTAINLY it was Green's fault all through. Green stoutly denies this, and is inclined to lay the blame on my shoulders, which is absurd.

Gibraltar has always been noted for the stringency of its regulations, though some which at one time were found absolutely necessary for the well-being of the garrison have been rescinded or allowed to fall into desuetude. For instance, fishermen are no longer compelled to take all their fish to the Governor, and the restrictions against women beating soldiers have been removed.

Two orders have, however, existed since the intrepid Captain Jumper did justice to his patronymic by springing on the bastion which bears his name, and will probably exist until the last grand réveille sounds. The first is that all gates shall be closed and draw-bridges drawn up at first evening gunfire. The second is that, as the western beach is the high road into Spain, officers are forbidden to canter their horses thereon, such a practice being dangerous, and likely to cause a rupture of the good relations which it is so desirable should be maintained with the inhabitants; a sentiment with which every right-minded person must cordially agree.

Neither Green nor I had the slightest idea of contravening these regulations. From sad experience I was aware that cantering on the beach was fraught with very considerable danger—to the rider. Neither had we any overpowering desire to make the acquaintance of the Alcalde of San Roque.

Señor Don Silvero Peños y Romero is a decent sort of fellow, notwithstanding his unwieldy name and his lofty notions of his importance as a grandee of Spain. We had met him at Ronda, and he had given us a standing invitation to shoot over his grounds, which lay a mile or two beyond Algeciras, whenever we felt inclined. We had started early on the day of our adventure, had a fair morning's sport, and had returned to Casa Peños to lunch, and here was forged the first link in the chain of our misfortunes. Among the possessions of Don Silvero is some excellent Manzanilla—exceptionally excellent Manzanilla. We had converted quite a respectable number of the long-necked bottles into defunct marines, when it dawned on me that the sun was getting well towards the west.

"I say, old chap, it is time we were getting on the road," I remarked to Green, rising to my feet.

"Surely, señores, there is yet plenty of time before you need depart," said the Don, with a persuasive smile.

"What the deuce and all of a worry you are, Johnston," growled Green, irreverently.

"You know we must get back in good time," I said, with some impatience. "Don Silvero will, I am sure, excuse us."

The Don bowed with the sweeping grace befitting so exalted an individual.

"We will 'ave what you call 'eem—steerup-cup—dooch-in-thores." His idea was excellent, though his Gaelic, doubtless reminiscent of the hospitality of some Scotch regiment, was defective.

Such an invitation, conveyed in such a way, was not to be refused. We *had* a stirrup-cup, and bidding adios to our host, presently found ourselves trotting briskly through the cobbled streets of Algeciras on to the western beach. I had some difficulty in restraining Green from putting spurs to his mount, for he was now as anxious to push on as he was previously averse to starting. Presently he broke into a smart canter. I shouted to him warningly, but he took no notice, and I was perforce compelled to follow his example. Just here a number of ropes attached to fishing boats were stretched across the beach about a couple of feet from the ground, and looking up after negotiating them, I was just in time to see Green charge a donkey laden with two immense panniers surmounted by an extremely fat old woman. In an instant Green and the fat old lady, the donkey and the panniers, bread, cabbages, old rags, tobacco, and numerous other articles of a miscellaneous nature, were jumbled together in hopeless confusion, while Green's horse, in placid defiance of all regulations to the contrary, continued cantering towards Gibraltar.

Green's knowledge of Spanish is rudimentary, a fact of which he is oblivious. But had he acquired it in Seville University, he would still have been no match for the volubility of the ancient dame. She was ruined, her borrico was killed, and she personally was injured beyond the power of science to aid her. She called the saints to witness her deplorable condition.

I had more than a suspicion that the catastrophe was due to a carefully-calculated scheme, and pointed out to her in her own language that her donkey looked fairly well for a dead one, and, as regarded herself, that whatever part of her anatomy was injured it was certainly not her tongue, finally offering her half-a-crown in palliation of her woes.

My logic was succeeding, when the negotiations were broken off by the arrival of Green's horse, escorted by a select contingent of the *oi polloi* of Linea, vociferous in their claims for reward. The clamour was deafening, accentuated at intervals by the shrill demands of the lady, afraid of losing her share of the spoil. The crowd was becoming decidedly aggressive, when an additional factor was introduced into the situation by the arrival on the scene of two of the cocked-hatted and yellow-belted gentry yclept Guardia Civil. I was never more impressed with the majesty of the law than by the calm, dignified manner in which these two individuals waved the shrieking crowd aside, and, taking hold of our bridles, led our horses in the direction of Campamento. I was congratulating myself on the fact that the Civil Guard had evidently a proper appreciation of what was due to us as English officers, when my feelings received a rude shock. On reaching the village, instead of turning to the right, which is the way to the fortress, they took the opposite direction.

"Puñetta! hombres! Where the devil are you taking us to?" I demanded in Spanish.

The man who was leading my horse turned his head. "San Roque," he said, laconically.

"San Roque!" I cried in astonishment. "What the deuce should we do at San Roque?"

The man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and trudged leisurely on.

The situation was interesting to an outsider. In front stalked the two Civil Guards, with their hands on our bridles, and their long rifles over their shoulders. Behind was an evil-smelling crowd of Spanish tatterdemalions. Green kept up a stream of picturesque invective against the Spanish as a nation and our own following in particular. As we climbed the hill into San Roque, frowsy women and dirty half-naked children attached themselves to the procession.



"The situation was interesting to an outsider."

"I demand to see the Alcalde at once," I said, sternly, to the man leading my horse, as we crossed the plaza. To my surprise he answered, "Si, señor," and, leading up to a tavern door, he calmly passed my rein to his comrade and went inside. Presently an elderly man, muffled in a great blue cloak, stood in the doorway and looked us over. On his appearance the rabble broke out into a Babel of accusations against us. It was impossible to more than grasp the substance, which was that we were murderers, robbers, and possessed of numerous other undesirable attributes.

The elderly gentleman removed his large cigar from his mouth and waved it gracefully in the air.

"Diez duros cada uno!" (ten dollars each) he remarked, as if we had been put up to auction and he were bidding for us.

"What is the meaning of this?" I said, dismounting. "Where is the Alcalde?"

The elderly gentleman raised his eyebrows as if in surprise, and laid his hand on his heart with a magnificent gesture.

"*I* am the Alcalde!"

"Indeed! Then perhaps you will explain the meaning of this outrage. I can assure you that the British Government will demand the fullest satisfaction——"

He cut me short with a wave of the hand.

"Diez duros cada uno!"

"I say, what—what the dickens does he mean?" queried Green, in amazement. "I say, hombre, señor, caballero, what's your name, this sort of thing won't do, you know. We are British officers, and friends of Don Silvero Romero—and——"

As Green's eloquence was couched in his native English, I hardly expected that it would have much effect on our Spanish friend. But strange things happen sometimes. The Alcalde turned to me sharply:

"What does your friend say regarding Don Silvero Romero?" he demanded.

"Only that Don Silvero will know how to exact satisfaction for this outrage on his friends," I replied, pricking up my ears.

The old man's manner changed miraculously:

"Come within, señores," he murmured obsequiously, and, turning to the Civil Guards, dismissed them with a few terse sentences which boded ill for their comfort in the immediate future.

I tried to elicit the nature of our offence, but the Alcalde waved away the question, and was altogether so civil that it was with difficulty we managed to get away from him. When at last we departed, his protestations of undying friendship were almost convincing.

As we crossed the neutral ground, I suddenly recollected that it was long past gunfire, and that we were consequently locked out. We looked at each other in blank dismay, for being locked out of the fortress is a serious offence.

"We will have to report ourselves to the officer of the North Front Guard, at any rate," I said. "Then we must just take what comes."

"Hillo! Johnston," said the officer of the guard, jovially; "had a good day?"

"By Jove! Good day?" jerked out Green, sarcastically. "Have had enough to last us for some time. And then this beastly thing to happen!"

The man on guard raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Being locked out, of course, he means," I said, shortly.

The other looked puzzled for a moment, and then a shadow of a smile crept over his face.

"Oh! ah! yes, of course! Beastly nuisance, isn't it?" It might be amusing to him, but it would have been in better taste not to have shown it.

"Better let a man take your horses—there's a spare stable down below with some straw in it—and come inside and make yourselves as comfortable as circumstances will admit of"; which advice was sound.

"You will have to put this business in your 'guard report'?" I remarked, feelingly.

"Um—ye-es—I suppose so," and again there was that annoying flitter of a smile.

We spent a very miserable evening—that is, Green and I did; the other man seemed to enjoy our discomfiture. Green suggested to me, surreptitiously, that we might swim round in the dark; but I pointed out that parading the town "mid nodings on" would hardly help our case when it came before the general. Besides which, the whole thing would be in the guard report, and breaking into the fortress would probably be considered a more serious offence than being locked out.

Green and I were sitting pulling viciously at our pipes, when Jackson returned from visiting his sentries at eleven o'clock.

"What, still here, you fellows?" he cried, in affected astonishment. "Don't you intend to go home to-night?"

I felt I could have strangled him with great pleasure.

"I only hope you may get locked out yourself some day," said Green, savagely.

"Locked out? My dear fellow, what can you be talking about? You don't mean to say you thought you were locked out? See what comes of not reading 'fortress orders.' *The gates have not been closed.* There is a charity concert, or something, on to-night, and they won't be closed till it is over."

In Modern Malta.

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

MALTA, as all readers of the Navy and Army Illustrated must be aware, is the headquarters of the Navy in the Mediterranean; the centre of civilisation, the meeting-place ot friends, the temporary home of many a wife whose husband is serving in the fleet. And a very gay and pleasant spot it is during the winter months, when the opera is in full swing, and the officers come trooping on shore after mess, all in their mess-jackets and gold-laced trousers, and congregate in the body of the handsome opera house, where they usually find everyone they have ever known, and walk round to greet their fair acquaintances between the acts.



SIGNALLING FROM CASTILLE STATION.

In the snug but commodious harbour no ship is more than a mere biscuit shot from the shore. Every mess has its own hired boatman, who, for a weekly remuneration, runs to and fro at all hours of the day or night.

Modern Malta is, in fact, simply a Naval and Military station, and its existence would scarcely be noticed otherwise, for it has few natural attractions, being a stony-hearted place, consisting chiefly of what Jack calls "holy stones," so that



THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND HARBOUR.



THE FLEET IN THE GRAND HARBOUR.

residents who aspire to keeping pretty gardens have frequently imported soil for the purpose. Oranges, however, as everyone knows, flourish exceedingly, and excellent they are.

The island has a certain interest attaching to it of old, from having been the scene ot St. Paul's shipwreck, after his captain had lost his reckoning in a breeze, and described that course, with the curious loop in it, which is familiar to us in Bible maps. You may walk or drive across any day to St. Paul's Bay, where he landed The island is admirably adapted for a Naval station by reason of the several harbours, of which Grand Harbour is the principal; and it is interesting to look down upon it from the Naval signal station, or other point of vantage, and note the huge ironclads swinging to their moorings and the ramifications of Dockyard and Hospital creeks.

The dockyard has been immensely extended and improved in recent years, a huge dock having been built and plant erected for the repair of the heaviest machinery, etc.

One of the illustrations I send you shows a man signalling from Castille Station across the harbour. This is a very common incident at Malta, as the distances, though small, are usually across some creek or harbour, and there are countless convenient eminences for the purpose.

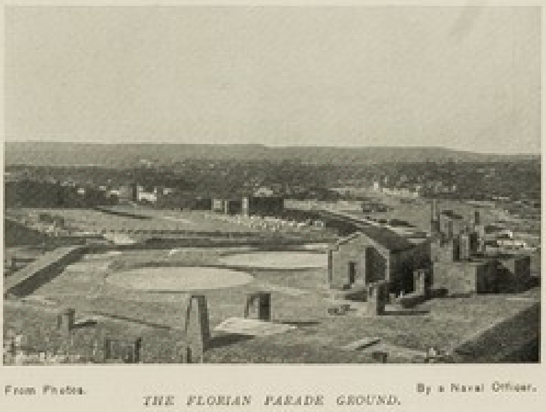
In another we are looking down upon some of the fleet—to wit, the "Hawke," "Dido," "Hood," "Ramillies," and "Royal Sovereign"—in the Grand Harbour, obtaining a capital idea of its shape and extent.

One can, in fact, look down upon the harbours from so many different points that a map might almost be drawn from observation.

The entrance to the Grand Harbour is well shown in another picture, with the forts on either side; curious combinations of ancient and modern strongholds, with the queer pepper-box sort of arrangements at the angles, a near relation of which, probably dating from Venetian times, is shown in another picture I have enclosed. Note the quaint eye and ear carved over the openings; builders had much more humour in those days than they have now.

Merchant vessels are not permitted to run wild within the sacred precincts of the Grand Harbour; they have their place allotted to them on the right as they enter, and here you see them closely packed, their anchors being let go as they get abreast their berths, and their sterns hauled into the wharves with hawsers, so that they all lie parallel to each other, their bows pointing across the harbour, "tramps" all; and at certain seasons every one which arrives from the eastward is laden with grain from the Danube. The officer of the guard, whose duty it is to board every vessel which arrives, has a merry time at Malta during his tenure of office; the signalman's knuckles play a constant tattoo on his cabin door all night—"Steamer coming in, sir," and then he murmurs sundry blessings on that steamer.

In another picture we are looking down on Florian parade ground, a good place for a function, only that the men's feet make such a noise on the gravelly surface as they march that they have great difficulty in hearing the words of command. It was here that the Indian troops were paraded when they came over during the Russian war

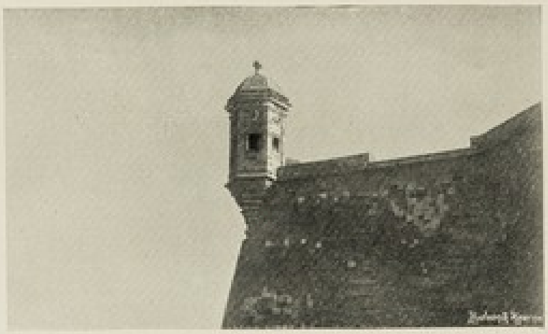


From Photos. *THE FLORIAN PARADE GROUND.* By a Naval Officer.

scare of 1878; and here also soldiers or sailors may sometimes be seen playing cricket—shade of Lillywhite!—on an asphalte pitch, and fielding out on a roughish stony surface. Then there is Sleema Bay, the residential suburb, which is yet another



From a Photo. *SLEEMA HARBOUR.* By a Naval Officer.



From a Photo. *AN OLD VENETIAN WATCH-TOWER.* By a Naval Officer.

harbour, where yachts are kept and regattas sometimes take place. One of my pictures shows a view of this bay from an eminence, and, as is usual, evidence is plentiful that it is washing day with some of the residents. Malta is not a pleasant abode in the hot weather, and many people then migrate to Sicily.

Opening the Scran-bag.

THERE is a very ancient and familiar institution on board men-of-war, which is known by the euphonious title of the "scran-bag." To what period it dates back it is not easy to tell offhand, but probably it was familiar to Nelson and to his predecessors by many a long year.

The useful office which it fills is that of a sort of pound for inanimate objects inadvertently left about the decks, and the chief priest of the scran-bag is the master-at-arms. The rule—and a very necessary one—on board ship is "a place for everything, and everything in its place"; and the scientific dictum that "dirt is matter in the wrong place" obviously goes hand in hand with this rule.

The scran-bag comes into play under varying circumstances, but it is most conspicuously in evidence at such times as the decks are being swept and garnished before "divisions"—that is, morning inspection of the men—especially on Sunday, or when the admiral is coming on board; also before the commander goes round at night.

In spite of the order and method which proverbially prevail afloat, there will always be individuals—for Blue-jackets are human—who have a capacity for carefully putting away all their belongings except some article, trifling or otherwise, which they leave out in full view on the mess-table or elsewhere. Now, it is a shocking and terrible thing for the commander, still more the captain, and, above all, the admiral, to behold a pair of trousers, or sea-boots, or any one of a thousand odds and ends which might be enumerated, lying about in this fashion; and consequently, while the sweepers and brass-polishers are giving the finishing touches, along comes the "mate of the deck," usually a sub-lieutenant, on the look-out for his lawful prey.

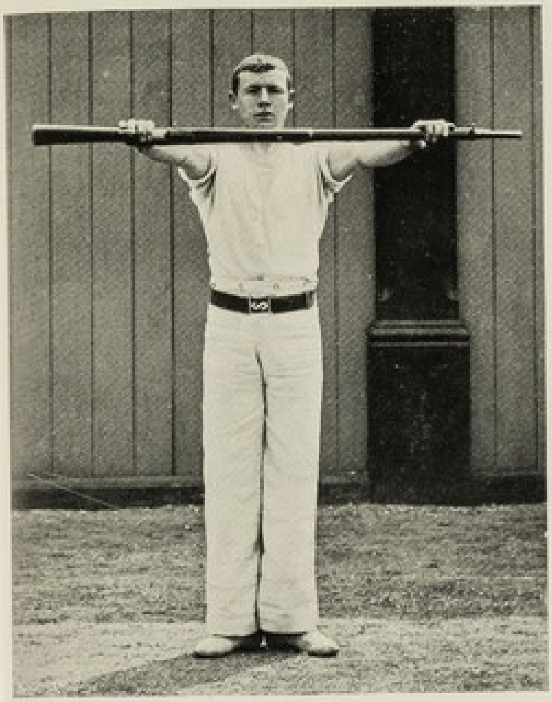
"What's this? Here—master-at-arms! Put it in the scran-bag!" And in it goes, whatever may be its size or shape. Nay, the junior officers do not escape, in case they leave anything out of their chests; the "mate of the flats," though he is a messmate, ruthlessly orders the confiscation of a cap, a spy-glass, or other object, and the scran-bag absorbs it in its capacious maw.



Photo, Reinhold Thiele. *AN UNUSUALLY LARGE HAUL.* Copyright.

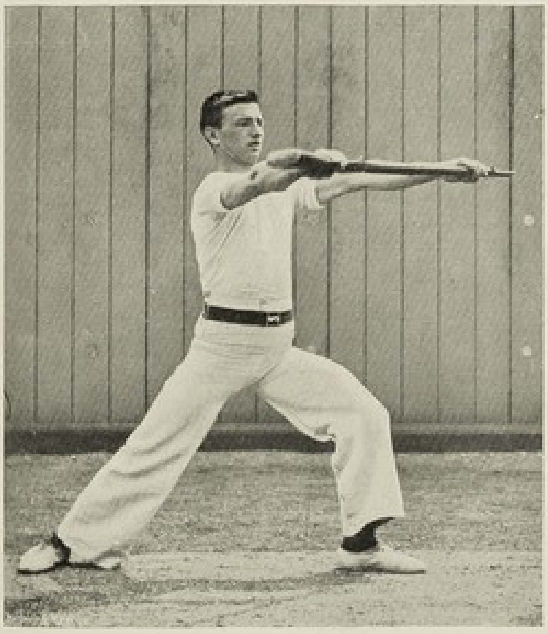
The confiscation, however, is not final, and property may be reclaimed upon payment of a fine, or, should there be no claimant, the article is put up for auction; the proceeds of fines or sales being devoted, in some cases, to the general good, and in others to provide extra paint or polish wherewith to beautify the ship.

Physical Drill with Rifle.



THIRD EXERCISE.

THE somewhat remarkable attitudes represented in these four illustrations do not belong to the rifle exercises, but rather to those modern gymnastic methods of which Mr. Sandow is one of the leading exponents, and which have for their object the development of the muscles, the expansion

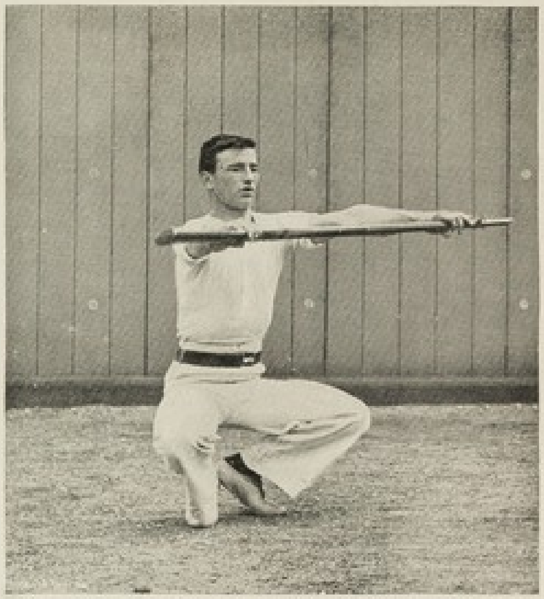


FOURTH EXERCISE.

of the lungs, etc. The rifle is used because it comes in handily, and obviates the necessity of providing a large number of poles expressly for this purpose.

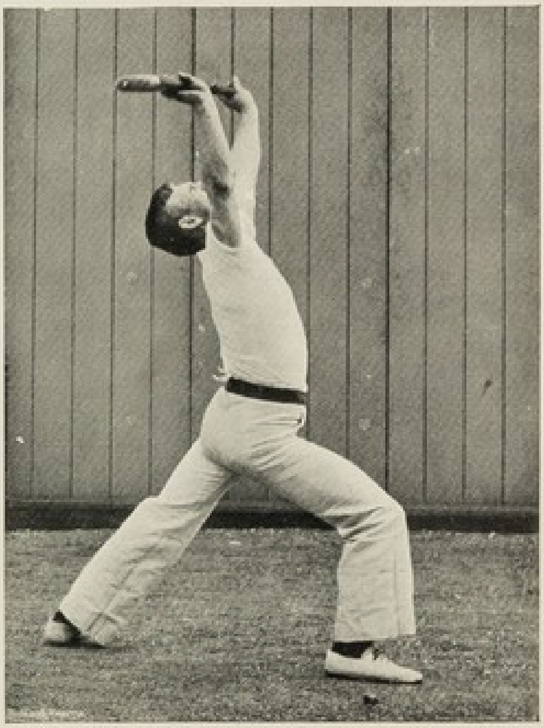
The exercises are respectively designed for the benefit of particular muscles or organs, and many of them are not as easy to master as may appear at first sight, and afford conclusive evidence of their efficiency by the subsequent stiffness of the unaccustomed muscles, which of course gives way to strength and suppleness after sufficient practice.

The third picture shows an attitude which is eminently calculated to produce the incipient results alluded to. The man is poised on his toes, with knees bent to the utmost, body erect, and arms extended holding a 9-lb. rifle; anyone who tries it will speedily discover which muscles it is intended to benefit.



FIFTH EXERCISE.

The other exercises illustrated are not so arduous, but each has its uses, and the course is undoubtedly exceedingly beneficial.



Photos Russell & Sons. LUNGE. Copyright.

Some Naval Specialists.

SPECIALISTS are obviously unavoidable in a war-ship, and the tendency nowadays is to multiply them. Some of those depicted in our illustrations are of very old standing, the Boatswain and his mates dating back to time immemorial. The Boatswain, as has recently been pointed out, is a most valuable officer, and his mates aspire to promotion in due time. Meanwhile, one of their most important duties is to cultivate a powerful voice and clear enunciation, for on them devolves the task of imparting orders, etc., to the ship's company, with a preliminary shrill call on the "pipe," which is also used alone for piping to dinner and other meals, and a variety of other purposes. A Boatswain's Mate with a good, resonant voice, and an emphatic style of using it, will make the men jump about on occasions.

The torpedo-lieutenant and his assistants have some curious-looking instruments displayed before them, with the uses of which their special training renders them familiar, and without such training any attempt to understand them, even though the torpedoists condescended to explain, would be more or less futile. The advance of science is constantly causing some new little "box of tricks" to come into being, and it takes the torpedo-lieutenant all his time to keep posted.

The trained torpedo-men are necessarily selected from among the most intelligent, and, indeed, their duties demand a good deal from men in their station of life, both in regard to the mastering of intricate details, and the coolness and presence of mind which are essential above all things in dealing with such dangerous and delicate toys. A good torpedoist must of necessity be a man who is able, under all circumstances, to "keep his hair on," otherwise he is very liable to get both that and his head blown off.

This group of officers of the Engineers' Corps is of equal interest; and, moreover, without their assistance it is to be feared the torpedoers would have little chance to "come in." A vessel like the "Powerful" has some eight or nine of these officers, and they have their hands full. In the first place, they have charge of the huge main engines, of 25,000 horse-power, with all the intricacies which modern ingenuity has perfected up to date; and they must know every pin, and rod, and crank, and be able to take them to pieces, to note in an instant any defect, ascertain the cause, and drive them at racing speed in action. The boilers, too, with their modern complications and enormous pressure of steam, must be as familiar to them as their hands; and there are besides something like a hundred smaller engines for various purposes, besides the steam-boats and hydraulic gear. Our Naval engineers are a class of whom we have every reason to be proud; individuals among them have frequently displayed splendid courage in emergencies, and they perform daily very irksome and arduous duties in a most excellent spirit, worthy in every respect of the splendid Service to which they belong.

Our three illustrations are all reproduced from photographs taken on board the "Powerful," but we shall doubtless see similar groups taken in other ships presently. The notion of thus illustrating the specialists must be admitted to be a good one, for here at once we get a grasp of the multifarious duties which pertain to the officers and men of the Navy. Perhaps nothing is more striking in this connection than the great number of groups of this description which might be made up on board a man-of-war.



TORPEDOERS AND ELECTRICIANS.



A BOATSWAIN AND HIS MATES.

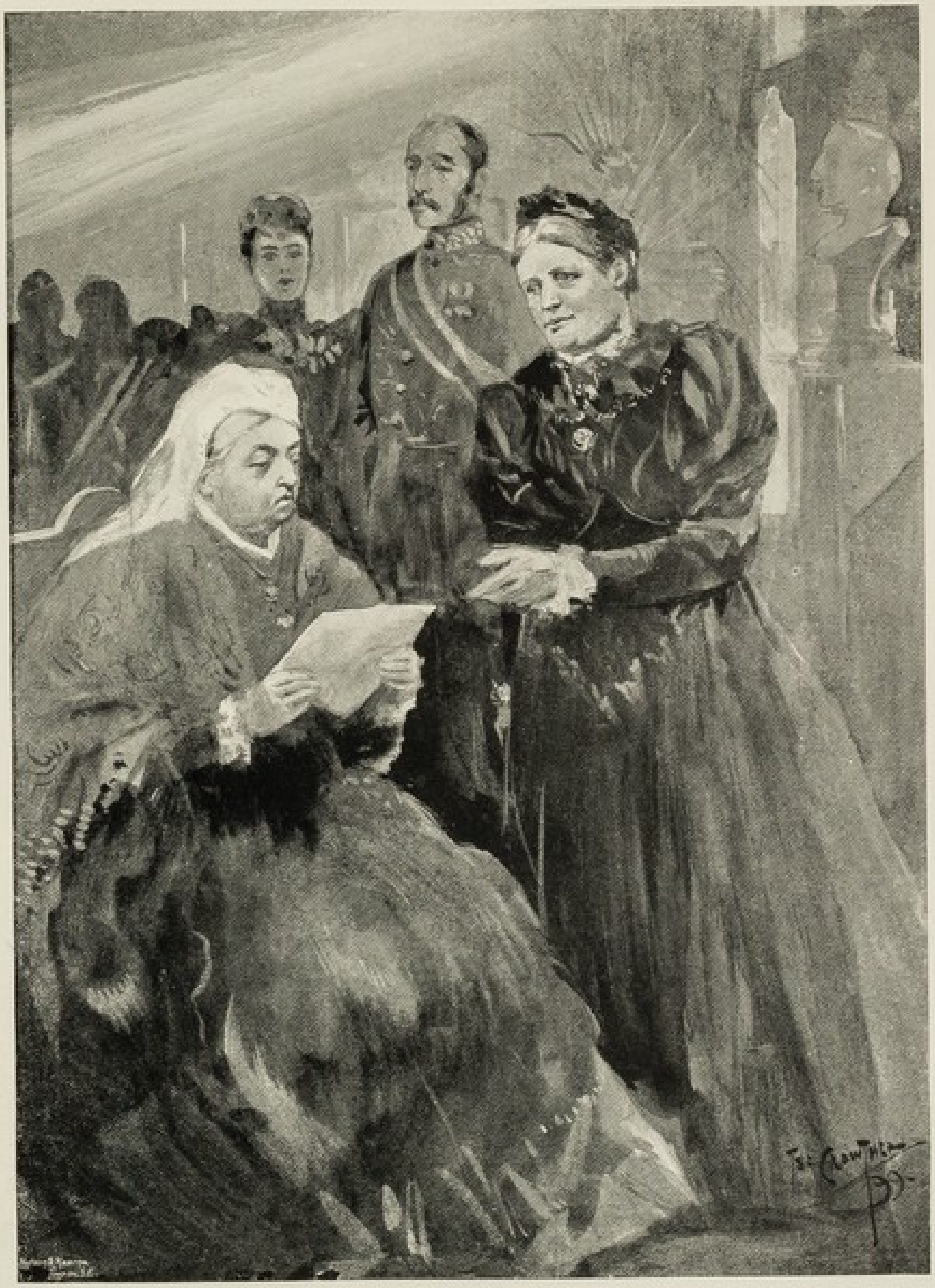


Photos. Symonds & Co.

THE MOTIVE POWER.

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 104.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1899.



Drawn by T. S. C. Crowther.

THE QUEEN RECEIVING MISS AGNES WESTON AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

(See next page.)

The Royal Sailors' Rests.

MISS AGNES WESTON AND HER WORK IN THE NAVY.



DEVONPORT on Thursday was the scene of the latest development of Miss Weston's noble work among the seamen of the Royal Navy, the Empress Frederick of Germany on that day formally opening a new Royal Rest. The great institution with which Miss Agnes Weston's name is now inseparably bound up is one of the highest public interest and of special national importance; and what it has done for the Navy, and through the Navy for the Empire, there is not an officer, man, or boy in Her Majesty's Navy at the present moment, from the highest in commissioned rank to the lowest training-ship rating, who is not ready to come forward and bear witness. Miss Weston's work—her life task, as it has been, in point of fact—briefly put, has been to provide on shore at our chief Naval ports a "home" when away from home for the men of the Fleet.

In the old days, and, in fact, down to a very few years ago, whenever our men-of-war came into any of the home ports to refit or await further orders, and the liberty men were landed for their spell of leisure and pleasure on shore, the Bluejacket could find no indoor resting-place, no shelter, no place in which to take his ease and have his meals or sleep, but the public-house. This, as may well be conceived, had in numerous instances disastrous results to purse, mind, and body; and with the additional results of lamentable harm in many cases to general discipline and the credit of the Service. That this state of things has now been entirely changed is due mainly, indeed almost solely, to the exertions set on foot in the first place by Miss Weston, and through the means of the Sailors' "Rests" that her kindly care, enterprise, and perseverance have brought into existence; in particular, through what we may call the headquarter establishments



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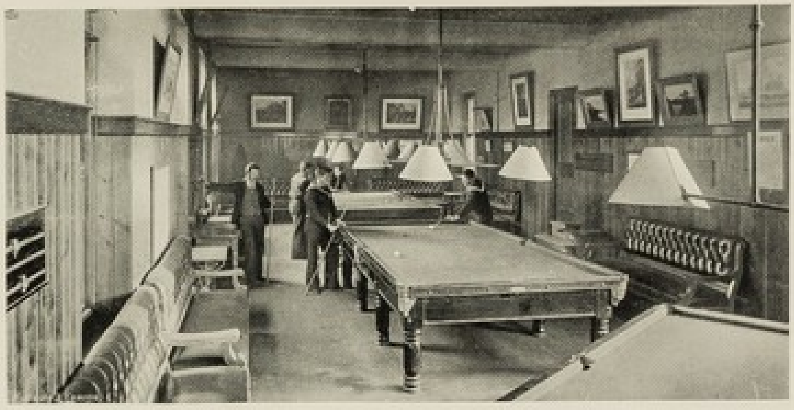
THE ROYAL SAILORS' REST, PORTSMOUTH.



Photo. W. M. Crockett Copyright.

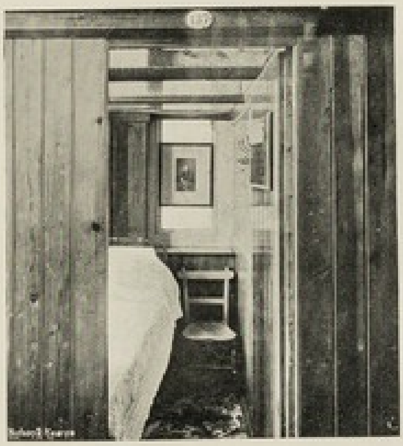
THE ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.

of the institution—the Royal Sailors' Rests at Portsmouth and at Devonport, which have been Miss Weston's chief and specially personal care, with which also the illustrations we here publish are more especially concerned. Miss Weston's governing idea has been to provide the Bluejacket and Marine on shore with as nearly as possible the comforts of home, and what has been aimed at has undoubtedly been attained. Within the walls of the institution, alike at Portsmouth and at Devonport, are comprised, on the one side, all the attractions of a club and an hotel—comfortable smoking, reading, and recreation rooms, with spacious and completely found coffee-bars and dining-rooms, where clean and well-cooked meals on temperance lines are supplied at very low rates, with, for those who may have to, or may wish to, sleep on shore, numerous dormitories and cubicles or cabins, with clean and comfortable beds and baths and bath-rooms; and on the other side there is a personal welcome and cordial friendliness extended to each comer, to make him feel a "son of the house," as it were, under the individual care of a parent.

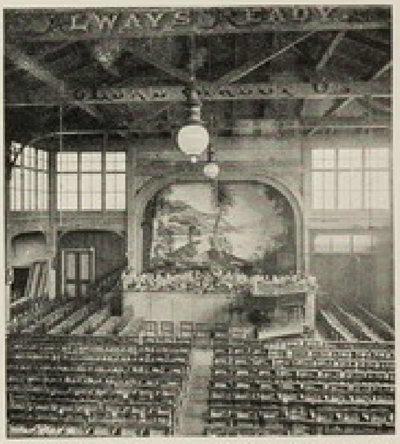


THE BILLIARD-ROOM, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, PORTSMOUTH.

That what has been done in this matter is thoroughly appreciated we have the amplest testimony. Speaking at Portsmouth on December 30 last, on the occasion of the recent visit of the Empress Frederick there to open the new Diamond Jubilee block of the Portsmouth Royal Sailors' Rest, Miss Weston herself told those present that during the past year no fewer than 88,635 men slept at the Rest, while at Devonport, where Miss Weston has two Rests, there were 128,634 sleepers, making a grand total of 217,626, and all Navy men—seamen, stokers, and marines. The numbers, Miss Weston added, amounted to an increase on the year before of 44,890. Night after night almost every bed was occupied, and in very many instances numbers of men who came and applied to sleep at the Rests could not be accommodated. And it may be added that the great advantages and usefulness of Miss Weston's institution have received marked attention and acknowledgment from many foreign Naval authorities. On the occasion of the various visits of German men-of-war to Portsmouth in recent years, the German seamen and marines have been freely permitted, to make a home of the Rest, with a recent consequence that a German Imperial Sailors' Home is about to be erected at Kiel, to follow strictly on the lines of Miss Weston's institution. Of late



CABIN PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.



THE LARGE HALL AT PORTSMOUTH



Photos. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

PETTY OFFICERS' READING AND DINING ROOM, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, PORTSMOUTH.

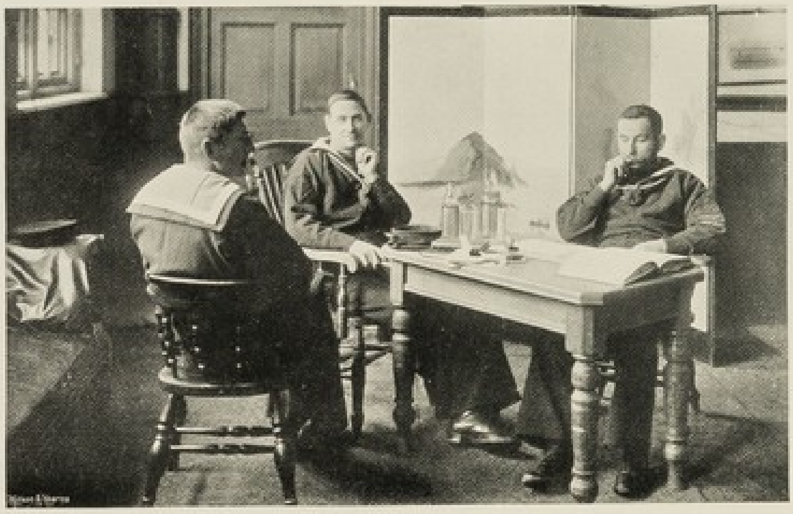
also Naval representatives from the United States and from Japan have visited the Rest with the special view of taking it as a model in the foundation of similar institutions for the Navies of those countries.

The Royal Sailors' Rest as an institution dates from 1873, twenty-five years ago, when Miss Weston, who for seven years before that had been interested in the moral welfare of the British seaman, first with her friend and helper Miss Wintz, began the task of "mothering" the sailors of the Royal Navy at Devonport. It was a day of small beginnings indeed, Miss Weston's opening effort being to hire a back kitchen in Stoke, where good and satisfactory meals were provided at cheap rates for Bluejackets and Marines on shore at Devonport. That back kitchen at Stoke has now developed into three great Sailors' Rests, one at Portsmouth, of which Miss Wintz is the Lady Superintendent, and two at Devonport, Miss Weston's own special care—palaces for sailors, as the splendid buildings are, each of which has cost over £100,000 to build and furnish, and is now self-supporting. More than £15,000 was taken over the counters at Devonport last year—ample to cover working expenses.



PETTY OFFICERS' READING-ROOM, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.

Only a month ago Miss Weston received a command to go to Windsor Castle for a private conversation with the Queen. Miss Weston herself has described the interview. The Queen told her how she had long been interested in the work, and thanked her for what she (Miss Weston), and others with her, had done among the men of the Navy. Then the Queen asked her for details of the work, and as she (Miss Weston) had been told that if the Queen said that she might go ahead, she *did* go ahead. She had been told that the Queen likes anecdotes, and she told Her Majesty some, at which the Queen laughed, and laughed, and laughed again. But she cried once; and this, said Miss Weston, was what moved her to tears: It was a little matter about the Queen's own cabin at the Rest which Her Majesty had endowed. She told the Queen what the men felt about that cabin—that the kindliness which had thought about it was worth more than all the money that might have given it. And then Miss Weston told the Queen that not long ago she was in one of the dormitories where the cabin was situated, when a great stalwart Bluejacket was looking at the inscription on the door—"Given by Queen Victoria." He was looking at it, and he turned round and said to her, "Did the Queen really give that?" She said, "Yes, certainly, and she chose that inscription." He looked again and said, "Did she give it out of her private pocket?" She said, "Yes, certainly, she gave it out of her privy purse." That stalwart fellow turned aside and brushed away a tear, and said, "She has been my Queen always, but I see now she is my friend."



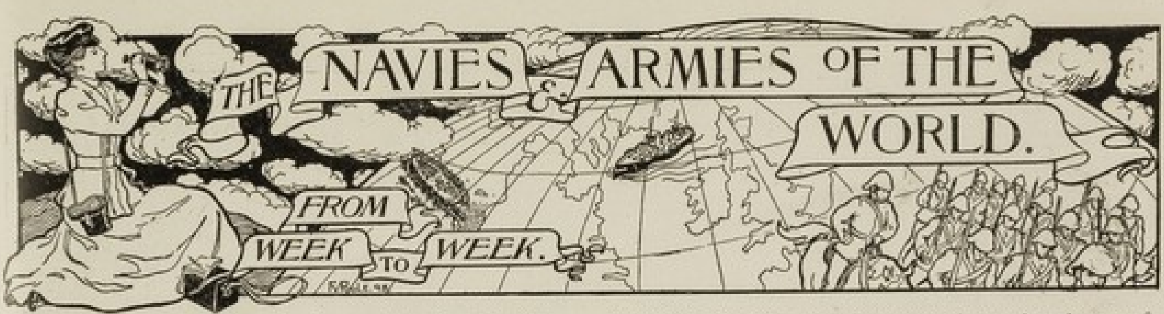
RECREATION-ROOM, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.

To conclude. The Navy's debt of gratitude to Miss Weston goes really a great deal further than its thanks, however hearty, for the Royal Sailors' Rest Institution. The Navy has not forgotten her able management of the "Serpent" Fund, and also how, but for her private aid, the widows and orphans of the "Victoria" disaster would have fallen into great distress and want long before the money subscribed by the public could reach them.



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

FRONT BAR, ROYAL SAILORS' REST, DEVONPORT.



DOES any English reader know what a French sailor means by an "état-major"? It is not the general staff of the Army, nor yet the Navy. Neither has it anything whatever to do with the Dreyfus case, which is smothering all the other affairs of France. An état-major is something very different. It is described by a writer in the *Siècle*, who signs himself "Pryasagar." When the "patrons" or skippers of the schooners which fish the banks of Newfoundland are forming their crews in the Breton villages, the negotiations, which are complicated, are arranged in the cafés, and not without the assistance of many drinks, which it seems go by the name of "mics." When the end of the evening comes, the remains of whatever else has been drunk are put together, and as all arms are represented, the disgusting combination is called "a general staff." The "terre-neuvas," as the Newfoundland fishers are called in France, are not civilised beings, if "Pryasagar" is to be believed, and his account of them does not differ much from that given by Pierre Loti in "Pecheur d'Islande." The terre-neuvas are, if "Pryasagar" does not exaggerate, incredibly reckless. Nine months on the banks and three months at home divide their year. They marry young, and always among themselves; so that they are all more or less cousins. They have immense families, which is rare indeed in France, and never put by a penny. It is upon the women that the burden of supporting the children falls, for the husband will never work when he is at home, and the cost of his outfit eats up most of his advance of 250 or 300 francs. Too often the returning terre-neuvas brings back no money, or, if he does, it goes in the drink shop. Yet every son of a terre-neuvas is one himself so soon as he is old enough to ship as cabin boy.

* * * *

M. V. Guilloux contributes a curious article to the *Yacht* of January 14 on "The Respective Risks of France and England in Case of a War." There is a great deal in his paper which is of very dubious force, and no small part of it is, according to our views, absolutely wrong. M. Guilloux, for instance, says that if France were to treat food as contraband of war she could disturb our supply very seriously. This, however, is a mere assumption. It draws whatever force it has from the supposition that neutral Powers would consent to allow food to be treated as contraband of war, which is doubtful in the last degree. We claimed to do so at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, but the United States refused to submit to the pretension, and we withdrew. What probability is there that America would now submit to a claim on the part of France which she would not endure from us in 1792, when she was a very small Power? Nor is it in the least credible that Germany would tolerate what America found insufferable. Indeed, this guess of M. Guilloux's is the more extraordinary, because he takes it for granted that in war with England France would never risk her ironclads in battle with ours, but keep them in harbour, and use her cruisers. But if France could not use fleets against us, what means would she have of putting pressure on the United States, or, for that matter, on Scandinavia or the River Plate? Like many of his countrymen, M. Guilloux relies on the effect which cruisers would have in destroying our trade. It is apparently useless to argue this question with people who will not learn from history that mere commerce destroying war at sea is always ineffectual. Nor need we feel angry with M. Guilloux for saying that if England took to destroying sea-coast towns she would only irritate France, but not force her to surrender. Every good Frenchman is bound to believe that we are capable of any barbarity, but M. Guilloux may be at ease on that point. Even if we were such savages as to massacre our combatants in unarmed towns, our experience in the Wars of King William III. and Queen Anne, and again in the Seven Years' War, showed us that what Lord George Sackville, who was right for once in his life, called buccaneering was a game not worth the candle.

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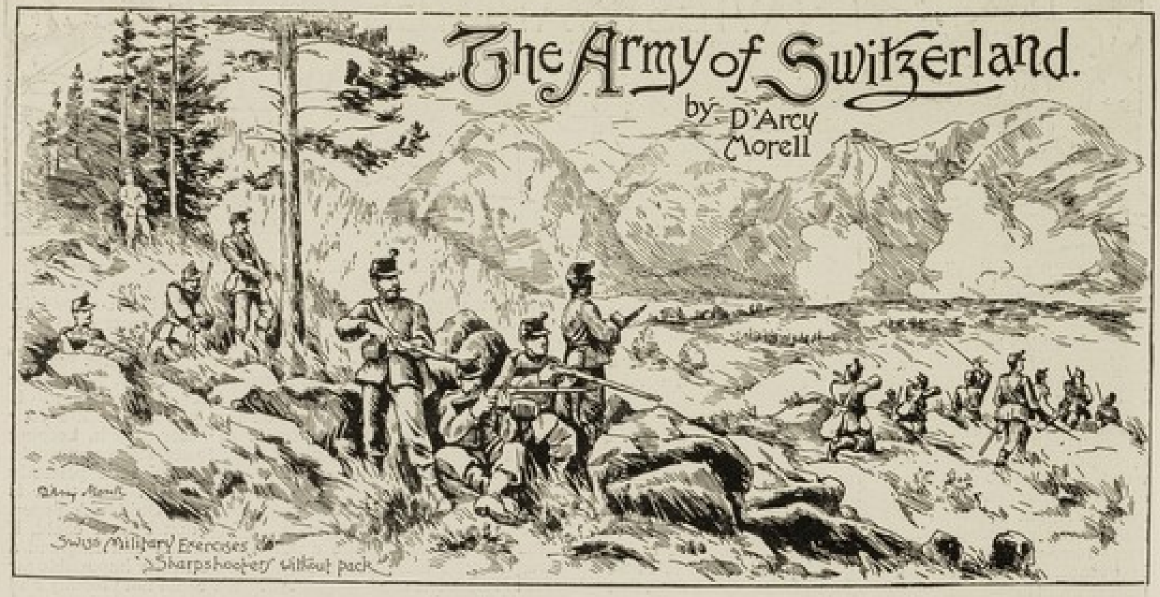
There are even some odd confusions in M. Guilloux's article, as when, for instance, he insists that torpedo-boats and submarine boats (for which the French have developed such a sudden passion) would make it difficult for us to maintain a blockade. We have yet to learn what these craft can really do; but allow that he is right. Then comes the question why, if France decides to keep her battle-ships idle, we should take the trouble to blockade with fleets at all. It is necessary to distinguish here. Napoleon was very chary of allowing his battle-ships to go to sea in the later years of the war, but he kept them manned and ready. Therefore they constituted a serious threat and required watching. It is quite another thing to decide that you cannot use your battle-ships at all. There would be sheer folly in keeping them manned if they are never to go to sea, since you would then render the bulk of your officers and men perfectly useless for purposes of commerce destroying. Yet there is considerable force in some passages of M. Guilloux's paper. He is unquestionably right in saying that France could, if she was obstinate, make a war between her and England a very long business, because it would be nearly impossible for us to strike her a crippling blow. We could not possibly find the five or six hundred thousand men who would be needed to invade her. Her chief possessions are strong enough to make a serious resistance. M. Guilloux may overrate the fighting power of the Annamite soldiers of France, and yet it would require a considerable expedition to deprive her of her possessions in the Far East. An attack on Algeria would require at least a hundred thousand men to begin with, and reinforcements to follow. M. Guilloux is no doubt right in holding that France could endure the interruption of her over-sea commerce. In the first place, it is not so necessary to her as ours is to us, and then the interruption could not be total. A great deal would go on through neutral ports in Spain and Belgium which are easily accessible by railway. Much English commerce would get into France in the same fashion. Besides, unless we blockaded every trading port in France, which it would be impossible to do effectively, neutral ships could load cargoes. Even if we had not accepted the doctrine that the flag covers the merchandise, the United States and Germany would never endure an attempt to enforce the grievous old rights of belligerents. The weak points of M. Guilloux's case are that he overrates the injury likely to be done to us, and he does not sufficiently estimate the improbability that France would endure three or four years of what he allows would be loss and strain, entirely without the compensation of glory or excitement.

* * * *

An Under-Secretary of State for War is an administrative officer, and therefore Mr. Wyndham is not bound to understand the nature of fighting. But Mr. Wyndham is a very clever man, and, therefore, when he talks what from the reports appears to have been pure nonsense about war, one must suppose that the nature of this form of conflict is very little understood. It really is no better than nonsense to talk of "pitched battles at a distance of eight miles." At that distance nothing effectual could be done, even if the armies were facing one another on an absolutely level plain. Allowing for the accidents of ground, it would generally be impossible to tell precisely where an enemy was at that distance, and firing at large in his direction would only lead to waste of ammunition. Besides, the use of smokeless powder will make it as good as impossible to "place" an enemy from his fire, and that condition will affect both sides. Therefore each will have to go and look for the other, and the result will be that engagements will, if anything, tend to become rather closer. It is even more astonishing to find Mr. Wyndham saying that a time will come "when a great general will be able to compel his opponent to surrender without a blow rather than accept terms of battle which even a lunatic could not accept." Why should that be the case more in the future than in the past? There never was a time when position and other elements of superiority would not enable a great general to do this. When the Duke of Wellington turned the French out of all Central Spain by the flank march to Vittoria, he achieved the feat, or something very like it. The point is that, given a certain approach to equality in numbers, arms, skill, and spirit, superiority of this kind cannot be attained. But why should that cease to be the case when the weapons all round have attained greater precision? DAVID HANNAY.

The Army of Switzerland.

by D'Arcy Morell



Swiss Military Exercises — Sharpshooters without pack.

AT the present time, when all European nations are jealously watching the armaments of neighbouring States and increasing their own, it may be of interest to glance for a moment at the unobtrusive yet practical preparations for defence of a small but freedom-loving nation, to insure and perpetuate those liberties which their ancestors secured after a long and desperate struggle.

To defend their Alpine homes the Swiss have no regular army. They rely entirely, rightly or wrongly, upon the very efficient organisation of the Federal Militia and the mountainous nature of their territory to safeguard their country from successful invasion.

This is a remarkable instance of a small State trusting with calm resolution in a partially disciplined force for its defence in the very heart of the Continent now bristling with bayonets from end to end.

The Army of Switzerland, as a defensive force on its own ground, cannot be overlooked or despised by even the most powerful military people, therefore a few details concerning the organisation and equipment of this serviceable militia may be opportune, by suggesting the possibility that such a force, if equally well organised, might become a valuable adjunct to the regular army in defending these shores from hostile aggression, in the remote case that some mishap had disabled for a time the home fleet, thus rendering invasion possible.

I will now give a sketch of the military system and organisation of the Swiss forces for the defence of their almost impregnable mountains.

This army is divided into three classes. The Auszug, or Elite (the active army of Switzerland), formed of four army corps, of eight divisions, the infantry battalions numbering ninety-six, while the force, including all arms, reaches the total figure of about 132,000 men on paper. The Landwehr, a first reserve, is also composed of ninety-six battalions, the regimental and battalion numbers corresponding with those of the Elite. This reserve has about 70,000 infantry enrolled, while the artillery comprises 3,600 men, divided into twenty-five companies.

The Landwehr has also a certain number of men who, when embodied, would join the cavalry and transport service. Dragoons and Guides, moreover, are the only forms of horsemen in the military service of the State. All Swiss not exempted from armed service belong to the Landsturm, or Levée en Masse, from the age of seventeen to fifty, except those enrolled in the Auszug or attached to the Landwehr. The liability to be called out covers a period of thirty-three years, between the ages just stated, sub-divided into these four periods:—From seventeen to twenty years of age the Swiss youth is a member of the Landsturm, but on attaining the latter age he joins the active army (Auszug), in which force he remains until the age of thirty-two, then he is drafted into the Landwehr, to which reserve he is attached until his forty-fifth year is completed. After this, for five years more, till fifty years of age, he can be called out to serve in some capacity or other in the event of national emergency. A certain proportion are exempted on various grounds, but these citizens pay an annual tax to the State instead of joining the militia.

The Landsturm, or Levée en Masse, is itself divided into two classes, the armed Land turm numbering about 95,000 men, and the auxiliary Land turm, again sub-divided into two sections—the pioneers mustering 103,000 men, and the Secondary Service troops, who reach a total of some 85,000.

Thus the Federal Government can embody about half a million men for national defence, drawn from a population that barely exceeds in number two-thirds of the inhabitants of London. Moreover, lads physically capable of bearing arms under the age of seventeen, as well as vigorous veterans over fifty, would be permitted to join the Landsturm as volunteers if invasion were imminent.

Therefore Switzerland possesses a field army of about 132,000 men, and with its reserve, the Landwehr, 80,000 more, in all about 212,000 men. These, with the addition of the Landsturm in the event of invasion—numbering 283,000—present a grand total for all purposes of defence, armed and auxiliary, of about 500,000 men. Officers serve with the active militia for fifteen years, afterwards passing into the reserves, but liable for duty until the age of fifty-five, while in the cavalry the men are retained for ten years only with the Auszug.

The special duty of the armed Landsturm is to cover the mobilisation of the field army when invasion becomes imminent, and their work would be purely local, such as holding points of vantage, guarding the passes, and impeding the enemy's advance in every way in their power. The labours of the pioneer branch of this Levée en Masse would consist in maintaining or destroying the lines and means of communication, the preparation of selected localities for defence, as well as the construction of large works under the direction of the engineers. The Secondary Service men would be employed in moving transport convoys, depôts, and étappe stores, with all materials, to wherever they might be required. They would obtain and give information, would act as guides, also they would be of use in the butchery and bakery departments, in the hospitals, and field ambulance. Furthermore, the services of these men would be used in withdrawing the wounded; lastly, in the manufacture and repair of materials in the workshops and arsenals.

During their first year of soldiering in the Auszug, the recruits are trained for forty-five days, and every alternate year afterwards for sixteen days, until they have completed their twelve years of service in this Army. Drafted then into the Landwehr, they remain attached to this reserve for twelve more years, until the age of forty-five is reached, but during the period they are only called out once in every four years for nine days' training. The remaining five years of the full term of service liability (thirty-three years) are passed in the Landsturm, but this, the Levée en Masse, can only be called to arms, as before stated, at a time of national peril.

Many Swiss battalions cannot muster more than 774 of all ranks; that is to say, on an average calculation, about 672 rifles in action, for a larger number of men are employed in non-combatant capacities than is the case with most European armies. For example, in a Swiss battalion there are seventeen pioneers, including a sergeant, a bearer detachment of thirteen, and eighteen ambulance attendants, besides the men of the battalion's transport. Two mounted surgeons are employed

with each battalion, an arrangement, I believe, which does not exist in any other army.

This absence from the combatant ranks of so many men is not comparable, however, to what I witnessed in the Turkish Army during the late war in Greece, where often a third of the soldiers were away from their corps, employed with ammunition columns, escorting convoys of sick and wounded, and even less useful work.

I will now give a sketch of a Swiss army corps mobilised for active service—1st Division: One battalion of riflemen, twelve battalions of infantry, four batteries of six field-guns, one company of guides, and one of sappers. Divisional Transport Staff: Two waggons, one post waggon, one waggon each to the staffs of 1st and 2nd Brigades. Staffs of the four infantry regiments have one waggon each. The staff of the divisional artillery has one transport waggon. There are also three waggons to each of the four batteries, two waggons of stores, one movable kitchen on wheels, one provision waggon for the sapper company, and a waggon of supplies to each of the three divisional ambulances. Two waggons to the Colonne de Parc, with one requisition waggon for the company of guides. The 2nd Division is the same as the 1st. Non-divisional troops—Army Corps Staff: Two staff waggons, one post and one baggage waggon. The Cavalry Brigade (two regiments of dragoons): One staff requisition waggon, and six canteening stores are provisions for the brigade, also three field forges to each regiment. The Parc de Corps: Two waggons to each column. The Pontoon: One waggon to each company. Telegraph and railway engineers: One provision waggon to each company of pioneers. The Army Corps field hospital: One waggon to each ambulance. Total, 248 transport vehicles to the Army Corps. Administrative Convoy: Thirty-two carts and waggons to each administrative company. Bakery and butchery department: Ten carts, waggons, and furnaces to every company. A Swiss regimental transport and ammunition train (three battalions) is composed thus: Two demi-caissons, one transport Service waggon, and seven lighter carts to each of the three battalions forming the regiment.

It should be borne in mind that the cost of the militia army in Switzerland, with its complete and careful organisation, supplied in every respect to take the field, does not much exceed £1,700,000 yearly to maintain at the present time. Whatever defects the system may have—a militia army cannot be a perfect army—that of expense cannot be laid at its door.

Marksmanship is practised throughout the land as a pastime and national amusement. I have frequently taken part in these competitions, and can therefore testify from personal experience to the good average short-range shooting of the majority of the riflemen. At the federal and cantonal rifle meetings the ranges vary usually from about 100-yds. to 300-yds., the firing being always from the shoulder in the standing position. These popular competitions take place mostly on Sundays and other holidays, but have no connection with the military class-firing of the militia. But they serve the purpose of accustoming the people, who nearly all belong to the militia in some capacity or other, to the use of the rifle, developing, moreover, steadiness of eye and hand, and the habit of shooting to "hit the object aimed at." All cannot become first-rate shots, but can and do learn to shoot fairly well.

Often I have followed on the march and watched the troops exercising in the Alps during their period of training. I have noted with interest the movements of these active hill-men creeping through the purple sea of Alpen Rosen and taking cover behind rocks and firs and every favourable inequality of the ground on the rugged mountain slope, while the ring of the rifles roused the echoes in the ravines and defiles, thus increasing the volume of sound from that of a little mimic skirmish into a veritable battle. Square, sturdy, blue-grey men they are, nimble as the chamois on their native crags, while they handle their rifles with the same practised sureness and familiarity with which they tread the precipitous paths up the giddy heights to the eternal snows.

I have watched the mountain batteries winding up the steep passes and up the dry bed of a torrent formed by the melting of the winter frosts to gain a point of command on the ridge above, the sure-footed mules picking their steps over the boulders and wading through the loose stones and rubble washed down by the waters in spring. After the arduous ascent was accomplished, when the shadows of night had already swathed the valleys in their sable folds and the lingering after-glow of sunset still tinted the snow-clad peaks with a flush of red, sharp bright tongues of fire darted from the crests above, lighting with vivid flashes the slowly creeping greyness of the twilight as the voice of the guns awoke the silence of the vast solitude with a long resounding peal that died away in the distant recesses of the Jura, now fading in the gloom.

In the plan of operations the enemy was attempting to seize the summit of the pass under cover of darkness before the white disc of the august moon had risen above the screen of mountains to illumine the scene with a flood of light, in these altitudes almost as brilliant as that of day.

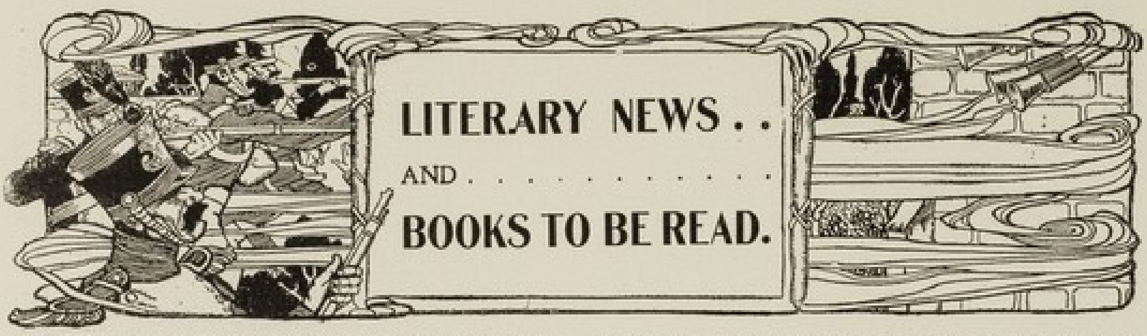
I have traced the guns with their escorts descending into the valleys on their way home when the operations were over, both mules and pieces decorated with mountain rhododendrons woven into chains and garlands, the gunners yodling and singing songs as they tramped cheerily along the dusty roads, with a word of friendly banter to the peasant girls they passed on the way. Sometimes little incidents arise at moments of relaxation from the fatigues of the march which enliven the more serious side of the work with a touch of humour. After a toilsome day thirsty men flocked to the canteen, many, having divested themselves of their accoutrements, lay stretched on the grass, while others sat on empty barrels drinking the cool beer. A joyous militiaman, regardless of the warm evening and the hard day's work done, led forth one of the active girls—who assist the Marketenderin (Cantinière) in dispensing refreshments—for a dance around the beer casks, and prostrate comrades, by way of encouragement, whistled and sang a favourite tune. The Marketenderin seemed to view the entertainment with complacency, but warned the young fellows that if they made too much noise the officer on duty would come and stop the fun.



Swiss Militia at the Canteen.

Swiss officers are generally most kind and indulgent to their men, allowing them as much amusement in their leisure hours as is compatible with strict attention to discipline during the time of training.

The careless cry in peaceful times that patriotism and initiative would come to the rescue, supply all wants and supplant all deficiencies, is a fatal pillow on which to lay the head of slothful apathy. When the distant growl of the cannon grows more distinct, as Continental nations know only too well, "how these self-complacent illusions crumble away," giving place to bewilderment and confusion instead of that calm resolution, the result of deliberate method and preparation, which would prove salvation at the solemn hour when the fate of nations is the stake of battle.



LITERARY NEWS.. AND .... BOOKS TO BE READ.

MANY years ago Sir Charles Dilke dealt with Imperial problems in his volumes entitled "Greater Britain." The slumbering Imperial giant had but lately aroused himself to the consciousness of his existence, and is, indeed, but yet stretching his limbs, half-oblivious of his strength. Therefore, apparently, Sir Charles Dilke shakes him anew, not, perhaps, with the same certitude of his development, but with ripened experience of his powers. In this little volume upon "The British Empire" (Chatto) there is a trace of regret. Projects for a political union, legislative or even administrative, have declined in favour, and proposals for a customs union seem to have "seen their best days." The more the statesman knows the component parts of the Empire, of India on one hand and the Australian self-governing colonies on the other, the more does he doubt the feasibility of a nearer connection, "unless it be merely one for purposes of defence." The word "merely" I do not like, for what surer bond of safety is there than that of Imperial defence? Is it not the link upon which all else depends? Foreigners have misunderstood "Greater Britain." The *Figaro* has called it "La Plus Grandes Bretagne—the Highest Britain." Perhaps some colonists understand it little better; but only those who have cherished visions have expected this quickening to thrill immediately through the whole mass of the Empire. Others have said of their time that it is good, because it has seen the beginning. Sir Charles Dilke speaks of the United States—and perhaps he is right, for who can foresee?—as "a most formidable rival." He is not moved by the wave, of what I fear may be called sentiment, which has arisen since the war with Spain. Of Russia he speaks guardedly, but one may question his view that Russia holds a vast advantage over us in possessing territory contiguous and practically impregnable, for is it not part of our strength that we are spread abroad through the world, and have our shipping and communications upon every sea?

* * * *

These are thoughts suggested by this very useful little book, which I heartily commend to all interested in current problems, and particularly to young men who begin to know something of Imperial life. India is properly placed first, because, as Sir Charles Dilke says, her sacrifices for the Empire are overwhelmingly the greatest, and because it is our first interest and duty to defend her, who cannot, like most of the self-governing colonies, contribute adequately to her own defence. I think most Anglo-Indians will dissent from Sir Charles Dilke's view that the congeries of countries we call India should, in large degree, in internal matters, be allowed to rule themselves—a view which seems to need the sanction of "garrisons at strategic points," and "troops to be sent into a disturbed district as they are sent now." Sir Charles Dilke is more at home when he broadly surveys the Dominion of Canada with sympathy which is true and understanding. His remarks upon the French Shore, with its record of vacillation and inconsistency on our part, come opportunely. There is an alternative. Either the Shore should remain uninhabited, or French "rights" are "anomalous and intolerable." The whole story which Sir Charles Dilke recounts is one of abdication of rights, and the condition of affairs would not be tolerated in any other self-governing colony. Happily the French seem to recognise the futility of quarrel, and our only care must be not to barter real rights for imaginary concessions. It is unnecessary, and for me here impossible, to discuss the many points treated by Sir Charles Dilke in his short and cursory survey. Eight brief pages are too few for a discussion of the problem of Imperial defence. The right kernel is, however, there, for we read that the defence of the Empire must rest mainly upon our Naval supremacy, which is necessary, not least, be it remembered, for the protection of India as of the Mother Country against invasion, and for the maintenance of our trade.

* * * *

Upon one minor point I differ from Sir Charles Dilke. How to study the Empire? He rightly mentions "The Statesman's Year Book," and other excellent volumes, which are within reach of my hand as I write, with a large globe and a good atlas. The fine large globe, with its tripod, compass, and brass meridian circle, stands on my left hand. Sooth to say, I rarely look at it. On my right is "The Citizen Atlas" (Newnes, 16s.). Now here is no "snare of the first order." The comparative magnitude of different countries, and their relative positions, cannot be misunderstood by the user of this atlas. It is both general and Imperial. Mr. J. G. Bartholomew is responsible for the maps, and none, I believe, could have done better. Clear, accurate, and easy to survey and explore I have always found them. You add a pleasure to life when you learn to read a map, and there is no better schoolmaster in this charming art than Mr. Bartholomew. The form of the new atlas, which has been completed in serial form, is all that could be desired. The maps are many and of the best, and the gazetteer is extraordinarily good. The tables, too, and illustrative matter, add much to the value of the book.

* * * *

If Mr. Alexander Innes Shand had recognised, as Major Callwell would have taught him, the supreme importance of sea power in our operations between 1808 and 1814, one would have liked his "War in the Peninsula" (Seeley, 5s.) better. As it is, it is very good, for he has brought into a moderate compass an excellent digest of the military operations. I protest, however, that we were not at any disadvantage in having our communications resting upon "seas and sails," and upon a rocky coast-line, "always perilous, and often impracticable," but very much the contrary, for this unstable element enabled Wellington to maintain his position at Torres Vedras, to defeat all the purposes of the marshals, and, when the time came, to shift his base for the final advance. Here Mr. Shand shows want of perspicacity, but no fault can be found with his narrative of events ashore. He has necessarily depended very much upon the luminous pages of Napier's famous work, and, with the pen of a skilful writer, he has woven a story of great achievements, thrilling episodes and eventful situations, of large combinations and the beginnings of a great downfall, that will commend itself to the approval of all intelligent readers. There is, combined with this, a very powerful literary presentment of Wellington, the man who "animated the martial spirit of the nation, whose patient tenacity, never risking a catastrophe which must have discredited him, held timid Cabinets to a consistent purpose, and who, as much a man of destiny as Napoleon, is the immortal hero of the emancipation of the Peninsula." The volume is uniform with Messrs. Seeley's series of "Events of Our Own Time," by which you will understand that it is in pleasant, artistic form, and accompanied by the very best portraits and excellent maps and plans.

* * * *

In this book we meet the spirit of Napoleon in history, but it is sometimes pleasant to encounter *le petit caporal* in the vivacious pages of romance. This you may do in "Face to Face with Napoleon" by O. V. Caine (Nisbet, 5s.), a book which stands much higher than many of its class. If the story had been less satisfactory it might have been passed over, for it was published in anticipation of Christmas, and comes to my hand late, though I read it then. The book interests from beginning to end by reason of its movement and spirit of adventure, and the skill with which it interweaves fact with fiction. The English boy, Jem Graham, is a boy's hero. He is among German friends, and has very stirring experiences, ending with the battle of Leipzig. The charmed lives of these young gentlemen of romance are familiar to us. But in this case, though the immunity from ever-threatening misfortune is conventional, the story is so well told that the boy reader would like it longer. I will not attempt to say how many famous personages the boy has speech with, but Blucher and Napoleon are enough. In fact, he has the good fortune to render the Emperor substantial service, not forgotten, which influences his career. The book is packed with thrilling episodes, and is wholesome as well as instructive. This is as it should be. We live in days when the young are favoured, and when the cult of youth grows still from more to more. If youth is nourished on such good and virile stuff as Mr. Caine provides, there will be no cause to complain. Some very good illustrations of unusual character accompany his story.

* * * *

There has appeared a new and cheap edition (3s. 6d.) of "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," by Lieutenant Winston Spencer Churchill, the gallant young officer who, apparently to the envy of some, contrives to combine his Military occupations with the duties of a special correspondent. Messrs. Longmans' "Silver Library" is the vehicle through which this lively volume reaches the reader, and it appears that it has been published also, and twice reprinted, in the "Colonial Library." This speaks much for its popularity, and, indeed, no one has ever gainsaid that it was a very entertaining, open-minded, and well-written narrative, embodying the views of a "plain man." There were defects, certainly, in the first edition, which called down severe rebukes from some critics, though the genial fashion of the book turned away the edge of wrath, and we must be glad to see the author purging his faults, and presenting us with a narrative which all can accept. Lieutenant Churchill is an advocate of the "Forward Policy," but he knows we cannot carry it out thoroughly, and he regards the present fitful progress as the inevitable alternative.

* * * *

The stream of good literature grows apace, and, when all eyes are turned towards Africa, it is a thing to be grateful for that the thrilling narrative of one of the great modern pioneers should be placed cheaply in popular hands. Serially issued at a total cost of 9s., Mr. Henry M. Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," one of the best narratives of travel ever written, is about to be issued, from the press of Messrs. George Newnes, in the richly-illustrated form in which it was originally published at the price of two guineas. Mr. Stanley will add an introduction, connecting his journey with previous and later exploration.

* * * *

It is not too late to give a word of welcome to the January number of the *Household Brigade Magazine*, the more desirable because it contains an excellent portrait of Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, who founded the old *Brigade of Guards' Magazine*, and was instrumental in revivifying it in its present improved form. It prospers very much under the editorship of Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre Crabbe, Grenadier Guards, who has Lieutenant Lowther, Scots Guards, and Lieutenant Henderson, 1st Life Guards, for his sub-editors. History, fiction, and intelligence are very happily blended in the pages of the magazine. This is a most valuable channel for linking together the various corps of the Household Brigade.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Nautical Surveyors at Work.

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

TECHNICAL works on marine surveying, such as may often be found in the second-hand bookshops, are not attractive to the general reader; whence it follows that little is known of the valuable and scientific work carried on from year to year by a small section of our Naval officers. These officers are mostly employed in surveying ships, but a few of the seniors are detached, with from a dozen to twenty men under their orders, to perform that part of a nautical surveyor's work which is carried out on *terra firma*—the erecting of landmarks and so forth.

My first illustration depicts Staff-Captain W. F. Maxwell superintending the erection of a flag-staff, the manual labour being carried out by his boats' crew. The vessel anchored off shore is the "Research," commanded by another surveying officer. Captain Maxwell is borne upon the books of this vessel whilst engaged in the West Coast of England survey. The flag-staff in question is one of the numerous artificial marks that have to be erected for the purposes of triangulation, or, in some cases, employed to assist the officers engaged in sounding. The exact position of these marks is accurately determined by theodolite angles taken from other stations already fixed; so that the artificial mark becomes as useful and important to the surveyor as a conspicuous tree, or the chimney o' a farmhouse near the coast. Trees, however, are seldom utilised, partly because they are usually too much alike, and partly because they are liable to be cut or blown down. In beginning a coast survey, it may be mentioned, these flag-staffs are usually erected at each end of the base line, the said base, which has to be most accurately measured by means of steel chains, forming the side of the first triangle in the whole network of triangulation. An error in the length of the base line is thus liable to lead to disastrous results, though there are methods of correcting even such primary errors as these.



Photo. C. J. King. Copyright.
A FLAG-STAFF IS FOUND NECESSARY.

Another picture shows the same officer engaged in the all-important work of taking angles with the theodolite at the base of a very conspicuous rock near the coast. The exact position of this rock has, of course, been determined, and this enables the surveyor to fix, with his theodolite angles, the positions of other points within his field of vision. The rock, it will be seen, is far too steep and small to admit of the angles being taken from the summit. Hence, the officer is obliged to observe from the ground, placing his instrument as near to the rock as possible. But as this position of the observer would affect the accuracy of the angles taken, corrections have to be made so as to make the vertica' axis of the theodolite pass through the centre of the narrow rock or "station." A good example this of the great accuracy that has to be observed in a coast survey. And it need scarcely be added that the work involves sound knowledge of trigonometry, besides great practice in the use of all the instruments employed.

In the third picture the seamen are erecting a landmark of a permanent character, which takes the form of a triangular board secured to a stout pole. The slits in the board are designed to reduce the wind pressure, and the pole is firmly embedded in the earth. Landmarks of various types are erected round the coasts of districts that have been properly surveyed. In the Solent, for example, there are several landmarks to which passing ships can take bearings, and so ascertain their exact position by means of the compass. This landmark, in conjunction with the remarkable rock shown above, forms what is called a leading mark; which means that the two objects, when brought into line, will lead a ship safely into the harbour. The erection of such leading marks is one of the surveyor's most important tasks.



Photo. C. J. King. Copyright.
ERECTING A PERMANENT LANDMARK.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
MAKING A STATION IN INDIA.

My last illustration shows an officer engaged in coast surveying in a more distant quarter of the globe. It is a scene on the coast of India, as may be guessed from the dress of the natives and the coral reef upon which the theodolite is set up. A few Naval officers are specially engaged on the coast survey of India, and receive high pay for the work. The officer in the picture is taking angles to various prominent objects in the landscape which cannot be detected in the picture, though visible to him. He is thus forming another "station" to be utilised in the survey, and, when he has completed his angles, will cause his men to erect a solid beacon upon the exact spot occupied by the theodolite.



Photo. C. J. King. Copyright.
TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

The Anchors and Cables of Our War-ships.—II.

THE huge square-linked mooring chain, described in the issue of January 14, requires, as may be imagined, considerable skill and experience in handling, and there are special mooring - lighters kept at the dockyards for the purpose of laying down and taking up these moorings, with gangs of experienced men in charge.

Moorings of this nature usually have three "legs"; that is, they radiate to three anchors in different directions, so that the vessel may swing round nearly in her own length. Now it is obvious that, unless some means be taken to prevent it, the constant swinging round of the ship may cause the huge chains to twist round each other; and in order to obviate this, which would shorten up the moorings, and tend to impair the chains by friction and unfair strain, they are attached at the centre to a swivel. Everyone knows what a swivel is; there is one at the end of your watch-guard for a precisely similar purpose, and a pretty little piece of work it is, the parts fitting accurately together, and yet turning on each other with absolute freedom.



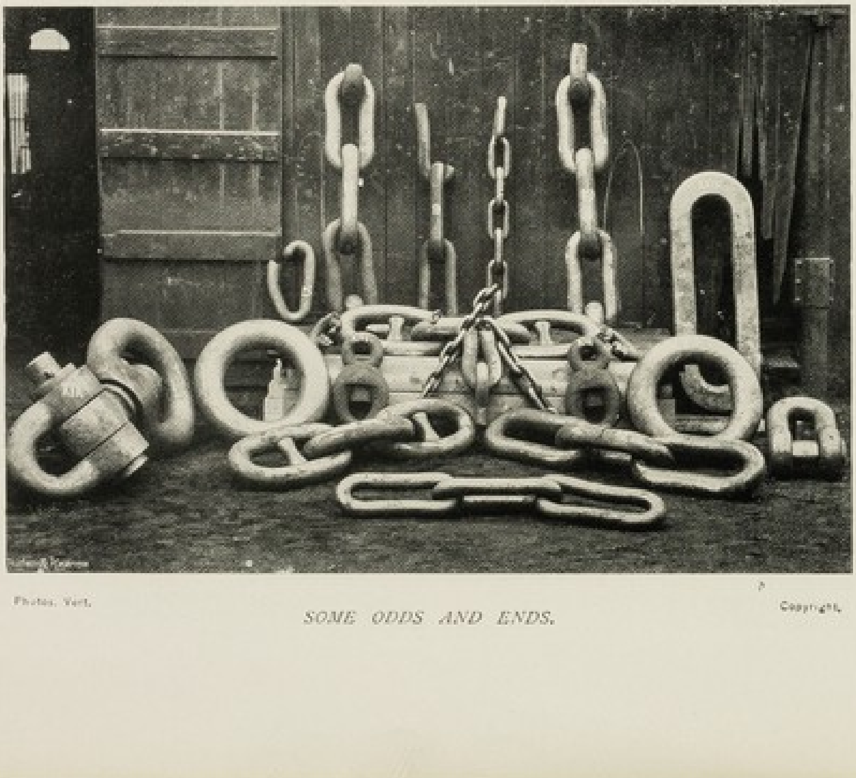
"A NICE LITTLE TRINKET."

Now let us look at a little trinket of this nature exhibited in one of our illustrations. It is intended for use with the big moorings above referred to, and is believed to be the largest ever made. It weighs nearly two tons, and the greatest diameter of the iron is about 16-in. Observe the picture closely; note the beautiful symmetry and finish of all the parts; the close, neat fit of the "button," which, nevertheless, will twist round in its seat with marvellous ease; and then reflect that this is a piece of pure smiths' work. Not a machine of any sort has touched it, except, of course, the steam hammer; and that only enhances the skill of the workmen, for if you mishandle your "heat" under that mighty impact, it will very soon mar a good deal more than it will make. It is difficult to resist the temptation to go more fully into the construction of a swivel, which is the prettiest of chainsmiths' work; but the details would occupy too much space.

The method of finishing a large piece of work like this must, however, be briefly described. After the welding and accurate shaping of every part are done with, it is hung up, as in the picture, and a little gang of men, armed with small-ended hammers, get round it, and they tap, tap, tap every inch of its surface by the hour together, until it assumes a perfectly smooth and slightly glossy appearance. The foreman is very hard to please, and declines to leave it until it is absolutely perfect in finish.

It is not difficult to understand why chainsmiths take a great pride in their work, which depends so entirely upon manual skill, acquired after long experience. The manager at Messrs. Parkes and Co.'s pointed out to a visitor a brawny son of Vulcan as their most expert chainsmith, and accosted him in passing: "This gentleman thinks you might put a bit better finish on it." But he was not to be "drawn"; he merely "smole a smile" of confidence in his own skill and the manager's good opinion of him, and, as a matter of fact, there is probably not a better smith living.

Another illustration shows a huge chain which is not intended for ship's use, but is, nevertheless, a magnificent specimen of the chainsmith's work. Though not a ship's cable or moorings, it is, however, directly connected with the construction of war-ships, for it was made expressly with the object of suspending huge steel ingots during the process of converting them into armour plates. It is what is termed a "sling-chain," and this designation will be readily comprehended by a glance at the picture. The chain is passed through a large end link, so as to form a running noose; and the weight which it would be capable of sustaining can only be conjectured, for there is no testing machine capable of straining it to the breaking-point, which is equivalent to stating—as we shall see a little further on—that it would certainly lift 500 tons without risk of fracture. The links, it will be noticed, are different in form from both the ship's cable and the heavy moorings.



Photos. Yert. SOME ODDS AND ENDS. Copyright.

It is, in fact, what is termed a "close-linked" chain, the links being short in comparison with the thickness of the iron; and this class of chain is always used for cranes, etc., where it has to pass over a pulley The large end link is formed of iron about 6-in. in diameter; and, unlike most close-linked chains, every link has been joined at the side, so as to bring the weld in the most advantageous position.



Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

THE "VICTORY'S" ANCHOR.

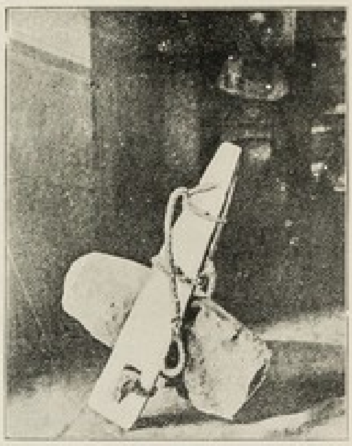
The picture which is entitled "odds and ends" shows sundry samples of iron, swivels, rings, shackles, etc., and also some pieces of chain which have been tested to destruction. Some, however, have resisted the heaviest strain which could be brought to bear. Among these is a beautifully-finished little piece of 3¾-in. "stud" chain, part of a length intended for a "bridle" chain, which secures the ship to her moorings. Note also the large, thick ring, which is used in connection with heavy permanent moorings, and is a splendid piece of work, being brought up to a beautiful finish by the patient tapping of those small hammers. Shackles, which are used for joining lengths of chain, are almost as pretty pieces of work as swivels. They are U-shaped, with a strong bolt passing through eyes formed in the ends. The bolt must be a very correct fit, and yet come out easily; and the welding of the eyes, so as to be of exactly the same strength as the links of the chain, requires great care and skill. When a cable goes to the testing house, no amount of finish will atone for a faulty weld. Every cable, swivel, ring, and shackle must be subjected to a test in proportion to its size; no ship-owner would get his ship insured who had not properly-tested cables, and the Admiralty has its own stringent rules, and a skilled agent to watch the manufacture and testing of cables wherever a contract is given.

The test is carried out by means of powerful hydraulic machines, the largest of which are capable of applying a strain of 300 tons, and any strain under that in the most minute gradations. Cables for the ships of the Royal Navy are always made in lengths of 75-ft., joined by a neat, closely-fitting shackle, and each length is tested, with its shackle, to a strain which is calculated to a nicety and may be termed the extreme working strain; but this is not all, for a certain proportion is tested "to destruction"; if it breaks within a



Photo. Vert. Copyright.

A BIG SLING-CHAIN.



By Permission of Messrs. Byrs.

A VERY PRIMITIVE ANCHOR.

certain strain, that piece of cable is regarded with suspicion, and more links are broken, to see if the defect be merely local or general.

The length of chain to be tested is laid in a trough and covered, before applying the test, to prevent accidents. After the test—which has the effect of stretching the chain very appreciably—it is most minutely examined by a small gang of experts, and the slightest flaw is sufficient to condemn it. To the credit of the chainsmiths be it spoken, failures are extremely rare, and the strain at which the selected links are broken is usually far in excess of that required by rule.

Such are the safeguards for the security of our Fleet when anchored in heavy weather; and the Admiralty insists upon a very high standard of work, and very exact observance of certain fixed dimensions of links, etc.

It is worthy of note that the cables supplied for our 15,000-ton battle-ships are no larger than are required by the Board of Trade for merchant vessels of 9,000 tons; this is no doubt owing to the complicated problem which the carrying of weights of armour, guns, coal, etc., presents to the Naval Constructor; and the splendid quality of the work done for the Admiralty ensures a higher margin of safety than the figures indicate, the parting of a cable being a very rare occurrence.

Men-of-war are usually supplied with 450 fathoms of chain cable, arranged in three lengths of 150 fathoms each; the two anchors which are in common use have each 150 fathoms attached to them, and the remainder is available for the spare or "sheet" anchors. There is also a swivel supplied, which is put on when the vessel is "moored"; that is, when she has two anchors down in opposite directions, in order that she may occupy less space in swinging round. The swivel is put on, by disconnecting the two cables at a convenient place, when in the act of mooring the ship; and they do not then become twisted when the ship swings.

The subject of anchors will be treated in another article; but two pictures are here given, one of a very primitive anchor consisting of a heavy stone, and the other of the "Victory's" anchor, now reposing on Southsea Beach.

Guns and Gunnery.

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

THESE are scenes at Whale Island in Portsmouth Harbour, the headquarters of the Naval Gunnery School forming the establishment of the "Excellent."

The group of trophy guns are preserved on the island as a memorial of the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. They were presented to the "Excellent" by Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, who is better known perhaps as the late Lord Alcester, the title he won for his energetic and successful action. The guns bear the following inscription: "Presented to Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, K.C.B., by the Khedive of Egypt, November, 1882, and by him to the Gunnery Establishment, January, 1883." The nearer of the three guns is described as a 40-pounder, and the smaller gun the further of the three, is described as a parapet gun. The big gun in the middle is a Krupp gun. Its height on its peculiar carriage enabled it to be fired over the parapet of the fort at Alexandria, in which it was placed. The gun is a breech-loader, and has a vent-piece let in from the top. The breech is opened on the left of the gun by two turns of a lever for that purpose. The breech is kept in position by a continuous thread, and the gun itself is rifled. This gun came originally from the great Ordnance Factory Works of the famous German gun founder and manufacturer, Herr Krupp of Essen, and was one of a number that he supplied to the Egyptian Government in the seventies, when the Khedive's officers placed a large number of orders for big guns abroad. The larger part of the Egyptian Government's order came, as it happened, to England—to Armstrong's works at Elswick—so that at the bombardment of Alexandria we had British cannon firing against British cannon on both sides. But Herr Krupp was able to get some share of the contract, as his big gun here shown bears witness.



BLUEJACKETS EXERCISING WITH A NORDENFELT GUN.

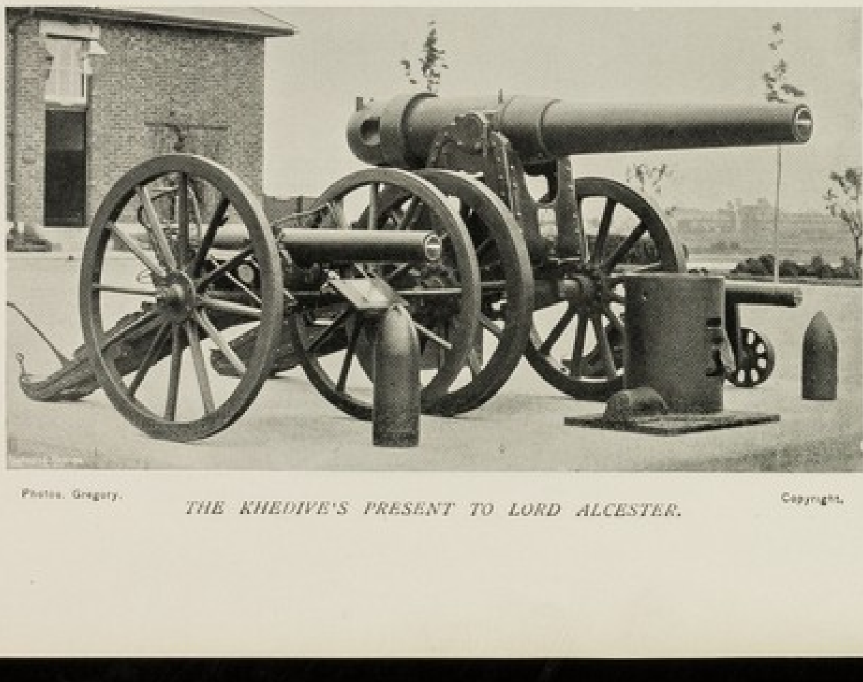


FIRING A NORDENFELT.

It should be understood, however, that the gun in question, and in fact all three of the guns shown in the trophy, were not captured at Alexandria, but were presented by the Khedive to Admiral Lord Alcester as a friendly and personal memento of an interesting incident in the admiral's career.

The other illustrations are of the drill and exercise ground of the Whale Island establishment, and show teams of seamen undergoing instruction in the handling and firing of machine guns. The piece which has just been fired is a Nordenfelt, perhaps the most trustworthy of the older machine guns that has ever been constructed. The Nordenfelt has five barrels, of rifled calibre, fixed side by side, and can fire either volleys or single rounds. At the same time the mechanism is to be relied on not to jam, and the rate of firing is about 600 shots a minute.

For use on board ship, however, the Nordenfelt has been largely superseded by the light 3-pounder and 6-pounder quick-firing guns, and by the automatic weapon invented by Mr. Maxim. A Bluejacket field gun team with a Maxim gun is shown to the reader's right in the illustration in which the instructor is shown laying his hand on the barrels of the Nordenfelt.



Photos. Gregory. *THE KHEDIVE'S PRESENT TO LORD ALCESTER.* Copyright.

Revisiting Old Battle-fields.—Bannockburn.

FROM an historical standpoint there is no part of Scotland more interesting than the town of Stirling and its neighbourhood.

Stirling Castle, the old bridge of Forth, Cambuskenneth Abbey, Gillies' Hill, St. Ninians, and the little village of Bannockburn, all have their histories and their traditions, which add a never-ending interest to our rambles amongst them. But of all these it is Stirling Castle which most appeals to the imagination. Not only by the peculiar beauty of its situation is it attractive, but by its many reminiscences of the struggles which surrounded it in the days of Wallace and the Bruce; and in generations before them, indeed, when Romans and Celts, Picts and Britons, had in their turn struggled for the mastery, this great fortress had had its share in every contest, whilst as late as 1745 it sustained its last siege, and was successfully defended by General Blakeney.

But it was the old bridge of Forth which was the central figure in the great fight on which "the bulwark of the North" looked down in 1297. This bridge in those times formed the only link between the North and South of Scotland, and can to this day be easily distinguished from its modern brethren. Long before the Tay was spanned this old wooden bridge existed. But not only of its great age is it so proud, but, above all, it glories in its connection with the great name of Wallace, for here the famous Scottish leader won a decisive victory over the English, in spite of their superior numbers.

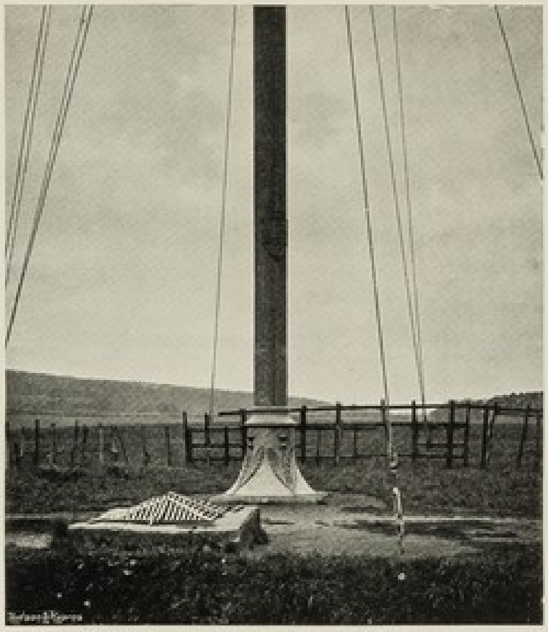


Photo. G. W. Wilson Aberdeen.

BORE STONE.

Marking the Spot where Bruce raised his Standard.

The Scotch army was well protected, lying as it did with the Abbey Craig and the Ochil Hills to the rear, and almost entirely encircled by a loop of the river Forth. But the English were allowed to march on unimpeded, until, considerable numbers having crossed the river, Wallace ordered a body of men to seize and hold the head of the bridge, with the result that a panic ensued amongst the English; numbers were crushed to death, and still more were either thrown or fell into the river.

Only fourteen years later, and Stirling Castle was once again the centre of the struggle Recognising its immense importance, as had all chiefs and leaders for centuries before him, Bruce had made up his mind to take it if possible, and with this intention he planted his standard two and a-half miles from Stirling.

The battle that followed took place nearly 600 years ago, yet we can still wander over the old scenes of the conflict, where little is so modern that it spoils its interest for us.

We can stand on Gillies' Hill on the very spot where Bruce planted his reserve, his baggage, and those retainers who assisted no little in gaining the victory. We can wander to the south-east, where stands the Bore Stone, showing the



Photo. Valentine & Sons. Dundee.

THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN FROM GILLIES' HILL.

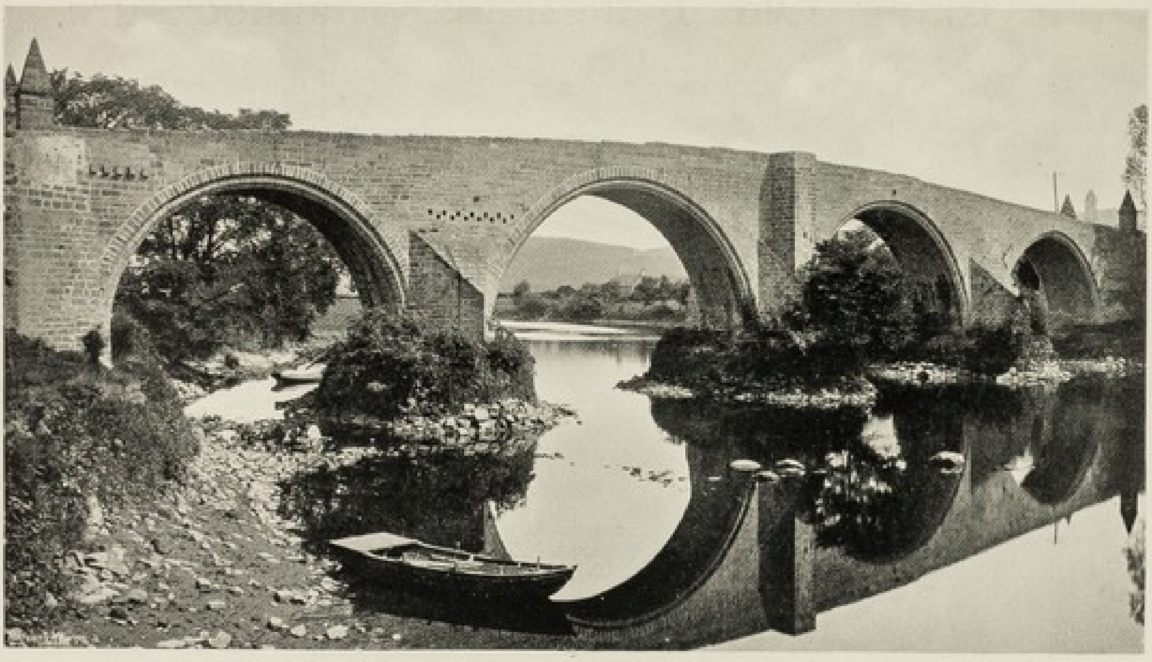


Photo. G. W. Wilson. Aberdeen.

OLD BRIDGE OF FORTH.

Scene of Melée in the Battle of Stirling.

centre of the Scottish position, whilst to the right runs the little Burn of Bannock, just as it did then, when it protected the flank of the army, the English meanwhile lying on its other side, drawn up in three lines ready for battle. And to the north again, towards the village of St. Ninians, we can walk over the country which, honey-combed with pits by Bruce's device, brought the English army into such dire confusion. The high road, too, from Falkirk to St. Ninians is a landmark of the fight, cutting as it does right through the old battle-field, whilst right away to the north we again see the stately Castle of Stirling, the "key of Scotland."

The battle was opened by an attempt of the English horsemen to reach the castle, which was speedily opposed by Randolph. At daybreak next morning the English advanced to the charge, to be only too soon thrown into utter and complete disorder, the battle ending for them in the most crushing defeat.

Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin.—II.

TO the Russian War, or, more correctly the enthusiasm evoked by the proclamation of peace, the boys of the Hibernian School owe what may be called the red letter day in the school calendar.

It may be remembered that on the proclamation of peace a national banquet was given in Dublin to the returned soldiers, and so lavishly did subscriptions pour in, that a large surplus was left after paying all expenses. To this fact the Crimean Banquet prizes at the Hibernian School owe their existence. And so we give in one picture one of the best-known survivors of the Crimean Campaign and one of the most promising boys of the Royal Hibernian Military School. The former—Hugh McGorian—served for over seventeen years in the Leicestershire Regiment, the old 17th, and is at present eighty years of age. He is now an inmate of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, of which we treated in our issue of April 9, 1898. He took part in the Afghan War of 1839, and in the Russian War, for both of which he holds medals.



Photo. Guthrie Bros. Copyright.

SONS OF THE WIDOW.

The boy—James Curran—is the son of Sergeant James Curran, late of the 14th Hussars. He has passed a course of gunnery and signalling instruction, and is capable of taking a first-class certificate in general education.

Both figures are characteristic of our past and future soldiers, a very considerable number of whom owe their success to the admirable training they receive at the Hibernian Military School, boys from which, at the present time, are to be found in almost every position in the Army—from drummer up to major-general.

On review days, such as the Queen's Birthday, the boys always take part in the march past, and the steadiness and regularity with which they pass the saluting point has often been remarked. On such occasions they are always in full dress, and march to the parade ground with colours

flying and headed by their band and drum-major, the latter looking almost as imposing as if he belonged to the Guards.

The prize day last year was held on July 13, at the school. In the Large Hall a brilliant gathering assembled, both right and left of the dais, on which were seated Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., and Lady Roberts, Major-General Gosset, and the officers of the headquarters and district staffs. Colonel Hall, commandant, presided, and gave an interesting outline of the general working of the school. The conduct of the boys throughout the year was excellent, seven-eighths of the entire number being classed as "good," "very good," and "exemplary"; the remaining eighth were mostly "fair."

Out of 1,005 former pupils now serving in the Army, the reports of their various commanding officers show that no less than 947 are classed as "good," "very good," and "exemplary," and only seven "bad." Many of them had been on active service during the past years, and had done bravely in the Indian Frontier Campaign and in the Soudan; one of their number, Sergeant Hickie, of the Gordon Highlanders, was wounded in the attack on the Dargai heights—a fine young soldier, only twenty-two years of age.

In the action at Saran Sahr, on November 9, 1897, Private A. J. Simpson, Northampton Regiment, a former pupil, and hardly twenty years of age, with eleven others and a young officer of the same corps were killed while defending some wounded comrades whom they could not remove, and for whom they all died rather than desert.

Lord Roberts referred, in his subsequent speech, to these and other incidents of bravery shown by the former pupils of the school in after life, and said how it delighted him to hear of soldiers behaving with such marked gallantry, and how proud the boys should be that these brave men were brought up in the Royal Hibernian Military School. He further added that only a few days before he had received a letter from the officer commanding one of the battalions of the Coldstream Guards, asking him to get him a drummer. That officer said: "I want a Royal Hibernian Military School boy, as they are so well trained, and make such excellent soldiers."

In wishing the assembled boys good-bye, Lord Roberts's parting words of advice deserve to be recorded: "Be truthful, be honest, be obedient, be determined to do your best, and you are sure to get on in life." The boys were subsequently paraded in the square, and were inspected by his Lordship. There was, also, on the opposite side, a small gathering of past pupils from various regiments, to each of whom Lord Roberts said a kindly word as he passed. The boys then marched past in column and quarter-column, and went through a number of battalion movements, physical drill exercise, gun drill, and signalling, all of which were executed with a precision which could hardly be expected from such young lads.

The internal arrangements of the school are models of what such institutions should be. The dormitories, in particular, are spacious,



MARCHING IN FROM INSPECTION.



AN INSPECTION BY LORD ROBERTS.

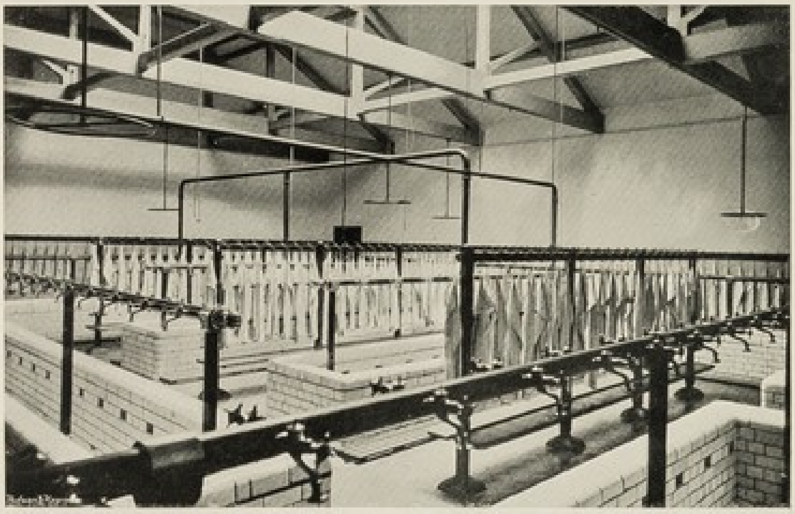


Photos. G. M. Roche. Copyright.

A CHAT WITH SOME "OLD BOYS."



ONE OF THE DORMITORIES.



"WASH AND BRUSH UP."



Photos. G. M. Roche. Copyright.

THE SWIMMING BATHS.

well ventilated, and cheerful, while the boys' kits and bedding are faultlessly arranged. The neatness and cleanliness observable in every detail are a credit to the boys themselves, as well as to those who have the care of them. On the ground floor are the ablution-room and the bath. The former is ingeniously and tastefully fitted up, so that the boys can wash without confusion or crowding. Each has his own numbered place, with coat-hook, towel, and niche for soap, as well as a separate tap and spraying arrangement—all fitted in the most compact manner possible

In a large room adjoining there is a splendid swimming-bath lined with white enamelled bricks. The water has a depth of 3-ft. at one end, gradually increasing to over 5-ft. at the other The temperature of both the room and the water is regulated, so that both winter and summer the boys have the advantage and pleasure of a swim, an art which each boy has to learn while attending the school There is, besides, a very extensive recreation-room, where a gymnasium is fitted up, and an excellent training is given them by Colour-Sergeant Holland, in proof of which may be quoted the words of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John J. S. Napier, Inspector of Gymnasia.

In his report of July 5 last he said, "The boys' work on the apparatus is far in advance of any that can be shown at the numerous public schools and institutions which I have inspected."

In this building, too, there is ample space for the boys to enjoy all sorts of games in the event of the weather being unfit for outdoor amusement, which at all seasons is promoted by the school authorities. Cricket and football, as well as other sports, are carried on vigorously according to the season of the year. So that from early morning till bed-time in the evening between work and play the young minds, and bodies, too, are kept actively engaged. As a result of all these excellent arrangements the health of the boys is exceptionally good; the average percentage of sick during the past year has been only 1·46. There was no epidemic, and not a single death occurred during the twelve months. This is a matter for congratulation and thankfulness—it might almost be said a matter for surprise—since there are so many as 410 boys living together under the same roof, but brought together from a variety of places, and possessing very different constitutions. Repeated visits to the school on ordinary working days, warrant us saying in conclusion how much of its success must be due to the careful and unremitting attention of Colonel Hall, commandant, as well as to his most efficient staff of helpers, notably Captain Smyth, adjutant; Dr. Marshall Day, resident physician; Rev. Robert Foster, B.A., chaplain, the head-master; Sergeant-Major Abernethy; and all the other officers.

Happy is the boy who is fortunate enough to be admitted to the Royal Hibernian Military School, and if he is not happy there it is his own fault, and we are inclined to think he won't be happy anywhere

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 28, 1846.—Major-General Sir Harry Smith, with a British and native force, defeated the Sikhs at Aliwal. Sir H. Smith had 32 guns and 10,300 men, including the 16th Lancers and the 31st, 50th, and 53rd Regiments.

January 30, 1784.—Colonel Campbell and a body of Sepoys, who had for a long time held out against Tippoo Sahib, marched out of Mangalore, in accordance with a capitulation signed four days before.

January 31, 1874.—Action of Amoaful. Sir Garnet Wolseley, with about 2,300 men, Europeans and natives, defeated the Ashantis with a loss to us of four killed and 194 of all ranks wounded. The 42nd Highlanders, a part of the 23rd, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and a Naval brigade were present.

February 1, 1874.—Sir A. Alison surprised and burned the Ashanti town of Bekwah with a force comprising parts of the 23rd and 42nd and a portion of the Naval brigade.

February 2, 1814.—Sir Thomas Graham, with the 25th, 35th, 52nd, 54th, 56th, 73rd, 78th, and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, captured, with the aid of a German force, Merexium, near Antwerp.

February 3, 1807.—Brigadier-General Sir S. Auchmuty, with the 17th Lancers, the 36th, 38th, 40th, 45th, 47th, 54th, 71st, 87th, 88th, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, some Royal Marines, and a Naval brigade, assaulted and captured from the Spaniards the town of Monte Video.

JANUARY 29, 1801.—The "Bordelais," 24, Captain Thomas Manby, off Barbados, attacked by two men-of-war brigs and a schooner, mounting in all 40 guns. The enemy were beaten off, one brig, the "Curieux," 18, being taken and sunk alongside the "Bordelais."

January 30, 1761.—Capture of French frigate "Brune," 36, by British frigates "Venus," 36, Captain Thomas Harrison, and "Juno," 32, Captain Philips Towry, off Scilly, after a running fight.

January 31, 1748.—Capture of the "Magnanime," 74, by the "Nottingham," 60, Captain Robert Harland, after a six hours' fight. The "Portland," 60, came up as the "Magnanime" struck.

February 1, 1807.—Dashing cutting-out affair off the Spanish Main by the "Lark," 18, Captain Robert Nicholas. The "Lark" silenced a battery protecting a Spanish convoy; then every officer and man left the ship in the boats, and attacked two Spanish gun-vessels and an armed schooner with the convoy with complete success.

February 2, 1839.—Capture of Kurrachee by Sir Frederick Maitland and the British Squadron in the East Indies, the "Wellesley," 74 (flagship), "Algerine," 10, and troops.

February 3, 1781.—Capture of the Island of St. Eustatia, in the West Indies, by Sir George Rodney's fleet. Six Dutch men-of-war, from 38 to 14 guns, also fell into our hands.

February 4, 1804.—Cutting-out and capture of French brig "Curieux," 16, at the entrance of Fort Royal Harbour, Martinique, by the boats of the "Centaur," 74, Captain Sir Samuel Hood. An exceptionally gallant enterprise, as the enemy awaited the attack, and it was moonlight.

THE full-page illustration of a trooper of the 1st Madras Lancers, taken at Bellary, in company with two little chaps who, judging from their uniform, are also regimentally employed, is delightfully suggestive of the way they grow soldiers in the British Army. The serious countenance of the smaller of the two youngsters indicates that he appreciates the responsibilities of his position, while in the easier carriage of the elder little man is observable the first faint trace of a cavalry swagger, which no doubt will arrive at full development in due course. There is no need to expatiate upon the virtue of a system which makes the military career a second nature for the native boy, even of such tender years as here indicated. In India the possibilities open to a native of breaking through the trammels of caste and other restrictions are not numerous or particularly attractive, and in 999 cases out of 1,000 the youngster loses nothing, and contrariwise gains much, by looking to the "pultan," or regiment, as the be-all and end-all of his earthly existence. I am not prepared to asseverate that the picture shows a father and his two sons, but that is more than possible, and the probability is a pleasant one. For the "finished article" is a fine example of a smart as well as stalwart soldier, and the medal ribbons on his breast show that he has fought for the Empress of India elsewhere than on the parade grounds of the pleasant Presidency, of the Army of which he is an up-to-date and highly-satisfactory type. *(See page 472.)*

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AMONG the thousands of people who pass the Gun Wharf at Portsmouth, few, if any, know what the inside is like, and would probably say if asked the question: "Oh, yes, I know all about it; there are heaps of shot and shell, stores, guns, and," some might add, "I believe there is some old armour." Shot and shell there are, large and small, for the 100-ton guns, weighing 1,800-lb., down to the little 7-pounders; stores of all descriptions, guns ancient and modern, even stink-pots. Some of the armour is very good; some of it, indeed, is unique. It was thought at one time that the Queen would have had it sent to Osborne or Windsor. Not much is known concerning the early history of the Gun Wharf; it is said to have been the dockyard about 300 years ago; anyway, it was a place of great importance—the governors of Portsmouth used to live there. Charles I. is supposed to have been fond of the place; there is an old tombstone, bearing the Royal arms, that is said to mark the resting-place of his head or heart, it is not known which. Inside these walls are turf plats as fine and good as any cathedral close can boast. The walnut and pear trees are not to be excelled in Kent.

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THERE are old buildings with panelled rooms, cloisters, flagged courtyards, and lattice windows. Under the old armoury, now used as a store, are dungeons, fitted with rings and chains for securing the prisoners to the wall; some for solitary confinement, others for several prisoners. To get down to these dungeons you must descend a flight of stone steps, about eighteen in number. A curious passage exists that has never been explored to the end, as there is always water in it; not much at neap tides, or rather, not so far in as at springs. Not much is left of old Portsmouth; nearly all the ramparts are gone; a few old houses still exist in the unfrequented streets of Portsmouth and Portsea, sad to say unoccupied in many cases owing to their infamous surroundings. It may be news to some that forty years ago country people used to drive into Queen Street, Portsea, to do their shopping, as all the principal shops were there situated.

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"FINSBURY."—Foremost among nine regiments of infantry raised in 1685 was one formed in imitation of a similar corps in the French Army. The nucleus consisted of two independent companies which had long garrisoned the Tower of London. The men were armed with fusils and with plug-bayonets, then beginning to come into use in the infantry; the subalterns were all lieutenants, and there was a company of miners attached to it. The especial duty of this regiment was to act as an escort to the artillery on the march. The colonelcy was given to George, Earl of Dartmouth, at that time Master-General of the Ordnance. From the circumstance of the whole battalion being furnished with fusils, instead of only the grenadier company (the case in other regiments), the corps was termed in the warrants "Our Royal Regiment of Fusiliers." From the day of its first muster to the present hour, the 7th Royal Fusiliers has been justly regarded as a *corps d'elite*.

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A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why the number of guns fired by way of salute is always an odd one? A Sovereign receives 21 guns, the Lord High Admiral and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army each 19, as does also the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports within his jurisdiction. Admirals of the Fleet receive 17, the First Lord of the Admiralty and admirals in command 15, vice-admirals 13, rear-admirals 11, and commodores 9. The custom is one of immemorial antiquity, and that is all to be said of its origin. In old days it was customary to fire gun-salutes of an even number at the funeral of officers on board ship, but the present-day regulation is in terms of the Queen's Regulations "a salute of cannon amounting to the same number of guns as the deceased officer was entitled to when living."

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A CORRESPONDENT writes me on the question of the badges of Irish regiments. Of the eleven Irish regiments, all but three display national insignia. The exceptions are the Inniskilling Dragoons, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians). Apart from the three mentioned, the Harp and Crown badge is worn by every Irish regiment, with the exception of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who wear the second Irish badge, the Shamrock. Curiously enough, the Crest of Ireland—a hart emerging from a triple-turreted castle—is not worn by a single Irish regiment. Still more curiously, moreover, the Irish Harp is borne as a badge by a typically English regiment, the Leicestershire. A marked peculiarity, also, is that they wear it—they display it only on waist-plates and forage-caps, and it is not a colour badge—without the Crown, and they are the only regiment in the Service that do so. They have only gained the honour since the territorial organisation, for they derive it from their 3rd Battalion, the old Leicestershire Militia. This battalion was quartered in Ireland when the French landed in Bantry Bay, and was the one told off to escort the captured prisoners to Dublin. For this service they were allowed to emblazon the Irish Harp on their colours, and the emblem is to-day visible on the old colours of the regiment now deposited in Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland.

THE EDITOR.

The Training of Horses for the Army.

By Eques.

THE British cavalry is certainly the best in the world, but it must be admitted that there is very little of it. This deficiency can, however, be partly made up by the Yeomanry, which is composed of excellent men and horses, quite capable of performing home duties, and so of relieving the regular regiments for foreign service. The Yeomanry might also form a valuable reserve for the latter, and after a short embodiment would be difficult to beat at any cavalry work that might be required of it.

The regular cavalry, on the other hand, must be kept at all times prepared for immediate service, and for this purpose men and horses have to be trained assiduously, and on the most enlightened principles. The horse has been truly described as the mounted soldier's best weapon. He should be possessed of substance, for weight-carrying purposes, a certain amount of speed, adequate height, and of a conformation that holds out the best prospect both of endurance and of ready response to the will of the rider.

Among the first of the lessons given to the young horse are those relating to the neck. This is the part of the horse on which the rider must chiefly depend for imparting direction and guidance; hence, the "bending lessons," as they are termed, are of very great importance, and should be given with deliberation, caution, and good temper. These lessons do not so much impart suppleness to the horse as that they teach him to show the suppleness which he already possesses. For instance, an animal that stretches his neck and pushes his nose well to the front is quite capable of arching his neck and carrying his head perpendicularly; he is likewise easily able to bend his neck to the right and left, so as to look directly behind him, but he has to be taught to bring down his head, and bend his neck to the right or left, in obedience to signs made to him by his rider. When he has been trained to move freely and well, in answer to the rider's hand and leg, and to perform the various exercises of the school, he is fit for a place in the ranks, but not till then. To educate a horse, especially if he have a peculiarity of temper, demands patience and skill, qualities which are conspicuous in British military riding-schools.

The bending lessons should at first be given by rough-riders on foot. When the horse is quietly and kindly handled he soon comes to see that the men are his friends, and that there is no intention to hurt him. In most cases he is anxious to understand, as well as proud to be able to perform, what is expected from him. If, on the other hand, he is either sullen or stupid, the lesson must be persevered with, and repeated without the slightest harshness, but in such a manner as to compel its performance. The whole body of the animal must be so influenced by the application of the bridle, hand, and leg as to be under the complete control of the rider, who can only by that means keep one hand free to use his weapon. When a young horse has passed through his training he is a very useful and accomplished quadruped. He can canter with either the right or left leg leading, as his rider may desire, and, on a given signal, can change and lead with the opposite leg, without altering his pace, as easily as a man on foot changes step; he can cross his feet and progress sidewise in the "passage" and "shoulder in," and he can turn about on the forehand, on the haunches, and on the centre. Besides which, he can jump, step out, carry his head well, balance his body, and understand trumpet sounds and words of command.

The education of the horse, and the development of his powers, have much to do with the efficiency of the cavalry. An animal that cannot promptly obey the aids, or the indications communicated to him by the leg and rein, may cause the loss of his rider's life, and is unfit, from want of drill and flexibility, to take part in a charge or to keep his place in a manœuvre. The time, therefore, that is expended on the maturing of suitable cavalry horses, and on their subsequent breaking and training, cannot be employed to greater advantage. In fact, it should be perfectly understood that but for the care and skill of our riding-masters and rough-riders a cavalry manœuvre would be a scene of confusion, and a charge would be a fatal fiasco. It is to the celebrated Captain Nolan, who fell in the Crimea, that our present excellent system of training remounts is chiefly due. Until his time our method had been slow and unsatisfactory, but he adopted some of M. Baucher's ideas, and was allowed to introduce into one or two regiments an improved system, which afterwards became universal in the Service. When advocating it he said, "The daring, impetuous courage of our men is thrown away in action, for the horse will not second the rider's efforts." Now he can do so. But the horse and the horseman are the complements of each other, and so much depends on the latter that I propose to refer in a future number to the instruction which he receives.

Reformatory and Industrial School Ships.

By Commander E. P. Statham, R.N.



WHILE most people are aware of the existence of a number of training-ships round our coasts, comparatively few take the trouble to distinguish between them as regards origin, status, and maintenance; indeed, it is a common idea that all such ships are engaged in the preparation of lads for the Royal Navy, and commanders of vessels whose inmates are neither destined nor eligible for the Navy frequently receive letters from persons who are anxious to get sons or *protégés* into the Service. As a matter of fact, out of some twenty such vessels stationed round the coast, only five are in reality Naval training-ships. Nearly all the remainder are reformatory and industrial school ships, not connected in any way with the Admiralty, and the eligibility of whose inmates for admission depends not upon respectability, but the very reverse.

There are twelve of these vessels—three reformatory-ships: the "Clarence," licensed for 300 boys, and "Akbar," 200 boys (the former exclusively for Roman Catholics), both in the Mersey; and the "Cornwall," 250 boys, in the Thames at Purfleet. The nine industrial school-ships are the "Clio," in the Menai Straits, 250 boys; "Mount Edgecumbe," Plymouth, 250; "Wellesley," North Shields, 300; "Shaftesbury," Grays, 500; "Havannah," Cardiff, 100; "Formidable," Bristol, 350; "Southampton," Hull, 250; "Empress," in the Clyde, 400; and "Mars," Dundee, 400; forming an aggregate of 3,250 boys constantly under the process of reclamation and training for a nautical life, and costing some £40,000 annually from the taxes, and about £24,000 from the rates—surely a matter of some interest to the tax and rate payers of the greatest maritime nation in the world. Nevertheless, as has been said, but little is known of this work, and still less is done, except by those immediately interested as managers or inspectors, to facilitate it.

Reformatory and industrial school ships are in precisely the same category as similar schools on land; they exist under the authority of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Acts, dating back to 1866, with some later Amendment Acts, and they have for their object the prevention of juvenile crime and the reformation of young criminals. They are usually started by private individuals, who, having formed themselves into an association with a working committee, apply to the Admiralty for the loan of a vessel, fit her out by private subscription, and then apply to the Home Secretary for a certificate, either as a reformatory or industrial school ship. This being granted, after due investigation by the reformatory inspector as to the fitness of the vessel and the number of inmates for which it may be licensed, it becomes forthwith a quasi-public institution, supported mainly, or entirely, by Treasury and local capitation grants, but administered by a self-constituted body of private individuals (unless the responsible body happens, as in some instances, to be a school board), without whose initiation it could not come into existence; an arrangement which at first sight appears anomalous, and even impracticable, but which has, nevertheless, afforded good results for many years. The committee receives the capitation allowance, on quarterly requisition, from the Treasury and county councils or school boards of the localities from which the boys are sent, engages the captain and officers, and administers the funds, presenting an annual balance-sheet to the reformatory inspector, together with various returns, in great detail, as to the reception, discharge, conduct, health, etc., of the boys, and also as to the ultimate results, as indicated by the subsequent life of the boys, so far as they can be ascertained.

In order to be eligible for admission to a reformatory-ship, a boy must be convicted of some offence punishable by imprisonment or penal servitude; in many instances it is a merely technical offence, such as vagrancy, and the boy is sent to the ship simply to save him from the evil influences of his surroundings; the majority are, however, committed for petty theft. The age of admission is between twelve and sixteen, and the maximum sentence five years, or until the

age of nineteen, beyond which a boy may not be detained. The captain has the power of sending boys out on licence before the expiration of their term, and they are not usually detained much over three years. The boys sent to an industrial school-ship are supposed to be those who are in danger of becoming criminals, but have not as yet been convicted; they are, however, practically of the same class as reformatory boys; many are sent, at the instance of school board authorities, for persistently playing truant and loitering in the streets, obviously a very easy road to crime. They are usually from eleven to thirteen years of age, and cannot be detained beyond the age of sixteen.

Such, then, is the material with which the captain of one of these vessels—almost invariably a retired Naval officer—has to deal, and to endeavour to transform into decent, law-abiding, competent seamen; and it is uphill work, but extremely interesting to one who is willing to devote his whole energies to it. The staff, in a ship of some 300 boys, is usually composed as follows: Captain, chief officer (usually a retired Naval boatswain or gunner), seven or eight seamen instructors (almost invariably Naval pensioners), two or three schoolmasters, carpenter (sometimes two), and cook; also chaplain, surgeon, and bandmaster, usually non-resident. An additional officer is often carried, whose sole duty it is to seek berths for the boys, and to look after them on their return from a voyage. Reformatory-ship boys are not eligible for the Navy, on account of having been convicted of crime, and but few are entered from industrial-ships.

Now let us take a glance at the manner of life on board one of these vessels. They are conducted, naturally, as far as possible on the lines of a man-of-war; but it is necessary to adapt them specially, as regards fittings and accommodation, so as to ensure constant supervision and security against possible mischief of a serious kind. More than one has been burnt to the water's edge through deliberate incendiarism; a thing which should be impossible with proper organisation and supervision. The captain of such a vessel cannot be said, like the captain of the "Pinafore," to "command a right good crew"; there will usually be a proportion of restless and turbulent spirits on the look-out for an opportunity of seizing a boat and absconding, or working some evil among the others; and in the event of a serious offence it is often difficult to detect the culprit, those who come forward as witnesses being sometimes subjected to very unscrupulous treatment at the hands of their shipmates. To give an instance. There was once a serious disturbance on board a reformatory-ship, and one boy, of excellent conduct, volunteered evidence. He was subsequently accused, in the most circumstantial manner, of having actually turned the grindstone in the carpenter's shop while the mutineers sharpened their knives upon it. The captain, who had only recently joined, while entertaining little doubt that it was a trumped-up charge, was staggered for the moment by the extremely strong and circumstantial evidence, until he bethought him of the carpenter's store book, recently instituted, in which all stores, etc., received by the carpenter were entered under the proper dates; from this he discovered that the grindstone in question could not well have been used as stated on the date referred to, *as it was not on board!* Needless to say, Nemesis supervened, and the moral effect was remarkable.



"decamped in the Captain's private skiff."

Occasionally one boy will attempt to escape on his own account; no easy matter in a strong tideway, and where proper vigilance is exercised. An amusing incident of this nature occurred once in a reformatory-ship, where all precautions had been taken by the captain, even to the locking of the hatches over the sleeping deck, and the establishment of an electrical alarm to his cabin, while the deck was brilliantly lighted all night, and an officer kept watch there. One night, however, the officer in charge, having been round the upper decks, returned to the orlop-deck, locking the hinged grating over the ladder, but inadvertently leaving the keys in it. Now just opposite this ladder there slept—or lay, very wide awake—a young rascal who was never amenable to discipline if he could help it, and who was then "in the report" for some misdeeds for which he was to answer to the captain next day. He saw his opportunity, and with a decision worthy of a better cause he stole to the ladder, locked the unsuspecting officer down below, and decamped in the captain's private skiff, keys and all. The captain, roused by the loud ringing of the alarm-bell, ran down, to find his officer imprisoned and his boat missing, with all the most important keys in the ship. This enterprising young hero was, however, captured by the police a few hours afterwards, with the keys still in his possession, and the skiff was recovered.

The routine, as in a man-of-war, includes early breakfast and the cleaning of one or more decks; then one half of the boys—one watch—go to the schoolmaster, while the remainder are instructed in seamanship. By the time a boy has been a couple of years on board he should have a fair practical knowledge of its various branches, including the use of the helm and compass, which is most important. A lad who, on joining a sea-going ship, is able to take the helm, is invaluable. Some of these ships have a schooner or brig attached; but where this is not possible, a really efficient steering model goes a long way. One was devised some years ago by the writer of this article; it is so constructed that the helmsman, standing on the deck, actually communicates the motion in a realistic manner by turning the wheel, the model being pivoted towards the bow, and travelling on rubber-tyred wheels geared to the steering-wheel. A compass is placed before the wheel, and a mast fitted with foresail, topsail, top-gallant-sail, and jib, so that the yards can be trimmed, and all the jargon of "conning the ship" and steering by compass practically illustrated. Many boys who went to sea after being instructed through this medium found that they could steer a ship readily with but little practice, and some of them acquired such proficiency at the model that they could not easily be caught tripping.

It will be evident, from what has been said, that the captain of one of these vessels has no sinecure, if he is to attain the end in view, of making good material out of bad. There is, unfortunately, great difficulty in finding ships for boys in these times. British ship-owners and captains will not take boys; they prefer to have their crews composed of men alone, and frequently the greater part are foreigners; a fact which everyone appears to deplore, while nobody seems to know the remedy. If it were compulsory, as formerly, to carry a certain number of apprentices, a good opening would be available for boys from these ships; as it is, a great number make their first voyage under a foreign flag; a curious fact while British ships are manned by foreigners!

Up to the end of 1895, 23,300 boys had been dealt with in these ships, and 61 per cent. have gone to sea; one ship is as low as 16 per cent.—which seems ridiculous—while others are between 60 and 70, and one nearly 80 per cent. The record of subsequent conduct, which is the real criterion of the work, is on the whole very encouraging. The latest returns show a percentage, as regards reformatory-ships, of 62 per cent. doing well, and as regards industrial-ships 75 per cent. The former represents actual reclamation, the latter prevention; and these results do not take into account a certain proportion of cases which could not be traced, and the majority of which are probably favourable.

That these vessels are doing good work there can be no doubt; and if more facilities could be afforded for getting the boys into British ships, and if a certain percentage could be annually entered in the Navy as a reward for good conduct, there is little doubt that these satisfactory results would be greatly enhanced, for in most instances, at least in a reformatory-ship, a return to their friends means relapse; but those who go to sea usually stick to it in the long run, and do well.

Clothing the Army.

By A. B. Tucker.

"YOUR men are better clothed than our officers," was the remark made by a Frenchman as he witnessed a battery of Horse Artillery dash by on Woolwich Common during the Queen's Birthday Review.

The remark may savour, perhaps, of exaggeration, begotten of momentary enthusiasm, but at the same time it is an indisputable fact that the British soldier is the best clad of any in the world. He costs more to clothe, perhaps, but when we compare the smart appearance of privates in the streets of London with the soldiers in badly-fitting, ill-made uniforms to be seen on the Continent, we cannot help feeling that the difference in cost is worth paying. Besides, it must not be supposed that the cost of clothing our men is great. As a matter of fact, our soldiers are dressed with wonderful economy. The handsomely-clad warrant officer of the Foot Guards costs, it is true, £14 a year to clothe and decorate, but the smart linesman is rigged out for the trifling sum of £3. Taking all ranks of the British Army, the charge to the nation for clothing is only one and a-quarter million a year. A great deal of this sum is received back in several curious ways. For instance, India pays into the Home Army Treasury no less than £135,000 a year for the clothing of British troops employed in India who take their outfits with them. Against this credit must be set the fact that a regiment coming back from India brings its wardrobe with it, and India has to be paid back the value of it. The things are pretty well worn out by the time they reach this country, and about £5,000 a year covers the sum due to India on this account. Worn-out uniforms are sold, and these fetch about £28,000 a year, and the cloth that is cut to waste in the making of uniforms brings in when sold another £6,000. Altogether the authorities receive back over £300,000, and the total cost of clothing the Army is thus reduced to less than a million.



In the Factory: The Stitching Department.

Every material used in clothing our soldiers is of the very best quality. It has often been remarked that a deserter never has any difficulty in exchanging his boots, shirt, and other articles of clothing that are not actually distinctive parts of his uniform, the reason being that they are of so much better quality than those he gets in return. The greatest care is taken in the selection of material, and endless pains are bestowed upon the making of the garments. Vast quantities of foot and head gear are bought ready made, £233,000 a year being paid for boots and leggings, £50,000 for head gear, and £27,000 for other articles bought ready made. But by far the greater part of the "goodly garb" a British soldier wears "starts into shape and being" from the shears in the Royal Army Clothing Department at Pimlico. From this unpretentious-looking block of buildings every yard of cloth used in the British Army is issued. The buildings cover more than seven acres of ground, and consist of four solid sections, three being given over to packing and storing materials and made-up garments, and the other being divided into the inspection department and the factory where the garments are made. Once a year tenders are issued for the supply of fresh materials, and contractors come to the Clothing Department to examine the patterns of stuffs required. The pattern-room is a large apartment, where a sample of every article of dress and toilet used by a British soldier is kept. All goods sent in by contractors are tested carefully, to see that they are in every detail according to the sample. For instance, the cloth sent in is stretched until it breaks, the breaking strain in pounds being registered on a dial. The dye is also subjected to a test, a sample of the cloth being boiled three or four times over, to see whether the colour is according to contract. After these ordeals the cloth is passed over two horizontal rollers, and examined by experts who look for holes and flaws. Having passed this test satisfactorily, the cloth is folded, and every quarter of a yard is stamped with the Government broad arrow, and with the number of the person through whose hands it passes, who is responsible for the bale.

Some of the cloth is given out to contractors to make up, but the bulk of it is made up on the premises. About 1,400 women are engaged in the factory. But we are going too fast. Before the cloth can go to the women who make it up it has to be cut up. This is done in the cutting-room, where there are a number of machines, each with an endless band knife that revolves over a couple of wheels, one above and one below a steel table. The shape of the garment to be made is chalked out on a piece of cloth that is placed on twenty other pieces, and the whole lot is cut out at one operation.

To return to the factory. When the material leaves the cutting-room it is taken to the viewers' room—there are eight or nine viewers, or supervisors—where a number of girls place with the pieces of cloth the quantity of braid, silk, thread, and buttons necessary for their transformation into tunics or trousers. The whole is rolled into a bundle, and the bundles are given to the women in the factory. The sewing-machines are driven by steam power, and there are two tables with four women at each attached to every machinist to do such work as must be done by hand. As each garment is finished, the maker takes it to the viewer, who enters it in a book, and hands it on to the store department, where it is packed ready for sending out. Shirts are cut out on the premises, fifty at a time, and are made up by soldiers' wives and widows.

There was some discussion in the House of Commons a short time ago about the boots served out to soldiers. The present pattern may be open to improvement, but the actual material leaves nothing to be desired.

The quantity of cloth and serge issued in a year amounts to 3,600,000-yds. Think what this means. If the cloth were laid down in the roadway it would more than reach from London to Manchester. The quantity of cotton material used in a year comes to about 1,500,000-yds. Of silk and thread it is calculated that 40,000 miles are drawn through the cloth in a year, which is practically 130 miles a day. The material used in the Royal Army Clothing Department costs £485,000 a year, and the annual wages of the Department average about £64,000.

Per Mare, per Terram.

COLONEL W. MACKINNON, whose continued ill-health has forced him to resign the secretaryship of the National Rifle Association, was, prior to taking up that appointment, a very well-known and popular Staff officer. Both as Assistant Adjutant-General for Musketry at Indian Army Headquarters, and as Chief Instructor at the Hythe School of Musketry, Colonel Mackinnon was universally liked and respected, and as an untiring and thorough expert in musketry matters generally, he has had few equals. He became secretary of the N.R.A. about ten years ago, when the Association was moving the *locale* of its annual meeting from Wimbledon to Bisley, and his tact, geniality, and unquestioned mastery of the business of the N.R.A. have certainly done much to popularise the new site, as well as to further generally the objects which the Association seeks to promote. Colonel Mackinnon's retirement is a serious loss to the N.R.A., and it may safely be prophesied that a successor of equal merit will take some finding.



Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.
The LATE SECRETARY OF THE N.R.A.

THE two illustrations herewith were taken at the dismantling of an old battery at Castle Hill, near Scarborough. A glance at the pictures will, of course, show that the battery was one used solely for drill purposes.

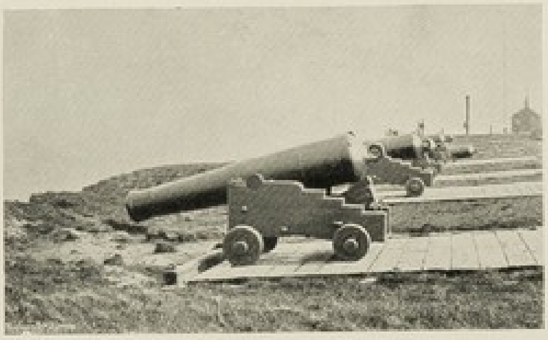


Photo. Wood. Copyright.
RELICS OF THE PAST.

In the upper picture one looks straight down the battery, the guns in the foreground being old muzzle-loaders, mounted on the old wooden carriages. There were, however, some breech-loaders mounted at the other end of the battery. One of these is in evidence in the second picture, which shows the guns dismounted and awaiting removal. The gun nearest to the gun-carriage in the lower picture is evidently a breech-loader, but not of a modern type. The pictures are interesting for another reason. They remind us of the fact that all round the coasts of the United Kingdom there are batteries not intended for defence, but solely for instructional purposes,



Photo. Wood. Copyright.
THEIR LIFE'S-WORK FINISHED.

and at which the men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve receive training in gunnery. The coasts round the whole of Great Britain and Ireland are divided into districts, the headquarters of each of which for all coastguard and Naval Reserve purposes is the coastguard ship of that particular district. The coasts of Great Britain are thus divided:—From Cape Wrath, on the north-west extremity of Scotland, to "The Rock," a point a couple of miles to the south of the South Foreland, the coast is in three districts. One stretches south from Cape Wrath to St. Abb's Head, that is to say, the whole North and East Coast of Scotland has its



Photo. K. Curtis. Copyright.
A WELL-KNOWN LONDON SIGHT.

headquarters at Queensferry. The other two cover the East Coast of England, and have their headquarters at Hull and Harwich respectively. The South Coast from the South Foreland to just round the Land's End, near Portreath, is in two districts, the headquarters of one being at Southampton and the other at Portland—the ship there, by the way, being the flag-ship of the Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves. From Portreath, right up the West Coast back to Cape Wrath, are two districts, the headquarters being Holyhead for the Southern, and Greenock for the Northern. In Ireland there are two stations. One, which has its headquarters at Bantry Bay, covers the West Coast from Bantry to Lough Swilly, the other the coast from Bantry eastward round to Lough Swilly, the headquarters being Bantry and Kingstown respectively. The supreme officer in charge of each of these districts is the captain of the coastguard ship, and both he and his gunnery-lieutenant make frequent inspections of every coastguard station and drill battery.

ANOTHER of our illustrations shows an officer of the Household Cavalry entering Knightsbridge Barracks from the Park side. Of the three regiments of Household Cavalry two are always in London, one being at Knightsbridge, the other at the Albany Barracks, close to Regent's Park, while the third station is Windsor. Besides the cavalry, however, London also boasts a battery of Horse Artillery, for the barracks at St. John's Wood are always garrisoned by this branch of the forces.



A Postal Rarity.

IT will be in the recollection of our readers that Mr. Cowen, though his sympathies and friendship were with the Americans stayed in Manila throughout the siege, holding, contrary to the opinion of other correspondents, that this course would enable him to secure the telegraph wire and send home the first news of the fall of the city. That he proved absolutely correct in his judgment was shown by his telegram to Reuter's Agency (which he represented together with the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED) bringing the news to London of the capitulation of the Spanish commander and the finish of the war many hours before that of any other correspondent. Another monopoly of an interesting character was also secured by our correspondent. Immediately the American troops had taken possession of the city and begun to settle down, a number of the volunteers dutifully bethought themselves to write home, giving details of their experiences. Proceeding to the post office, however, they found that Mr. Cowen, foreseeing that Spanish colonial postal issues would shortly acquire a rarity value, had bought up the whole stock of Manila postage stamps. Admiral Dewey had foreseen many things, but he did not foresee the run upon postage stamps, and there was some delay before a consignment of

American stamps could be unearthed from the stores. In the meantime the mail had to be caught. Mr. Cowen therefore returned a large quantity of the Spanish-Philippine stamps, and these were issued bearing the American acting postmaster's initials. We give a reproduction of one of these curious mementoes of the campaign.



Photo. W. M. Crockett Copyright.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE MARINES AT STONEHOUSE—THE DRUMMERS' ROOM.

OWING to the increased facilities that are year by year afforded at Christmas-time to all on duty at our ports for visiting their friends and relatives at home, and to the special consideration that has been shown of recent years to the rank and file in this regard, the Royal Marine Barracks at Stonehouse are greatly depopulated every year during the last days of December. Still, though, a considerable number of men have to remain to carry out the routine duties of the establishment. For the comfort and enjoyment of those remaining in quarters, every possible provision is made by the commanding officer and the company captains, who assist towards the special barrack decorations and a good Christmas dinner for their men. Every barrack-room is gaily and also most tastefully decorated for Christmas Day, and is specially visited after Divine Service by the colonel and officers of the Division with their wives and friends, the party making a tour of all the barrack-rooms to exchange the compliments of the season and good wishes. The official promenade over, then comes the Christmas dinner, and after that throughout the afternoon the barrack-rooms are thrown open to all visitors. The bugles and drums always make a special bid for superiority by the really tasteful manner in which at all times their walls are adorned.

IN our issue of January 14 we gave a picture of the White Star steam-ship "Oceanic," the biggest ship in the world, as it lay upon the stocks in Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard at Belfast. To-day we show the same noble vessel actually afloat after the launch, which took place on the 14th inst. in the presence of many thousands of enthusiastic spectators. Owing to the enormous size of the "Oceanic," a special and most ingenious system of launching had to be devised. It is pleasant to be able to add that everything worked with beautiful smoothness, and that after the huge fabric had glided into the water it was found possible to pull up the "Oceanic" within two lengths of herself. This gloriously successful launch was a fitting termination to a period of construction during which not a single fatal accident occurred. A feature in connection with it was the absence of the usual "christening" ceremony, the ship having been named when first "laid down" in the yard. We have already given the dimensions of this giant ship, but may add to our figures the fact that, with a ship's company of 394, the carrying accommodation of the "Oceanic" reaches a total of 2,104 persons. With the special arrangements which are made when such a ship is required for the transport of troops it is probable that the "Oceanic" could be made to carry over 2,500, or at least two battalions of infantry in addition to the crew. The "Oceanic" will have a pretty turn of speed, and, should her services be requisitioned by the Admiralty, she will undoubtedly prove one of the most useful of the superb steam-ships which are subsidised as "auxiliary cruisers."



Photo. R. Welch. Copyright.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "OCEANIC."

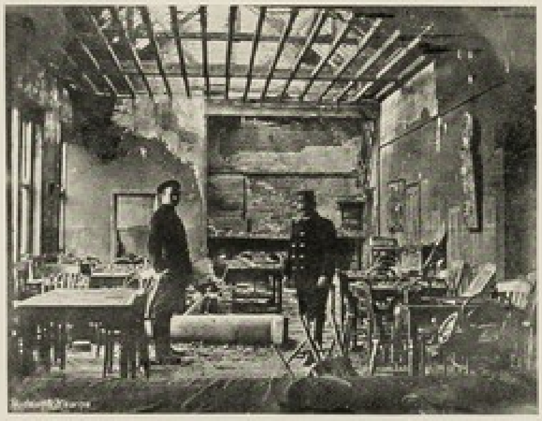


Photo. P. F. Wasserman Copyright.

A SCENE OF DESOLATION.

THE even tenor of volunteer existence is apt to be painfully disturbed by incidents and accidents, of which our illustration affords a somewhat lurid example. Up to the morning of January 12 this desolate interior was the comfortable mess-room of the non-commissioned officers of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Duke of Connaught's Own Hampshire regiment. Among other conveniences this resort possessed, we are told, a bar. On the walls hung photographs of prize teams, and several trophies won by users of the mess formed conspicuous decorations. Early on the morning of the 12th, a fire broke out, and this, as Miss Squeers would say, "is the hend." "Several volumes of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED were destroyed." Alas, that devastated bar! Alas, those melted trophies! And, several times, alas, those burnt-up volumes of the NAVY AND ARMY!

Our War Correspondent in the Philippines.



THIS portrait of Mr. T. Cowen, our war correspondent in the Philippines, concerning whose safety some alarming announcements have recently been made in the newspapers, will not be without interest for our readers. Mr. Cowen has run many risks on their account. As he has intimated in the letters which have appeared in these pages from time to time, he was several times arrested by the Spaniards during the recent fighting at Manila, and threatened with the extreme penalty of martial law for the offence, persistently committed, it must be confessed, of photographing the forts, troops, and defences of Manila. But, as the *Westminster Gazette* says, "Mr. Cowen was venturesome even to recklessness, now joining the Spanish defenders of the city, now penetrating into the camp of the Filipinos and interviewing Aguinaldo (whom, it may be added, he contrived to photograph), and now visiting the United States Fleet and headquarters at Cavite." He did, however, so far cultivate prudence as to retire more into the background, as will be gathered from the relative position of the troops in one of the accompanying snap-shots. His memorandum, pencilled upon the back of this picture, is as follows: "Native troops marching to Iloilo. *Slouching* would be the correct word. I took them from the rear because I do not want to be potted, and to stand up in front and photograph is the surest way to get shot."

Mr. Cowen in his letters modestly made light of the danger he was running, spoke contemptuously of the marksmanship of Spaniards and rebels alike, and seemed to relish the sensation which he once experienced of getting between the two cross-fires of Spaniards and Filipinos during an engagement. Although he concealed, rather than displayed, the risks he took upon himself on behalf of the "people at home," he was not insensible of the perils of his position, and several times let slip an admission, in a few significant words, of his narrow escapes. We venture to reproduce, without his permission, a note scribbled on the corner of an envelope in which he sent us a batch of photographs which appeared in a recent issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. It runs as follows: "Have to be dreadfully cautious. It is death to be seen photographing the war or anything about it.—T.C."

Have to be dreadfully cautious.
It is death to be seen
photographing the war
or anything about it.
T.C.

We regret to say that news has come to hand through the Far Eastern papers that after passing through so many dangers unscathed, Mr. Cowen has at last been placed *hors de combat*. He is stated to have been shot in the neck, and to have been conveyed to Hong Kong, where he was placed in the hospital. We reproduce a photograph of the interior of the study in his temporary quarters at Manila. A shot has been sent clean through the wall of the house, passing immediately over the desk at which Mr. Cowen was in the habit of writing. This appears to have been one of several "close shaves." The circumstances of Mr. Cowen's disablement are not yet reported, but we have reason to think that his injuries are not so severe as was at first feared. We anticipate that should the Filipino insurgents be misguided enough to enter upon open hostilities against the Americans, our correspondent will be found, as usual, in the front. The Filipinos, by nature a peaceable people, have been greatly encouraged by the downfall of their former tyrants, the Spaniards. Many of them have lost their homes, their huts have been cut down and left as mere heaps of bamboo and palm leaves, and they have been fortunate if they have retained their tables, chairs, and such-like goods and chattels. Having no acquaintance with the outside world, they imagine that one ruler must be as good (or as bad) as another, and they fear under American sovereignty to meet with a renewal of their experiences of past years. If hostilities should unfortunately ensue, we believe, as we have indicated, that no hospital will hold our correspondent.



NATIVE TROOPS NEAR ILOILO FISHING FOR BREAKFAST.



NATIVES GUARDING THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND CHATTELS.



From Photos.

NATIVE TROOPS "ON THE SLOUCH."



By Our Special Correspondent.

INTERRUPTED WAR CORRESPONDENCE.



Photo. Mullaker, Copyright.

DEFENDERS OF THE EMPIRE.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 105.]   *SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1899*



Photo. Sawyer.   Copyright.

COLONEL JOHN I. MORRIS,

COMMANDANT R.M. DEPOT, WALMER.

(See next page.)

The Royal Marine Depot at Walmer.—I.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

A FRENCH Naval officer of the old war-time once delivered himself to the effect that there were two things for which he particularly envied the British Navy. They were the sailing masters and the corps of Marines. The masters are not our subject, and we are fortunately not called upon to solve the question, which is not so simple as it may appear, whether they are, or are not, to be ranked among the things which have been and are no longer. But the Marines remain, and they are the force of which the Frenchman spoke. They are still the Royal Marine Forces, infantry and artillery, of which the infantry date from 1755 and the artillery companies from 1804. These last were founded because the soldier gunners told off for service in the ships made difficulties about obeying orders from captains and admirals. The Marines still represent the military element, which, in one form or another, in a soldier's dress or, as in most foreign Navies, in a sailor's, must needs be found in that floating fort, a war-ship. The men-at-arms and archers of Hubert de Burgh, the soldiers who formed the majority of the crews of Henry VIII., the admirals' regiment of Charles II., resplendent in yellow, the regiments of Torrington and Pembroke of William III., and the regiments of Queen Anne, did in their times what is now being done by the forces which have their depôt at Walmer.



THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

In these Walmer Barracks, which must be familiar to no small number of holiday-makers, at least by sight, Colonel Morris, his officers, his sergeants, and his steadying element of old soldiers, are engaged in turning still growing boys, who for the most part look sadly under-fed when they join, into trained lads, one cannot say trained men, for they have but nine months at Walmer, and there is more work to be done at Chatham, Portsmouth, or Plymouth, to be followed by the first spell of service at sea, before the Marines' education is finished. But at Walmer they get their first start, and in the happiest conditions. The place is one of the healthiest in the world, and it is sufficiently far from a town of any size to be well out of the way of unwholesome conditions. The buildings, like a good deal else connected with all the Services, present a combination of the old, which is preserved from motives of economy, and because it can be made to do, and the new, which has been constructed with a greater regard to convenience. The Marines have inherited quarters which once belonged to others. There is a cavalry barracks swallowed up in their buildings, which the passing visitor hears of with a vague surprise, and doubts whether, after all, there are not Horse Marines. But the origin of the thing is otherwise. There were cavalry soldiers quartered at Walmer in former times.

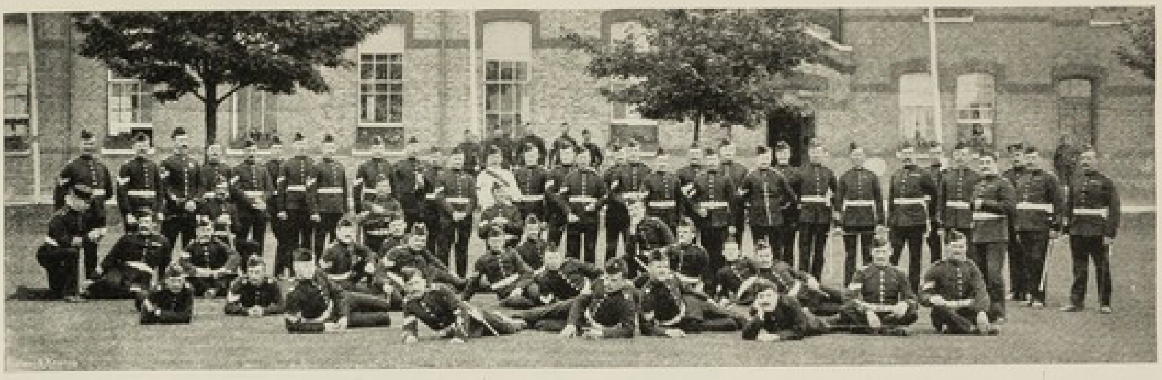
The mess, which faces you as you look in from the sea front, is a very respectable specimen of old, or, at any rate, oldish, brickwork, and belongs to the original buildings. Our illustration showing the officers in front of the mess will bear out our description, and gives a very good idea of the house. To the right is the sergeants' mess, which, as the reader can see for



Photos. Jules David. Copyright.

THE STAFF.

Capt. E. H. Morres. Dr. Browne, R.N. Major J. R. H. Oldfield. Qr.-Master R. W. Diggon.
Major N. G. Cotterill. Major L. Brownjohn. Capt. J. R. Goddard. Qr.-Master G. F. Harding. Capt. F. S. Gardner.
Capt. Palmer (Adjt.). Major R. F. Percy. Lt.-Col. Kirchhoffer. Col.-Comdt. J. I. Morris. Major Cumming. Capt. W. A. C. Grant.



AT EASE.
The Sergeants of the Royal Marines at present stationed at the Walmer Depôt, before their mess-room and quarters.

himself, is in another style of architecture—more modern, and also a good deal more airy. To the visitor it appears that the sergeants are very comfortably off. Other buildings straggle in various directions, the bath-house, which, oddly enough, began its career by catching fire, being across the road in front. The whole—except that the officers are less considered than others—is an example of the care the nation has learned to take of its fighting men, and which prompted Prince Henry of Orleans to express a doubt whether the pampered Briton could be expected to display the hardihood of the Frenchman.



READY.
Forming a square in the New Drill Ground.



Photos. Jules David. Copyright.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.
The Commandant, Colonel J. I. Morris, of the Walmer Depôt, and the Adjutant, with the full strength in the New Drill Field.

Winter Sport in the Navy.

OUR first two illustrations here show the football fifteen for the last term of the "Britannia," the Royal Naval Cadets' training-ship at Dartmouth, and the cadets' playing-field at the beginning of the season. The "Britannia" cadets' playing-field, where they play cricket in the summer, is at the present time of the year devoted to football, hockey, and rounders. The field covers an area between seven and eight acres, and on three sides is admirably sheltered by plantations of beech trees, seen in our picture with their autumn foliage still on them. The "Britannia's" playing-field is an almost level piece of ground, high up and commanding a magnificent view of the entrance to Dartmouth Harbour and far out to sea.



THE "BRITANNIA'S" FOOTBALL XV.

One illustration shows the football team of the Royal Naval Engineering College at Keyham. They have so far this season played a number of very hardly-contested matches with the local teams from all over Devon and Cornwall, and three of the members of the Royal Naval Engineering College team assisted in the County match.

There is also a Royal Naval Engineering College reserve team, who have also played several interesting matches



A GAME ON THE PLAYING-FIELD.

this season. The marked difference in physical appearance between the team of the "Britannia" cadets and that of the Keyham Royal Naval Engineering College students, which our pictures show, is of course readily accounted for by the difference in age of those under instruction at the two institutions. Keyham students enter at an age of from fourteen to seventeen, and spend five, or, in certain circumstances, six years at the Royal Naval Engineering College.

In the case of the "Britannia" cadets, the limits for age of admission are between fourteen and a-half and fifteen and a-half years, and they do not remain longer in the "Britannia" than some sixteen months in all.

Thus it happens that a senior "Britannia" cadet in the football team would be at the oldest under seventeen years of age, while the Keyham senior cadet in the Royal Naval Engineering College team might be upwards of two-and-twenty.



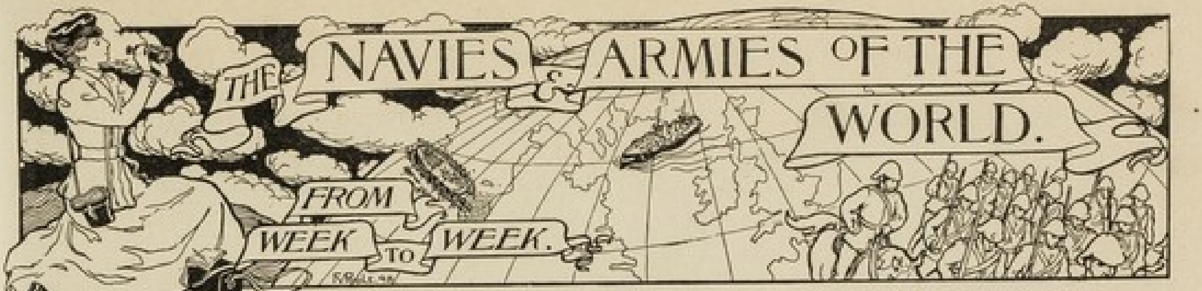
Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE XV.

It may be added, to wind up, that, as in the case of their cricket matches, it is very exceptional for the "Britannia" cadets' football teams to play off their own ground.

The Keyham Royal Naval Engineering College team, on the other hand, are well known on every football field all over the West of England, from Exeter and Newton Abbot to Falmouth and North Cornwall, as well as over the Somersetshire border.

But both teams find plenty of opportunity for the exhibition of their sterling qualities.



LORD WOLSELEY'S verdict that the attempt of the contractors to cope with the distribution as well as the supply of provisions to the troops during the autumn manœuvres in the West has failed, was to have been foreseen, and may be fully accepted. The surprising thing would be that they did not fail. They were suddenly cal'ed upon (by their request) to deal with a kind of work in which they had no experience, and for which they had no proper machinery. Apparently they made a not uncommon kind of mistake when they volunteered to distribute. They thought that because they were accustomed to do work of this kind in towns, to fixed addresses, they could do it in the country to bodies of men who were on the move. Of course this is very much as if a man were to conclude, because one angle in each of two triangles was the same, that the triangles were equal in all respects. When distribution is being arranged for, you have to consider not only what distributes, but also what receives. In peace and in the ordinary way of trade a carrier delivers to a known address. If he does not find it he keeps the goods. But that would never do in war—except perhaps in the case of a siege when the investing army is in a temporary military city. But what would have been the degree of success likely to have been achieved by the contractor who had undertaken to feed Sir John Moore's army during the march from Sahagun to Corunna? No doubt a civilian contractor could provide himself with the means of doing the work if he had time given him, and if it was made worth his while; but then he would do it by organising an Army Service Corps, and as we have one already (luckily for the troops, who would otherwise have had to do without their dinners on many occasions), there seems to be no visible reason for making any such arrangement. The chief value of the experiment will probably be to dispel a slight delusion from the minds of some business men.

* * * *

The *Journal des Débats*, which generally writes of Naval matters with sense and force, gives the new submergible torpedo-boat a rather qualified welcome in an unsigned article in its number for January 28. One cannot help entertaining some suspicion that the *Débats* shrinks from appearing to damp the patriotic ardour of the worthy people who are subscribing money to build another "Gustave Zédé." In the humour the French have been in of late, anybody who even seems to throw cold water on patriotic schemes runs no imaginary risk of passing for a traitor, a Jew, and suborned tool of the syndicate. Therefore it is prudent to express a reasonably warm approval of the new wonder, and a decent imitation of confidence in its future use as a rod wherewith to chastise perfidious Albion. Of course the *Débats*, which does not want for sense, knows very well that if there is really anything in the "Gustave Zédé," England can outbuild France in that kind of craft as easily as in any other. Moreover, it does not forget that to every kind of attack there is an answer, and that in the long run the victory must rest with the side which has the greater resources. The French paper is careful to warn its readers not to jump to the conclusion that ironclads and cruisers will be useless in future. In short, the *Débats* advises Frenchmen to accept the "Gustave Zédé" with reserve —or, as the useful French phrase puts it, subject to inventory —that is with good will, but also with the determination to see a little further. Yet it does express a confidence in the qualities of this boat which one hardly expected in that quarter, and does commit itself to the belief that the submergible craft will be useful for the defence of the French coast. A very similar article, signed "P.D.," appears in the *Yacht* for January 21. "P.D." is rather more enthusiastic than the writer in the *Débats*. Both, of course, make the most of the successful trial in the Rade des Salins, and of the "Gustave Zédé's" run from Toulon to Marseilles in spite of the swell.

* * * *

As the new wonder of wonders is designed for our benefit, we may be permitted to keep our spirits up by looking at this triumphant trial and calculating what it really means. The Rade des Salins—the Saltpan Roadstead—is in the lagoon formed by the mainland, the peninsula of Giens, Cape Bénat, and the Iles d'Hyères. The whole sheet is named the Rade d'Hyères, and the Rade des Salins is the innermost part. In this most ladylike nook of a Lady's Sea—which the Mediterranean really is with its hysterics and all—on a fine day, and in conditions which we may be very sure were not arranged to deprive M. Lockroy of the pleasure of witnessing a successful experiment, the "Gustave Zédé" did launch a torpedo which struck the "Magenta" under her port turret. This she did after manœuvring in the roadstead, approaching to within 500 metres, plunging, coming up at 200 metres, and plunging once more. The run to Marseilles was made without danger of interruption, and under the motherly care of the big "Utile." Now, with all due deference to the French, this was the kind of trial which is no trial at all. If the "Gustave Zédé" was not an absolute fraud, it was bound to be able to do all this, and no part of what it has done proves anything as to its capacity to be of value in war. What it can do in a mill-pond on a fine day, against a friend who gave it every chance, is nothing to the point. The question is what it could do on a day of showers, against an enemy who gave it no chance, if both were in the Race of Alderney, with the ebb tide running strong and a middling gale blowing from the south-west. If it cannot act in those conditions, if it can only serve in calm weather and smooth water, then it will always be liable to be seen when it comes up, like the whale, to blow.

* * * *

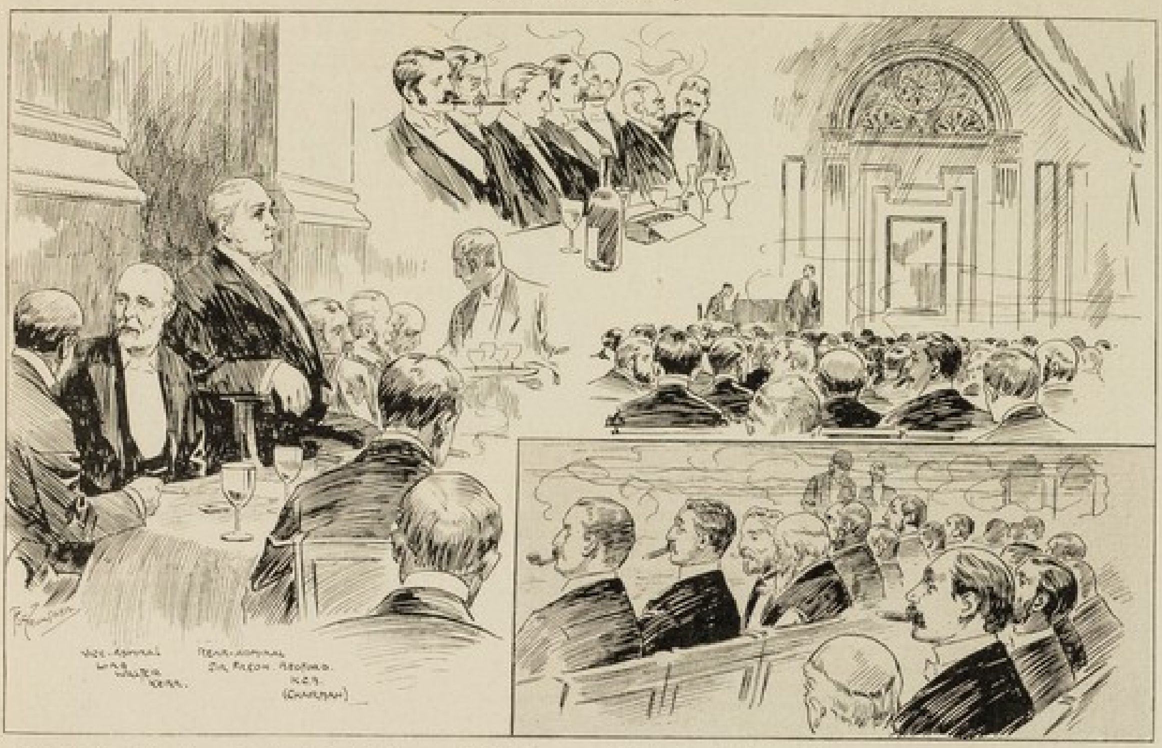
The same number of the *Débats* which contains this measured blessing of the submarine torpedo-boat, prints an excellent article by the military critic of the paper, who writes under the name of Charles Malo. His subject is the second circular of Count Mouravieff, and he says some shrewd things about it. Among other remarks of his, is one of really convincing force, and it is that in which he points out that it makes very little difference to a man who is blown to pieces by a shell whether it is charged with one kind of explosive or another. There is also force in his contention that if you must have shells thrown at you, it is, on the whole, an advantage to have them dropped from one of the balloons which the Russian Minister would rule out of war. A balloon cannot well be concealed when it is careering about in the air overhead, and one would have more chance to avoid its projectiles. On the whole, the French writer, while displaying the utmost politeness to Count Mouravieff, shows a most distressing ingenuity in turning his well-meant suggestions inside out, and showing that there is nothing in them. He, for his part, contends that the best, if not the only real, guarantee for humanity in war (and, after all, it can only be a very relative humanity) must be in the discipline of the armies and in an efficient commissariat service. The worst horrors of war are not those inflicted on the soldiers by one another, but those they inflict on the people of the country. Ill-disciplined men, and starving men, will plunder, and when once that begins it brings every abomination in its train. M. Charles Malo, very gently, and with a protest that he speaks under correction of the Naval critics, also asks how it will be possible to apply the stipulations of the Geneva Conference to war at sea. How can you abstain from firing into a ship's sick bay and wounded when you are firing at the ship herself? One surely does not need to be a Naval expert to see the force of the enquiry.

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The French have lately been a good deal exercised by the question whether they could not make some use of their yachts in a war with England. America has given them an idea, and they have been threshing it out in their logical way. Moreover, since nothing can be done without the help of the Government in that country, the Ministry of Marine has been appealed to, and has duly answered by the mouth of Admiral Duperré. He is not exactly enthusiastic. In fact he tells the patriotic yachtsmen plainly that he does not well see what they could do, except a certain amount of Red Cross work. But he is prepared to listen to a deputation. Meanwhile M. Guilloux makes a proposal more likely to be acceptable to yachtsmen. It is that a subvention should be given to owners whose steam yachts attain a high speed. If his idea is acted upon, the one certain result of the patriotic offer of the yachtsmen will be that rich men will get very swift pleasure-boats partly at the expense of the taxpayer. DAVID HANNAY.

The Admiralty Smoking Concert.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



THE Admiralty Concert, which took place on Friday last in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Cecil, was in every way a most successful function. Elsewhere we have referred to the origin of this annual entertainment. On this occasion Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick G. D. Bedford, K.C.B., the Second Sea Lord, presided, and was supported by a number of Admiralty officials. The programme, which was none too long, was excellent in every way, and comprised patriotic, sentimental, and humorous songs, harp solos, and selections from "The Yeoman of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers." Altogether it may be said of the Eighth Annual Admiralty Smoking Concert that it was an undoubted success.

The True Story of Majuba Hill.

ON Monday morning, the last day of February, 1881, a thrill of horror ran through the country at the terrible news of Majuba Hill. The stony mountain, which was to have been the solid base of a brilliant success, had proved as the shifting quicksand of military misfortune. George Pomeroy-Colley, sword in hand and facing his foes, with many another brave man, had met the soldier's death. Nearly thirty years before a young subaltern had penned in a little sketch-book he used the verses of an original hymn. It included these lines:

> "And when grim Death in smoke-wreaths robed
> Comes thundering o'er the scene,
> What fear can reach the soldier's heart
> Whose trust in Thee has been?"

The brave soldier of the fatal achievement and the young hymn-writer of the 2nd Queen's were the man of knightly heart whose life story has been told by Lieutenant-General Sir William F. Butler in his "Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, 1835-1881" (Murray). As the world knows, Sir William Butler is an accomplished writer. It is a pleasure to read what comes from his pen. There is in it the ease of certitude, and the literary workmanship that go to the perfect achievement. And the life of Sir George Colley well deserved to be told. It was not all summed up in the final disaster. There had been before no really brilliant distinction, but the good spirit and loyal zeal, the confidence in self and the desire to serve, that are the best things in the mental equipment of sailor or soldier. The disaster of Majuba, too, was rich in a great lesson, which it is good to have from the accomplished hand of Sir William Butler.

Sir George Colley was certainly no common man. Not often shall we find a subaltern in an Irish garrison reading "Modern Painters" and "The Seven Lamps," with Carlyle, Humboldt, and Locke, and finding real pleasure in these. The doubts and struggles of the young officer are a revelation. In his early service in South Africa Colley so longed for active service—for they were Crimean days—that he would leave his profession if he saw no chance of any. There came a time presently when he dreamed of entering the Prussian Service, in which he believed everyone was "allowed a fair chance, and, indeed, encouraged to show what he had in him." These expressions of discontent do but illustrate the fervid zeal that was in the man. Then we find him becoming attached to the Army more every day. "Every moment I can spare," he wrote, "is devoted to military works, until dry regimental details which I used to think so stupid and uninteresting are beginning to appear in a new light to me." The volume is really a study of mental development, and at every step we appreciate more the breadth, capacity, and penetrating nature of the young officer's mind. Opportunities of distinction came to him, of course. There were the events of China, with the Taku Forts and the Summer Palace. Those who remember Colley in Ashanti are few; but, says his biographer, the latest left of them will remember him as the choicest type of British officer. South Africa in 1875, India and the Central Asian question, Transvaal politics and the Governorship of Natal afford Sir William Butler excellent opportunities of giving instructive comment upon the affairs he describes.

The Boers, wrote the Administrator of the Transvaal to Colley, in December, 1880, "are incapable of any united action, and they are mortal cowards, so anything they may do will be but a spark in the pan." The actions of Lang's Nek and the Ingogo seem a strange commentary upon want of foresight that reminds one almost of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. A new power had been developed in war—the mounted rifleman—and, as Sir William Butler pithily says, the two guns spotted over with the bullet splashes of the Boer rifles needed no lecturer to point their moral to the men who saw them. "Nor did the Boers require to be told what their skill of straight shooting and their power of adapting tactics to terrain really meant." It is a fact that after Ingogo, drawn battle though it was, the balance of belief in themselves, which means so much to men, "swung as dangerously low on one side as it rose high on the other." But let us pass on to the disaster. How should Lang's Nek be taken? To Colley it seemed that the way lay up Majuba Hill. It was a brilliant conception, that failed only in the achievement. We had under-estimated our foes. The occupation of this dominant position, and the Rifles and Hussars advancing from Newcastle, might cause the Boers to withdraw. It did not, as we all know. There was vast natural strength in the position on the hill, which seems to have determined the decision not to strongly fortify. But the sense of security was fallacious, and, instead of withdrawing, the Boers stealthily climbed the hill. Gallant Commander Romilly, R.N., was one of the first to fall, and the upward whelming wave of the Boer storming party, gathering strength, soon brought the decisive rush, in which Sir George Colley and so many of our devoted men were laid low. Sir William Butler says truly that the Boers were splendidly handled, but that it would be more correct to describe the method of their advance, not as due to one will acting on many, so much as the instinct of each unit acting on the whole body. "Their methods of fighting, their fire tactics and knowledge of ground, were instincts imbibed from early youth upwards in the exercise of daily life amid the storm and sunshine of this wild land. Ours were the dogmatic teachings of the barrack square, the acquired lessons of unreasoned drill, the accepted formulæ of collective movement, subordinating action to one mind and one command, and liable to produce inertness and helplessness whenever circumstances became such as previous precept had not contemplated." This is the ripe conclusion of an excellent soldier, who thus draws a sound lesson from the disaster in which his hero was involved. Critical acumen and literary power are happily united in Sir William Butler's attractive, if rather melancholy, volume.

A Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

By A. B. Tucker.

IT is difficult to realise that a quarter of a century has elapsed since Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley conducted the brilliant little campaign in Ashanti, and crushed the power of King Koffi. On the other hand, events follow each other so rapidly nowadays, little war succeeding little war, in this vast Empire, that there is small wonder if our memories are taxed in recalling this or that victory, or if our ideas of time are a little vague. In this particular case, there is an extra excuse for any confusion, for there has since been another Ashanti Campaign, and once again Kumassi has been taken. The twenty-fifth anniversary is a fitting occasion to recall a series of engagements which reflected the greatest credit on those who took part in them. The week beginning with January 31, and ending with February 6, in 1874, is not easily to be forgotten by the members of the gallant little army which marched to Kumassi, overcame the many difficulties in its path, fighting almost every inch of the way after the river Prah was crossed, and in the end burnt the capital, with the King's palace stained with the blood of thousands of hapless victims.

January 31 will be noted in the annals of West Africa as the day on which the British soldier for the first time fairly met the warriors of the hitherto unconquered Ashanti kingdom in their native bush, and after a desperate conflict, lasting nearly six hours, completely routed them.

Mr. G. A. Henty, who represented the *Standard* in the campaign, says of the battle of Amoaful: "Never was a battle fought admitting of less description. It is impossible, indeed, to give a picturesque account of an affair in which there was nothing picturesque, and in which scarcely a man saw the enemy from the commencement to the end of the fight; in which there was no manœuvring, no brilliant charges, no general concentration of troops, but which simply consisted of lying down, of creeping through the bush, of gaining ground foot by foot, and of pouring a ceaseless fire into every bush in front which might contain an invisible foe." The bush that lay in front of our men grew to a vast height, and was intersected by narrow lanes which, running hither and thither, presented a bewildering maze. Our troops in the lanes made, of course, a fine mark for the enemy, who were concealed in the bush. First the village of Eginassie was taken by a rush, and then the real fighting began. The Black Watch, who, by the way, had discarded their kilts, and were, all except the pipers, clad in Norfolk grey, were pushing on in advance of the main body, when a terrific fire was opened on them from all sides. From the right, from the left, and from the front a tremendous hail of slugs was poured in upon them. But they bravely held their own, and pressed forward gallantly, though losing men at every step. It was trying work, being fired at by an invisible foe, but the Highlanders, grim and steady, marched on, firing at every spot in the bush whence rose a puff of smoke. By this time the 23rd and the Naval Brigade and one gun had come into action. The roar of the conflict increased. The Ashantis bravely held their ground for a time, but gradually wavered, and eventually fled towards Amoaful.

In front of the 42nd was the brigadier, Sir Archibald Alison, who now ordered the pipes to strike up, and the jungle rang with the notes of "The Campbells are Coming," while the Highlanders, with a cheer, charged after the retreating foe, whom, however, they could not reach, by reason of the thick bush. When Amoaful was reached, towards the end of an arduous day, it was found that our casualties amounted to about 250, to which the 42nd contributed over 100 in killed and wounded. Brevet-Major Baird, who was second in command of the regiment, died of his wounds, and it is said that every man of his company, except four, was wounded. Major Macpherson, who led the regiment, as Colonel Sir John M'Leod was in command of the left column, was twice wounded.

"Nothing could have exceeded the admirable conduct of the 42nd Highlanders, on whom fell the hardest share of the work," wrote Sir Garnet Wolseley in his despatch. But there was still some more hard work in front of the men. The night was spent at Amoaful. The next day the village of Becquah was taken. On the 2nd, the little army had, by dint of fighting every inch of the ground, advanced six miles beyond Amoaful. The river Ordah, which lay between our men and Kumassi, was reached on the 3rd, and there it was found that King Koffi meant to offer a stubborn resistance. The battle opened on February 4, after a bivouac on the banks of the river. By seven o'clock in the morning the Engineers had bridged the river, and soon the Rifle Brigade, which was the first to cross, was in action. Some furious fighting ensued. For hours the enemy stoutly withstood our attack. At nine o'clock the village of Ordahsu was captured. The enemy, however, did not leave our troops in quiet possession, but attacked the post with the greatest fury. Our men could not make any progress, neither would the enemy yield. By this time the conflict had raged for seven hours. The Black Watch, who had taken little part in the action, was now ordered up. This time Colonel M'Leod was himself in command of his regiment, of which there were on that day only 340 in the field. The enemy just then seemed to waver, and then began what Mr. H. M. Stanley, who went through the campaign as a war correspondent, calls "the sublime march to Kumassi, the most gallant and most impressive action of the Ashanti Campaign."



The March on Kumassi through the Bush.

The Highlanders marched into the dense forest looking full of determination. The Black Watch, when ordered to do something, do it. The men had gone only a little way when the underwood was ablaze with the enemy's fire, and a shower of slugs and bullets fell on the gallant 42nd. The enemy's fire was promptly answered, and volley after volley crashed into the underwood. As they fired, the Highlanders pushed on.

The Ashantis had never met such a determined foe. They could not understand this heedlessness of their constant fire from the bush. Indeed, the 42nd went on towards the capital as if they knew that they were irresistible. Mr. Stanley says, "Nothing could surpass the standing and gallantry which distinguished each member of the Black Watch."

Night was closing in when the brave Highlanders entered Kumassi, flushed with victory. The King, and most of his people, had fled. Later in the evening Sir Garnet Wolseley reached the town, and the Highlanders, drawn up in a line in the main street, received him with thundering cheers.

The next day was spent in the town, in the expectation that the King would come in. He did not keep his word, and at first it was proposed to march further into the country, but the rainy season had begun. Our troops, who had had five days' fighting, were wet through and dispirited, and to the intense relief of everyone it was decided to return at once to the coast. Accordingly, on February 6 Kumassi was fired, and the troops, with a feeling of intense satisfaction, turned their backs on the burning town, and began the march to the coast.

Anecdotes of Regimental Pipers.

By Louis A. Johns.

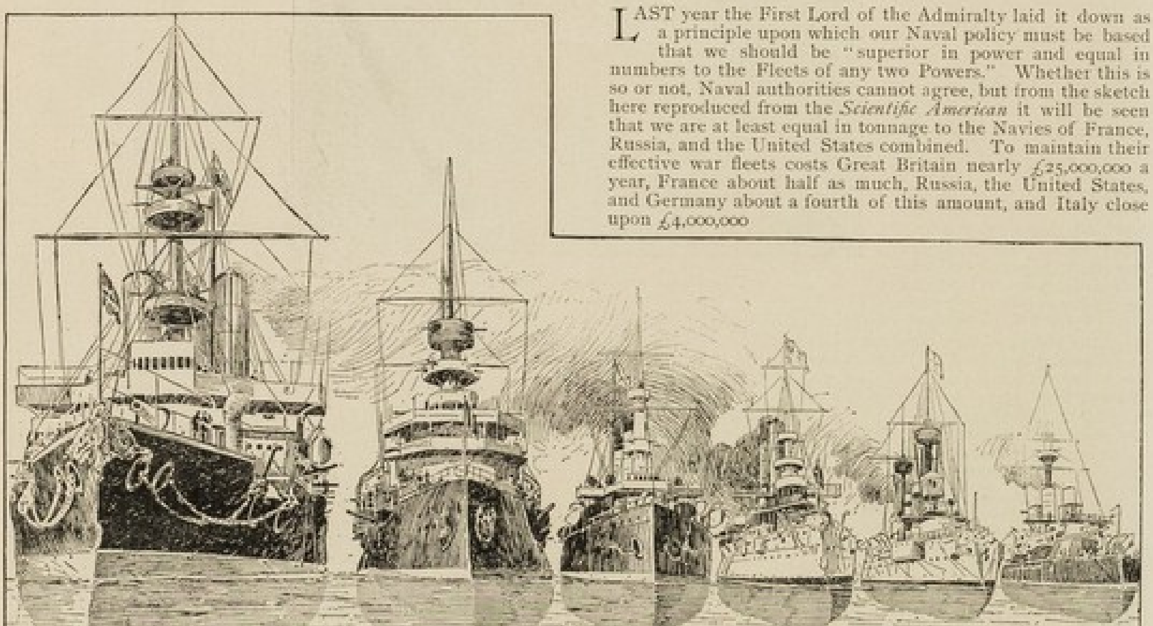
NUMEROUS instances are on record of the bravery and presence of mind shown by regimental pipers during critical occasions, and on the field of battle. Always to the front, scorning the enemy's bullets, animating the men by the sound of the pipes, and ever ready to lead where danger is the thickest, no wonder, as tradition asserts, the enemy, being fully aware of the power and influence of their music, anxiously direct their fire to get rid of them. These men are not only brave, but invaluable. When Cameron of the 92nd Highlanders had the misfortune to lose his favourite piper, who was killed by his side in one of the Peninsula engagements, as he strove to raise him he said, "I would rather lose twenty men than have lost you!" Lieutenant-General Coote showed his gratitude to the piper of the 71st at the battle of Porto Novo, who was playing with right good will, by calling out, "Well done, my brave fellow, you shall have a pair of silver pipes for this!" And how often, amidst the din and uproar of battle, have been heard the familiar airs played on the pipes, which have helped to quicken the blood and brace up the men for further effort. Even when the piper falls wounded, if he can he sticks to his pipes, to hasten the men forward by a tune. A piper of the 71st, George Clark by name, was unfortunate enough to receive a wound during the battle of Vimiera, which prevented him accompanying his corps in the advance against the enemy, yet he coolly put his pipes in order, struck up a favourite regimental air, and greatly delighted his comrades. When Piper Findlater of the Gordon Highlanders did the gallant deed for which he received the Victoria Cross, at Dargai, he was only following the best traditions of the brave pipers who have preceded him. Having been shot through both ankles, he continued to play his pipes as he fell among a shower of bullets, and played on until the position was won.

Great ingenuity during a time of danger was displayed by a piper who was wounded in the leg at one of the battles fought during the Mutiny. While the engagement was going on, two soldiers were told off to carry the piper to the rear. Hoisting him shoulder high, they proceeded on their way. Greatly to their astonishment they saw a Sepoy on horseback coming in their direction, with his sword drawn. The piper, taking the longest shank of his pipes, went through the ordinary movements of loading a gun, and lifting it to his shoulder, pointed it at the Sepoy's head, who, thinking it a gun, turned tail and ran off. Another piper, also during the Mutiny, was indebted to his wit and his pipes for his life. He had lost his way amid the smoke in the narrow streets, and suddenly found himself face to face with one of the enemy's cavalry, who, with sword in hand, was about to cut him down. He had fired his rifle, and, having no time to fix his bayonet, seized his pipes, and putting them to his mouth, gave forth a shrill note, which so startled the fellow that he bolted like a shot, evidently imagining it was some infernal machine. On one occasion during the Peninsular War the 92nd Highlanders came suddenly upon the French army, and the intimation of their approach was as suddenly given by the pipers swelling out their music. The effect was instantaneous. The enemy fled, and the Highlanders pursued.

For sheer contempt of the enemy and his bullets, the deeds done by pipers in the execution of their duties are hard to be beaten. While the square was being formed at Waterloo, and the French cuirassiers came thundering on, Piper Kenneth Mackay of the 79th repeatedly marched round the square, outside the bayonets, playing the pibroch "Cogadh na Sith." Another instance is that of the pipe-major of the 92nd, who, at the same battle, placing himself on an eminence where the shot was playing like hail, and regardless of his own danger, proudly sounded the battle air. Or, again, that of the pipe-major of the 93rd at the last siege of Lucknow, who was one of the first to force his way in through a breach, and, once inside, encouraged the men by playing all the time, notwithstanding the shot that fell round him, to the dismay of the Sepoys. A piper of the 74th was doing his best, at the storming of Badajos, to encourage the men; he was one of the foremost in the escalade, and, as soon as he had mounted the castle wall, began to play the regimental quick-step, "The Campbells are Coming," when a shot crashed through his pipes. Not deterred, however, by such a misfortune, he quietly sat down on a gun to repair them, and then began again. The opposite effect to this was produced in a piper who at Waterloo received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds.

A Naval Comparison.

LAST year the First Lord of the Admiralty laid it down as a principle upon which our Naval policy must be based that we should be "superior in power and equal in numbers to the Fleets of any two Powers." Whether this is so or not, Naval authorities cannot agree, but from the sketch here reproduced from the *Scientific American* it will be seen that we are at least equal in tonnage to the Navies of France, Russia, and the United States combined. To maintain their effective war fleets costs Great Britain nearly £25,000,000 a year, France about half as much, Russia, the United States, and Germany about a fourth of this amount, and Italy close upon £4,000,000



BOW VIEWS OF TYPICAL BATTLE-SHIPS, REPRESENTING RELATIVE SIZE OF LEADING NAVIES.

GREAT BRITAIN. 1,557,522 tons. — FRANCE. 731,629 tons. — RUSSIA. 453,899 tons. — UNITED STATES. 303,070 tons. — GERMANY. 299,637 tons. — ITALY. 286,173 tons.

About Torpedo-boat Destroyers.

A TORPEDO-BOAT destroyer lying quiescent beside a dockyard jetty has not an impressive appearance. It looks so absurdly like a toy ship that you feel you could reach over the side and pick it out of the water without any great difficulty. But see the same craft cutting through the waves, with all its funnels belching out smoke, its sides quivering like the wings of a butterfly with animation, and you get a different opinion of it altogether.

Then it is that the destroyer shows its real self and appears what it really is—the most complete embodiment of energy and waspishness afloat. As it plunges headlong through the seas, disdaining to be lifted by them, and sends the green water shooting along its decks, you realise why the Admiralty supplies the crew with oilskins and sea boots, and also why it is that a special training aboard destroyers forms a part of the instruction imparted to all "young hands" in our Navy.



THE CREW.

The twenty-four destroyers that run from Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport have been commissioned for the special purpose of grounding in our seamen and stokers a knowledge of what life aboard a destroyer is like. The accommodation is relatively much more cramped than that of a big ship, but it is sufficient. The crew live in the forecastle under the turtle back, there are separate messes for the chief petty officers, and the ward-room is shared by the commanding officer, the sub-lieutenant, the engineer, and the gunner. The three latter sleep there, but the commanding officer enjoys the privacy of a little nest of a cabin right astern, where the churning of the screws keeps the furniture dancing and sings a noisy lullaby in the brief periods of rest he gets during a trip.

When the sea is rough the water gets into the forecastle, and the ward-room officers very often find their belongings strewn all over the floor. Every month the classes are changed, but the officers stay on for, it may be, a year or two. They have to continue the work of licking fresh batches into shape, whilst the men go away to other ships, thanking their stars that their turn aboard the destroyer is done. For the work is not easy. It is drill, drill incessantly. There are a couple of night runs to be made every month, and at least four hours' work at sea every day. This comprises torpedo firing, target practice with the quick-firing guns, and boat evolutions. In addition to this there is cleaning ship to be done; so that four hours by no means represents the length of the crew's day's work.

The illustrations show the officers and crew of the destroyer "Starfish," one of the Portsmouth destroyers, as they appeared during a run. The group on the bridge above the conning-tower is composed of Lieutenant-Commander Brownrigg, the officer in charge, and his officers. Mr. Chainey, the gunner, who is standing on the extreme right, is an interesting personage, by reason of the fact that he was recently awarded the Stanhope gold medal for an act of great



Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE DESTROYER.

bravery in rescuing the crew of a boat whilst the "Dryad," in which he was then serving, lay off Crete.

The group of grimy-looking engine-room artificers and stokers is unique, being the only photograph ever taken of a destroyer's engine-room ratings as they appear when at work. There is a vast difference between their appearance and that of the smart-looking Bluejackets. But it must be remembered that the engine-room men and stokers have just come up from places in the bowels of the ship where the heat is terrible and the work very dirty.

Some idea of the great engine power compressed into these tiny vessels may be gathered from the fact that the engines of the "Starfish" are a reduced model of those which enable the gigantic "Powerful" to steam at over 20 knots speed. A tremendous amount of coal is swallowed up by the furnaces of these tiny war-ships. Travelling at 30 knots—that is about 35 miles an hour—a torpedo-boat destroyer will burn some seven tons of coal per hour. The majority of them carry about 80 tons, and, therefore, at this high speed, a torpedo-boat destroyer's bunkers would be cleaned out in less than 12 hours. But, be it borne in mind, if the boat was travelling at a speed of 13 knots, she would only burn one ton of coal in about 2½ hours. The higher the speed the more coal consumed in a given time.



Photo. Cribb. THE ENGINE-ROOM COMPANY. Copyright.

Trincomalee.

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]

TO most dwellers at home Ceylon is little more than a name; it has, however, been a British possession since the beginning of the present century, and the picturesque harbour of Trincomalee, on the North-East Coast, has for many years been the headquarters of the ships composing the East Indian Squadron.

For this purpose it is eminently well suited, the natural conformation of the locality adapting itself in a remarkable degree to the two-fold requirements of military defence and shelter from the prevailing winds, the well-known monsoons, which blow with great regularity from the north-east and south-west for six months alternately, and sometimes with considerable violence.

The harbour, which is both spacious and of a suitable depth for anchorage, is completely land-locked between the promontory of Foul Point to the southward and the peninsula of Ostenberg to the northward, the latter rising to a height of about 300-ft., and being fortified. The entrance is also contracted by two islands, quaintly named Great and Little Sober Island, also of considerable altitude and fortified, only a narrow channel being available for the passage of vessels. One is tempted to speculate on the origin of the name bestowed on these islands; is it ironical? Or was it perhaps derived from the fact that those who had been the reverse of sober were in the habit of resorting thither for recuperative purposes? We may feel confident, at all events, that the name, whatever its origin, is thoroughly well deserved in these days of universal moderation.

The scenery is extremely beautiful—Ceylon has a reputation, even among tropical countries, in this respect—dense evergreen forests, impenetrable save where roads are cut, covering the banks of the harbour from the hilltops to the water's edge. The completion of this general description will leave an impression, no doubt, on the reader's mind of an ideal refuge and coaling station for our ships in distant waters; and its strategical value is, in fact, very great. If the entrance were efficiently mined, as no doubt it could be with little delay, the capture of this station would present a very complex problem to the boldest enemy. Trincomalee is not, however, merely a coaling station; it boasts a small dockyard, with stores and repairing plant, and a Naval Hospital on a small scale, with accommodation for five or six officers and twenty-eight men. There is, however, no dock there as yet; but at Colombo there is a private dock capable of taking in the largest vessels.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
THE "ECLIPSE," BOWS ON.

By the officers and men of the ships on the East Indian station Trincomalee is probably most highly valued as a haven of rest and refreshment and comparative coolness. Not that it is a particularly cool spot; the mean temperature day and night all the year round is probably above eighty degrees; but then the station includes Aden—of which a Hibernian soldier is said to have remarked that "he didn't wonder our first parents were onaisy in it"—and the Persian Gulf, besides other spots which boast a roasting temperature at certain seasons; and at Trincomalee there are certain ameliorations of which these places have no knowledge.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
TRINCOMALEE DOCKYARD.

To begin at the top, the admiral has a house assigned to him; a spacious and comfortable building, situated on an eminence projecting into the harbour, and so constructed as to be well adapted to the climate. A picture of this house will be found among the illustrations. How the Commander-in-Chief must revel in his pyjamas on the cool verandah, after the official business of the day is over and he can enjoy the *dolce far niente* undisturbed! If, indeed, an admiral ever can remain undisturbed. He is surrounded by an ubiquitous staff, headed by the flag-lieutenant, who insists as a rule on informing him that the "Irrepressible" wants to drill her upper yardmen, or the "Inevitable" asks permission to hoist out a torpedo-boat. And though he may savagely repress the former, and avoid granting the request of the latter, his hardly-earned siesta is broken in upon notwithstanding.

The officer who just now holds the appointment of Commander-in-Chief on the East Indian station is Rear-Admiral A. L. Douglas, and his flag-ship is the second-class cruiser "Eclipse," of which a picture is given. She is of 5,600 tons displacement, will steam over 19 knots,

and carries an armament of five 6-inch, six 4·7-inch, and eight 12-pounder quick-firing guns, she is sheathed with wood and coppered, to obviate the necessity of the frequent docking required to keep an iron bottom clean. The "Eclipse," as will be noticed, is painted white in order to absorb as little heat as possible; but a steel hull in such a climate is a grilling habitation, do what you will with it.

While the admiral is snugly housed in his cool bungalow, the comfort of his subordinates is by no means forgotten.

One half of Great Sober Island is set apart as a recreation ground for the officers; there is a ward-room bungalow, and another for the gun-room officers, with dining and sleeping accommodation, a small library, a billiard-room, and a tennis ground.



THE DOCKYARD GATE.

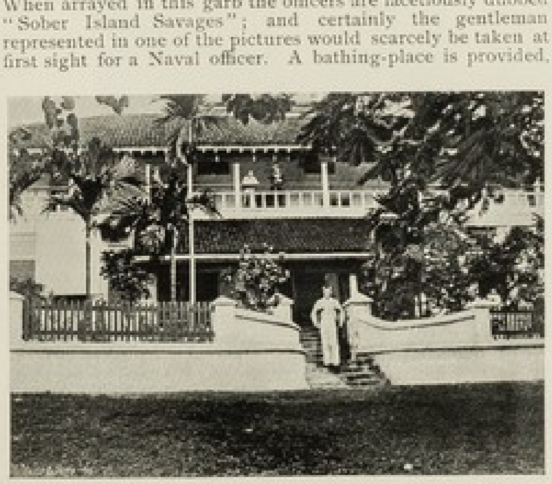
Anyone would imagine that the latter would be but little patronised in such a hot climate; but Englishmen will "play ball" anywhere, regardless of the risk of sunstroke or the peeling of arms and faces by the sun's scorching rays, and Naval officers are proverbially among the most reckless in this respect.

In some tropical places it is a saying that only dogs and Naval officers walk in the sun, but they appear as a rule to escape any ill effects. One of the advantages of this island mess is that uniform can be discarded and the native dress



THE BILLIARD SALOON, SOBER ISLAND.

adopted, consisting of a jacket such as is worn with pyjamas, and a cotton arrangement called a "sarang," which is merely wrapped round the waist and tucked over to keep it up. When arrayed in this garb the officers are facetiously dubbed "Sober Island Savages"; and certainly the gentleman represented in one of the pictures would scarcely be taken at first sight for a Naval officer. A bathing-place is provided, protected by stakes from the invasion of sharks—a very necessary precaution, for these voracious fish are very numerous round Ceylon.



From Photos. THE NAVAL SICK QUARTERS. By a Naval Officer.

The Bluejackets are not neglected in Trincomalee, for on the neck of the peninsula, and near the native town, surrounded by groves of cocoa-nut palms, is the Naval canteen, an enclosure with several airy bungalows, fitted with sleeping accommodation for liberty men, refreshments of reliable quality being supplied at reasonable prices, the men having also their own protected bathing-place.

From all that has been described, it will be readily understood that a sojourn in Trincomalee is looked forward to as a treat, after a hot cruise to Aden or elsewhere; and the pictures which are given of the shore quarters, cool and enticing in their beautiful surroundings, combine to complete the ideal image of the delights of this tropical paradise, using the term, of course, in a comparative sense.



THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE.

The Naval Hospital, though small and unpretentious, is doubtless a place of great comfort and relief to the sick; for a ship's sick bay, however well provided, is a very trying place in hot weather, as many a seaman will testify.

Two pictures are given of the dockyard gates, from different aspects, in which it will be noticed that the sort of



THE WARD-ROOM BUNGALOW, SOBER ISLAND.

bird-cage surmounting the clock, which is an essential feature in our home dockyards, has been adopted in this far distant clime; but the tall waving palms and general appearance of intense heat are amply indicative of climatic conditions greatly differing from those of Portsmouth or Plymouth.

Per Mare, per Terram.



Photo, Symonds & Co.
A YOUTHFUL BAND-MASTER.

THE week before last we gave a portrait of Mr. George Miller, sen., the well-known band-master of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, upon whom the Queen has just been pleased to bestow a commission as second lieutenant. We mentioned at the time that Mr. Miller had a son, a veritable chip of the old block, who has just been appointed to a band-mastership in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Here he is, a smart, well-set-up young fellow, who looks quite capable of doing credit to his father, himself, and his fine old corps. As we remarked aforetime, Mr. Miller takes warrant rank in the Queen's Army under excellent auspices. He was an old Windsor choir-boy, and Her Majesty has personally congratulated Mr. Miller, sen., on his son's advancement.

THE case of the Millers is not the only one in which father and son are serving simultaneously as band-masters. The accompanying portraits indicate a similar relation-



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
FATHER AND SON.

ship, though the senior warrant officer is so smart and well-preserved, and the junior has such a "set" and responsible appearance, that one would scarcely credit the fact. The fact, however, remains, and accordingly we have to introduce the figure in the foreground as Mr. C. Hazell, band-master of the 12th Lancers, and that in the background as his son, Mr. A. Hazell, band-master of the 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment. The former received his present appointment in July, 1881, the latter in November, 1895.



Photo. K. Curtis. Copyright.
PAST WORK.

THIS fine old gun, captured at Sebastopol in September, 1855, is to be seen outside the museum entrance of the Royal United Service Institution, a worthy harbourage for such a notable relic. Apart from the historical interest



Photo. C. F. Gowan. Copyright.
TO THE OLD 90th.

and value attached to it, this solid piece of ordnance is a useful object-lesson in the rapidity with which war material nowadays grows obsolete.

THE fine memorial which stands on the North Inch of Perth was unveiled some two years ago by Lord Wolseley, himself an ex-officer of the old 90th Light Infantry, in whose honour the graceful monument was erected. The cost of erection was defrayed by the county and city of Perth, and by officers of the regiment past and



Photo. Stuart. Copyright.
DUMBARTON LADDIES.

present. The association of the 90th Light Infantry with Perth and Perthshire is a very close and interesting one. The old name of the regiment was the "Perthshire Volunteers," it having been raised in 1794 by Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, who served with distinction in Italy, Spain, and Holland. On July 1, 1881, the old 90th was linked under the Territorial System with the old 26th, and became the 2nd Battalion of the Cameronians, the sub-title of which is the Scottish Rifles. Of the two regimental badges sculptured on the monument, one, the Sphinx, is shared by the Cameronians with the Royal Scots, the Queen's, the King's, and several other regiments. The bugle which appears beneath the Sphinx is the badge worn by the 90th, as a light infantry regiment.

IN our issue of January 21 we gave a stirring sketch from the pen of Colonel W. W. Knollys of his grand old corps the 93rd, now the 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The "Dumbarton Laddies," shown

in the accompanying picture, are Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, being members of the 1st Dumbartonshire Volunteer Battalion, which has its headquarters at Helensburgh. The giant with the axe is, of course, a pioneer, and the tallest man under Colonel Denny's command. The little chap may be small in stature, but he has a big heart. During last year's camp of the Clyde Infantry Volunteer Brigade the Dumbartonshire had to carry out a route march of eighteen miles on a very hot day over very rough ground. With them marched the youngster here depicted, scorning all offers of a lift on the baggage waggon. Even if he had been as big as his companion in the picture, he could not have shown a better or more soldierly spirit.



Photo. K. Curtis. Copyright.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF YORK HOUSE.

AN exceedingly interesting relic of Old London, one, too, of very distinct Service interest, is the well-known water-gate at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand, of which we reproduce a photograph, taken from the Embankment. Every passer-by, and those who have listened to the Press Band in the Embankment Gardens, can scarcely have failed to notice this handsome relic. Few among them, however, are likely to know its history or its connection with the British Navy. This fine old gate, on which the arms of the Villiers family are still visible, is all that is left to mark the site of old York House, a portion of which was, in the time of Samuel Pepys, occupied by houses known as York Buildings. It was in his house in York Buildings that Pepys, as Secretary of the Admiralty, transacted the business of the Navy a little more than 200 years ago. It needs no great effort of imagination, or any very close acquaintance with the history of our country, to conjure up a host of associations, romantic, picturesque, and pathetic, in connection with this notable old piece of masonry, one of a rapidly dwindling number of memorials which the nation is naturally anxious to preserve as long as possible from the ravages of time.

THE next instructive, as well as most impressive, picture shows the great turret of the "Sans Pareil," a first-class battle-ship now employed as Port Guard ship at Sheerness. The point of the picture lies, of course in the placement of the two enormous guns, the calibre of which is so simply and expressively indicated by the fact that a Bluejacket is comfortably ensconced in each great muzzle. No heavier guns than these have ever been put afloat, and, as the modern tendency is in the direction of a considerable reduction of weight, it is unlikely that anything approaching 110 tons—the weight of these monsters—will ever figure again in our future Naval ordnance. As for powder, the charge for one of these beauties is little short of 1,000-lb., while the projectile of a 110-ton gun weighs 1,800-lb. Should one of our readers happen to meet a projectile of this sort in flight, he is recommended to step hastily aside, as he is scarcely likely to be able to deflect a shell nearly as tall as, and a good deal stouter than, himself, which, when discharged from its gun with all the energy of a full charge of powder, will perforate over a yard of solid iron!



Photo. Hicks. Copyright.

THE BIGGEST GUNS AFLOAT.

THE last exceedingly interesting picture is a reproduction from a photograph taken only a few weeks since in the ex-Khalifa's palace at Omdurman. The leading figure is that gallant and most distinguished officer, Colonel H. MacDonald, who has achieved a world-wide reputation as a fighting man since eighteen years ago he was promoted from the ranks of the Gordon Highlanders for a splendid exhibition of pluck in the Afghan War. The manner in which "Old Mac," as he is alternatively and affectionately called, handled his brigade at the battle of Khartoum, at a juncture which might have proved a most serious one, must be within the knowledge of every one of our readers. Lieutenant Stickland, who also appears in this group, was appointed Colonel Macdonald's staff officer after the battle of Khartoum, *vice* Major Keith-Falconer. The non-commissioned officers are the drill instructors of the battalions to which they are shown as attached, and with two exceptions were present at both the Atbara and Khartoum fights. Colour-Sergeant Handley was severely wounded at the former, but turned up at Khartoum. Both he and Sergeant Scott Barbour were mentioned in despatches for both actions, and Sergeant McLeod was "mentioned" for Khartoum.



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

"FIGHTING MAC" AND HIS STAFF OF BRITISH NON-COM. OFFICERS, 1st SOUDANESE BRIGADE E.A.

Sgt. D. McLeod, Seaforth Highl'rs, attached to 2nd Egyptian Bn. — Sgt. J. Scott Barbour, Gordon Highlanders, attached to 11th Soudanese Bn. — Col. H. A. MacDonald, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. — Lt. E. P. Strickland, Norfolk Regiment, Staff Officer to Col. MacDonald. — Cr.-Sgt. A. Levitt, East Yorks. Regt., Brigade Clerk. — Sgt. T. Cannon, Bedford Regt., attached to 10th Soudanese Bn. — Cr.-Sgt. A. F. J. Handley, King's Own (Yorks. L.I.), attached to 9th Soudanese Bn.

Tommy Atkins's Christmas Decorations.



A FIRE-PLACE, SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

CHRISTMAS means for Tommy Atkins, as for most of us, the consumption of an abnormal amount of food and drink, with the attendant evils of indigestion, dyspepsia, and other physical derangements. Nevertheless, the "single man in barracks" is accustomed to make more than ordinary preparations for a royal feast on Christmas Day.

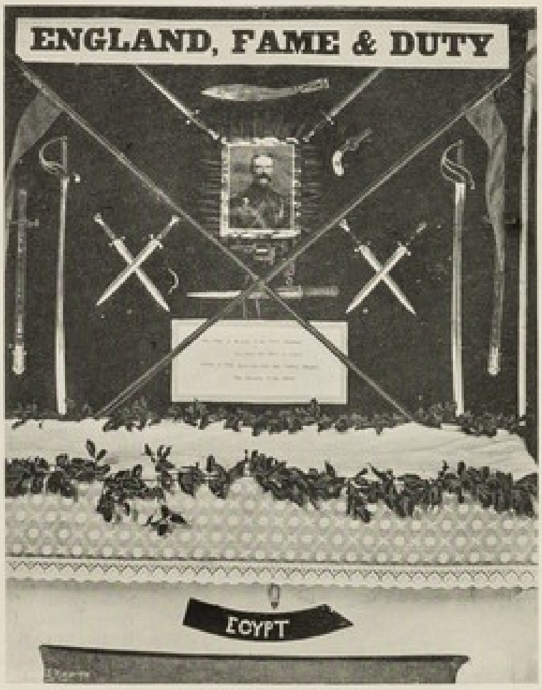
For more than a month before the day arrives his finances are carefully regulated in order that a significant surplus may be at his command We do not intend to convey the idea that each soldier carefully saves his weekly pay. The average man who follows the drum is too open-handed to become his own banker. No; a surer and more judicious method is adopted for obtaining the necessary funds. In each squadron or company is to be found a "grocery book," in which is placed every day, by the non-commissioned officer charged with the messing, all "extras" required for the following day's meals. Opposite each item the price is entered, and the whole cost to the company added up. Until recently the soldier was mulcted in a sum varying from 2½d. to 4d. in order to pay for "groceries," but a generous Government has now seen its way to grant each man, under certain conditions, 3d. per diem to meet this charge.

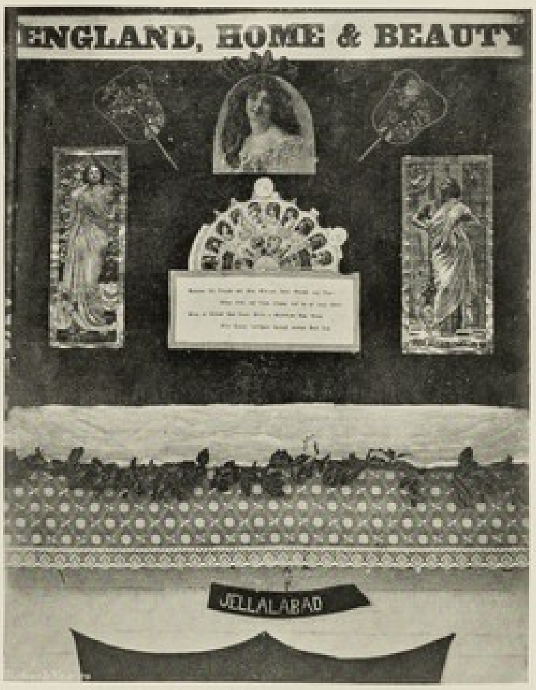
When there is a large number of men in mess, the "extras" can often be obtained for, say, 2d. a day per man, and consequently a surplus is carried over from one day's account to another. As Christmas approaches the expenses are judiciously curtailed, and it is by this means that the necessary funds are forthcoming to meet the Christmas banquet. The officers, too, subscribe liberally, so that there is no lack of Christmas fare, nor are the decorations forgotten

In some regiments more attention is given to this subject than in others, but, as may be seen in the accompanying pictures, the soldier is no mean decorator, after a style which is peculiarly his own. The funds at his disposal do not admit of any costly additions in the way of ornaments, but he contrives to render a good account of the small sum with which he is entrusted.

Just as one regiment gives more attention to decorations than another, so one company in a battalion is frequently found to surpass all the rest in this respect. A squadron or company usually occupies more than one barrack-room, but, generally speaking, only one room is selected for special attention, and this may, for the time being, be styled the "banqueting-hall."

Some time about the second week in December (when a large number of men are of course on furlough), the room selected is cleared of its occupants, who are accommodated in other rooms; and when the beds, tables, and utensils, comprising the furniture supplied by Government, have been stacked in a convenient corner, operations commence in earnest. In order that everything may appear bright and





Photos, W. M. Crockett.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

BY A SOLDIER ARTIST.

Copyright.



PAST HONOURS AND FUTURE WISHES.

clean, a liberal coating of whitewash is given to the walls and ceilings. For this somewhat unpleasant task there are always to be found one or two men brimming over with *esprit de corps*, who are ready to volunteer for the credit of the company; but the bulk of the workers is made up from defaulters belonging to the squadron or company, who are secured by private contract between the provost-sergeant and the colour-sergeant or squadron sergeant-major.

Whitewashing also acts as an aid to the informal barrack-room discipline (as distinct from the *official* discipline) which exists more or less in every corps. Let a youngster give his opinions too freely, or a drunken comrade disturb the occupants of his room on returning from town, and the following day he is to be seen (by order of the rank and file), with brush in hand, preparing the room for Christmas Day. Nor is he allowed to perform his punishment in seclusion, for when he is sent to his new duties after a parade there are to be seen outside the window some dozen jeering individuals highly amused at his plight. Whitewashing over, the floor is scrubbed and rescrubbed until not a spot remains, and woe-betide the unfortunate man who attempts to enter the room without having first carefully used the impromptu mat of sacking laid at the entrance. His punishment is usually not wanting in irony, for he is promptly "warned" to clean the grate, coal-box, and everything that requires to be polished with blacking.

The preliminaries over, the beds are arranged according to taste, often in the form of couches, as shown in the picture of the drummers' room Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

To increase their comfort if not their beauty they are then covered with several Government blankets. Chinese lanterns, combined with every kind of fantastic design in coloured papers, adorn the ceiling, and holly and evergreens are profusely used.

On the walls loyal sentiments are usually to be read, accompanied by a portrait of one or other of the Royal Family. The fire-places and walls are further treated, and add to the general effect.

We have an excellent example of this in one of the accompanying pictures, where a corner of a barrack-room is shown. High up on the wall is a portrait of Her Majesty. Under this is the badge of the regiment, and the honours of the regiment are inscribed on either side of a scroll which calls down blessings upon the head of the commanding officer and his wife.

Below this the Government blankets are made to do duty, but not as intended by Government regulations. On other parts of the walls good wishes are to be read in abundance, and these are extended to officers and non-commissioned officers alike. Above the fire-place in another room is an excellent representation in cotton wool of the regimental goat which marches at the head of the regiment and of which the Welsh Fusiliers are justly so proud.

Another style of decoration is to be seen in the first three pictures, representing parts of a barrack-room of the Somersetshire Light Infantry.

The effects produced are very artistic, and the honours of the regiment, the old 13th, are displayed with a taste which does credit to the soldier artists. Needless to say the Christmas decorations are considered sacred, and it fares badly with anyone who damages or destroys them.

In a certain regiment a private returning in his cups to barracks was sufficiently rash to set fire to one or two of the paper ornaments. The fire was quickly extinguished by his comrades, but the trouble did not end here. A barrack-room court-martial followed, and the sentence was a source of amusement to all but the culprit. He was condemned to blacken his face before the Christmas dinner and wait upon his comrades during the feast.

The colonel was naturally amused, when he visited dinners, to see the "coloured gentleman," but it was not until he was afterwards informed of the circumstances that he enjoyed a hearty laugh.



THE REGIMENTAL GOAT



Photos. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

A TYPICAL BARRACK-ROOM AT CHRISTMAS.



Photo. Bourne & Shepherd, Bombay.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA AT BOMBAY.

The group here reproduced was photographed in the residency gardens at Bombay in the first days of the New Year. Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston were the guests of Lord Sandhurst the Governor of Bombay.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

The Editor will be much obliged if the author of an article on a Naval doctor's life afloat will communicate with him.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 5, 1800.—The British 18-gun corvette and brig "Fairy" and "Harpy," Captains S. Horton and H. Bazely, attacked the French "Pallas," 38, off Jersey, and followed her into a squadron, the British "Loire," 38, Captain N. Newman, "Danae," 20, Captain Lord Proby, and "Railleur," 16, Captain W. T. Turquand, to which, after a sharp fight, the "Pallas" surrendered.

February 6, 1806.—Sir John Duckworth's victory off San Domingo. British: "Superb," 74, Vice-Admiral Duckworth, Captain R. J. Keats; "Northumberland," 74, Rear-Admiral Alexander Cochrane, Captain J. Morrison; "Canopus," 80, Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Louis, Captain F. W. Austen; "Spencer," 74, Captain Hon. R. Stopford; "Donegal," 74, Captain P. Malcolm; "Atlas," 74, Captain S. Pym; "Agamemnon," 64, Captain Sir E. Berry; with a frigate and two small vessels. French: "Impérial" (flag), Vice-Admiral Leisseigues; "Alexandre," 80; "Diomède," 74; "Jupiter," 74; "Brave," 74; with two frigates and a corvette. In two hours the five French ships of the line were either captured or driven ashore.

February 7, 1813.—Desperate single ship duel by moonlight, off the West Coast of Africa, between the British "Amelia," 38, Captain Hon. F. Irby, and the French "Arethuse," 40. Fought in nearly dead calm till the ships drifted apart, and the "Arethuse" got away. "Amelia," 51 killed, 90 wounded; "Arethuse," 71 killed, 74 wounded.

February 8, 1805.—Dashing capture off Barbados, after a forty minutes' fight, of the French privateer "Dame Ernouf," 16, by the British "Curieux," 16, Captain G. E. B. Bettesworth.

February 9, 1746.—The "Portland," 50, Captain C. Stevens, cruising in the Channel, captured, after a smart action, the French 50-gun ship "Auguste," who lost 50 killed and 94 wounded, and was totally dismasted. The "Portland" had 5 killed and 13 wounded.

February 10, 1809.—The British 16-gun brigs "Asp" and "Superieure," Captains R. Preston and W. Ferrie, off the Virgin Islands, chased the French "Junon," 40; the "Superieure" running the enemy into a British squadron, the "Latona," 38, Captain H. Pigot; "Horatio," 38, Captain G. Scott; and "Driver," 18, Captain C. Claridge, who cut the "Junon" off, and, after a smart fight, took her.

February 11, 1744.—Admiral Mathews' battle off Toulon. British: 27 ships of the line, and 9 50-gun ships, against 28 of the line, French and Spanish. Vice-Admiral Lestock, with a third of the British fleet, his own squadron, refused to support Admiral Mathews, and the battle was undecisive, though several of the enemy were driven out of the line, and one was captured. By a miscarriage of justice Admiral Mathews was, on his return to England, cashiered by court-martial, and Vice-Admiral Lestock acquitted.

FEBRUARY 8, 1857.—Victory at Kooshab over the Persians. British commander, Sir James Outram. Troops present: 64th, 78th, and 2nd Bombay Europeans, afterwards 106th, and now 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, Poona Horse, and 1st, 4th, 20th, 26th Bombay Native Infantry, the 9th Company Bombay Sappers and Miners, and several batteries Bombay Artillery. Our loss was 72 killed and wounded. The enemy's strength was between 6,900 and 7,000 men; Persians lost 700 men.

February 9, 1760.—Arcot surrendered. Commander, Colonel Eyre Coote. Troops engaged: 1st Madras Europeans and some native troops. The garrison consisted of French troops (Europeans) and Sepoys.

February 10, 1846.—Final and complete defeat of the Sikhs. Commander, Sir Hugh Gough. Troops employed: 3rd Hussars, 9th Lancers, 16th Lancers, 9th, 10th, 29th, 31st, 50th, 53rd, 62nd, 80th, and 1st Bengal Fusiliers, several regiments of Bengal Light Cavalry, the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Bengal Native Infantry, the 1st and 2nd Ghoorkas, the Governor-General's Body Guard, several batteries of Bengal Artillery, and two regiments of Irregular Cavalry. The enemy lost between 8,000 and 10,000 men; our loss was 320 killed and 2,063 wounded.

February 11, 1794.—Gallant defence of Colon, in the island of Martinique, by Colonel Campbell and the 65th Regiment. The French made three desperate night attacks on it, but in vain.

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THE Admiralty Smoking Concert has become one of the functions of the year. Its development is due to the fertile brain of Mr. R. D. Awdry, C.B., now Accountant-General of the Navy, but formerly so well known as Assistant-Secretary of the Admiralty, and with the co-operation of a representative committee, assisted by the energetic honorary secretary, Mr. Barber, of the Hydrographical Department, the venture has proved a great success. The first meeting took place at St. James's Hall in January, 1892, under the presidency of the then Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Sir Anthony H. Hoskins, G.C.B. It was so successful that its annual repetition was decided upon. In successive years the chair has been occupied by Lord Spencer, K.G., First Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards, G.C.B., now Senior Naval Lord, Mr. J. G. Goschen, M.P., First Lord, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, K.C.B., and Mr. W. Ellison-Macartney, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary. As a rule, professional talent is engaged, but the proceedings are frequently enlivened by amateurs, and last year "Ballyhooly" greatly contributed to the merriment of the evening. The concerts attract representative gatherings of Naval and Civil officers, not only of the Admiralty itself, but many from the various Naval stations in the United Kingdom, and receive the personal patronage of "Their Lordships." The attendance has so largely increased that a migration to the great hall of the Hotel Cecil became a necessity. The device on the front of the programme was clever and appropriate. *(See page 478.)*

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SCARCELY a week passes but we present to our readers illustrations of Military life in India, that great dependency of the British Empire which is held by the sword as it was conquered with the same weapon. I need, therefore, make no excuse for presenting here a picture of the statesman who has been sent to be its ruler. The photograph I have reproduced was the first taken of Lord Curzon of Kedleston after he had set foot in India, with Lady Curzon and their little daughter, the Hon. Mary Irene Curzon. The Viceregal party were guests of Lord and Lady Sandhurst at Government House, Malabar Point, Bombay. Around the more important persons are grouped the members of their respective suites, including many well-known Military men. Interest in this picture will not be confined to citizens of the British Empire, for we cannot forget that Lady Curzon of Kedleston hails from the United States, and it is with a natural feeling of pride that her country men and women greet her as Vicereine of India. Lord Curzon is sitting in the centre of the group with his hands clasped, and on his left his wife, with her arm round their eldest daughter, for they have another little girl, the Hon. Cynthia Blanche, born last year. Lord Curzon is the fifteenth Viceroy of India. Lord Sandhurst is the Governor of Bombay, and was formerly a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. *(See page 488.)*

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"WHAT is the meaning of the term 'The Lion' that one finds so often in old Naval books of the beginning of the last century?" writes a correspondent. "I came across it again the other day in the description of a rescue of a sailor in an officer's letter: "I jumped from the Lion and swam to him, etc.," he says. "The Lion" means, of course, the figure-head of the ship. At all times, from the Tudor Navy onwards, an effigy of a Lion, as one of the heraldic supporters of the Royal Arms, was the usual figure-head for English ships, and appeared on all rates except certain first rates, to which specially-designed figure-heads were given. In course of time it became usual to use the term "The Lion" colloquially, instead of the term "figure-head," a usage that is indeed found in many ship-building works of the early eighteenth century. It is a curious fact that we gave up using the Lion figure-head early in George III.'s reign, during the Seven Years' War, because the French, by way of helping to disguise their larger cruisers, took to fitting them with Lion figure-heads like those of the British cruisers.

* * * *

"CAVALIER."—"The Whitecoats" were a regiment of foot raised by the Earl (afterwards Marquis, and subsequently Duke) of Newcastle on the borders of the Northern moors for service in the Army of the King in the Great Civil War. The regiment was so named from its uniform of undyed woollen cloth—to be dyed red in the blood of its Parliamentary foes. At the battle of Marston Moor in Yorkshire (July 2, 1644), the faithful "Whitecoats," when attacked by General David Leslie's troops, retreated into an enclosure. Here, like the King's red regiment at Edgehill, they resolved to die where they stood. They had their wish. Scarcely one of their number left the field alive.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask as to the present position of the question of coaling ships at sea. There is very little to guide me beyond the well-known instance of the British fleet, during the manœuvres of 1891, making a rendezvous off the Azores and coaling some of the ships from colliers alongside at sea. So novel was the experiment that only one captain would take the responsibility of coaling his ship under the circumstances, and Sir Michael Culme-Seymour had to order the coaling with the entire responsibility for the safety of the ships. The recent war gave us no information on the subject, as none of the ships made the attempt, and on two occasions the American commanders were unable, through want of coal, to execute the orders of the Naval Department at a critical period, whilst in the case of the "Oregon's" voyage a vessel was sent ahead along the whole route to arrange for her coaling at the different ports. What Sir Michael Culme-Seymour's experiment seems to point to is that, given the conditions of fine weather and absence of swell, it is quite feasible for a vessel to supply herself with coal at sea from a collier or the bunkers of a captured ship.

THE EDITOR.



IN the days when George I. became King of England, there were serving in the bleak and inhospitable newly-acquired British possession of Nova Scotia four independent companies of foot soldiers, at Annapolis Royal, by which name the new settlement was then known, and a like number at Placentia, in the neighbouring island of Newfoundland. In 1717, three years after George ascended the throne, these eight companies were by Royal Warrant combined to form a regiment, which, in 1751, after being known as Philipps's and Cornwallis's, took rank on the roll of the English Army as the 40th Regiment of Foot.

The regiment, the first battalion of which is not entirely unknown to fame as "The Excellers"—XL-ers—during its existence of 178 years has fought, to its everlasting honour and glory, in every part of the world. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia the gallant old regiment has marched and fought, and fought and marched again, with the results that its colours are emblazoned with the names of no less than twenty-two battles, and that it is still affectionately remembered, even in these days of territorial titles, as "The Fighting Fortieth" and "The Eighty-Second," which are rather more easy to remember, and perhaps a little more distinctive, than its proper Army List title of to-day—the Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancashire Regiment).

In the early days of our colony in Nova Scotia the settlers were much harassed, even in times of peace, by the secret and merciless warfare waged by the French, aided by the savages. At that time everybody held his life in his hand. Every tree might be a source of danger, from behind which a missile discharged by an unseen hand was to be expected. Emigrants who ventured into the woods to gather fuel did so equipped with musket as well as hatchet. In the dark hours of night the people laid them down to sleep dreading all the time lest their slumbers should be broken by the terrible war cry of the savage Indians, and it was to afford some protection to the settlers that white troops were stationed in Nova Scotia. When the older colonies revolted, the Nova Scotians remained steadily loyal to the Mother Country which had protected them in times of trouble, and turned a deaf ear to the wily efforts to seduce them from their allegiance to Britain.

The troops engaged in garrisoning our colonial possessions in those days had no easy time of it. In Canada, especially, they lived always under arms. The Indians were an ever-present menace, and woebetide the unfortunate man, woman, or child who ventured far away from the log house which defended the gate of the fort! As an instance of the kind of adventure which might befall anybody in the early part of the last century, the "Humble Petition" of an officer of one of the independent companies from which the regiment was formed is instructive. This gentleman was desirous of being promoted to a captaincy, and in support of his petition he gave the following brief account of his services. He served at the battle of Almanza, and, later, was at the "reduction" of Annapolis Royal, and he goes on to say: "That in 1711 he was detached with a party and taken prisoner by the Indians, where he suffered inexpressible miseries at the hands of these Salvages, being shipwrecked, and for four months together had not bread to eate, only for sustenance clam fish and sealoyle, travelling through the woods—1,800 miles—naked, and barely escaped being roasted alive." In these few bald sentences lies a most exciting story of adventure. Small wonder is it that he says that his services and sufferings are "not to be paralleled by any living officer" except those taken with him. It is to be hoped that this intrepid subaltern eventually obtained his promotion, but his name does not appear in the first list of officers of the regiment.

The uniform was very like that of the other regiments of foot in the Georgian era, and consisted of a scarlet, long-skirted, coat-sleeved waistcoat—which served as a fatigue or undress jacket—and knee breeches, with white cloth gaiters terminating above the knees. The coat was lined with buff, which, when the skirt, the breast, and cuffs were turned back, formed the "facings." These buff facings were worn by the regiment down to fifteen years ago. The "Private Men" were armed with large, clumsy flintlock muskets, bayonets and swords; and wore broad, heavy buff cross-belts. The field officers—colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors—carried half-pikes; the company officers, espontoons—a light kind of halberd; the sergeants halberds; and all wore swords.

The first colonel of the regiment, Richard Philipps, being the Governor of Nova Scotia, the management of the Province was almost entirely in the hands of the military, and in consequence of the strong aversion shown by the French and the Indians to the British occupation, there were troublous times indeed. Constant frays and forays were indulged in by the Indians, under the direction of French leaders, and killings and scalpings were very frequent. Therefore, when war broke out in 1744 between England and France, the French settlers in Nova Scotia hailed the prospect of driving the English out of the country altogether. But they reckoned without their host. A party of 400 Indians, led by a Frenchman, and a large force of French from Louisburg, attempted to take the garrison of Annapolis, which was defended at the time by only eighty men. For a month he did his utmost, but his efforts were continually frustrated by the stubborn resistance of the heroic handful of defenders, and when the garrison was reinforced, the French leader at once retreated. In these early days nothing was thought of this kind of business, and the resolute defending of the British flag far across the seas passed absolutely unnoticed by the powers that were.

But more arduous work, if possible, was in store for them. Together with other regiments, the 40th set sail from Halifax in order to besiege and capture the town of Louisburg, in 1758. The landing was extremely difficult. The surf for six long days was so heavy that no attempt to reach the shore was possible; even when the force embarked in the boats of the fleet, and was quite near the shore, a number of the boats were swamped and broken to pieces. But the gallant men had got so far, and refused to retire, even when Wolfe himself gave the order to retire by waving his hat. Three youngsters, however—subalterns—purposely mistook the signal, and standing in the bows of their respective boats, yelled out, "Give way, lads! On to glory—and damn the French!"

The French poured in a destructive fire each time the boats rose on the surf, and many fell, but with splendid dash the soldiers leaped out of the boats as soon as they touched shore, and in a very short space of time the whole force landed. They immediately fell upon the enemy, stormed his entrenchments, and forced him to seek safety in rapid flight. Despite the rugged and difficult nature of the country, the victors pursued with unabated zeal, and inflicted heavy losses upon

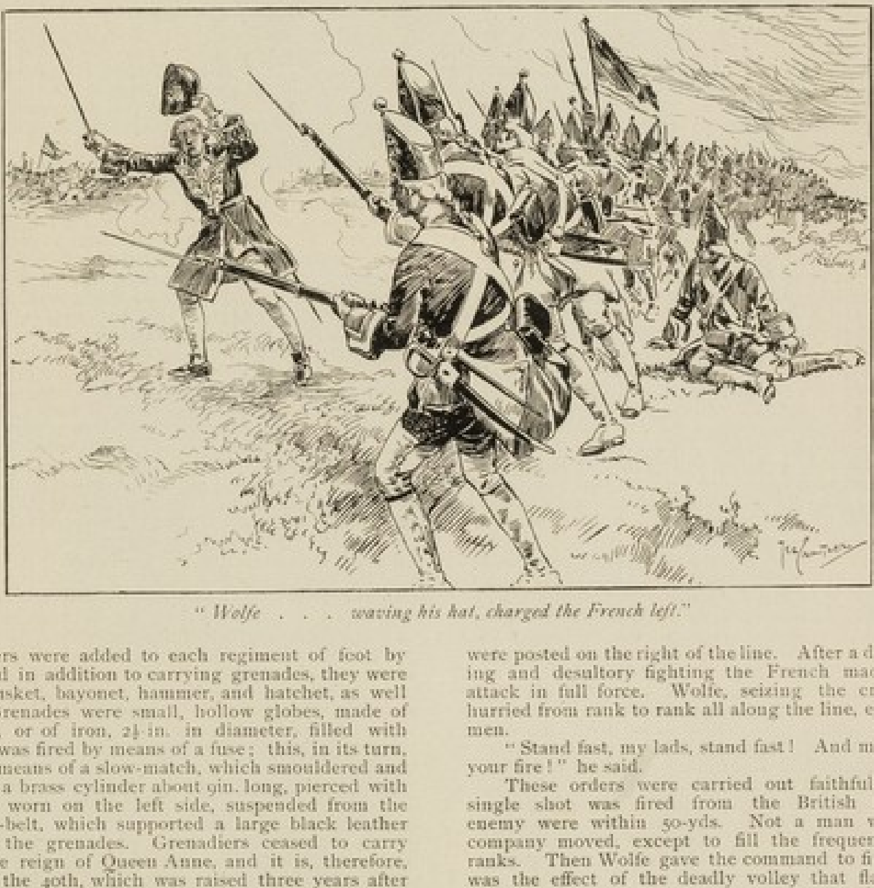
the fugitives. They chased them up to the very ramparts of Louisburg, until the cannon stopped further advance. Then the investment of the town was rapidly carried on. A siege is always more or less a monotonous operation; but in the case of Louisburg, the besieger laboured under great disadvantages. The ground was of a very marshy character, and the artillery was much hampered; rain swamped the engineers' works; the heavy Atlantic swell greatly impeded the landing of the necessary material for the prosecution of the siege. Day and night Wolfe's batteries poured their leaden showers upon the ramparts, citadel, and shipping, and his trenches were pushed up to the very defences of the town. Two young officers rowed into the harbour with a number of boats from the fleet, and destroyed the last two remaining French war-ships. In this gallant action the celebrated Captain Cook took part as a petty officer, and for his share in the exploit was promoted to lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The Governor of the town, unable to continue the defence, surrendered. The taking of Louisburg was, in those days, a mighty achievement. It was a strongly-fortified place, defended skilfully and gallantly; it was well armed and manned, and was aided moreover by a powerful fleet. Several thousands were taken prisoners, as well as very large quantities of arms and military stores, and eleven colours, which last were subsequently solemnly deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral, after having been escorted there by Guards, and saluted by cannon. This siege was the first "honour" gained by the 40th, but it was not until 1882 that the name was allowed to be emblazoned upon the colour.

A regiment in those days was composed of "battalion" companies, and a "grenadier" and a "light" company. These last two were known as the "flank" companies, from the fact that when the regiment was drawn up in line the grenadier and light companies were placed upon either flank. The 40th always possessed a grenadier company, from the date of its formation until flank companies were abolished. These grenadiers were added to each regiment of foot by Charles II., and in addition to carrying grenades, they were armed with musket, bayonet, hammer, and hatchet, as well as a sword. Grenades were small, hollow globes, made of annealed glass, or of iron, 2½-in. in diameter, filled with powder, which was fired by means of a fuse; this, in its turn, was ignited by means of a slow-match, which smouldered and kept alight, in a brass cylinder about 9in. long, pierced with holes. It was worn on the left side, suspended from the broad shoulder-belt, which supported a large black leather pouch holding the grenades. Grenadiers ceased to carry grenades in the reign of Queen Anne, and it is, therefore, not clear why the 40th, which was raised three years after that monarch was dead, had a grenadier company at all. Originally the tallest and strongest men of a regiment were selected for grenadiers, and the high mitre-shaped head-dress was probably intended to give the appearance of still greater height.

The officers of the grenadier company of the 40th in 1679 wore two epaulettes, and carried fusils (short and light muskets) and swords. Their crimson sashes—originally intended to serve in carrying the wounded off the field—previously worn over the shoulder, as at the present day, were tied round the waist, and a gilt "gorget," the miniature remnant of the breastplate or corselet, was suspended from the neck in front by buff silk ribbons and rosettes.

The light companies were added to infantry regiments in George II.'s reign. They were originally trained and reserved entirely for skirmishing and reconnoitring duties, which nowadays all regiments are taught to perform. The uniform was a short jacket, red waistcoat, short gaiters, and a leather cap, almost like a skull-cap, with a large round peak standing straight up in front. The officers and sergeants carried fusils.

The grenadier company of the 40th, together with the grenadier companies of the 22nd and 45th Regiments, formed a battalion styled the Louisburg Grenadiers, which was part of the force under Wolfe at the battle of Quebec, on September 13, 1759. The general had applied for the light companies of the 40th, but they could not be spared from Louisburg. These troops, picturesque in their high sugar-loaf hats, scarlet uniforms, white gaiters, and basket-hilted swords, were the first to land, and received orders to await their supports; but filled with an overweening confidence in their own powers, proud of their post in the very van of the army, and of their individual strength, they were too impulsive. Disregarding all words of command, these thirteen companies dashed away, and attempted, in a mob-like way, to storm the very strong French entrenched position on Abraham's Heights. Of course, their efforts were doomed to be frustrated. These brave, heroically brave, but disobedient grenadiers did their utmost, but all in vain. The ground was wet and sloppy, and afforded no foothold; heavy rain rendered their ammunition quite useless; and when the French opened fire, the slaughter was very heavy. The men went down like nine-pins. Wolfe was furious at their action, which upset all his plans.



"*Wolfe . . . waving his hat, charged the French left.*"

The force was obliged to embark, and Wolfe decided to make the landing on the opposite side of the river. This was done during the night, and next morning at daybreak the army was in position on the heights above the St. Lawrence. Wolfe led his men down on to the Plain of Abraham, once the property of a French pilot, who gave his name to the piece of land, and the Louisburg Grenadiers were posted on the right of the line. After a deal of skirmishing and desultory fighting the French made their grand attack in full force. Wolfe, seizing the critical moment, hurried from rank to rank all along the line, encouraging the men.

"Stand fast, my lads, stand fast! And mind you reserve your fire!" he said.

These orders were carried out faithfully, and not a single shot was fired from the British line until the enemy were within 50-yds. Not a man wavered, not a company moved, except to fill the frequent gaps in the ranks. Then Wolfe gave the command to fire, and so great was the effect of the deadly volley that flashed like one single discharge from the grim lines of waiting men, that the French columns absolutely crumpled up, and were thrown into the utmost disorder. It was believed that every single shot took effect. A deadlier volley has never before nor since been delivered by British infantry. Before the smoke had cleared away, Wolfe put himself at the head of the Louisburg Grenadiers, amongst which were the grenadiers of the 40th, who nobly retrieved their fatal error of the previous day, and, waving his hat, charged the French left. He had hardly given the order for the whole line to advance, when, for the third time during the battle, he was shot, and shortly afterwards died. In fifteen minutes the battle was virtually won. Even the veteran soldiers of the French regulars could not stand up to the bayonets of the English

infantry. It is a somewhat singular fact that at this fight both the opposing generals, Wolfe and Montcalm, were killed, and both their seconds in command wounded. When the French general's wound was first examined, he asked if it was mortal, and was told that it was.

"I am glad of it," he said. "How long can I survive?"

"Perhaps a day; perhaps less," replied the surgeon.

"So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Before he died, Montcalm paid the following great compliment to the English army:

"Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited, and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so great and generous an enemy. If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning with a third of their number of British troops."

While success was within his grasp, the young English commander was fast dying, and he died like the gallant soldier he was. He was lying in the arms of an Artillery officer, when a cry was raised by the officers round about him:

"See, they run!"

The words fixed the dying man's attention. Painfully raising himself on one hand, he asked eagerly:

"Who runs?"

"The enemy, sir," answered an officer. "They give way everywhere."

"Then, go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," muttered Wolfe, "and tell him to march Webbe's regiment with all speed to the St. Charles River to cut off the retreat."

Growing fainter, he sank on to his side, and added very faintly:

"Now, God be praised, I die happy!"

And so he died. He was a clever commander and a gallant soldier. His advancement in the Army had been rapid, and he was a major-general at thirty-two years of age at the battle of Quebec. Somebody remonstrated with the King upon Wolfe's appointment to command the expedition against Quebec, and wound up by saying:

"But, sire, he is mad!"

"Is he?" said the King. "Then, if he be mad, I wish he would bite some of my other generals."

For some years longer the 40th was engaged in numberless affairs, gradually winning its right to the famous nickname, in the West Indies and thereabouts, until in 1764 it went to Ireland, where it remained for ten uneventful years. When the American War broke out, the regiment returned to America, and eventually took part in the capture of New York. It was engaged in several battles during the campaign, and at Germantown, by its indomitable resistance, saved the day. "It was a bloody day," Washington wrote to his brother. In commemoration of this exploit a medal was specially struck, and presented by the colonel to the officers and men of the regiment, and was worn suspended round their necks by a dark blue string. It is the earliest recorded instance of such an honourable badge being worn by the officers of any regiment. When the 40th returned to England in 1782, the title of the 2nd Somersetshire Regiment was given to it, on account of the long sojourn of the depôt companies in that county while the regiment was abroad.

On September 27, 1793, a regiment chiefly recruited in the shires of York, Lancaster, Lincoln, Stafford, and Worcester was first borne upon the establishment of the Army, and, at the instance of its first colonel, Major-General Leigh, a gentleman attached to the Prince Regent's household, the "First Gentleman in Europe" bestowed upon it the title of "The Prince of Wales's Volunteers," the permission to bear which was afterwards confirmed by William IV. This regiment, afterwards known to fame as the 82nd Foot, has been engaged in nearly every single war in which our country has taken part. From the occupation of St. Domingo in 1795 down to the Indian Mutiny in 1858 it existed almost entirely in marching over the globe and fighting the battles of its country.

At St. Domingo one of the 82nd, Sergeant Shaw, performed a splendidly courageous act. Part of the regiment was defending Pestel, and a live shell came singing through the air and pitched close to the powder magazine. Horror-stricken, the men gazed helplessly, paralysed for the moment into inaction. Slowly the iron globe rolled towards the temporary powder shelter, the fuse spluttering and hissing as it burned shorter. Shaw, however, dashed towards the missile, lifted it on to his head, and rolled it over the parapet. A moment afterwards it exploded with a sullen crash against the earthwork.

The regiment was particularly mentioned in despatches for its gallantry at Vimiera in 1808, the battle at which Shrapnel shells were used for the first time and by the British. These dreaded engines of war completely discomfited the French, and a splendid bayonet charge by our men put the enemy to flight. It was during this battle that Sir Arthur Wellesley was asked whether Anstruther's reserves should be brought up to Sir Arthur's relief. His reply was characteristic:

"No, sir. I am not pressed, and I want no assistance. I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them."

The regiment was present at Corunna, that victory which was so sadly marred by the death of the gallant Moore, but was not actively engaged. It then took part in the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition, when more than half the British army was prostrated by the terrible fever of the country. Napoleon knew this, and, in a letter to the French general, wrote:

"I am glad to see the English congregate in the swamps of Zeeland. If we can only keep them there their army will soon be destroyed."

The 82nd was represented at Talavera in 1809 by a detachment which had been left behind in Portugal. Jomini, a well-known writer on tactics, said of this battle that it "proved that the British infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe." There is nothing more certain than that the British infantry not only could, but did, dispute the palm, and more than once proved themselves to be the best not only in Europe but in all the world. More glory to them!

In the first year of the present century the 40th set sail from Margate for the Mediterranean, and volunteered for Abercromby's expedition to Egypt, whereupon the general selected the four flank companies to form part of his force. Colonel Spencer, the colonel of the 40th, landed at the head of his companies, and was the first man who jumped out on the sands of Aboukir, the hills immediately in front being lined by the French, who poured a terrible fire upon our troops. As Spencer was in the act of leaping ashore a Frenchman rushed out from his shelter and took deliberate aim at him. The colonel, who had not drawn his sword, and was armed only with his cane, was not in the least upset. He shook the stick in a threatening manner at the Frenchman, shouting with horrible fierceness this very mild exhortation: "Oh, you scoundrel!"

The Frenchman, who probably imagined that he was being consigned to the depths of perdition, was so completely paralysed by the colonel's extraordinary composure, that, without even stopping to fire, he turned tail and rushed away to rejoin his friends. Spencer laughed very heartily, and calmly went on disembarking his men. This, too, under a heavy fire. The men of the 40th formed up and rushed the sand-hills, which in places were nearly 60-ft. high, in splendid form. They never fired a shot, but charged right home with the bayonet. The two French battalions could not stand against this tremendous onslaught. They broke and ran, while the 40th, and their comrades of the 23rd, dashed off in pursuit. This they continued with such extraordinary vigour and energy that they carried the French rear position and actually captured three guns. On that achievement hung the fate of the expedition. General Moore stood almost breathless with excitement, for if these brave stormers were repulsed, the whole of his force, which was making the landing with considerable difficulty, would probably be blown to pieces by the French fire. The landing and the subsequent repulse of the enemy were made the subject of the most complimentary message from the Horse Guards. Alluding to the charge of the 40th and the 23rd, it says, ". . . the subsequent charge of our troops—which decided the victory and established a footing on the shores of Egypt—are circumstances of glory never surpassed in the military annals of the world."

At the battle of Alexandria the regiment was on the right of the line, and was encamped among the ruins of the ancient city of Memphis. The French began the attack by a furious assault of the whole of their force against the English right, which the enemy's general did his utmost to turn. The "Fighting Fortieth" was again in the middle of it. The French infantry charged with what is mentioned by an eye-witness as "great impetuosity," but our troops received them unmoved. The French cavalry charged in column, and seem to have been very much mixed up with our infantry. Twice the enemy were repulsed, and when they retired left a "prodigious" number of dead and wounded on the field. The 40th did immense service by coming up at a critical moment, and by their steadiness and well-aimed fire mowed down whole sections of the enemy.

For its distinguished part in the Egyptian Campaign the regiment was permitted to wear the badge of the Sphinx, with the word "Egypt," which to-day is worn, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers, on the helmet and belt-plates. The year before the 40th went to Egypt, all officers and men of infantry regiments, excepting those of flank companies, were ordered to wear their hair queued, the length of the queue to be 10-in., 1-in. of hair to appear below the binding. The cocked hat worn by the men was discontinued about this time, and they used a sort of cylindrical shako, with a red and white tuft rising from a black cockade fixed in front.

(To be continued.)

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—V.

IN treating of the colonial defences of Australia, our readers will no doubt have noticed that we have as yet got no further than the colony of Victoria, the smallest of the colonies, and, as has been pointed out, occupying not more than 3 per cent. of the area of this mighty island.

No excuse is needed, however, for the introduction of yet a few more pictures of the Victorian forces, for it is in the best interests of true Imperialism that everyone in the Mother Country should become familiar with the efforts which are being made in each of our colonies to preserve them intact in the event of war, and, with this end, that they should, as far as possible, view the military element from every available standpoint.

The Victorian Permanent Artillery are again represented in several of the illustrations; and in one the drum-major appears as a prominent figure, having selected a small drummer and bugler to support him, and further enhancing his height and importance by standing on the bottom step of a short wooden stair leading up the bank behind them. A drum-major, as everyone knows who has seen him marching in front of the band, has a sort of traditional right to put on a great amount of "side"; and here, with his tall figure and still taller staff of office, he is doing it to perfection between his small subordinates, who are tyros in their trade, but hope, no doubt, to rival their leader at some future day.

The four horse Artillerymen who compose the winning team in the Lloyd-Lindsay competition make a very good group, well got up and workmanlike in their appearance, and mounted on knowing-looking horses, a clever horse being, in fact, an indispensable factor in the competition. This contest—devised by Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay, of Volunteer fame—originated at one of the meetings of the National Rifle Association in the days when Wimbledon was still regarded as a safe and suitable ground for the various events. The conditions involve a number of manœuvres—dismounting, putting in a certain number of shots at a target, remounting, jumping obstacles, and repeating the target practice, against time, which forms an important feature in the evolutions. The idea is obviously to impart a war-like reality to the practice, which is entirely absent from the ordinary "potting" at a target, and skilful management of the horses is no small factor in the trial. The uniform of the competitors, with the handsome laced jacket, will be recognised as closely resembling that of the Imperial Horse Artillery. The warrant and non-commissioned officers of this corps form so important a part of the force that it is difficult to imagine how it could exist without them.

The band, some thirty strong, indicates that they are determined to maintain the best traditions of British Artillerymen, for who has not heard of the Artillery band at home? The Victorian musicians can scarcely hope to rival their brothers of Woolwich; but arts and accomplishments of every kind receive enthusiastic encouragement in Australia, and no doubt they attain to a high pitch of excellence.

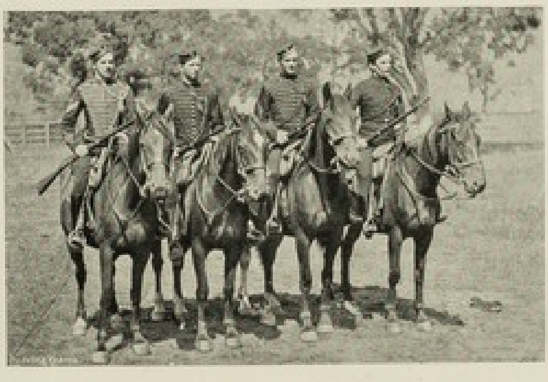
The champion tug-of-war team of the Permanent Artillery is rather a remarkable group of men, and would take some beating all the world over. They average 6-ft.



CAPTAIN IRVING, PERMANENT ADJUTANT, AND A BUGLER.



THE REGIMENTAL BAND, PERMANENT ARTILLERY.



WINNING TEAM, LLOYD-LINDSAY COMPET., VICT. HORSE ARTILLERY.



DRILL SERGEANTS, PERMANENT FORCES.

Photos. Copyright. H. & K.



A CHAMPION TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, PERMANENT ARTILLERY.

in height, and 13-st. 7-lb. in weight, and a glance at the picture would lead to the conclusion that their weight is not made up by any superfluous fat, but solid bone and sinew.

They have come off victorious at the Geelong Sports (twice), at the New South Wales Military Tournament—where they must have made their brother colonists "sit up"—at the Ballarat Military Sports, and the Melbourne Exhibition Sports; and they hold an unbroken record of victory since the year 1883. One of them has formed their trusty rope into an elaborate and symmetrical "true lover's knot," and exhibits it proudly in the centre.

It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of the drill sergeants in the development of the forces of the colony.

The commandant and the commanding officers may toil in vain if they have not able and zealous assistants to conduct the actual operation of getting recruits into shape and maintaining the general drill efficiency all round. The five sergeants in the group are attached to the Headquarter Staff of the Permanent forces, and they and their comrades have acquired a high reputation, based on



A DRUM-MAJOR, DRUMMER, AND BUGLER, PERMANENT ARTILLERY.



Photos. Copyright. H. & K.

THE COMMANDANT, AND THE CAPTAINS, ADJUTANTS, WARRANT AND N.C.O.'s, PERMANENT STAFF.

the results of their labours, as exhibited in the ranks. The dog in the foreground is the property of Sergeant-Major Mailor, and is apparently considered a sort of institution among the drill sergeants, from his self-important air.

The group of the commandant, with the captains, adjutants, warrant and non-commissioned officers of the Permanent Staff, is taken at the Victoria Barracks, Melbourne, and is a very representative gathering of officers from all parts of the colony of Victoria.

Captain Irving, the permanent adjutant of the Infantry Brigade, is a man of a great many inches, and he has consented to be grouped with a small bugler by way of contrast. Certainly, they may be taken as representing "the long and the short of it"; from 4-ft. 10-in. to 6-ft. 7-in. is as wide a gap as could well be imagined between two individuals of the military profession. The Mounted Riflemen of Victoria have already been referred to, but the picture here given is a particularly characteristic one, and gives a capital idea of a private of this corps in his native surroundings, mounted and armed in readiness for any service the horse, too, seems to be regarding the spectator—or the camera—with much intelligent interest.



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.

A MOUNTED RIFLEMAN.

The climatic conditions under which military duties are carried out in Victoria are, sometimes, sufficiently trying, the heat in summer being very great, in spite of the fact that it is situated nearer the pole than most other parts of Australia. One summer the temperature registered at Melbourne Observatory was 111° in the shade, and 148° in the sun; this was in January, which of course corresponds to July with us, but fortunately we do not get such temperatures in July.

Frost is rare in Victoria, except of course on high ground, and there is at times a very unpleasant hot wind which blows from the north, with clouds of dust, suddenly chopping round to the south, with a fall of twenty or thirty degrees in the temperature; so no doubt the Victorian soldier, like his cousin Tommy at home, frequently finds the weather a fruitful subject of objurgatory conversation.

Female Labour and the Fleet.



Photo. H. Sharpe. Copyright.

JAPANESE GIRLS COALING THE "POWERFUL."

Playgoers who have witnessed the "Geisha" and the "Mikado" performed upon the boards, will have some difficulty in recognising in the coal-grimed figures of the Japanese *moosmies* here engaged in supplying one of our war vessels with fuel the sisters of those dainty little maidens who have charmed them in those well-known pieces.

LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

IT is very certain that the last has not been heard of Armenian troubles, or of the seething conditions that prevail upon the Russian and Persian borders of Asia Minor. Lord Warkworth, who modestly gives us "Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey" (Edward Arnold, 21s.), went with the candid mind of an unbiassed trav·ller to what he rightly considers one of the most interesting countries in the world. Nothing can do more harm than to hide the truth, and yet, though inspired by a genuine admiration for the excellent qualities of the Turks, and with real friendship for many among them, he found attempts to bar his way at every step. A most courteous Minister at Constantinople discussed Ottoman his.ory and the works of Buckle with him, but studiously avoided the question of the "buyuruldu," which was to authorise his curious wayfar ng in Armenia. Pressed at length, the Pasha declared the matter *deja baclee*, and suggested instead a delightful cruise in the Levant. But Lord Warkworth and his companions were not to be deterred. In default of the permit, they went on without. Many, indeed, were the difficulties that beset them in their attempts to evade the authorities. They had tezkarés at Trebizond, but the further order would not enable them to leave the road. The unlucky Vali was distracted between fear at being censured for discourtesy, and dread lest he should be punished for allowing them to proceed. Many a good story is there in this admirable volume of travel, illustrating the dubious state of mind of Turkish Mudirs and Valis at the curiosity of the strangers. In fear and trembling they would give permission, taking care to hold others responsible for the consequences, and then, repenting like Pharaoh of old of their weakness, would despatch many a messenger to recall the flying travellers. When Lord Warkworth and his companions had set out on the journey from Sumela to Erzeroum, the Vali of Trebizond telegraphed onward an order for their arrest, and it was not until Sir Philip Currie in Constantinople had swayed the Sublime Porte that they were permitted to go on. When at length the wayfarers reached Issi-Su, within 500-yds. of the Russian frontier, on the road to Kars, deep and protracted was the heart-searching of the Governor before he allowed them to proceed. The passports allowed the travellers to re-enter Turkish territory at Bayazid, but long and anxious debate was necessary before he could be made to see that, in order to enter a country again, you must first leave it, and, when at length he gave the word, three successive gesticulating and breathless messengers were sent after them vainly to bring them back.



Courtyard of the Palace at Bayazid.

From "Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey."

* * * *

The route thus hampered was by the railway—in German hands—from Scutari to Angora, forward then by road to Samsun, and by the Austrian boat to Trebizond, thence again, the Vali notwithstanding, to Erzeroum and across the frontier to Kars and Alexandropol, by the slopes of snow-clad Ararat to Bayazid and Lake Van, south to Mosul, and by way of Diarbekir and Aleppo to Alexandretta. The journey cannot be described here. Suffice it, then, to say that it abounds in picturesque, historical, and political interest, and in moving incidents, and many strange episodes in that little-known land, and that it is written in fresh and vigorous English that is very pleasant to read. The pictures of men are lifelike, of scenery delightful, of historical and architectural remains most valuable, of political conditions most instructive. Extraordinary ignorance prevails among the kindly Turks. Zia Bey at Boghoz Ken: was consumed with curiosity—wherein he was by no means singular in that strange land. Was England smaller than London, and was it England or London that belonged to France? What were our views upon matrimony, and what was the fashionable costume of ladies? How much bigger was the Turkish Fleet than the armaments of England, France, and Russia combined? This was, it must be admitted, a phenomenal case, and Lord Warkworth strongly insists that the governing classes of the Turkish Empire are by no means insensible to the evils that exist, nor opposed to rational reform. Ingrained fatalism, lack of education, hopelessness born of centuries of despotism, explain acquiescence in a situation from which none gain but the ruling classes of the capital. It may be doubted whether any Sultan, however enlightened, will be able to regenerate his country unless, or until, national bankruptcy enables him to call in foreign aid to reorganise the Imperial finances. Lord Warkworth does not insist upon such things unduly. He is a traveller noting the things that he sees, whether they be the evidences of political corruption, the charms of Nature, or the splendours of art—like the Persian palace at Bayazid, "as beautiful as anything which can be found in the fairy courts of either the Alhambra or the Alcazar of Seville"—or, it may be, the wild frenzy of some dervish, like the extraordinary being, at Bayazid also, who thrust a dagger clean through both cheeks to be photographed. Lord Warkworth went with his camera, and his beautiful volume includes a marvellously beautiful series of pictures, some like that we reproduce, but many in some process of photogravure.

* *

There is still space, while I speak of this engaging book, to touch upon its lessons. Dreadful as have been the sufferings of the Armenians in the hands of the Kurds, the Turks, who despise them, know that their prosperity is identified with that of these industrious dwellers within their gates. As to what occurred at Van, Lord Warkworth holds the Russians largely responsible, since they might easily have prevented the departure of agitators, and the wholesale smuggling of arms, and have they not lately compelled the Sultan to readmit into his territory the very refugees whose presence they will not tolerate in their own? It will be little short of a miracle if the return of these people to the villages, now occupied by the Kurds, does not lead to another outburst of fanaticism, and to further outrage. While things are thus, there can be no peace for Armenia. When the hour comes, the Northern Colossus will apply that pressure which is necessary to coerce Turkey into reform, and will "reap the fruit of that cold and calculating statesmanship which has allowed Armenia to become a charnel-house, rather than admit another Power to share a protectorate in the sphere which she has marked out for her own." This is the reasonable view expressed by Lord Warkworth in this valuable story of travel, and it is a view that will commend itself to the serious consideration of Englishmen

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. F. DRUMMOND JERVOIS, G.C.M.G., C.B.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

At an Indian School of Musketry.—I.



CHANGLA GALI, THE HYTHE OF NORTHERN INDIA.

THE readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED are pretty familiar with what goes on at the great home School of Musketry at Hythe, but probably only a very small fraction of them have ever even heard the name of Changla Gali, the Hythe of Northern India, which we illustrate in this and a succeeding article. The set of pictures which we have been fortunate enough to secure of this interesting centre of instruction is an excellent one, and from several points of view will repay careful study.

Changla Gali — pronounced Gullee—of which we give a panorama, is a small cantonment lying ten miles out of that well-known hill station, Murree, on the road to Abbotabad. It exists for musketry only, but it boasts an hotel and a Government staging bungalow. The remaining buildings are mere huts, some of stone, others of wood, extending along the crest of a ridge, as indicated in the panorama. That ridge is 8,400-ft. above the sea level, and consequently, as may be imagined, the climate is of a distinctly bracing character. As, moreover, Changla Gali is one of the highest points of the Murree hills, it gets a full and rather disturbing share of the heavy storms of the rainy season.

There are two classes held at Changla Gali every year, the first commencing about May 1 and ending about June 30, the second commencing about August 20 and ending about October 20. In the interval the only inhabitants are the Musketry Staff; but from November to the middle of April the station is entirely deserted, except for a few native watchmen who keep an eye on the Government property.



INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF, CHANGLA GALI.

The Instructional Staff, a photograph of which we reproduce, numbers in all about fourteen officers and non-commissioned officers, including a sergeant-major and an armourer-sergeant. In the group, Colonel Woolcombe, King's Own Scottish Borderers, the chief instructor, is to be seen seated in the middle. Captain Campbell, 25th Punjab Infantry, the junior instructor, is on his left; and Captain Griffin, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, on his right. The native squads have native instructors of the arm to which they belong, all being under a native officer, who may be seen seated on Captain Campbell's left.

The British officers are housed in Government quarters, each having a fair-sized single room and a bath-room to himself. The native officers and the British and native non-commissioned officers reside in barracks. The officers' mess, of the ante-room of which we give a picture, showing a peep of the dining-room beyond, is, as can be seen, very comfortably furnished, a particularly cosy appearance being lent by the felt rugs which drape the walls. There is evidence of considerable taste in this attractive interior, and conspicuous among the pictures is what appears to be a fine engraving of the Queen. One can imagine many pleasant evenings spent in this cheerful ante-



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

ANTE-ROOM OF OFFICERS' MESS.

room by groups of officers representing, perhaps, a dozen different regiments, and temporarily associated on a very pleasant footing of equality and cordial good-fellowship. It goes without saying that in this way not infrequently lasting friendships are formed.

In our next picture a group of non-commissioned officers is shown engaged in aiming drill, the object of which is to teach the soldier to take a correct sight of the object he wants to hit. In the drill various rests are used, and the man under instruction is told to aim his rifle at a given object, just as he would aim at it if he were holding the rifle up to his shoulder. When this has been done the man steps aside, and the instructor, taking his place, looks to see if the aim is a good one, and if the back and fore sights of the rifle are in correct alignment with the object. Of course all these non-commissioned officers have been through aiming drill when serving with their regiments, but they are none the less made to go very carefully through it at a School of Musketry, partly to impress every detail of it upon their minds, but chiefly that they may learn from an expert the best and simplest terms in which to impart instruction on the subject.

A pretty and interesting little picture shows the revolver range, with officers in the act of firing. Considerable advance has been made of late years in the matter of revolver practice, and not before it was needed. It is not so long ago that the annual revolver course for officers was established, and before then it often occurred that an officer either did not trouble to provide himself with a revolver at all, or, if he did, never cared to practise with it, and frequently was unaware that it would not carry the Government ammunition. Considering the immense value which a revolver constantly is to an officer on active service, this indifference and neglect was little short of scandalous, and it is satisfactory to think that it has been to some extent remedied. At Changla Gali a fair amount of private revolver practice is indulged in outside the annual course, and it would be well if this were more widely the case in regiments, where officers should be encouraged by their colonels to render themselves fairly expert in the use of this beautiful and—nowadays, with a "man-stopping" bullet—most effective little weapon.

The last of the Changla Gali pictures which we publish in this number is taken from behind the butts. Firing has been going on, and the counting and checking of targets is just completed. The hits are now being signalled up to the officer at the firing point, who compares the totals with those which have been arrived at on the registers kept under his supervision. The system is a very simple and effective one, and renders it impossible for any but the most trivial errors to occur. Among the native soldiers in this picture is to be seen a smart little Ghoorka, scarcely reaching up to the shoulder of the strapping British officer just in front of him.

(To be continued.)



AIMING DRILL.



THE REVOLVER RANGE.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

SIGNALLING HITS FROM BUTTS.

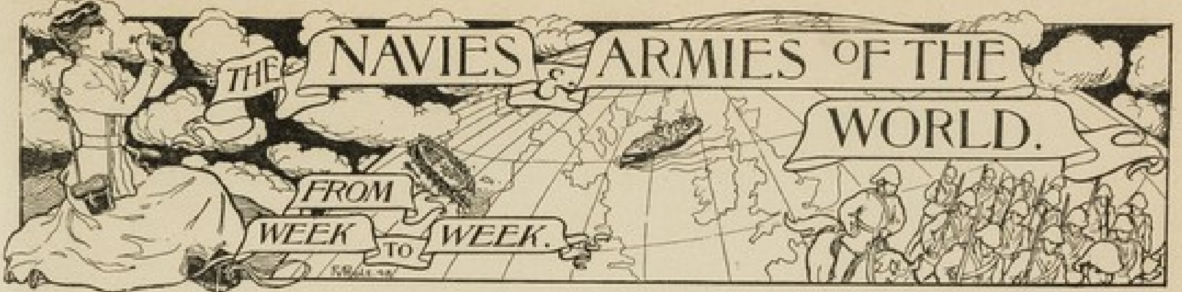


Photo. Priestley Bros. Copyright.

A BUMPER COMPANY.

This illustration represents what used to be G Company of the 1st Vol. Batt. Cheshire Regiment, headquarters Birkenhead. The company at the time the photograph was taken numbered 184, and has since been formed into two companies, G and H.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



THE German Emperor is not a man to do things by halves when he has once put his hand to the plough. It is clear that he is going to be very thorough in his scheme for annexing, or reannexing, all the fighting honours of the German race to the regiments of the present Imperial Army. His order that the corps of the Hanoverian Contingent should resume the names and badges of the old Electoral and Royal Army had a certain plausibility. There is some continuity of organisation here. Moreover, much of the service done by the Hanoverians with the British troops in the Peninsula was really done in a national cause, and for their own Sovereign. When on the renewal of the war Napoleon seized on the Electoral dominions of King George, many of the Hanoverian officers, some of whom were excellent, and large numbers of the men left their country and passed for the time being into the service of Great Britain, where they did much and good fighting. The story is very fairly told in a readable Life of the General Ompteda, who fell at Waterloo, which was published a few years ago. But when it gets to laying hands on all that was done by the men of Nassau and Hesse on the battle-fields of "almost all Europe and the new world," one does not see where the Emperor is going to stop.

* * * *

Germany was a regular market of mercenary soldiers all through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There was scarcely a war in which they did not take a part. Dom Sebastian of Portugal had Germans with him when he was killed in the Three Kings' Battle or of Alcazar-el-Kebir in Africa. Everybody who went to fight anywhere had Germans with him. In the eighteenth century German princes, more particularly those of Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau, made a revenue by selling their subjects. Thus they were present at pretty nearly all battles. If the practice which the German Emperor has begun is to be carried out, there would seem to be no reason why some regiment in his Service should not carry Gibraltar on its colours. There were German soldiers present at the taking of that fortress and during the first defence. As it is, the combination of names which is to appear on the helmets of the 2nd Nassau Regiment is a curious example of the ubiquity of the German soldier. "Mesa de Ibor," "La Belle Alliance," and "Medellin." Now "La Belle Alliance" stands for Waterloo, fought against the French, and "Medellin" can only be the battle which Marshal Victor won against the Spanish general, Don Gregorio de la Cuesta, in 1809. Then the men of the Nassau regiment were fighting for their conquerors the French. They were slaves trying to reduce others to slavery, which is not an honourable position or occupation. But William II. might go a little further. There was a famous German regiment in the service of the Kings of France called the "Royale Allemande." It was generally recruited in Wirtemberg. The father of Marshal Ney belonged to the corps. Why should not some German regiment or another annex all the fighting of the Royale Allemande? We ourselves might do some odd things if we followed the example made in Germany. There are regiments in the British Army which had a long career in the German and Low Country Wars before they were permanently taken on the English establishment. The Royal Scots would have a very good excuse for putting "Brietenfeldt" and "The Passage of the Lech" and "Lützen" and "Rocroi" on their colours. Yet perhaps the German knows all this as well as anybody, and is doing a politic thing. It probably pleases the Nassauers to know that they are not being swallowed bodily into the Prussian Army.

* * * *

The meeting of the Shipmasters' and Officers' Federation at Liverpool must, one cannot but think, have been making the most of a grievance when it protested vehemently against the employment of foreigners to command British ships. In a general way there is not much sense in the outcry against the hospitality shown to foreigners here. They have nearly always paid well for the refuge we gave them, and in the sea-faring side of our activity we have to thank them for not a little. Kempenfeldt was by blood a Swede; Sir W. Hoste was of French descent, and so was Marryat, for though his family talked nonsense about descending from the Normans who came over with William the Conqueror, it is pretty certain that his first ancestor in this country was a French Huguenot refugee, and that the name was Marriette. The simple fact is that a man who goes to seek his fortune in foreign parts, or who prefers exile to apostasy, is probably a man of spirit, and, therefore, the more likely to produce a capable family. But apart from the general question, there surely cannot be much in this complaint of the Federation. Sir John Willox, M.P., was certainly using much "taller" language than was necessary when he spoke of the master of an English merchant ship as one whose duty it is "to be an upholder and a champion of the national dignity." The skipper has quite enough to do to be an upholder and champion of the interests of his firm, and may leave the national dignity to the care of the Royal Navy. How many foreigners are there in command of English ships? During several years' experience of a Consular office, I saw some 1,200 or 1,500 different captains of trading ships. Among them was one foreigner, a Dane, whom nobody would have known from his appearance or language to be other than an Englishman. Once it was necessary to put a Spaniard in command of a small English vessel which ran up and down the coast with passengers. Her skipper was murdered by a Greek in his crew. The man who was sent out by the employers to replace him got drunk on the day after he arrived, and then remained drunk. He had to be dismissed by the agents and a dried-up old Spaniard put in to carry on. No mate of any British ship in the harbour would take the place. It would be a curious question, by the way, how far our too-convivial countryman was an upholder and champion of the national dignity.

* * * *

A paper called "Notes on a Naval Manuscript, Compiled by Edward Battine, *c.* 1688," read by J. Chalkley Gould to the British Archæological Association, is one proof among others that there is more interest felt in the history of the Navy than was the case. The manuscript itself does not appear to be of great novelty or interest, but there are curious details in Battine's work, of which this document is only part. Battine seems to have been an industrious subordinate, who endeavoured to merit the favour of his superiors by drawing up a species of "Lean's Navy List" before its time. In 1685 he drew up a "Small Tract of the Navy," in which he took care to record the fact that he was better able to keep some accounts than other people. Mr. Edward Battine was plainly qualified to fill that important post in our old war-ships, the trumpeter—at least where his own merits were concerned. The dedication to this "small tract" is worth preserving for the audacity of its statement. The Sovereignty of the Seas, according to this historian, has been ever so nobly vindicated by "the renowned Princes of this land," that "no Neibouring Prince or State" did as much as dare to "build a Ship of Warr without leave, much less dispute his Majesteie's Title, till a Crew of Miscreants (suffered by Divine Vengeance for our Sins to usurp the government of these Kingdoms) gave them opportunity (by the Confusions they brought upon the Nation) to build such Fleets that the Prudence and Conduct of the most Knowing and Heroick Prince (viz., Charles II., who certainly was knowing enough) was requisite to withstand." For cool, unflinching mendacity, this version of the Naval History and of the Restoration would be bad to beat. If Mr. Battine was not promoted, his Royal master was sadly ungrateful. A later tract of his has a more respectable interest, because it contains an elaborate argument in favour of Portsmouth as a Naval headquarters. This tract belongs, to judge by an obvious reference to Tourville's unexpected arrival off the Isle of Wight, to the end of 1690 or thereabouts, when our enemy at sea had ceased to be the Dutchman and was become the Frenchman, which naturally shifted the "centre of gravity" of our Naval organisation.

DAVID HANNAY.

Military Equitation.

By Eques.

THE following remarks on the education of mounted recruits are intended to supplement those recently made on the training of Army horses. People invariably applaud the collective good horsemanship of a smart cavalry regiment, as well as the skill and address of individual experts in the arena of a tournament; but there is in general no conception of the pains required to bring men and horses into perfect and harmonious working order. The patient and skilful training of the young horses would be entirely thrown away if the riders were not taught, with equal care, how best to perform their share of the work.

In order to become an efficient soldier on horseback, the recruit must, first of all, be a soldier on foot. He must learn prompt obedience to the word of command. His body must be balanced, his shoulders thrown back, and his muscular powers developed; in short, he has to be "set up." The proper poise of the rider gives the horse the best chance of escaping a sore back, broken knees, and undue fatigue; the correct position of the shoulders is essential to closeness of seat in the saddle, while the flexibility and muscular development, the foundation of which is acquired on foot, enable the man to accommodate himself to the horse's movements, and to direct them in all circumstances.

When the recruit is placed on a horse, he should be exactly on the weight-carrying centre of the animal's back. In that position there is at once a minimum of disturbing motion, and a maximum of facility in the application of the "aids" by means of which the rider compels the horse to move in any direction and at any pace. It is, therefore, of the greatest moment that the saddle should be so constructed as to keep the soldier's weight on that part of the back, and likewise that the recruit should perfectly understand the use and proper fitting of his horse's saddlery in all its parts.

After he has gained some confidence at the walk, trot, and canter, with stirrups, he is taught to ride without stirrups. This is a very trying exercise, especially on a rough horse, but it is the surest road to a safe seat. It teaches the rider to adapt himself to all the paces of the horse, and makes balance a second nature. Balance is the true foundation of all good riding; the man who has it does not require the help of the bridle to keep him in his place, but is, on the contrary, erect and independent, master of himself and of the horse he bestrides. The muscular power of the rider comes, of course, to his assistance when pressure of the leg or a tight grip of the saddle is necessary; but even then it is on balance that he mainly depends for the due control of his horse and the effective employment of his weapon.

The meaning of the "aids" is defined in the authorised manual to be "the motions and proper application of the bridle-hand and legs, to direct and determine the turnings and paces of the horse." For instance, in answer to the question, "What aids are required in turning right or left about?" the following is laid down, and must, like other instructions, be remembered and repeated by the recruit: "A stronger feeling of the inward rein, and a stronger pressure of the inward leg, supported by the outward leg and rein, the horse turning on his centre, fore and hind feet describing a circle." In cantering, the recruit is taught to have a stronger feeling of the inward rein and outward leg; that is to say, if ordered to canter round the school, or in a circle, to the right, he will apply the right rein and left leg more strongly, and *vice versâ*. He is also shown that by this use of the aids he can prevent his horse from cantering "false" or "disunited," the former of these terms meaning the leading with the left leg when cantering to the right, and *vice versâ*, and the latter the leading with the off fore and nea. hind, and *vice versâ*.

In "shoulder-in," the recruit learns to lead with the outward rein, while the inward preserves the bend. His inward leg presses the horse to cross his legs, and his outward keeps him up to the hand. In the "passage," on the other hand, the inward rein both bends and leads. These movements are essential to the quick and smart performance of mounted duty, and they ensure the obedience of the horse to the indications of the rider's will, frequently enabling him to gain the advantage over an adversary who is not so well mounted and drilled. The skilful application of the rein and spur produces movements which would be impossible for untrained horses, and, what is more, the state of training into which cavalry horses are brought, fits them for moving in the ranks with flexibility and order. In military schools fancy exercises find no favour, and are not according to regulation; but our present exercises form the foundation of our cavalry efficiency. Only a small portion of the drill has been touched upon, the object being to convey to the uninitiated some slight idea of what is necessary to the production of an efficient military horseman.



"HANDS shorten sail!"

Such was the cry that echoed along the decks of the "Terrible" in the deep gruff tones of the boatswain. The crew were on the alert in a moment, and streamed on deck by the various hatchways like the alarmed tenants of a disturbed ant-heap; whilst loud above the whistling of the wind, the flapping of canvas, and the groaning and creaking of spars and cordage, rang out the trumpet-like tones of the commanding officer's voice: "Hands reef topsails! Away aloft!"

The topsail yard men went thundering up the lower rigging, and the "Terrible" was luffed up into the wind to spill her sails, the helm being eased down by the quarter-masters on duty at the wheel.

The great yards came surging down upon the caps, and the Bluejackets swarmed up the topmast rigging and commenced to lay out upon the topsail yards in order to pass the earrings and reef-points—an evolution of some difficulty when a vessel is pitching or rolling in a heavy sea.

At the time when the episode I am about to relate took place, the "Terrible" was on her way to the Fiji Islands from Sydney, and was within two days' sail of Viti Levu. Steady, fair winds had hitherto been bearing the good ship onwards at about 10 knots an hour, but now a rapidly-falling barometer, a murky sky, and an ominous rising of the wind seemed to betoken the approach of a storm.

There was no smarter seaman on board the "Terrible" than Joe Grummet, captain of the main-top. Always ready at the call of duty, athletic, fearless, and prompt, Joe was an ideal sailor, and a great favourite with his own messmates, not only on account of his bright, cheery disposition, but also because he was honest, straightforward, and a true, reliable friend. The officers of the frigate, too, from the captain downwards, were no less alive to the petty officer's good qualities. They thoroughly trusted him, knowing full well that he had his topmen always thoroughly under control, and that he was always sober and ready for any emergency that might occur.

Two reefs had been taken in the "Terrible's" topsails, and her topgallant-sails had been furled. The men on deck were swaying away on the topsail halliards, and slowly and heavily the great yards went sliding up the well-greased topmasts.

Shortly afterwards Joe and his mates swung themselves over the futtock rigging in order to descend to the deck, but, as ill-luck would have it, a ratline broke in the former's hand, and in one awfully sudden moment he was precipitated overboard amidst the stormy waves that were furiously breaking against the frigate's stout side.

"Man overboard!" was yelled by fifty voices, followed by the prompt order, "Call away the life-boat's crew! Hands shorten sail!"

Every man was at his post in a moment. The life-buoy had been let go, and the life-boat's crew had promptly rushed to man one of the quarter-boats. The excitement and suspense were intense. The signalman reported that Joe appeared to be swimming strongly, but that he could only see him now and again when the vessel was tossed up upon a heaving wave. He had been washed astern very quickly, as the frigate's way could not be deadened for some minutes owing to the strength of the gale.

"Can the boat live in this sea?" shouted the captain to the commander in anxious tones, as he eagerly scanned the mountainous waves.

"I think so, sir."

"Lower away the life-boat, then!" sang out the captain. "I trust we'll have the poor fellow on board again before many minutes are over."

The life-boat's crew were strong, determined, picked men, fit to go anywhere and do anything. A lieutenant and a midshipman were in charge of them.

The cutter was within a few feet of the water, when the after-fall suddenly gave way, the result of which was that the stern of the boat fell into the sea, and she hung suspended by the tackle attached to the fore davit. Nearly at the same moment an unusually heavy sea struck her, and smashed her almost into matchwood. The officers and crew were plunged into the sea, and were seen struggling to grasp the oars and other gear which had been swept into the water at the same time.

The commander issued rapid orders, and the second quarter-boat was quickly manned by a fresh crew and success-

fully lowered into the water. By this time, however, the men of the other boat had been washed a long way astern, and owing to the height of the waves it was almost impossible to see them. Nevertheless they were all picked up, although two or three were in such an exhausted condition as to be almost insensible. The boat was now rather heavily laden, and it required very clever steering to prevent her being swamped by the heavy seas. Two of the rescued men were told off to bale the water out, and a few of the others assisted by double-banking the oars.

Attention was now concentrated on the rescue of Joe Grummet. The cutter sheered slowly and heavily through the frenzied seas, every man on board doing his work nobly, and straining his muscles and sinews to their utmost extent, knowing how much depended upon his exertions. Much valuable time, however, had been lost through the unfortunate accident to the boat's falls.

By great good fortune the crew of the cutter rescued Joe Grummet, when he was at the last stage of exhaustion, for though a splendid swimmer, he could not for very long have battled with the fierce seas that again and again broke over him with terrific force. Half-unconscious, he was hauled by many willing hands into the cutter. The boat's mast was then stepped, and a close-reefed lugsail set. On the wings of the gale the heavy-laden cutter flew over the vast foam-capped waves with a flowing sheet. It was now her only chance for safety, and all idea of regaining the "Terrible"—now out of sight—had perforce to be abandoned.

Night fell, and still the storm raged. The cutter staggered on bravely, carefully steered by the coxswain, who was relieved during the hours of darkness by the lieutenant and the midshipman of the boat. Towards morning the wind fell, but the sea still continued to be rough and turbulent.

Fortunately some biscuit and fresh water and a bottle of rum had been discovered in the cutter's locker, or our storm-tossed castaways would soon have felt the terrible pangs of hunger and thirst. Day broke, and the sky began to clear. Even the agitated sea showed signs of going down.

"Land right ahead!" suddenly sang out a seaman from the bows of the boat.

Every eye was turned in the direction indicated, and the lieutenant took a long observation through the middy's spy-glass.

"A small island!" he observed, laconically.

"Perhaps we'd better carry on, sir, and find out what island it is," said the middy, excitedly, for, like most of his race, he was an adventurer by instinct.

"I fancy I see the masts of a vessel close to the land," continued the lieutenant, "but I don't think it is the 'Terrible.'"

"Shall we shake the reefs out, sir?" asked the impatient midshipman.

"Certainly."

The cutter flew before the wind, which was now blowing steadily from the westward. Every moment the island became more distinctly visible, and in the far distance more land was revealed as a faint blue film.

The men partook of a hurried breakfast. The sun was now some degrees above the horizon. The storm-clouds had rolled away, and there was every prospect of a fine and hot day.

Everyone was on the tiptoe of excitement. The island was now only four or five miles distant, and appeared to be somewhat lofty and well wooded. There was little doubt that the vessel which was attracting so much attention was stranded upon a reef of rocks which jutted out some considerable distance into the sea. She appeared to be a large barque, and had evidently lost her fore-topmast.

"If there are any natives on the books of that there island," observed Joe Grummet, who had quite recovered from his prolonged immersion in the sea, "I reckon they'll have a try at looting that ship's cargo."

"I wish we had a rifle or two in the boat," said the coxswain, who was a crony of Grummet's. "Jiggered if we sha'n't be all at sea if a scrimmage should come to the fore."

"The natives *are* looting the vessel!" exclaimed the lieutenant, excitedly. "Get your oars out, lads, and pull like blazes!"

The breeze still blew freshly. Under the influence of canvas and oars, the cutter spun along like a racing yacht.

Half-an-hour later it was seen that the vessel was crowded with natives, and that a fight was proceeding upon her upper deck. The cutter dashed on, and was quickly alongside, for though the wreck was fast aground forward, there was fairly deep water abaft all.

Led by the lieutenant and middy, the seamen, armed with stretchers, rushed up the side, and, without encountering any opposition, leaped over the bulwarks, and found themselves in the midst of a fierce hand-to-hand struggle between the master and crew of the merchantman, who were Frenchmen, and a whole horde of cruel-looking swarthy natives. Neither side had fire-arms. It was a question of cold steel — cutlasses and swords against spears and hatchets. Many of these weapons lay scattered about the deck, dropped by wounded combatants, and the cutter's seamen quickly appropriated all they could lay their hands upon, and thus became a formidable fighting force.



"In the Midst of a Fierce Hand-to-Hand Struggle."

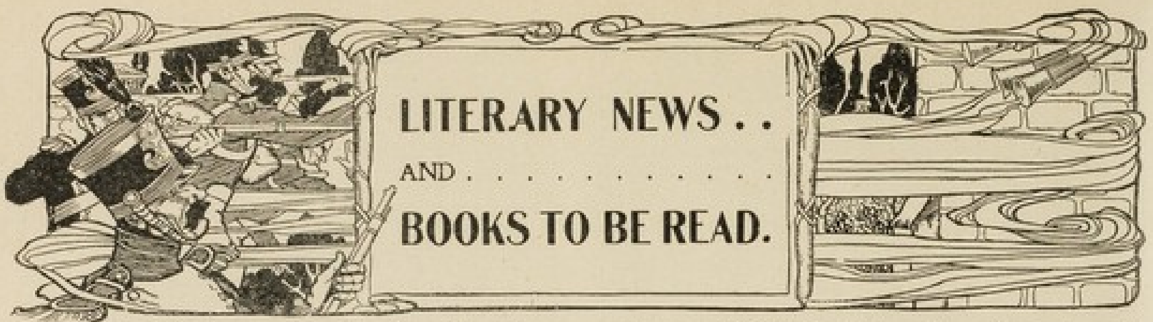
The lieutenant saw at a glance that he and his men had arrived at a most opportune moment. The Frenchmen, fighting tenaciously, but outnumbered by ten to one, had been driven under the poop, where they were making a last desperate rally, apparently undismayed by the grim prospect of annihilation.

The British seamen rushed on like a whirlwind, and, with loud huzzas, charged into the rear of the black phalanx, scattering the now panic-stricken natives in all directions. The lieutenant had secured a spear and the middy a scimitar, and showed their men a fine example of determined heroism. Before five minutes had elapsed the French master, with tears of joy and gratitude in his eyes, was embracing the English lieutenant. Two of his men had been killed in the fight, and three slightly wounded; but the natives had suffered much more severely. The English seamen escaped quite unscathed.

"There's a sail in sight to the westward, sir!" said Joe Grummet, rushing up. "My mates and I think as how it's the 'Terrible.'"

And so it proved. Signals of distress were hoisted at the merchantman's masthead, and in response to them the British frigate bore down, and anchored off the island. Great was the joy of all on board when they recognised their cutter pulling off to them, and found that Joe Grummet was safe and sound.

The "Terrible" did not leave the French merchantman until she had lightened her of some of her cargo and towed her off the treacherous reef of rocks, on which she had inadvertently run during the dark hours of the night.



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

THERE is something at once cryptic and attractive about a volume bearing the title of "From Sphinx to Oracle." The Sphinx is the emblem of mystery, and an oracle, ever since the days of Delphi, has meant a good deal that was obscure. But Mr. Arthur Silva White's volume (Hurst and Blackett) takes us across the Libyan Desert to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon, or to the little-known city of Siwa. Mr. White has drunk deeply of the glamour of the desert. Its spirit has entered into him, and the Sphinx, looking steadily into the distance, regardless of the sand at its feet, directed his gaze westward from Cairo, across the long stretches bathed in mellow moonlight, towards Siwa, and beyond to the great Mecca of Jarabub, 500 miles into the Sahara domain, where the word of Sheikh el-Senussi el-Mahdi is law to millions of men. The counsel of the Sphinx, as he puts it, was set at naught by the rude utterance of the Oracle. In other words, he failed to reach Jarabub, but has shown himself to be a most original and excellent traveller, whose writing is readable indeed. For 600 years Siwa has remained under the militant banner of Islam, and the few strangers who have reached it have had no friendly welcome. To reach Jarabub, which is 110 miles beyond, seems impossible without sinister consequences, for the place is the sacred soil of the Senussi, who hold a potential strength for evil in the desert. It would have been a very great pleasure to dwell upon Mr. Silva White's record of his desert journeying, with his seven men and six camels. Anything in its way more graphic and interesting few would ask for. It was a journey conducted under conditions of secrecy, with sand-storms for its incidents, and rain as its intolerable anachronism. Mr. White's account of the desert is admirable. Its silence he speaks of as that of the tomb, its stillness as that of death, but "at night-time one feels 'like the man in the moon'—it is glorious." The admirable pictures that accompany the book enable us to realise much that is said.

* * * *

But more important, and more interesting than the book as a narrative of travel, is its account of the Senussi question, which is obscure to all but students, though looming large in the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian War Office, which discourages outsiders from provoking a dangerous issue. The subject is certainly one of supreme importance, for Sidi Mohammed es-Senussi founded a fanatical sect or confraternity that is enormously powerful, but concerning which even important points are involved in extreme obscurity. It appears, however, that occultism and absolutism are the most potent powers in Senussi-ism. The Mahdi of the Nile endeavoured to secure the subjection of Sidi by appointing him one of his Khalifas, but this was refused, and, while the Mahdism of the Egyptian Soudan is dead, that of the Libyan Desert and Jarabub is an active force, with rapid power of assimilation, and an evident capacity for rule. Senussi-el-Mahdi, the son of Sidi, now Grand Master of the Senussi Order, is universally regarded as a direct descendant of the Prophet, through Fatma, and has the famous blue mark or nævus between the shoulders which is the "sign of the prophets." In his account of this very remarkable movement, Mr. White has depended much upon the writings of MM. Duveyrier and Rinn, but gained a great deal of knowledge during his own desert journeying. The Senussi are a migratory force, and have opened up routes through the desert, among them one from Kufra to Kargeh, the Egyptian Oasis, which Mr. White regards as ominous. Senussi-el-Mahdi rules Senussi-land from the oasis of Kufra in these days, with a complete military and political organisation, and manages to be well informed of what is going on in the world by means of books and newspapers. To measure his power is difficult or impossible. He has not yet declared himself, and it is to be hoped, for the peace of Northern Africa, that he will hold his hand. In the meantime let all who would realise the hidden possibilities read Mr. White's volume.

* * * *

Many readers of this paper know, I am sure, the "Almanach fur die k. u. k. Kriegs-Marine," published by Gerold at Pola. Some there may be who do not, and to these therefore be the pocket volume commended. It is still the best of all Naval pocket-books, and I believe it to be the original. Many imitations there are, but none of these yet equals the Austrian "Almanach." It has the advantage of being official, which means that the question of profit does not enter so largely into the matter of production. To begin with, there are the most convenient tables of comparative weights and measures, metrical and other, that can be imagined. Then come particulars of the Austrian Mercantile Marine and of the Royal and Imperial (k. u. k.) Yacht Squadron, followed by a chapter on international law and Naval ceremonial. Next we have admirably-compiled details of the artillery of the various Powers, followed by tabular particulars of the Navies of the world. Nothing in this small form better can be than these tables, and close examination shows that they are phenomenally accurate. At the end of the book are admirable diagrams of many war-ships of the world, and an index. This index is a new feature, as is the index-cutting of the margins for ease of reference, and the Austrian Navy List, which used to be embodied in the volume, is now issued as a pamphlet supplement, uniform, and more useful in its detached form.

* * * *

The *Marine Review*, of Cleveland, Ohio, has produced an "Annual Ship-building Edition," which those who can procure it will not fail to be interested in, if they follow, as most of us do, the maritime development of Uncle Sam. Here is a complete view of what is going on across the herring pond. The merchant ships building or under contract in the United States on January 1 were 204 in number, of which 155 were on the sea-coast, 26 on the Great Lakes, and 23 on Western rivers. The aggregate tonnage was 251,216, and the gross approximate value 19,760,900 dols. Add to this array 58 war-ships, displacing 146,499 tons, and with 372,150 horse-power, valued in all, excluding armour and armament, at 42,349,192 dols., and we have a very remarkable show. Except that the Cramps of Philadelphia are building a battle-ship and a cruiser for Russia, completing a cruiser for Japan, and have lately despatched another, all these war-ships are for the United States—9 battle-ships, 3 cruisers, 11 destroyers, 21 torpedo-boats, 4 monitors, a submarine boat, a training-ship, and a couple of tugs. Particulars of all these vessels are given, and some of them are depicted. The "Four Admirals," I learn, have been built by Cramps, with extreme rapidity, for the American Steamship Company. They are of 2,000 tons register, have been built to serve as auxiliary cruisers, and are named in honour of Admirals Farragut, Sampson, Dewey, and Schley. Then, among the curiosities, is an account of the Knapp roller boat, which, unlike Bazin's failure, is to roll broadside on, and is shaped like a sausage.

* * * *

Let me commend the *Strand Magazine*, which I have thoroughly enjoyed. "The Story of Cleopatra's Needle" is extremely interesting; full of amusement the "Peeps into Punch"; captivating Dr. Conan Doyle's "Story of the Jew's Breast-plate"; instructive "In Nature's Workshop." An excellent compound must all men say.

* * * *

But to write of magazines is something of a weariness to the flesh. They contain so much that is good, and yet but a few lines can be allotted to them. So do I pass over excellent numbers of *Macmillan* and *Chambers* in order to speak of an important issue of the *Century*. It is important because it contains General Shafter's account of the capture of Santiago de Cuba. He shows the danger of the position, with the thin six-mile line of investment, and the troops attacked by disease. The general had in his pocket an account of our operations at Havana in 1761, and knew what to expect. There is a very interesting account of the interview with General Toral, at which General Miles also was present. The latter believed the Spaniards were talking to gain time, and urged the breaking off of the parley. "General, let's wait awhile and see," said Shafter; "we can make the assault any time, but when we do negotiations will stop, and I believe they are going to surrender." The same number contains Lieutenant Hobson's account of his incarceration at the Morro, admirably illustrated, and with an excellent picture of gallant Admiral Cervera. But a better picture is in the text. It is simply delightful to read of the old-world courtesy and genuine kindliness of the admiral, and, indeed, of all his officers, to the captives. "Ah!" he thought when the admiral called on him, "this admiral commanding the Spanish Naval forces has taken the pains to put on the uniform for official visits, and has come at the very earliest moment to visit a young lieutenant of the enemy in prison! Surely chivalry is not yet dead." Indeed, he re-echoes his belief that the history of warfare probably contains no better instance of chivalry on the part of captors than was experienced by himself and his companions. Our own Naval annals are not destitute of kindred examples.

* * * *

Imitation is proverbially the best flattery. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has set the pattern to at least five foreign countries. Spain, Italy, the Argentine Republic, and Germany have all papers following the same idea. The German *Ueberall* (which being interpreted means "all hands ahoy!") is excellent, and is an avowed copy of this paper. It began well with a special number devoted to the Kaiser's Palestine journey. Now the French have taken up the parable. *Armée et Marine* is a weekly illustrated journal devoted to the Army and Navy—for in France the Army goes first—and produced in the fine style of typography in which the French are so skilled. French Ministers adopt a line less marked by official reserve in such matters than we are accustomed to. Witness M. Lockroy associating himself publicly with the new Navy League of our neighbours, and urging the Naval prefects to foster the movements. *Armée et Marine* is published under the patronage of the Ministers of War and Marine, of Generals du Barail, former Minister, Février, late Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and Dufaure du Bessol, of Admirals Krantz, once a Minister, D'Abel de Libran, and Dupont, and of M. de Bussy, the famous Naval constructor. It has been recognised that the best way of interesting men in things is to present them pictorially. There is to be visual education by means of a popular issue, and the two Services are to be drawn closer together. An attractive programme is presented, and the services of officers are to be enlisted in procuring photographs of events. Yachting and "military explorations"—like that of Major Marchand, one supposes—will not be neglected. Such a publication deserves success.

* * * *

It must surely be a strong mark of the popularity of a gallant officer that his portrait should be familiar to honest rustics on the signs of country inns. Such is pre-eminently the case with the Marquis of Granby. That famous soldier has at length found a biographer in Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners, whose book is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

A Russian Military Field Railway.

[FROM A ST. PETERSBURG CORRESPONDENT.]

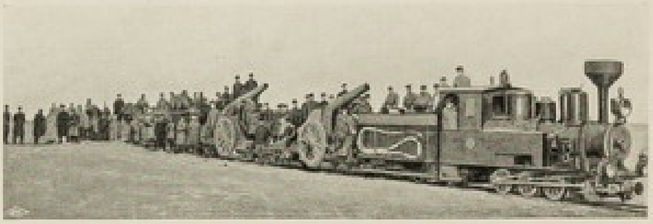
THE importance of the railway in modern warfare has been well exemplified in the Soudan Campaign, the success of which, as Lord Kitchener himself has insisted, was largely due to the patience and industry devoted to the building of the iron and wire lines of communication. In Germany all lines of railway are made subservient to military needs by connecting them where necessary with what are termed strategic lines. In Russia nearly all the railways of recent date have been constructed for military purposes, and speed, therefore, has been a factor which the Russian engineer has been unable to ignore even in the construction of the main lines of railway. He never, for instance, stops to build a bridge across a river where a ferry will suffice for present needs.

The constructors of a military field railway are still more strongly imbued with the spirit of a rapid forward movement. In the German Army it is calculated that four companies of a railway battalion can lay an average of 10 kilometres—about 6 miles—of field railway in a day, it being assumed that an unlimited supply of labour can be procured to do the navvy work of preparing the track.

The railway which is the subject of this article starts from Lublin, a town in Russian Poland of about 27,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the Government district or county of the same name, which lies south-east of the district of Warsaw, the towns of Warsaw and Lublin being connected by a main line of railway which continues its south-easterly course as far as Odessa. By this main line was brought to Lublin all the material required for the field railway, in addition to a small quantity of rolling stock, consisting of a locomotive built to use petroleum fuel and a few trollies running on bogies. The field railwa, runs for 27 versts—about 18 miles—to the village of Kozerzher, and I am informed that about 9 miles of it—13½ versts—were constructed in the course of 24 hours, though nothing is said as to how long was taken to build the other 9 miles, or as to the number of men employed. Still, 9 miles a day is a fairly good record. The work was carried out under the superintendence of Lieutenant-General Bogolyubov. He is represented in my first illustration. Serving under him were some officers of the engineers, some instructors from the railway battalion, and some companies from infantry regiments forming part of the 14th Army Corps. In this particular case the whole of the manual labour was performed by the companies of infantry, though as a rule the actual laying of the metals—in the German Army, at any rate—is done by members of the railway battalion. This battalion is a new feature in modern armies, and its business is not only to construct railways, but also to understand the quickest and most effectual way of rendering them useless to an enemy.



OFFICERS EMPLOYED IN ITS CONSTRUCTION.

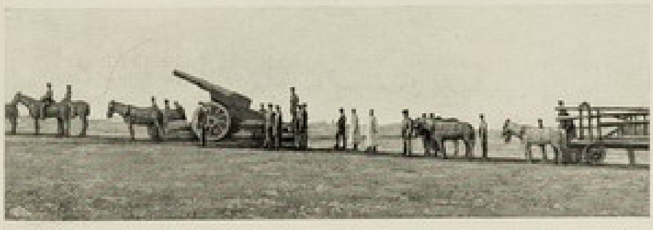


FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE TERMINUS.

As recently as the year 1871 the railway battalion was quite unknown in the Russian Army, and its inception is due to General Annenkoff, whose death was announced only a few days ago. He accompanied the German army during the great war of 1870-71, for the special purpose of studying the railway operations in time of war. On his return he advocated the formation of a railway battalion, and this meeting with the approval of the Czar, he was put in command of a body of troops, with orders to have them instructed in the work of railway construction. His first undertaking was a military field railway joining the large camp at Krasnoye Selo, near St. Petersburg, with the Czar's palace at Peterhof. This was built entirely by the troops under his command. It was the small beginning of a work which was to have such a marvellous development, for it was Annenkoff who originated, and lived to see largely carried out, the Great Siberian Railway, which when complete will have a clear run of about 4,500 miles. Four thousand five hundred miles, that is, of railway constructed entirely under military supervision and primarily intended for military purposes, for I am reckoning only that portion of the railway which commences at Chelyabinsk, in the Orenburg District, on the other side of the Ural Mountains, where it is joined on to the railway system of European Russia.

The Transcaspian (Central Asian) Railway is also a part of the great development which followed the small beginning at Krasnoye Selo. Our little field railway at Lublin not only adds its mite to the great work, but also serves to remind us of it.

I have said that only some few members of the railway battalion in its immediate neighbourhood were employed upon the Lublin Railway, but Russia has now no less than seven railway battalions, numbering in war-time over 1,000 each of officers and



HORSE TRACTION ON THE RAILWAY.



Photos. L. K. Gorve Copyright.

TURNING AT RIGHT ANGLES INTO THE BATTERY.

men. Four of these battalions are in Europe, two beyond the Caspian, and one in South Ussuri in the neighbourhood of Vladivostock, in the Far East.

Very appropriately, the field railway is suitable for horse as well as steam traction, and one of my illustrations shows a 6-in. gun of about 2½ tons being drawn on a trolley up an incline by six horses. The chief use of the railway so far seems to have been to give exercise in the movement of heavy guns, and another of the illustrations shows two 6-in. guns drawn by a locomotive; the peculiar construction of the latter is adapted to the use of petroleum as fuel. The gun trolley being on bogies, it is an easy matter to run it into the battery built at right angles to the line of rail, as shown in the fourth illustration. When in the battery the gun is raised bodily by means of what are termed the "new light screw-jacks," and first the trolley platform and then the trolley itself is dragged from under it, chocks having been previously put under the wheels of the gun-carriage. One important feature of the Lublin field railway is that it is furnished with telephonic as well as telegraphic communication along its whole length. Apparently the "legs of the army" upon which the future Napoleon will have to depend will be made of iron or steel and have nerves of wire.

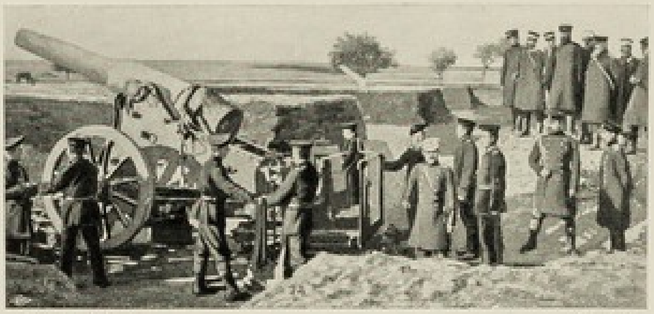


Photo L. K. Gorve. Copyright.

DRAGGING THE TROLLEY FROM UNDER THE 6-in. GUN.

An Ancient Military Charity.

LEYCESTER HOSPITAL, Warwick, is one of the oldest charitable institutions for old soldiers in the United Kingdom. The building was founded in 1571 by the Earl of Leycester, for the reception of twelve old soldiers, who must belong to one of the following towns: Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, and Kenilworth, in Warwickshire; Wootton-under-Edge and Arlingham, in Gloucestershire. The men, who are allowed to have their wives with them, have two rooms free of rent, free cooking, and an annual allowance of money. The master lives in the building, and has prayers in the chapel daily at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. On Sundays the brethren march to the parish church of St. Mary's. On this occasion the cloaks and silver badges are worn. The patron of the establishment is Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, who appoints the master and selects the brethren. The full number, namely, twelve men, are in the hospital now, but at the time the photograph was taken eleven only were present, owing to one being ill in bed.



THE MASTER AND BRETHREN OF LEYCESTER HOSPITAL.

The following regiments are represented at the present time: 6th Inniskilling Dragoons; Scots Guards (2); 1st Battalion Welsh (41st); Royal Fusiliers (7th); 1st Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry (51st); 2nd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry (52nd); 2nd Battalion North Lancashire Regiment (81st); 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles (90th); Royal Marine Artillery; and Royal Marines. The medals in the picture represent the following campaigns: Kaffir, 1846-47; Crimea and Baltic, 1854-56; China, 1857; Mutiny, 1857; Burmah, Afghanistan, 1879-80. From the foregoing it will be seen that almost every branch of the Queen's Service is represented, and that the services of the recipients of the bounty afforded by the institution represent campaigns in many and various quarters of the globe. The selection of men for admittance to the hospital made by Lord de L'Isle and Dudley appears an excellent one, a fact not to be wondered at when we remember that his Lordship is himself an old solder, having been formerly a major in the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own). One of our illustrations shows the silver badge of bear and ragged staff, surmounted by an Earl's coronet (crest of Earl Leycester, 1571), worn on the cloaks of the brethren of the Leycester Hospital. These badges are solid silver. Eleven of them are the original ones given by the Earl of Leycester in 1571, and are inscribed with the names of the first recipients. One of the badges was stolen many years ago. The cost of a new badge was £5.



Photo. Copyright.

BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF BADGE.

Another illustration shows the position of the badge as worn on the cloak. The badge is a peculiarly appropriate one, as the bear and ragged staff, cognisance of the great Neville family, has always been a distinctive emblem of the county of Warwick As such it is worn on appointments by the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and is one of the territorial emblems received through affiliation with the local Militia at the reorganisation of the Army in 1881. We are indebted for photographs to Lieut.-Colonel F. L. Grundy, late Royal Warwickshire Regiment.



H. & K.

AS THE BADGE IS WORN.

Per Mare, per Terram.



Photo. Ellis
A ROYAL MIDSHIPMAN.

IT may be that, as Kipling says, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," but the fact remains that of late years there have been many singular examples of the approximation of Eastern ideas to Western processes and habits. Perhaps in no case has this tendency been more strongly marked than in that of the kingdom of Siam. Fifty years ago Siam was as remote from Western civilisation as the wilds of Central Asia, but to-day Bangkok is Europeanised even more conspicuously than the great capitals of India itself. The King of Siam, too, is a much-travelled monarch who only recently paid England a visit, and who still, as may be gathered from the portrait which we give of his son, retains a very close and pleasant connection with this country. This young Prince is not by any means the first member of the Royal house of Siam to be educated here, kinsmen of his having passed through both Oxford and Sandhurst, where they have been popular with their fellow-students and have acquitted themselves very creditably in their examinations. The Prince whose portrait we give was prepared for the "Britannia" by a well-known "coach," and, after putting in his time as a Naval cadet, has been attached as a midshipman to the "Revenge." It is in a sense complimentary to our sea Service that an Eastern monarch should select it as a fitting education for his son. But it may equally, and without any impropriety, be claimed that the Royal Navy of England confers a privilege and a distinction upon a foreign Prince in receiving him on terms of frank equality and doing its best to "train him up in the way that he should go." The son of the Siamese monarch may well be proud to be attached to the Service of which our own Queen's son and grandson are conspicuous ornaments, and it may safely be asserted that in the whole wide world there is not an educational establishment which can compare, in several most important respects, with the gun-room of a British battle-ship.

THE desire of the Russians for a port on the Pacific free from ice all the year round is one which would have more readily received recognition had not an open port for them meant a closed port for everyone else. No one,

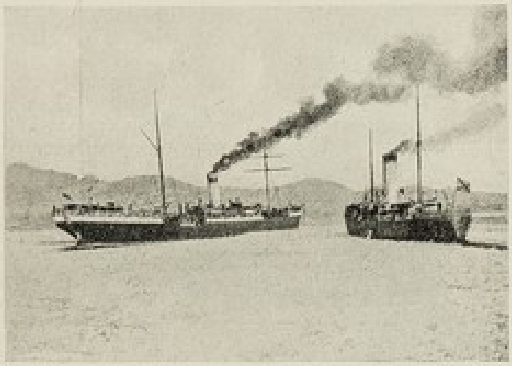


Photo. Copyright. H. & K.
BREAKING A WAY THROUGH ICE AT VLADIVOSTOCK.

however, can object to their overcoming the difficulties of navigation through the ice, and thus making their own port of Vladivostock an open one in winter as well as in summer.

Our illustration shows the steamer "Varonej," one of the Russian volunteer fleet, being towed into the ice-covered bay at Vladivostock by the ice-breaking steamer "Nadejni." The "ice-breaker" is well known in the Baltic ports, where it is largely used for keeping a water-way open in winter. The vessel is built so that the fore part is easily driven up on to the ice, when its great weight causes the ice to break, this process being repeated with every fresh movement of the vessel forward. Away aft the ice-breaker is built like a tug, so that it can tow vessels through the water-way it has made.

The Russians at Vladivostock had two causes for rejoicing when the two ships appeared. In the first place the ice blockade was raised, and secondly a vessel of the volunteer fleet always suggests to the Russian patriot success in commerce during peace and a useful addition to the Navy in time of war.

THIS bell—and a very beautiful work of art it is—has just been presented to the United States war-ship "Princeton," by the students of the Princeton University, in addition to a neat little library of 600 volumes and a silver punch-bowl. The bell itself is a very fine one, rather larger than the regulation ship's bell, and, as will be seen from the picture, of highly picturesque and emblematic design. Princeton, it will be remembered, is the great rival university to Yale, and the athletic contests between these two institutions are typified in the clapper of the bell, on which, above the ring, the tiger of Princeton is shown engaged in lively conflict with the Yale bulldog. This interesting presentation is by no means unique in the States, where the practice of recognising the association of war-ships with certain towns and localities is kept up with great enthusiasm and sincerity. One cannot help thinking that from this example we ourselves might take a hint. It is true that in our Navy the local sentiment has been allowed to droop to



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.
A PRESENTATION SHIP'S BELL.

some extent, notwithstanding the fact that in several old names of ships—the "London" is a very familiar example—we have a splendid association of a brilliant war record with a specific locality, which is quite as worthy of preservation as are the other sentiments which are now regarded in the nomenclature of our Navy. Now we have a "London," there seems no reason why a graceful custom should not flourish among us just as much as it does among our trans-Atlantic cousins. What, moreover, is there to prevent a lady, to whom has fallen the exceeding great honour—and it is, indeed, an honour—to "christen" a war-ship of England's Navy, from initiating, as a matter of course, a presentation to the vessel with which she has been privileged to be associated? Yet do we hear that in such circumstances the trouble has been taken to raise a small fund even to provide, say, a silk ensign, or some other little extra adornment such as sailors take a pride in, not because of their worth, but because it is an added tribute of respect and liking for the ship? We have taken hints from Brother Jonathan in other directions before now. Why not in this?

ANYONE who has been in the vicinity of St. George's Barracks at Charing Cross will probably be able to recognise several familiar faces in this group of the London Recruiting Staff, of which these barracks are the centre. In this connection we may refer the "constant reader"

of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to the very first number of this journal, in which appeared an article from the pen of Colonel Turner, at one time chief recruiting staff officer of the London District, and one of the best living authorities



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

THE LONDON RECRUITING STAFF.

Lt.-Col. W. Kerr, R.A.M. Corps. Major J. C. A. Walker, Queen's Bays, Recruiting Staff Officer. Lt.-Col. W. Temple, V.C., R.A.M. Corps. Colonel H. Moore, Chief Recruiting Staff Officer. Dep.-Surgeon-General W. G. Don, R.A.M. Corps. Major H. W. Rowden, Wiltshire Regt., Recruiting Staff Officer. Lt.-Col. G. W. McNally, C.B., R.A.M. Corps.

on the subject of recruiting generally. The present chief recruiting staff officer at Charing Cross is Colonel H. Moore, who has Major J. C. A. Walker, of the Queen's Bays, and Major H. W. Rowden, of the Wiltshire Regiment, as his assistants. Recruiting nowadays is somewhat different from what it was in the old days of the Queen's shilling, but one essential characteristic of the man engaged in it remains the same, namely, he must be himself a good and smart soldier, an example of what the Service can turn out, as well as a pretty eloquent and seductive exponent of its advantages. The non-commissioned officers here represented convey the idea of combined smartness and intelligence in a marked degree, and we may confidently look to them that the supply of recruits, so far as London is concerned, shall continue to attain what is, all things being considered, a notable standard.

THIS is a grand memorial of a grand soldier, General Lord Hill, to wit, the colleague of Wellington, and from 1828 to 1842 Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Lord Hill entered the Army as an ensign in the old 36th, served in the campaigns of 1809, 1810, and 1811, and commanded a division at Waterloo. A list of the battles in which he took part is given on the column here depicted, and is almost enough to take away one's breath in these days of short and sharp fighting, when a single engagement sometimes means three or four decorations and a brevet. Besides Waterloo, Lord Hill was *only* present at the battles of Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, the Douro, Talavera, Busaco, Arroyo del Molino, Almaraz, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Nivelle, Nive, Hillette, Orthez, Aire, Tarbes, and Toulouse! Small wonder, then, that the citizens of Shrewsbury should seek to commemorate the career of their illustrious fellow-townsman by a column of dimensions which can only be realised by a process of comparison. This great memorial, the foundation

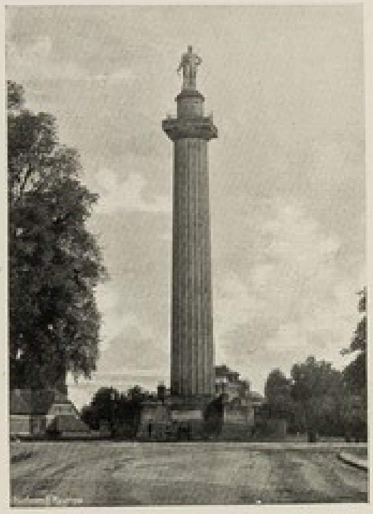


Photo. Bartlett Copyright.

LORD HILL'S COLUMN AT SHREWSBURY.



A SAPPER CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

of which was laid in 1814, and which was completed in eighteen months, is as high as the London Monument, and only 28-ft. lower than the Nelson Memorial in Trafalgar Square. It has an interior staircase, and, as may be imagined, a noble view of the broad acres of Salop is obtainable from the summit.

THERE is singular evidence of good feeling and *esprit de corps* in the accompanying picture of the decorations in the Royal Engineers' non-commissioned officers' mess at Gibraltar last Christmas. In our reproduction of the original photograph it may be difficult to decipher all the details of this pleasant "trophy," but we may usefully mention here that the central idea is a studious tribute to those great heroes of *the* "scientific corps," General Gordon and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. But, apart from these natural, one may say obvious, allusions, there is to be remarked a wealth of recognition of nearer ties between the "Gib." sappers and the parent stock. In these decorations are indicated a "regretful farewell" to a departing C.R.E., the season's

greetings to an existent popular chief, a cheery hope that "our officers" may "continue to shine," and a hearty "health and prosperity to our R.S.M." (regimental sergeant-major), "wife, and family." There is soldierly good-fellowship in every word of these compliments of the season, and, when good wishes are backed by such sincerity and thoroughness as characterise every action of the grand old Royal Engineers, they are, or ought to be, worth having.



Photo. Guthrie Bros. Copyright.

DUBLIN RECRUITING STAFF, 1898.

Corpl. Morris, Staff Clerk Section A.S.C. *2nd Corpl. Burgess, Staff Clerk Section A.S.C.*
Cr.-Sgt. Goggins, Paid Pen. Recruiter. Cr.-Sgt. Cummings, Paid Pen. Recruiter. Cr.-Sgt. Dower, Conduct. Staff.
Sgt. Walker, 5th Lancers. Cr.-Sgt. Marnas, Conduct. Staff. Pen. Q.-M.-S. Bodell, M.O. Clerk. Cr.-Sgt. Shaw, Paid Pen. Recruiter.
Sgt.-Major. Parkinson, Paid Pen. Recruiter. Q.-M.-S. Scott, Conduct. Staff.
Cr.-Sgt. Stears, Conduct. Staff. Major W. H. Dunlop, Recruiting Staff Officer. Cr.-Sgt. Wright, Paid Pen. Recruiter.

HERE is another group of recruiters, this time taken in Dublin, and in many ways a singularly interesting picture. On the breasts of one or two of these men is to be seen an array of medals of which any soldier might reasonably be proud. That such decorations have the greatest possible influence upon recruiting there can be no shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever. One can imagine, too, that such outward and visible signs of good soldierly service would appeal to few populations more closely than to that of Dublin. Ireland has given to the British Army some of its best and bravest soldiers, and it is well that those to whom the duty of recruiting in that country's capital is entrusted should be, as the members of this group are, in every way fit representatives of Her Majesty's Army.

HERE is a quaint picture, and one which, at first sight, would scarcely seem to have a Service application, yet these two sporting characters are officers who have adopted this *rôle* in the holy cause of charity. At a recent *fête champêtre* in Malta these two enterprising gentlemen raised large sums for a deserving cause by laying the odds in sixpences, and, judging from their appearance in this illustration, they must have acted the part remarkably well.

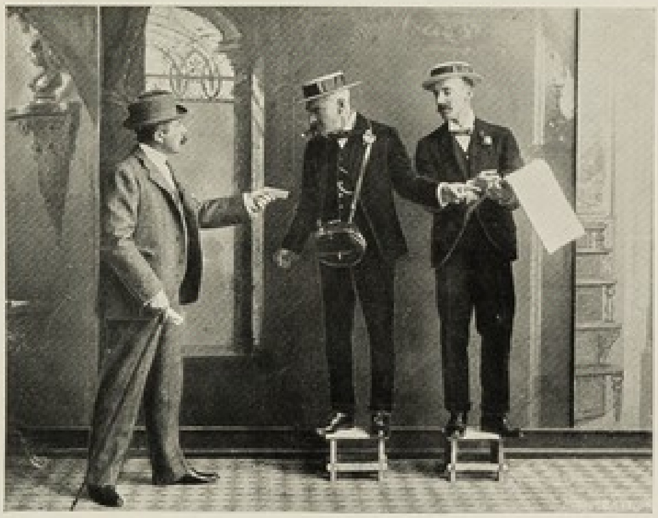


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

A DISPUTED CLAIM.

LAST week we illustrated that tremendous engine of warfare, the torpedo-boat destroyer. Amongst our pictures we gave one of a group of the officers of one of those deadly craft attired in the ordinary costume of Naval officers. The picture we give to-day shows the officers of the torpedo-boat destroyer "Hardy," in what may be described as "working kit."

Only those who have seen a destroyer threshing its way through a heavy sea can realise the necessity for garments of this description. It is not a question only of facing the weather, but, to some extent, one of absolute necessity, for when the "breezes blow" there is no going down below in a torpedo-boat destroyer, and it is very certain that when one is aboard of a little tin kettle which is cutting through the great green waves instead of riding them, the average costume of a quarter-deck would be very much out of place. When one of these destroyers is travelling at about thirty-five miles an hour, it is far from comfortable standing on the conning-tower. The spray scourges one like whips, and the wind shrieks and screams in a most terrifying manner. It would be absolutely impossible to move along the deck at all without clinging to the rails at the side or anything else that is handy.



Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

IN ROUGH WEATHER KIT.

OVERPAGE we show two young officers of a ship in the Channel Squadron, who are, indeed, rather remarkable representatives of the Service at large. For one of these midshipmen is probably the biggest, the other the smallest, of that rank in the Queen's Navy.

The elder is nearly nineteen

years of age, and turns the scale at 14-st.

The other youngster is nearly fifteen, and weighs not quite 5-st. A curious discrepancy this, but one which we make bold to say is not accompanied by any difference in the manner in which these two young officers do their duty.



Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.

A FEAT OF STRENGTH.

BELOW we give the picture of torpedo-boat No. 95 after a collision with No. 90 outside Malta Harbour. When torpedo-boats do collide, they do the thing thoroughly, as may be seen by our illustration, in which the bows of the little vessel are crumpled up like a concertina. She is shown lying alongside the Somerset Docks at Malta, and she is going to have her bows cut off and replaced. The damage done to No. 90 was even more serious, the plates on her port quarter being badly stove in. The speed at which these little boats are driven, and the thinness of their plating, render accidents of this kind exceedingly difficult to repair; but that will never be sufficient reason to deter the officers in charge of them from driving them at the highest speed of which they are capable whenever called upon to do so.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE RESULT OF A COLLISION



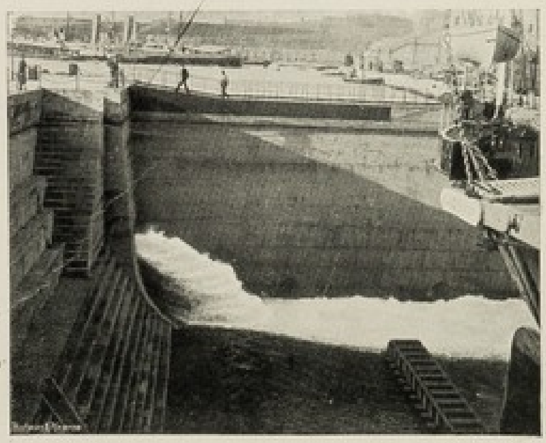
AN ADMIRALTY SOUVENIR.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

A PICKET-BOAT'S RUDDER.

THIS next little picture is another from Malta. The operation which it shows is the highly interesting one of letting water into a dock. There is, perhaps, no greater example of engineering science than that displayed in the process of docking a big ship, and some of the ships that have to be docked at Malta are the greatest and weightiest of their kind. When one thinks of what it is to place a monster ironclad in a dock, one will be pardoned for regarding the operation as indicating a stupendous success of human ingenuity and talent.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

FLOODING A DOCK AT MALTA.

LAST week we illustrated the Admiralty Office Smoking Concert, and we now reproduce the cover of the programme, which is quite an interesting souvenir. It was designed by Mr. Vaughan, an Admiralty official, and, as will be seen, presents a contrast between the old and new in Naval matters. At the top are pictures of the "Victory," Nelson's flag-ship, and the "Royal Sovereign," which was, until quite recently, the latest type of first-class battle-ship. Below these pictures are the Admiralty Buildings; on the one side that which was erected in 1722, on the site of old Wallingford House, and on the other the new building still in process of completion. We also are shown the interior of the old Board-room, the scene of the banquets presided over by Miss Reay, the beautiful but unlucky mistress of Lord Sandwich, and famous also for its carvings in wood by Grinling Gibbons.

The badge at the top of the programme is that which was worn by the Admiralty Bargemaster, the last incumbent of which office is still alive, although the Admiralty barge has now long since disappeared.

THE illustration given above shows part of a steam picket-boat, such as would be used in war-time for purposes of reconnaissance. It has, however, the remarkable feature of possessing a double-sized rudder. This enables the boat to get that grip in the water which is necessary when such vessels are driven at a high rate of speed. At the same time, such a projection necessarily interferes with the usefulness of a picket-boat, as it obviously increases her draught; and one can easily imagine that skilful steersmanship is necessary to navigate a boat with such a pronounced encumbrance.

A Unique Nautical Experience.

By Captain G. Pirie R.N.

THE following short account of the stranding and remarkable floating of the "Paluma" in the Brisbane river during the unprecedented and disastrous floods of February, 1893, cannot fail to be read with the greatest interest by everyone.

In February, 1893, Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, was visited by exceptionally heavy floods, which beat all previous records, the water in the river rising 24-ft. above high-water mark, and 12-ft. higher than the highest flood three years previously, which flood had risen 5-ft. higher than any recorded before.

The amount of damage done to property was enormous, and hundreds of people were left homeless and destitute owing to their houses and property being washed away; the loss of life, too, was considerable, though fortunately not so great as was at first reported.

Two bridges were washed away, viz., Victoria Bridge, connecting North and South Brisbane, a strongly-built and handsome structure about 400-yds. long, and the railway bridge at Indooroopilly, a strong iron girder bridge consisting of a centre span of "hogback" character, 160-ft. in extent, six 80-ft. spans, and one 40-ft. span.



THE "PALUMA" IN DOCK.

During the first flood the "Paluma," of which I was the commander, was stranded in the Botanical Gardens, Brisbane, but was eventually floated off by a third flood, which rose to within 10-in. of the first flood. There was an intermediate or second flood, which fell short of the first flood by about 9-ft.; and as the circumstances of the grounding and floating are very exceptional, I propose relating them.

The "Paluma" was a twin-screw iron gun-boat belonging to the Queensland Government, and hired from them by the Admiralty as a surveying vessel to survey the coast of Queensland inside the Great Barrier Reef, and, being manned by officers and men of the Royal Navy, was commissioned as tender to the flag-ship on the Australian station; so to all intents and purposes she was one of Her Majesty's ships.

The "Paluma" had been in dry dock at Brisbane for her annual overhaul, which this year was on rather a large scale; all the tubes had been taken out of the boilers and portions of the machinery landed for repairs; so, as far as propelling power was concerned, the ship was quite helpless.

Owing to one of the British India mail steamers having met with an accident, she had to be placed in dry dock, so the "Paluma" was taken out and towed to the Naval Depôt, where she was secured to the wharf.

She had not been here many days when heavy rains began to fall; the river rose rapidly, and it was evident we were in for a flood, but few, if any, imagined it would attain the enormous dimensions it did.

On February 3 I had the ship towed over to the other side of the river, our engines and boilers being useless, and secured to a point in the Botanical Gardens where we had three years previously encountered with safety the highest flood that had ever been recorded in the Brisbane river, and I trusted that on this occasion we should be equally fortunate.

Both anchors were let go, and a sufficient amount of cable veered; steel wire and hemp hawsers were taken on shore and made fast to large trees in the gardens, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent the ship being swept away by the current that was now running very swiftly.

February 4 was employed in taking more hawsers on shore and securing them to trees, and as the water rose the ship was kept close to the bank of the river to avoid the strong current.

The scene now was truly wonderful. The river rushing along at the rate of 9 or 10 knots, bearing on its bosom houses, horses, cattle hayricks, casks, trees, pieces of land, virtually small islands held together by pieces of scrub and reeds, and all sorts of *debris*. Several very fine cocks and hens were seen on top of the hayricks, and at times we imagined we saw human beings in the houses that were being swept along so rapidly; but anxious as we were to help anyone in distress, we were unable to do so, as no boat of ours could possibly stem the current.

Several of the houses that were being carried past us had holes cut in the roof, from which the dwellers had been rescued, and we found out afterwards that no one had been carried down the river in a house.

The sound of the rushing, swirling torrent was weird and uncanny, especially at night-time, and, added to this, the heavy downpour of rain, the depressing weather, the position of the ship, which was one of great peril, and the strain on the nerves, made our position anything but enviable, and the time a truly anxious one.

About 10 p.m. I sent a party of officers and men on shore to secure a vessel that had broken adrift astern of us, and barely had they returned on board again when our port cable parted with a snap.

Arrangements were immediately made to lay out what remained of the cable to trees in the gardens; but while this laborious work in the rain and dark, through soft mud and water, was being carried out, nearly all hands being employed on shore in the work, the point to which we were secured was washed away by the ever-rising river. All our hawsers either parted or dragged up the trees (to which they were made fast) by the roots, and the ship was swept out into the stream and carried rapidly down the river; fortunately our starboard cable did not part, so I was able to steer the ship down the river, keeping her clear of all dangers and then sheering her close in shore.



Photos. Capt. G. Pirie, R.N. *HIGH AND DRY ON THE SHORE.* Copyright.

After drifting for a quarter of a mile or more we came across the A.U.S.N. Company's steamer, "Elimang," which was lying athwart the stream, with her bow on shore, and we were able to shoot up under her quarter and secure to her. At this time I had only one officer and five men on board with me, the remainder of the ship's company having been left behind endeavouring to lay the cable out; they joined us after we had secured to the "Elimang."

As the river increased in volume so the "Elimang" rose higher and higher, and eventually floated and swung to the current. We were then driven down on top of the "Seahorse," a small vessel belonging to the Queensland Government, she, unfortunately, being across the bows of several craft and dredgers astern of her.



A STRANGE MARINE MONSTER.

As soon as possible we got clear of the "Seahorse," and moved the ship close up to the bank of the river, where she remained all Sunday, February 5.

During this time we were in great danger owing to the close proximity of the "Elimang" and an empty hulk, and to make matters worse four barges were constantly bumping against our sides threatening to crush us; but by getting the "Elimang" properly secured and with a still rising river, we managed to get clear and lay in comparative safety.

At 5 a.m. on February 6 the river commenced to fall rapidly, and endeavours were made to get the ship into deeper water, but unfortunately without success, as we were unable to lay any anchors out in the river, owing to the current still running about 9 knots an hour; had we had any steam power there would have been no difficulty in getting farther out, but we were, alas! helpless.

I sent a party on board the "Seahorse" to get steam up in her and tow us off, but by the time it was ready the river had fallen so much that she could not move us; so I gave orders to shore the ship up to prevent her capsizing, and laid out tackles from our masts and davits to trees, and cables from our capstan and mainmast to our largest kedge anchor and trees, and so made sure of the ship remaining in her position.

The scene around now was not at all prepossessing, a large area of the beautiful Botanical Gardens being covered with soft slimy mud several feet deep in places; the ornamental grounds and plants were smothered with the same disagreeable stuff. Several very handsome clumps of bamboos and trees had been washed away, the curator's house was a wreck, and everything presented a woebegone and miserable appearance.

As for the ship, she was in a filthy condition—mud everywhere, owing to the constant passage of the crew from the ship to the land and the handling of muddy hawsers and cables; and to add to our discomforts, we could not get clean water to wash the decks, the river water being like "pea-soup."

Near us were stranded the "Elimang"—an empty hulk—the "Mary Evans," and several barges. There were seventeen vessels alongside the Botanical Gardens when the floods commenced, and out of that number twelve had been swept down the river, and many of them driven on shore. We were employed attempting to clean the ship and in rescuing our charts and stores from the Naval Store and Port Office, both of which places had been submerged, when, on February 12, the river commenced to rise again, and hopes were entertained that it might rise sufficiently to float us; but after the water had touched our keel it rapidly receded, and regained its usual level.

Now that the ship was high and dry, and evidently likely to remain there, schemes were proposed to get her afloat again, but all these were abandoned when we received news on February 17, from up country, that heavy rains were falling, and that a third flood might be expected. No time was lost in making preparations for this flood, by which we hoped the ship might be floated. A Queensland Government vessel, the "Advance," was obtained on February 18, and anchored in the river well ahead of us. The river was rising rapidly, and presented the same weird appearance as at the first flood. During the afternoon and evening some unsuccessful attempts were made by the "Advance" to move us, but the water had not risen sufficiently.

I estimated we should have enough water to float us between 4 and 5 a.m. of February 19; so about midnight of the 18th half-hourly attempts were made by the "Advance" to tow us off. These attempts loosened the ship in the bed in which she was lying, and at 4.30 a.m. of February 19, after a very vigorous haul on the part of the "Advance," during which her rail got under water, the "Paluma" was dragged off the bank and rode to her remaining anchor in plenty of water. The river ceased rising about 10.30, and remained steady until 3 p.m., when it commenced to fall.

On the morning of the 20th the "Paluma" was towed into deeper water, and as the river fell rapidly she was shifted still further out until she was placed in a position of safety.

Thus, strange as it may appear, the "Paluma" was stranded by one flood, and after remaining on shore for thirteen days was floated by another. The damage done to the ship was very slight, considering all the risks she had to run.



Photos. Capt. G. Pirie, R.N. Copyright.

WAITING FOR THE SECOND FLOOD TO FLOAT HER OFF.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

The Editor will be much obliged if the author of an article on a Naval doctor's life afloat will communicate with him.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 12, 1835.—Defeat of the Kaffirs at the Fish River, by Colonel Harry Smith. Troops engaged: 27th, 72nd, and 75th Regiments.

February 13, 1756.—Capture of Geriah.

February 14, 1815.—Siege of Fort Mobile, near New Orleans, by British force under Sir John Lambert. It was raised the next day.

February 16, 1897.—Ilorin captured by the Niger Company's forces.

February 17, 1843.—The battle of Meeanee won by General Charles Napier, created a K.C.B. for the victory. The Baluchis numbered about 22,000 men, with 15 guns, while the British force consisted of 2,200 men, with 12 guns. The loss of the enemy was estimated at 5,000 men, while that of the British was only 264. Among the troops present were: The 22nd Regiment, two batteries Bombay Artillery, Madras Sappers, the Poona Horse, the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry, the 1st and 2nd Sindh Horse, and the 12th and 25th Bombay Native Infantry.

February 18, 1897.—Benin City captured by the troops of the Niger Coast Protectorate.

FEBRUARY 12, 1848.—Successful service up the river San Juan de Nicaragua by twelve boats, with 260 officers and men, from the "Alarm" and "Vixen," under Captain Granville Loch, of the "Alarm." The Nicaraguan river forts were taken, and the Government compelled to give redress for insults to the British Protectorate of the Mosquito kingdom.

February 13, 1810.—Attack on French flotilla of nine gun-boats in Basque Roads by eight boats of the "Christian VII.," "Armide," and "Seine." The French flotilla came out to prevent the destruction of three French coasters run ashore, but were attacked, and one taken, and the coasters destroyed.

February 14, 1797.—Battle off Cape St. Vincent. British: Fifteen of the line. Spanish: Twenty-seven of the line. Sir John Jervis attacked and cut the enemy in two, the battle ending by leaving two Spanish 112-gun ships, an 80, and 74 in our hands. Two of these surrendered to Commodore Horatio Nelson, in the "Captain," who ran alongside and boarded first the "San Nicolas," a Spanish 80, and then a Spanish 112, the "San Josef," lying foul of her, and took both ships.

February 15, 1805.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Psyche" by the British 40-gun frigate "San Fiorenzo," Captain Henry Lambert, off Vizagapatam, East Indies. Fought from 8 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. at close quarters, with half-an-hour's interval while repairing damages, and then the "Psyche" surrendered "from motives of humanity," as the French captain said.

February 16, 1783.—French 36-gun frigate "Concorde" captured after a long chase and gallant resistance, near Antigua, by the "Magnificent," 74, Captain Robert Linzee.

February 17, 1782.—First battle in the East Indies of the series fought between Sir Edward Hughes and the Bailli de Suffren, off Madras. British: Eight of the line, one 50-gun ship. French: Nine of the line, two 50-gun ships. A fierce action for two hours, the brunt of the fight falling on the British rear. Then a squall separated the combatants, and the fleets separated. Considered a drawn battle.

February 18, 1653.—First day's encounter in Blake's three days' battle with Tromp off Portland. Tromp had a large convoy to safeguard, but he accepted battle, and, manœuvring with brilliant skill, attacked with his whole force two of the English squadrons separated from the third. The fight lasted all day, until the afternoon, when Tromp ceased firing and went on, still keeping his convoy intact, but closely followed by Blake.

* * * *

SIR DRUMMOND JERVOIS has probably done as good work in the Greater Britain over sea as any officer in the Service. Way back in the early forties he put in six years in South Africa, on the Frontier, and in Kaffraria, where he saw much service and did some excellent surveying work. He it was who fortified the Channel Islands, and from thence passed to the War Office, where from 1857 to 1875 he served as secretary of the committee on the defence of the Empire. Whilst there he carried out fortifications at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, the Thames, Medway, and Cork. Afterwards he was sent out to Canada, and it was under his direction that the fortifications of Bermuda and Halifax originated. After that he was told off to visit, report on, and draw up plans for the defences of Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Perim, Bombay, Rangoon, and Moulmein. For two years after this he was Governor of the Straits Settlements, and then proceeded to Australia to advise the various colonial Governments on the defences of their home ports. From 1882-89 he was Governor of New Zealand. In short, his record is that of a most useful life, and the importance of the work he has done for the Empire it would be difficult to overrate. *(See illustration on front page.)*

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THE prices of chain cables, referred to on another page, run in what appears at first sight a capricious fashion. The big 3½-in. "stud" chain, for instance, costs 44s. per cwt., and the prices for smaller sizes decrease in due proportion until the 1¼-in. chain is reached. From this point they rise rapidly, the price of a 3-8-in. chain being 78s. 6d. per cwt. On consideration, the cause of this apparent anomaly is obvious, as it takes a great many links of such a small chain to make up the weight, while each link has to be carefully welded, as in larger sizes. Shackles and swivels run to very much higher figures than ordinary chain, reaching sometimes £18 and £20 per cwt. respectively, this being the highest class of chain-smith's work. The weight of a battle-ship's anchors and cables is something like 100 tons, and the cost often far exceeds that stated on another page, amounting in some instances to over £2,000 for the cables alone; thus bringing the total cost up to something like £3,000, exclusive of small anchors.

* * * *

IN the article on the Royal Hibernian Military School in our issue of January 28, the name of Lieutenant-Colonel and Surgeon-General J. H. Whittaker, one of the most valued officers of the institution, was inadvertently omitted. General Whittaker, when on active service as surgeon in the Army, had a long and distinguished career, and passed through many campaigns. Since his appointment to the Royal Hibernian Military School, his long experience and skill, together with his kindly and sympathetic nature, have combined to make him a general favourite among his brother officers and the boys of the institution, in which he takes such a deep interest.

* * * *

THE other day I came across an interesting account of how our men-of-war used to be christened nearly 300 years ago. It is to be found printed in Pett's Autobiography in Vol. XII. of the "Archæologia," and relates especially to the naming of the "Prince" man-of-war by James I.'s eldest son, Prince Henry. "The noble Prince himself, accompanied with the Lord Admiral and other great Lords, was on the poop, where the Standing gilt cup was ready filled with wine, to name the ship so soon as she had been afloat, *according to the ancient custom and ceremony* performed at such times, by drinking part of the wine, giving the ship her name, and heaving the Standing cup overboard." The "Sovereign of the Seas" was launched in the same manner in 1637, and there is a petition among the State Papers by the Master Shipwright at Woolwich asking for the silver cup used at the launch to be given to him. Can any of my readers tell me of any earlier mention of the practice than 1610, when the "Prince" was launched, or of any mention of the introduction of the present usage of a glass bottle instead of a cup? The year 1780 is the earliest date I have found, so far, for the present practice, the earliest detailed account of the ceremony as we now have it.

* * * *

A. VINTZENS.—The British Army is divided into army corps for mobilisation purposes, but owing to the exigencies of service abroad, the troops cannot be grouped together in fighting formation in the same manner as are those of Armies in other countries, where certain regiments always belong to a certain army corps, according to the district to which they belong. In this country it is not possible to lay down that an army corps shall consist of certain definite regiments, batteries, and departmental units and the like, because if this were done, it would be found, when this army corps had to be constituted on mobilisation, that a large proportion of its component units were abroad. The organisation of the fighting formations has, therefore, to be effected on the basis of stations, and not of units, that is to say, that a given formation, a brigade for instance, will not be made up of definite units, but of the units quartered at definite stations.

* * * *

"E. F."—"The introduction of lime juice into the Navy," says Admiral Sir J. D. Hay, in his "Leaves from my Log Book," "was due to the benevolence of a merchant, who, witnessing the ravages of scurvy, supplied lime juice gratuitously during his life, and on his death bequeathed a sum of money to perpetuate and extend his benefaction. To this day, the belief is very generally prevalent on the 'lower deck' that all the lime juice issued on board a 'man-of-war' is paid for by the 'Quakers.' The sailor will tell you, 'Oh, yes! the Quakers give us our lime juice, and quite right too, as they will not join either the Navy or Army.' Surely, there must be some of George Fox's Society of Friends who can say whether the merchant referred to by the admiral was a Quaker. Opinions differ as to the value of lime juice as an anti-scorbutic; it will be remembered that lime juice was not used in our last Arctic Expedition. The Americans do not use it in their Navy, preferring to rely on molasses, coffee, and cheese. The term 'lime juice' is used as an expression of contumely by American sailors against our seamen. Most people consider lime juice a mawkish drink, so much so, that captains and doctors who value the health of their men, mix sherry with the lime juice to ensure its being consumed instead of wasted, as is often the case."

THE EDITOR.

The Prince of Wales's Volunteers.

(Continued from page 492.)



"There He Stood Bare-headed."

UNTIL the decisive battle of Trafalgar had been won, so firmly fixed was the idea that Napoleon would really endeavour to invade England, that the towns all along the South-Eastern Coast were strongly garrisoned, and the troops were practised in marching into the sea up to their waists, so as to attack the enemy before they could beach their boats. When the scare ended, the 40th was sent off to South America to retake Monte Video from the Spaniards, who had driven a British force out of the place shortly before. A right gallant landing was again effected in the face of a tremendous fire from the enemy, and, aided by some sailors from the fleet, a number of field-guns were run ashore, so that a footing was established, and the Spaniards driven back. The town, on a tongue of land stretching into the sea, was immediately cut off from the main land by our troops, and was promptly bombarded. A breach having been battered in the walls, an assault was determined upon, and Major Campbell of the 40th was placed in command of one of the storming parties, while the regiment was detailed to support the stormers.

At two o'clock in the morning of February 3, 1807, the troops advanced to the assault. It was extremely dark, but the enemy were on the watch. At a critical moment a musket exploded. Instantly the walls became a living sheet of flame, and torrents of bullets, grape and canister shot, poured upon the columns. The besieged had filled up the breach with hides, and in the confusion and darkness the head of the attacking party missed the way and failed to find the weak spot. For a quarter of an hour the Spaniards rained down missiles upon our men. Suddenly Captain Renny of the 40th, who commanded the forlorn-hope, recognised the place. Waving his sword, and yelling "Come on, stormers!" he rushed at the breach, and mounted it by means of the first scaling ladder that was in position. No sooner had he done so than he was shot dead. But his splendid courage had its effect. Ladder after ladder was placed against the hides, and the stormers gallantly mounted the breach and hung on. British pluck and dash gained the day. The batteries were cleared, and the town was won.

During the action Sergeant William Luxton of the 40th performed an act of rare courage. A live shell pitched into the battery where the light company of the regiment was posted. Had it exploded every man must have been blown to atoms. Luxton, never hesitating a moment, leaped from the ranks, took the shell in his hands, and threw it over the parapet, when it exploded directly after leaving his grasp, but without injuring anybody. For this heroic action the sergeant was given a special medal, and was publicly thanked in a General Order.

In 1808 the regiment again left England on active service, this time to serve under Sir Arthur Wellesley, the General of Sepoys, as Napoleon sneeringly called him, in the mighty struggle to be known for all time as the Peninsular War. For six years the gallant 40th fought up and down the country, and was engaged in four sieges and eleven battles, covering itself in glory, and losing more than half its numbers through death, wounds, and sickness in the campaign which began with the battle of Roliça,* at which the 82nd was also engaged, and ended with the battle of Toulouse.

* Roliça, often misspelt "Roleia," through Wellington's writing not being very plainly decipherable.

Although the colonel of the 40th volunteered to lead the forlorn-hope in the assault upon Ciudad Rodrigo, he was not preferred, and the two breaches were actually stormed by the divisions and brigades of which the regiment did not form part. But he had his way later on when Badajos was stormed. Each regiment furnished a party, and at about nine o'clock in the evening of April 6, 1812, the various forlorn-hopes fell in. Most fighting men are controlled by a chilly devil before they are actually engaged in their sanguinary work. And surely it can scarcely be wondered at if many of those in the long lines of grim, silent men, laden with bags of grass and straw and short scaling ladders, forced to wait in absolute silence, motionless, like dark shadows, were possessed by a deadly inward shivering and by the thought that the rush at yonder murky outline, looming so weirdly in the black night, might cause them to lie part of a mangled heap of dead humanity.

Orders are conveyed along the lines in whispers. The men settle themselves with a little shake, and grasp their bags and ladders more closely. See! a body of shadows detach themselves from the mass. Half crouching they speed silently into the gloom. More orders are given. The mass begins to move. As quietly as a regiment of ghosts the stormers glide away. A voice is loudly shouting "*Qui va la?*"

It is the French sentry on the wall. Three times he cries aloud. No answer All is still. Then suddenly a sheet of flame bursts from the ramparts. Further concealment is useless. With a wild yell the stormers dash to the breach. Fire balls, live shells, grape and canister and musket bullets crash into the writhing mass.

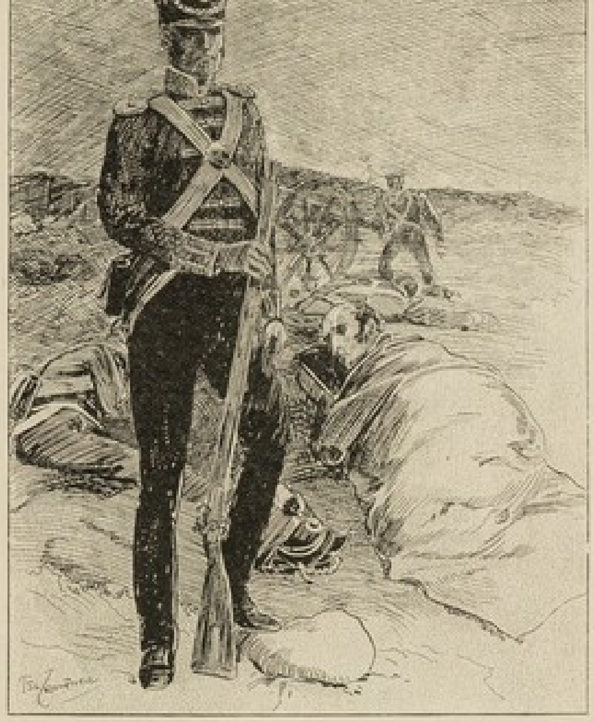
"Come on, my lads! Stormers to the breach!" shout the leaders of the columns. Down drop Greenshields and O'Brien of the 40th. The stormers, dismayed for a moment at their reception, press on. The bags of grass and straw are thrown into the ditch. The men jump down and rear their ladders against the opposite bank. They scramble up. Heaven help those who go down! Some are killed and fall headlong, but are caught by their feet between the rungs of the ladders, and their comrades pull themselves over the shattered bodies. A foothold is gained. Hurrah! a ringing cheer is heard above the infernal din. Then the ground before them opens and a huge pillar of fire belches forth. Headless human trunks, legs, and arms are shot into the air. A lull. Then a renewed rush. The resistance is redoubled.

A huge *cheval de frise*, composed of swords and bayonets and iron spears, points upwards, and long iron rods, threaded as it were with sharpened steel points, tear the men to pieces. Yet still they charge. Gallant heroes! England will never forget you! The supports come up at the double. The fight is terrible. No quarter is given or asked for. A beardless boy comes dashing up, his face covered with blood, waving his colour. Down he goes. Before his body falls beneath, the flag is caught from his hand by a soldier, and, though bearer after bearer is killed, the colour, all tattered and in ribbons, goes on and on and on, and at last is planted firmly on the ramparts. The troops crowd up through the breach, over the entanglements made practicable by the bodies of men—and the place is won.

But at what a cost! Five thousand killed and wounded, of whom 3,500 were killed in the assault alone. The 40th lost two-thirds of its number. In the dim light of early morning Wellington rode up to the breach, dismounted, and made his way closer. And then he stood bare-headed, with downcast eyes, while tears dropped down his face as he muttered, "A terrible business! A terrible business!"

On one occasion the 40th as a regiment performed a splendid feat of arms. It was holding the heights of Villa Alba, and Marshal Soult resolved to carry the position, and advanced against it a column of 10,000 men supported by a force of 17,000. The Spaniards opposed the French advance, but were walked over. But as soon as they gained the crest of the mountain, the 40th, who had been waiting for them just behind the summit, went forward, and executed a brilliant bayonet charge. This stopped the French. Then a well-directed volley was poured into the opposing mass, and simply doubled it up. The enemy retired to form up, and the 40th held its ground. Two more attempts were made by Soult, but each time his men were utterly repulsed, while the 40th rested, well satisfied with having successfully stopped the French army, to the astonishment of the whole British force. This took place the day before the battle of the Pyrenees.

That the 82nd bore itself as gallantly in the Peninsula as did its senior battalion is undoubted, but its exploits cannot be as fully recorded owing to the dearth of information to be gathered of its movements. It certainly took an active part and shone by its brilliant conduct at the siege of San Sebastian. A siege is but a dull affair compared with a bayonet charge at a critical moment during a battle, and the exposure of sixty-three days and nights in open trenches is likely to try the metal of the troops undergoing it. But the proceedings were enlivened by three desperate assaults before the place was won. The 82nd has a long-standing grudge against the assistant-adjutant-general who omitted all mention in his report of the regiment when, together with the 51st and 68th, it gallantly drove the enemy from the heights of San Pé. As a matter of fact, the 82nd bore the brunt of the whole affair after the other two regiments of the brigade, being very weak, had been repulsed. Orthez was the last occasion on which the 82nd engaged the French; and then it set sail for North America, thereby being "unavoidably absent" from the glories of Waterloo. The regiment engaged the Americans at Fort Erie, and was specially mentioned for dash and gallantry. When the regiment returned home, it was immediately sent to form part of the troops occupying Paris after Waterloo. Again returning home, part of the regiment, consisting of 8 officers, 247 men, and 34 women and children, was shipwrecked near Kinsale, and 149 men and 17 women and children were drowned.



"Mounted Guard Over the Wounded Officer."

Meanwhile, the 40th at Waterloo took its full share in that glorious victory. It suffered terribly from the furious cannonading with which Napoleon masked his whirlwind cavalry charges. The regiment made forced marches from Ghent to Waterloo—fifty-one miles in two days—and arrived on the ground about midnight on June 17. For four hours the 40th covered the guns of its division, and never fired a shot—a most trying position. Sixty-three men were bowled over by three cannon balls during that time. The 27th Inniskillings, their old Spanish comrades, were brigaded with the 40th, and together they held the ravine which led to La Haye and Papelotte.

Directly the enemy's cannon played upon them the men lay down in square. As soon as there was an intermission of this terrible fire, hordes of horsemen descended upon them and circled round and about the square, only to be repulsed time after time. As the day wore on, the French cavalry became more and more desperate, and charged repeatedly with fierce gesticulations, which became more pronounced as they were so continuously repelled. These peculiar looks and gestures of the French became so marked that when the colonel, Fielding Browne, gave the familiar order, "Prepare for cavalry," the officers would thunder out the order, and add, "Now, men, make faces!"

An eye-witness of the valour of the "Fighting Fortieth" wrote that it would be very difficult to over-estimate or extol too highly the magnificent conduct of the regiment. The men were, it must be recollected, ordered to stand firm and not to advance under any circumstances. That is the sort of proceeding to try the courage and pluck of any men living. These constant charges, rain of cannon shot, frequent changes from square into column, and *vice versâ*, caused the ground on which they stood to become knee-deep in mud, added to which the men were wet through to the skin. And yet, at the close of the day, when Wellington came up and gave them the order to advance and charge the retiring enemy, they gave him three loud cheers, and continued the pursuit until they were so thoroughly fagged out that they were forced to halt. The men were constantly cheered up by their officers, who adjured them to keep their ground, and how they managed to do it is a mystery, for there were hardly enough left to form a square. Fourteen sergeants were killed and wounded guarding the colours, as well as many officers, while the colours themselves were shot to ribbons. Colonel Ponsonby, of the 12th Light Dragoons, owed his life to a 40th man, who found the officer lying wounded on the ground, with a dying man across him, unable to move. Twice the colonel had been brutally plundered and knocked about. As soon as the private saw him, he made him as comfortable as was possible, and, instead of seeking his own comfort and possible advantage, mounted guard over the wounded officer until the next morning.

During the night the Prussian heavies halted close to the 40th, and their officers and men came up and tapped them on the back and complimented them greatly, and gave them brandy, as an officer of the 40th wrote afterwards: "Lots of brandy to drink, of which we much wanted, as we were all wet." The morning after the battle the roads were so heaped up with dead, dying, and wounded men and horses, that fatigue parties were sent out to clear paths for the heavy guns. The Light Artillery followed the flying enemy *over everything*. Think what that means!

After Waterloo the regiment entered Paris with the rest of the troops and took part in the great review on July 24, when the army took five and a-half hours to march past the brilliant assemblage of Emperors, Kings, and Grand Dukes in whose honour it was held.

In 1823 the 40th was sent to New South Wales. Several changes in the uniform were made about this time. At Waterloo the men had red jackets with buff facings, and grey trousers and ankle-spats; in review order, breeches and gaiters were still worn. The officers' rank was distinguished by the gold epaulette; field officers wore two, captains and subalterns a single one, on the right shoulder. The sergeants wore crimson sashes round the waist, as did the officers, and carried a straight brass-hilted sword and a pike. The shako was of black felt, cylindrical in shape, and very light. This was replaced, after Waterloo, by a heavy broad-topped shako, 11-in. in diameter at the top, with a 12-in. red and white upright feather in front. Then the buff facings were changed to white, and breeches and leggings were abolished. In 1826 the officers' levée dress was very handsome. It consisted of scarlet swallow-tail coat turned back in front with revers of

buff from collar to waist; gold epaulettes, or, in the case of light company officers, gold "wings"; white knee-breeches, flesh-coloured silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles.

The regiment occupied the frontiers of the settled districts of the colony of New South Wales, in consequence of the hostile attitude of the natives, but the service appears to have been distasteful to officers and men alike. Therefore, when the route came for India, the change was hailed with a considerable amount of pleasure. The 40th was mainly instrumental in preventing Candahar from falling into the hands of the tribesmen, who made a determined attempt to get into the town on several occasions. This service was not only the salvation of the Candahar force, but vitally affected British interests throughout India. At the battle of Maharajpore, Lieutenant Todd of the 40th exhibited much bravery, and by his prompt action rendered most valuable service. The 40th had taken two batteries, and was advancing to attack a third, which was being well served and doing great damage to our men, when just at a crucial moment, as the men were reeling and staggering under the tremendous discharges of grape and canister at close quarters, the order was suddenly shouted, "Form line to the right!"

Sir Thomas Valiant, colonel of the regiment, was being carried along on his horse by the diverging stream of men, when Lieutenant Todd forced his way to the colonel's side:

"Not that way, sir; not that way, for God's sake! Let's take the guns first!" he said.

"You are quite right, Mr. Todd; lead on your company, sir," replied the gallant old soldier. Then, raising his voice, he waved his cap and shouted, "That's not the way, my men! Follow me, my gallant Fortieth!"

And they did follow him. They made a dash at the guns, and captured them. Lieutenant Todd was specially recommended for promotion without purchase, and he was accordingly made captain soon afterwards.

For the services of the regiment during four years of continuous active service, the colours were authorised to bear the names "Candahar," "Ghuznee," and "Cabool, 1842."

Sir Thomas Valiant, who never belied his name, had a narrow escape. While leading on the 40th one of the enemy fired at him from a tree. The bullet struck him full on the left breast, causing him to fall back in his saddle. The men of the regiment, who were much attached to their colonel, were quite furious, and the man fell from the tree riddled with bullets. But the ball had struck a small pocket pistol the colonel carried in a breast pocket, which undoubtedly saved his life. His men, seeing him regain an upright position, cheered heartily, and again following his lead, took the guns.

Meanwhile the 82nd had been moving about in an uneventful fashion. From Ireland it went to Gibraltar, and thence to the West Indies, where it was stationed at Jamaica, and during its sojourn there suffered severely from the scourges of "Yellow Jack." In 1853 a dreadful desecration took place. The Prince of Wales's plumes were removed, by order, from the men's forage caps, and "82" was substituted. In 1854 the regiment was the first on the roster for active service, and under orders for India. When the Russian War broke out it was, however, detained in England, but a number of the men were allowed to volunteer for the Crimea to serve in other regiments. A great many of the finest men and best soldiers transferred only too eagerly. Colonel Brown, of the 34th, having exchanged to the 82nd, immediately cancelled his transfer, and took back to his old regiment nearly the whole of the flank companies of the 82nd. The regiment arrived on the heights of Balaclava just before the great fortress of Sebastopol fell, and took part in no active operations. However, its turn was to come, for it went on to India where the great rebellion had broken out, and steadily fought its way up the country. The 82nd took its share of the grim fighting which went on under the intense heat of the Indian sun, and on more than one occasion greatly distinguished itself. It formed part of a force composed of the Rifles and Captain Greene's battery when one of its companies performed a gallant feat of arms. Captain Farmar, during the defence of Cawnpore, led his men in an endeavour to capture two 18-pounder guns which were so well served by the rebels that they made great havoc on the force. Farmar raced with his men up to the guns, reaching them first. He was immediately surrounded, and would have been killed but for young Waterfield, a cadet of the East India Company. This brave boy used his revolver with such promptitude and unerring aim, that he cleared a space round Farmar and himself. Then up came Sergeant Godfrey of the 82nd, and plunged his bayonet through a sepoy who was in the very act of cutting down the captain. The Indian, spitted like a lark, seized the bayonet with one hand, and cut at the gallant sergeant with the other, with such effect that the poor man shortly afterwards died. But Farmar's life was saved, and the guns were taken.

After it had returned to England, the 40th was again despatched to the Antipodes in 1854, where it was engaged in subduing the frequent riots at the Ballarat goldfields. Early in 1860 a detachment was sent to New Zealand, and took part in the war there.

This campaign was most trying work, as the fighting was mostly done in the thick bush. On one occasion, however, the redoubt in which were the 40th, with some artillery, engineers, and a few men of the Naval Brigade, was most gallantly assaulted by the Maories. It was attacked, of course, at night. The blacks fought like wild cats. They leaped upon one another's shoulders, cutting steps in the parapet with their tomahawks. Some of our men had the bayonets hacked off their rifles, and the gabions were cut about tremendously. The fort was entirely surrounded, and it would have gone hard with the defenders, whose gallantry was only just sufficient to stem the torrent for a while, had not reinforcements arrived at the critical moment.

Colour-Sergeant Lucas, of the 40th, received the Victoria Cross for an act of conspicuous bravery in this campaign.

Notwithstanding the lapse of time since the 40th and 82nd last went on active service, and despite the fact that the title of South Lancashire Regiment conveys little or nothing to the mind, there is no doubt whatever that when these two fine regiments, with all their glories and traditions at their backs, are next called upon to defend their colours and their honour against an enemy in the field, it will be found that the 1st Battalion's old nickname—"The Fighting Fortieth"—will apply not only to that 1st Battalion, but to the whole regiment.

G. F. BACON.



When the Queen is at Osborne.

OSBORNE HOUSE is of course in the first place a private residence of Her Majesty, and in that regard all the arrangements there are of a different character to those at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, the Queen's State residences.

It is a real "home," and everything is done there to afford Her Majesty quiet seclusion. There are no military guards at the entrances to Osborne House or at the Park gates, though of course the strictest watch is kept against the intrusion of unauthorised strangers. And when Her Majesty goes for her afternoon drive through Cowes and other places in the vicinity, she does so as a rule unattended by either escort or guard.

The duty of guarding Her Majesty while on shore at Osborne House is carried out by the police and a detachment of coastguard, the public entrances being in charge of liveried servants.

The coastguard on duty at Osborne belong to the Cowes station, and are borne on the books of the guard-ship ordinarily stationed in Southampton Water in charge of the section of coast between the South Foreland and Christchurch, which vessel on all occasions when Her Majesty is in residence at Osborne House performs the duty of guard-ship to the Queen, lying at moorings off the mouth of the Medina river, in Cowes Roads. The only soldiers ordinarily stationed in the Isle of Wight, and available to form an escort or a guard of honour to Her Majesty, are those of the Line battalion occupying Albany Barracks at Parkhurst—the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade at present. These supply the guard of honour when required at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, when Her Majesty embarks for any special visit, such as the Queen recently paid to Netley Hospital. On these occasions the guard of honour marches from Parkhurst down to West Cowes, is ferried across the Medina river there, and takes post at Trinity Pier in readiness to render the Royal salute on the arrival of Her Majesty.

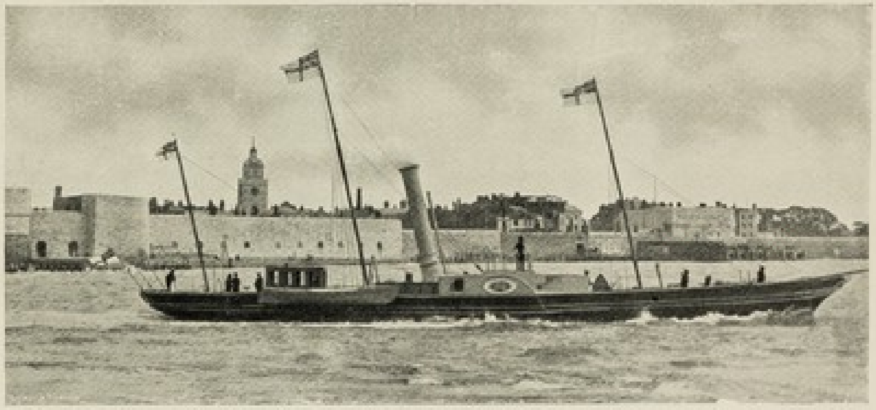


Photo. West & Son. THE ROYAL YACHT "ELFIN." Copyright.

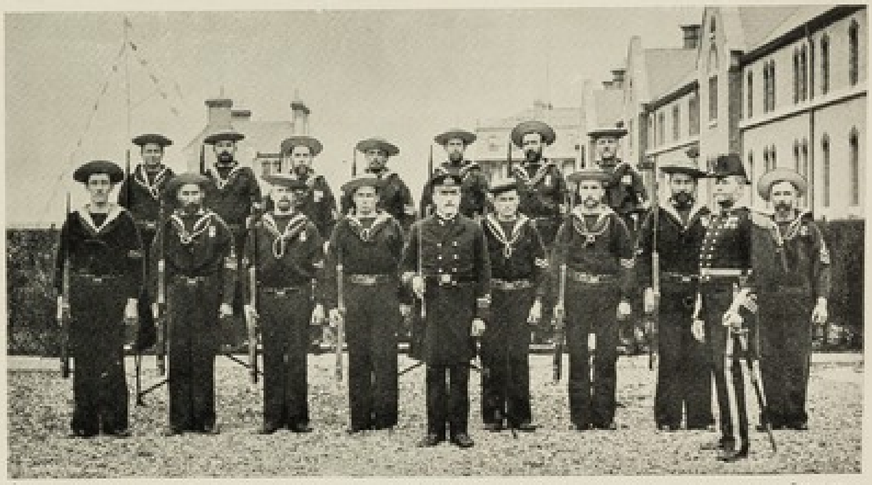


Photo. Kirk. THE NAVAL GUARD—FLEETMEN. Copyright.

The Queen herself drives down from Osborne to East Cowes, alights at the entrance to the pier—which is but a few yards in length—and then walks directly on board the Royal Yacht, which the depth of water at the mouth of the Medina river allows to be brought up close alongside the head of the pier. Then the yacht puts off, the guard-ship salutes Her Majesty with the customary gun salute, as is done in like manner when the Queen arrives at Osborne from Windsor or elsewhere.

The Royal Yacht *par excellence* is of course the "Victoria and Albert," which is used on all State occasions, such as at Naval reviews and when the Queen goes abroad.

Ordinarily the smaller "Alberta," nominally one of the Royal Yacht tenders, is used by Her Majesty and the Royal Family, and for special official visitors to Her Majesty, for the passage across the Solent. The "Alberta" usually moors in Cowes Roads, with, near her, the second tender to the Royal Yacht, the "Elfin," which carries the daily Queen's Messenger with despatches to and fro between Osborne and Portsmouth, besides performing any ordinary service for the Royal Household that may be wanted. Her nickname in this connection among the Princesses of the Royal Family has long been "The Milk-boat."



Photo. Kirk. THE MILITARY GUARD—RIFLEMEN. Copyright.

The Anchors and Cables of our War-ships.—III.

A GOOD anchor is obviously as important a part of a ship's equipment as a strong cable, for the chain-smith may labour in vain if the anchor fails to get a good hold in the ground.

The very primitive anchor shown in a former number, consisting of a big stone wedged in between pieces of wood, is said to be in use at the present day among the fishermen on some of our coasts, and for holding a boat, or small fishing craft, in ordinary weather, it is, no doubt, effective enough; the mere weight of a shapeless lump of stone or iron will answer the purpose, without any means of actually entering the ground.

With larger vessels, however, it is obvious that the limit of weight which would hold the vessel, and yet admit of practical handling, would very quickly be reached, and hence from very early times the necessity has been recognised of having some kind of hook which would catch in the ground.

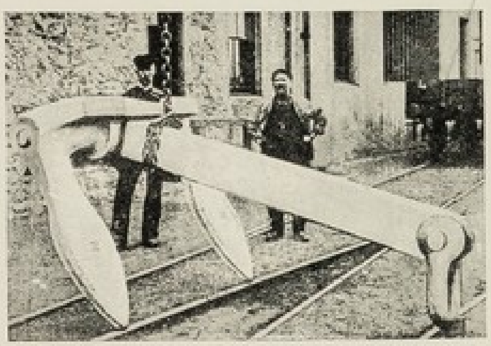


Photo. K. Curtis. *A RELIC OF THE SPANISH ARMADA* Copyright.

Probably the earliest iron anchor was somewhat in the form of a rake; then followed one with only a single hook, which might or might not fall so as to catch the ground. Gradually the evolution of the anchor proceeded, until, some hundreds of years ago, it arrived at the shape which is so familiar to everyone—the straight, thick shank, the two curving arms, with flattened extremities—called "palms"—to give more resistance when embedded, and the long cross-piece, or "stock," attached to the head of the shank at right angles to the arms, to ensure the anchor falling with one or other of the arms pointing into the ground.

An interesting illustration shows an old anchor which was picked up off the coast of Donegal, and is said to have belonged to one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. Encrusted as it is with rust, we recognise the familiar form in general use for so many years, and still freely used at the present day, with but slight modifications.

The "Victory's" anchor, shown in a former number on its pedestal at Southsea, is an excellent specimen of the Naval anchor in use at the beginning of the century, and the manufacture of such an anchor in those days was a laborious business, the thickness of iron required for the shank, etc., being made up of iron bars welded together by sledge hammers. The old anchor-smiths were good men, and did some marvellous work. The gradual increase in the tonnage of ships necessitated a constant accession of weight and strength in the anchors, and a corresponding amount of labour in forging them. The introduction of the steam hammer quickly brought about a change in the manufacture of anchors, though not in their actual form. Much larger and more reliable forgings could, of course, be turned out, and anchors began to be made much stouter and stronger. In the picture of Anchor Lane, in Portsmouth Dockyard, many fine specimens may be seen of the heaviest anchors of this class, which were used in our latest wooden line-of-battle ships and earlier ironclads. No finer pieces of smiths' work are to be found; each one has been tested to an enormous strain before being accepted, and they are quite worthy of being combined with the chain-smiths' splendid turn-out, as pieces of work, but not, nowadays, as anchors. For alas! the time-honoured old "Admiralty mud-hook"—the familiar "emblem of Hope"—is obsolete, as far as our modern men-of-war are concerned. Years ago some modifications of the old form of anchor began to be introduced, with the view of getting a better hold, but the most radical change came about when Mr. Martin first constructed an anchor which should hook both arms at once in the ground.



By Permission of *BYERS' STOCKLESS ANCHOR* Messrs. Byers.

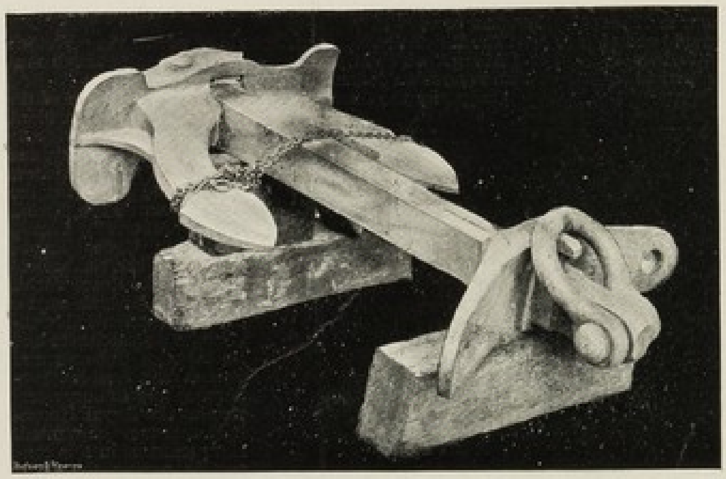


Photo. Russell & Sons. *HALL'S PATENT ANCHOR.* Copyright.

This invention came very opportunely for the Admiralty, for turret-ships, which discharged their guns across a part of the deck, had come into being, and the old-fashioned anchor, with its long stock sticking up, got in the line of fire.

The illustrations which are here given of some modern anchors show very clearly in what the change consists. The arms, it will be seen, are hinged upon the shank in such a manner that they will turn either way until they are brought up by a shoulder. The anchor needs no stock, as it cannot lie in such a position that it will not "bite," and a relatively lighter anchor can be used, as it has a double hold.

Mr. Martin's anchor has been improved upon, different makers having introduced sundry modifications; the Admiralty anchor

at present in use is Hall's patent, as shown in the picture, and a very efficient anchor it is.

The process of stowing the old anchor was a laborious one, and not unfrequently a dangerous one as well. When it was hove close up by the capstan or windlass, a man had to be sent down, dangling at the end of a rope, to hook on a huge tackle—a very unpleasant duty if the ship happened to be pitching. All hands then hauled on the tackle, and the anchor was hoisted up in a perpendicular position to a stout projecting timber; then the lower end had to be hoisted up horizontally by another tackle. All this trouble is obviated in the modern anchor, which has a small chain attached to it at the balancing point, and is thereby run up by steam and very quickly deposited in its place.



Photo. C. Cozens. ANCHOR LANE AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD. Copyright.

With an absolutely stockless anchor, such as is shown in another picture, not even this simple process is necessary, for the anchor is dragged into the ship after the cable until it will go no further, and there it is, perfectly secure and ready for use at a moment's notice. This class of anchor is in very extensive use in the Mercantile Marine, and is now being introduced in the Royal Navy.

The stockless anchor in the picture is made by Messrs. Byers, of Sunderland, who do a large business with shipowners; the position in which it is represented gives a very clear idea of the strong and secure fashion in which it would grip the bottom.

Messrs. N. Hingley and Sons, before alluded to, are in contract with the Admiralty for the supply of anchors. The class of anchor which they make for our battle-ships is 5¾ tons in weight; it is made of steel—the shank being forged, and the hinged arms and short stock cast—and is subjected to a test of about 70 tons, the arms being held by a huge iron bar. If there is the slightest fracture, or serious permanent distortion, it is rejected. Messrs. Hingley, however, have never had a failure. They have just turned out the anchors and cables for the monster White Star liner, the "Oceanic," recently launched. Her anchors each weigh 7¾ tons, and her cables are of 3¼-in. diameter iron. Messrs. Hingley roll their own iron for chain cables, and have long been noted for first-rate work.

The method of raising and securing a battle-ship's anchor may be readily understood by means of the picture showing the "anchor davit," which is capable of being pivoted, so as to project well over the ship's side. The chain attached to the anchor is passed through the pulley at the davit-head; and when the anchor is high enough it is swung round over the "bill-board," on which it rests, and is there secured by means of chains, so arranged that they can be released simultaneously by pulling a lever, when it is desired to let go the anchor again. The actual cost of the anchors and cables supplied to Her Majesty's ships varies somewhat in different contracts, according to the existing price of material, and contractors do not communicate their prices. It may be of interest, however, to our readers to know that each anchor—and there are usually four—in a battle-ship costs over £200, and the cables probably £700 or £800, so that what is termed the "ground tackle" of a battle-ship runs to something like £1,700, independently of smaller anchors and steel hawsers, which are supplied for subsidiary purposes.

Much more might be written on this interesting subject, which is of such vital importance, for unreliable ground tackle may mean disaster. The handling of anchors and cables under various circumstances would in itself afford scope for a long article; but enough has, perhaps, been put before our readers to give them a little insight into the manner in which our war-ships are fitted out in this important particular.



Photo. Gregory. DAVIT" OR CRANE FOR LIFTING SHIPS ANCHOR Copyright.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

A WHIST PARTY AT SEA.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 107.] *SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1899.*



Photo. Elliott & Fry. Copyright.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. N. DAWSON-SCOTT, R.E.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

At an Indian School of Musketry.—II.

IN a previous number we printed a first series of illustrations relating to Changla Gali, the Musketry School for Northern India We now give a second instalment of pictures descriptive of the very varied and interesting work done at this important establishment, where British and native officers and non-commissioned officers go through a course which fits them to impart instruction on rejoining their corps. The course lasts two months, and each batch of students numbers about sixty, the instruction being of the most thorough and minutely comprehensive description.

The first picture of the present series illustrates the ordinary firing on the range, in which both British and native non-commissioned officers are taking part. The reason why these every-day practices are carried out at Schools of Musketry is a two-fold one. In the first pla.e it is desirable to give every officer or non-commissioned officer, who may have in his turn to impart instruction in musketry to others, every possible chance of becoming a good shot. For undoubtedly it detracts from the influence exercised by a musketry instructor if he cannot himself make a good score with some degree of certainty. Secondly, at a School of Musketry every detail is carefully explained to the students, not merely for their information, but in such a manner as to enable them to pass the information on. In other words, a man goes to a School of Musketry to learn how to teach, and, for this reason, though he may be a capital shot and have repeatedly gone through his annual course, it is necessary that he should go through the range practice under the eyes of experts, and learn exactly what hints to give to beginners and how to give them. In this picture it will be noted that the firing is being carried out with the old black powder, which, as we all know, gives out a fairly dense volume of smoke. Later on we shall see an effective contrast between this inconvenient opacity and the smokelessness of cordite.



A SQUAD OF BRITISH NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



A SQUAD OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

In the next illustration we see the hits being signalled up from the butts after the counting and checking of the targets. In our previous article we gave a picture of the same performance taken from behind the butts. The present illustration is taken in front. The number of hits is being sent up to the superintending officer at the firing point, in order that he may check the registers kept by officers or non-commissioned officers under his supervision.

That beautiful but deadly product of human ingenuity, the Maxim gun, is becoming such a familiar object that it will be readily recognised by most of our readers in the accompanying picture. The pattern shown is a simple but eminently business-like one, as an enemy would find to his cost if he tried to stand long in front of that machine for "pumping lead" at the rate of 600 odd bullets per minute. The band of cartridges with which the gun is fed can be seen in the picture, but there is nothing to indicate the actual fact that the gun is being fired, and it is difficult to believe that this is the case. Yet so it is. Cordite ammunition is being used, and the contrast between



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

A SQUAD OF NATIVES.

it and the ordinary black powder in the matter of smoke is indeed strikingly indicated by taking this picture in conjunction with the one of firing on the range already described. This is not the place to discourse learnedly on the influence which the smokelessness of cordite must have upon tactics. But one may be pardoned for suggesting that the new order of things must have been profoundly disconcerting to the Frontier tribes, who doubtless have been greatly bewildered at times by the storm of bullets hurtling down upon them from a quarter where no smoke was discernible, and whence little but a faint pup-pup-pup-pup could be heard.



FIRING WITH BLACK POWDER.

Here we have a squad of British officers on the Changla Gali parade grounds. They are holding their rifles at the "ready," preparatory to "presenting" and firing a volley by word of command from the instructor, who does not appear in the picture. They are a hard, "fit"-looking lot, and three at least of them have seen active service. Yet here they are going through exactly the same process as that through which on rejoining their corps they will put Tommy Atkins or Jack Sepoy, as the case may be. The front rank forcibly reminds the writer, by the way, of a junior or "running major" whom he once saw at musketry drill assume the kneeling position, forgetting that he happened to be wearing spurs!



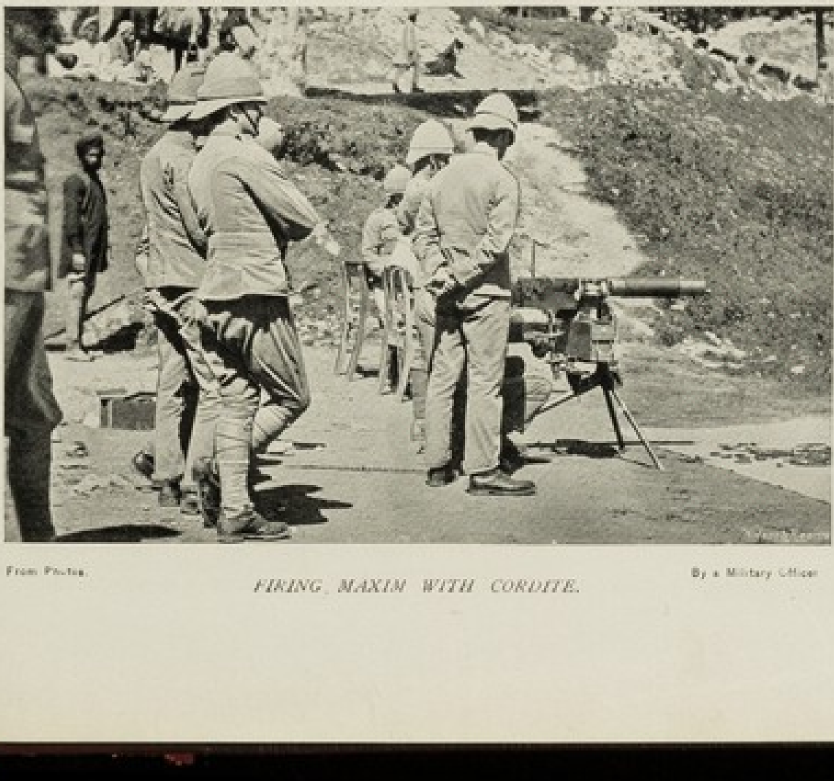
SIGNALLING FROM THE BUTTS.

A companion picture to the foregoing is one showing a squad of British non-commissioned officers in the kneeling and lying down positions. All are in khaki, and all look as if they might safely be sent anywhere to do anything. Even in these days of short service the British non-commissioned officer is commonly a very good and capable soldier, and the class of non-commissioned officers who go to an Indian Musketry School may be taken as including some very capital types indeed. Those here shown are certainly well worth looking at.

Our final picture shows native squads undergoing instruction on the parade ground. These are carrying the Martini-Henry, the Lee-Metford magazine rifle not having been issued to native troops for more or less obvious reasons. The standing squad contains some fine examples of the stalwart manhood of Northern India, and several of them look as if they would be more at home on a good horse with *l'arme blanche* than they are on foot with a rifle.

In the rear of the kneeling group is a Ghoorka sergeant, who looks every inch a rifleman, and probably has proved himself so in more than one hard-fought campaign.

Straight shooting is everything to a soldier, as has been shown over and over again, and cases have occurred where one good marksman has practically kept a whole army at bay, or been the means of preserving the lives of his comrades when hard pressed by the enemy. Good results must follow the training given to officers and men alike at Changla Gali, and it is certain that when the time comes they will make good use of that training in the interests of the Empire.



From Photos. By a Military Officer

FIRING MAXIM WITH CORDITE.

Uhlans of the Sea.

CRUISERS are the eyes and ears of the Fleet, the cavalry of the Navy, the Intelligence Department of the squadron at sea. This is, however, but one of their many functions. On them we rely for the protection of the commerce on our trade routes, and the maintenance of lines of communication not only with our fleets at sea in whatever parts of the globe they may be operating, but with all the over-sea portions of our widespread Empire. Of this class of war-ship we here illustrate three, and they represent the latest types in their class added to the Royal Navy. They are the first-class cruiser "Andromeda," and the second-class cruisers "Furious" and "Venus." The "Andromeda," which is now practically completed for the pennant, will form a powerful addition to whatever squadron she may be assigned. She is, with the exception of the "Powerful" and "Terrible," the largest of the first-class cruisers we have as yet built, having a length of 450-ft. over all, and a displacement of 11,000 tons. Steam is generated by thirty Belleville water-tube boilers, and her engines give her a speed of over 20 knots.

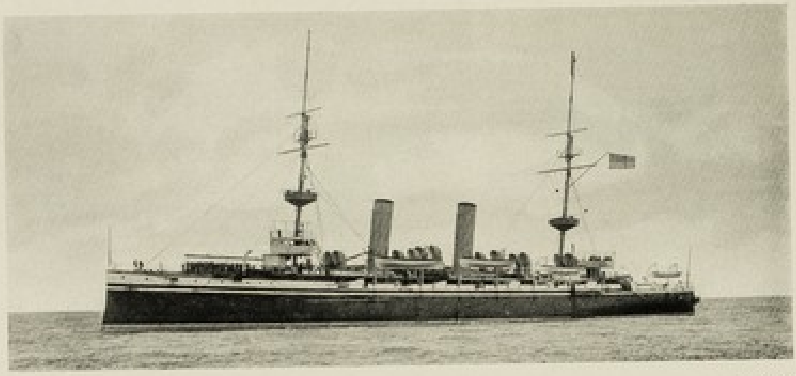


Photo. R. Ellis. Copyright.

SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "VENUS."

In our illustration she is shown under steam, using, however, only that portion of her boiler power whose furnaces connect with that one of her four smoke-stacks from which smoke is seen issuing. As in most modern cruisers, of whatever class, very heavy armament is discarded, to give place to a numerous armament of medium calibre quick-firing guns. In her case it comprises sixteen 6-in. and fourteen 12-pounders. She will not be the first of her class to hoist the pennant, for two of her sisters, the "Diadem" and "Niobe," are now in commission with the Channel Squadron.

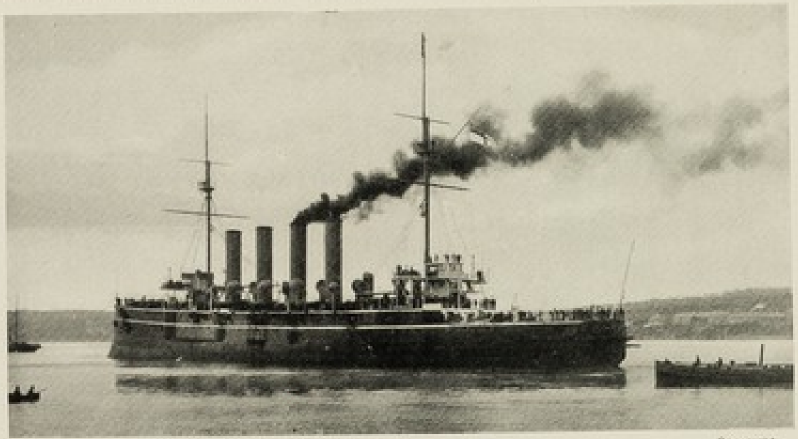


Photo. Trindall. Copyright.

FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "ANDROMEDA."

The other two cruisers are both in commission, the one with three funnels, the "Furious," belonging to the Channel Squadron, the two-funnel one, the "Venus," being attached to the squadron in the Mediterranean.

The ships of the "Furious" type, of which there are four, are the largest second-class cruisers in the Service. One of the sisters, the "Arrogant," is also in the Channel Squadron, while the other two, the "Gladiator" and "Vindictive," are not yet in commission. They are a class of special interest, for they are of a novel design, and have been constructed purposely for use as rams. For this purpose they have been specially built and protected forwards, designed of great beam in proportion to length, and, for extra handiness in manœuvring, fitted with double rudders, the foremost one being placed between the twin screws. Compare her with the "Venus"; the latter has a beam of 54-ft. to a length of 350-ft. while the "Furious," with 3-ft. greater beam, is by 30-ft. a shorter ship. In armament both ships are almost identical, but the "Venus" carries five instead of four 6-in. guns. All three ships bear good Service names. The "Andromeda," which those who are not rusty in their classics will remember was the name of the maiden that Perseus rescued when about a sacrifice to the sea-monster sent by Neptune, has always been a favourite cruiser name, and the present "Andromeda" is the fifth since 1777. "Venus," too, has always been another cruiser name well known in the Service, the present being the fourth since 1758. Moreover our sailors have captured five ships of that name — two French, one Danish, one Dutch, and one American. The "Furious" is the fourth of her name since 1797, her immediate predecessor being one of our earliest steam paddle frigates, which did good service in the Black Sea during the Russian War, and after, if our memory is not at fault, in Chinese waters.

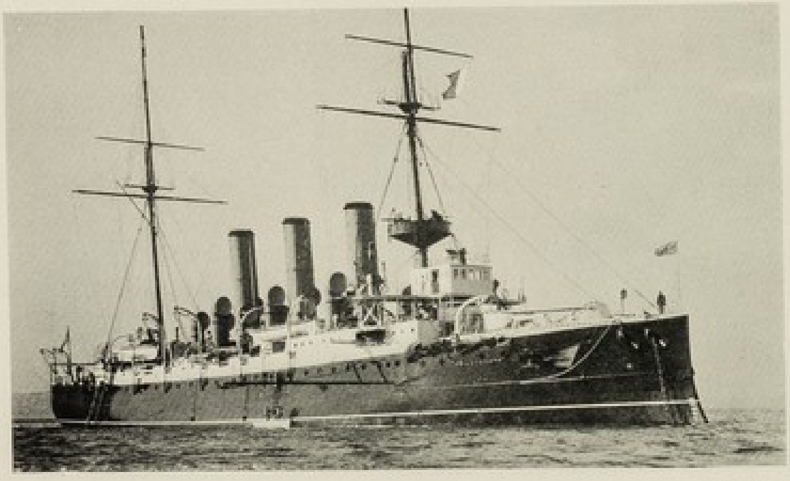
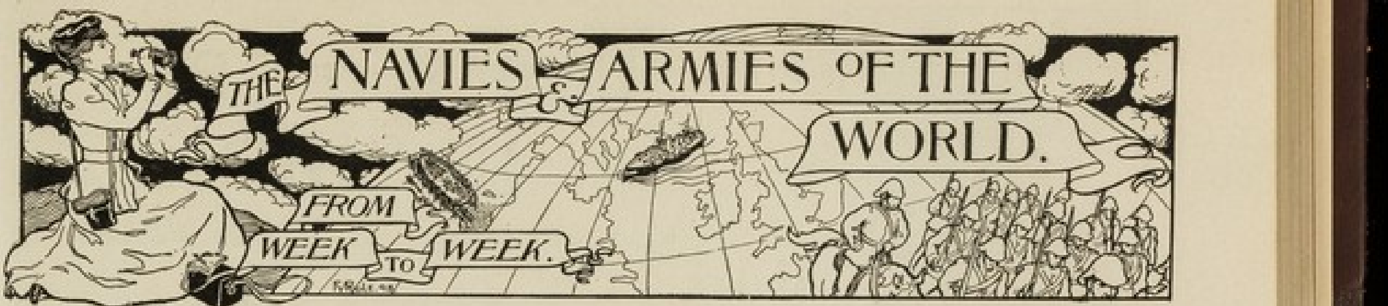


Photo. Symonds. Copyright.

SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "FURIOUS."



FOR the benefit of those who care for the history of war in all its phases, I should like to call attention to a French book recently published. It is written by a Captain Martin, of the French Gendarmerie, and is devoted to the history of his own corps in the Peninsula from 1808 to 1814. In a way, it touches our own military history, firstly, because we have a general interest in that important phase of the great Napoleonic wars, and then because our cavalry had a hot fight with the mounted men of Captain Martin's corps during the retreat from Burgos, and, to be candid, did not come off best. The better swordsmanship of the French, and the attention they paid to practising their cavalry in masses, gave them rather a superiority in that arm. But apart from this particular reason, the book is interesting for other reasons. Firstly, it gives a picture of a kind of force for which we never had an exact equivalent. When the Duke of Wellington was writing once about the complaints—too numerous, and too well founded as they were—of the plundering of our men in the Peninsula, he pointed out how unfortunately he was placed in comparison with a French or even a Spanish general. Both of them had a regular military police which was at the orders of the Provost-Marshal, while he had nothing of the kind. Therefore, he found it very difficult to keep order in his camp. Captain Martin will show the English reader who turns to his well-illustrated and amusing book exactly what this military police of the French camps was and how it worked. The gendarmerie were veteran soldiers—no soldier could join it unless he could show that he had four campaigns. When, towards the end of the Napoleonic wars, an increasing difficulty was experienced in getting men with the necessary qualifications in sufficient numbers to meet the innumerable calls of the Service, some of Napoleon's officials petitioned him to lower the standard of admission to the corps. But the Emperor steadily refused, and this must be taken to be a proof of the high value he placed on a good gendarmerie, for the veterans of four campaigns were exactly the men he drew to recruit his guard. The result was that his gendarmerie were among the best men in his armies.

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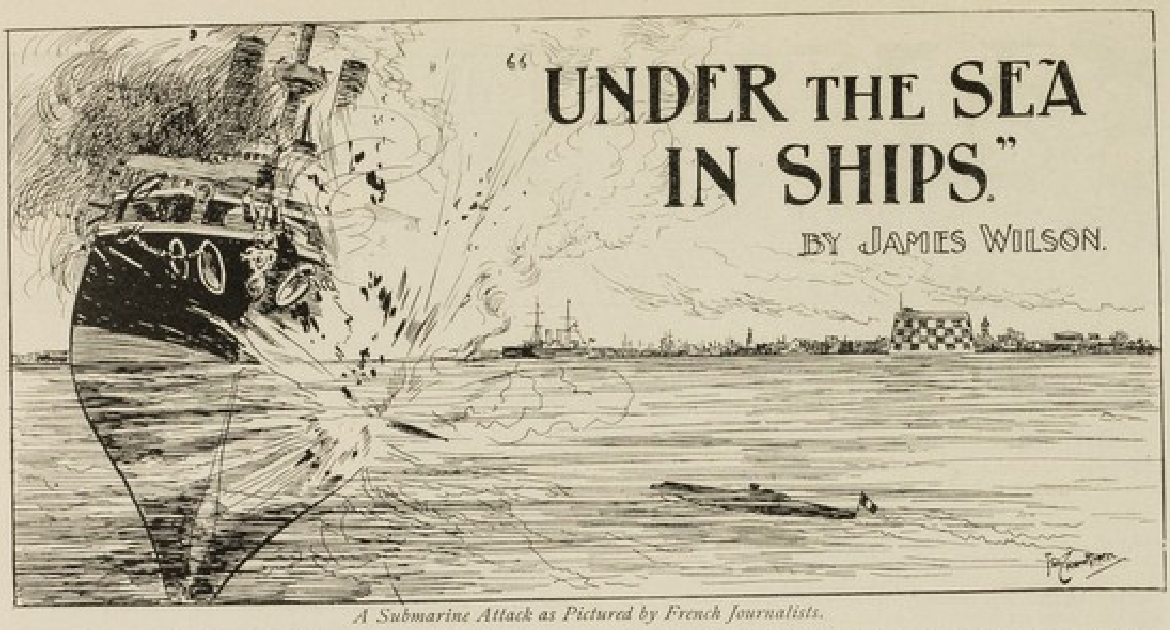
Secondly, this book gives what—as far as my reading goes—is the best picture of the guerrillero side of the Peninsular War. The gendarmes, besides serving the Provost-Marshal in the camps, were charged with the police work on the lines of communication. In Spain and Portugal this work had a peculiar character. In Germany or Italy the country behind the advancing French armies was commonly quiescent. In Spain it was always in revolt. To cut the communications between the different French armies, to capture despatches, to destroy foraging parties, were the regular methods of the guerrilleros. The French gendarmes were in perpetual conflict with these irregulars, and that in circumstances which made their conflicts singularly picturesque. As the gendarmerie had to carry out all the measures of severity which were meant to terrorise the country, but which as a rule only served to exasperate the Spaniards into making savage reprisals, the conflicts of the two were apt to be extremely ferocious. It was more or less a case of no quarter on both sides. The gendarmes, when attacked in one of their small posts, knew that the choice for them was to die fighting it out to the end, or to be butchered. Thus their resistances were desperate. There is nothing, even in the history of the Indian Mutiny, better than the obstinate defence of the gendarmes at Benabarre in Aragon. At the same time, the corps did much work in the field, and had to take its share of the work of protecting convoys. Thus it was present at innumerable furious conflicts in the passes of the mountains, and particularly in the passes which lead down from the mountains of Biscay and Navarre to the plains of Castille, the Arlaban, and the gloomy cañon of Pancorbo. On the whole, Captain Martin gives a far higher opinion of the efficiency of the guerrilleros, and the skill of their leaders, than one gets from Napier. We can trust him, for he quotes the reports of the French officers on the spot. His book is at least as well worth translating as most of the Napoleonic memoirs which have been Englished of late years.

Why is it that people will keep on trying to estimate the loss of the other side in war? All experience goes to show that the calculations you make of the loss you inflict are apt to be perfectly worthless. Even when the conqueror remains in possession of the field and buries the dead, he can only make an approximate calculation. Yet all men will go on stating what they think the other side has lost, sublimely indifferent to the fact that their own natural inclination is to overrate the damage they have inflicted. This last business at Manila is a case in point. First we were told that General Otis lost 20 killed and 120 wounded, which turns out on further enquiry to be a good deal below the truth. The Filipino loss was put down at the highly-respectable figure of 4,000 killed out of 20,000 engaged, which, as they fought much under cover and in jungles or bush of some kind, sounded rather incredible from the first. Four thousand killed would imply some 12,000 wounded, or a total of 16,000 hit, which, in the case of an army of 20,000 men and a night action, is a proportion of loss the imagination boggles at. Then comes a correction. The 4,000, it appears, covered killed, wounded, and prisoners. As the Filipinos retired, carrying a number of their wounded with them, and as the lightly wounded would go off on their own legs, one wonders how the Americans knew. To top all up, we get the Filipino account. According to this the total loss on that side was a little over 1,000 out of 7,000 or 8,000 engaged, while the Americans lost from 700 to 800. Aguinaldo is not a man whose word one would take without question, but his romancing, if he is romancing, shows a certain plausibility and sobriety which is not a little to his credit. It would have been every bit as easy for him to kill and wound 2,000 or 3,000 Americans while he was about it, as 700 or 800. When one remembers that the actual loss was about 300, and when one allows for the usual exaggeration in such cases, this seems rather to the credit of his honesty. On the whole, he will, perhaps, be found to have given an account of his own loss not very far from the truth. Moreover, although the Americans must win in the long run, unless they show a very unexpected want of energy and capacity, this fight has probably done little enough for them. Aguinaldo is clearly still in a position to hamper the provisioning of the town, and will be able to continue to do so till he is driven out of his jungles and his hill fortresses, which, considering the unhealthy character of the country, and the amount of cover the Filipinos can use, will probably be a troublesome business.

* * * *

Why should Mr. Balfour not think that Lord Charles Beresford looks as if he could be a commercial traveller? The leader of the House of Commons cannot have been using the name as a mere term of abuse. That is bad manners, and silly into the bargain. And yet he cannot surely think that a spirited Naval officer and member of Parliament is unable to understand the importance of commerce, or the nature of commercial questions. As a matter of fact, a Naval officer who cares to turn his mind in that direction is rather particularly well placed to get a good grip of such things. As for the idea that there is anything in the work of a "commercial traveller" who has to deal with the great lines of commerce—the resources of a country, for instance, and the best ways of reaching them—which is incompatible with the character of a gentleman and a man of action, it will not stand examination. Some of the most daring and hard-headed men who ever lived have been commercial travellers in that sense. Jenkinson, for instance, who first visited the Court of Ivan the Terrible for the company of Merchant Adventurers, is a very good specimen. There is nothing absurd in the idea that Lord Charles Beresford should be another. It might even be an excellent thing to employ Naval officers in such cases, for they would be sufficiently above the mere money-grubbing side of commerce to take large views, and less liable to be up in a balloon of diplomatic dignity, than some diplomatists have shown themselves.

DAVID HANNAY.



"UNDER THE SEA IN SHIPS."

BY JAMES WILSON.

A Submarine Attack as Pictured by French Journalists.

OUR excitable French neighbours are the latest devotees at the shrine of the under-water war-ship. Nation after nation has its submarine-boat craze, and breaks forth in its turn with the announcement that it has at last found a perfect machine of this nature, which is to effectively demolish the battle-ship and its present control of the seas. The French are at present passing through the throes of a bad attack of a craze for submarine-boats, and as an outlet for their pent-up feelings have been sending in their francs to the editor of a prominent Paris paper, in order that he may go out and buy an extra submarine-boat or two to assist in the destruction of all enemies of the land of liberty, equality, and fraternity! France is to have the control of the seas in future, and perfidious Albion is to become a mere third-rate Power, a state of affairs to be brought about wholly and solely by submarine torpedo-boats, as represented by the "Gustave Zédé" and her sisters. But a few more alterations are desirable, and behold, M. Lockroy, as interpreted by Signor D'Adda: "France is to dictate to Great Britain."

Submarine-boats have been dealt with before in these pages. An article dealing with their early history appeared on September 17, 1897. In this article mention was made of the boat invented by Mr. J. Holland, Fulton's boat the "Nautilus," and one or two others. It is now proposed to describe all the boats of this character which have come into prominence since that article was written and the others which were then omitted. The "Gustave Zédé" takes her name from a French Naval officer, a former Director of Naval Construction. Her record is a curious one. She has passed through many changes, and has been utilised by several designers of submarine-boats for the furtherance of their ideas. She was built at Toulon in 1893, and was then known as the "Sirene," her name being altered when changes were made in her in accordance with the ideas of M. Zédé. Her length is 131-ft., she displaces 266 tons, and the electric accumulators now fitted up in her give her a horse-power of 720, and an estimated speed, which by the way has never been attained, of 14 knots, about 17 miles, an hour. Prior to these alterations she had one torpedo-tube and carried a crew of eight men. She is the largest submarine-boat which has yet been tried by the French, and is the result of a long series of experiments.

At the recent trials she was sent out to attack the French battle-ship "Magenta," and succeeded in torpedoing her. Everything was in favour of the submarine-boat, for the battle-ship lay at anchor during the first attack, and although she was under way during the second, she was hardly moving through the water. It must be remembered that these boats are more properly called submergible than submarine boats, since they are only intended to go under water for a short time, and are obliged to come to the surface in order to see their way. This will explain the tactics which are adopted by the crew of the submarine-boat in its attack. The "Zédé" marks out her enemy, then plunges, and comes up every now and then to see that she is on the right tack. Here then she resembles the whale, and however quick a whale may be in diving after coming up to blow or to obtain air, it is easily destroyed by men in small boats armed only with harpoons. What chance would the "Zédé" have if she attempted to attack battle-ships surrounded by a fleet of fast torpedo-boats armed with quick-firing guns? The first time she showed herself above water in order to find a target she would probably be blown to pieces.

As an adjunct of harbour defence, such boats as the "Gustave Zédé" may be worth something, but it has yet to be shown that as an offensive weapon to be used against ships at sea she can play a useful part. It is true, we are told, that she is provided with an "eye"—probably a development of the camera lucida principle—a long tube poked up through the water from the top of the boat, fitted with prisms and mirrors in such a manner that those inside the boat get a more or less correct view of what is happening above—provided they are operating in smooth water. The least semblance of rough weather would naturally drown the glass with spray and dirt and render it useless. Apart from the "eye," the "Zédé" when under water has to find out where she is going by means of an ordinary compass, the depth as she descends is measured by a pressure gauge, and the distance run is determined by the number of revolutions of her propellers.

The performance of the "Gustave Zédé" in Hyères Roads is by no means novel. Twelve years ago a boat invented by Messrs. Nordenfelt and Garrett, the former gentleman being the inventor of the well-known gun, was tried in a similar manner at Southampton. The "Nordenfelt" was constructed by the Barrow Ship-building Company, and was 125-ft. long. She displaced 160 tons awash—that is, when steaming along with her upper portion above water—and 245 tons when entirely beneath the surface. She had a speed of 14 knots awash and of 4 knots under water. A great point has been made of the feat performed by the "Zédé" in steaming fifty miles, but the "Nordenfelt" travelled from Barrow-in-Furness to Southampton, and took part in the Jubilee Review of 1887. The weather during the trip is said to have been very rough. Russia purchased this boat, but during her passage to Cronstadt she unfortunately struck on some rocks in the Baltic Sea and was lost. As has been the case with all submarine-boats, no idea could be formed of where the "Nordenfelt" was going when she was beneath the water. The method adopted was steering by compass, but this was found to be untrustworthy. Greece also purchased a Nordenfelt boat. Two other Nordenfelt boats were sold to the Turkish Government, and one of them carried out some trials at the Golden Horn which were far more successful than anything that the French boat did in the Hyères Roads. What finally became of the Turkish boats is unknown; but probably they rusted away in some unknown corner of a dockyard.

The "Gustave Zédé" is not, however, the only submarine torpedo-boat with which the French hope to startle the world. There is the "Morse," which is now being built at Cherbourg. She is to cost more than £30,000, and is described as an improved "Zédé," displacing 140 tons and being 120-ft. long. This boat is for use in connection with harbour defence, but the "Narval," which is also being built at Cherbourg, is intended for offensive operations on the high seas. She is not to cost quite so much as the "Morse," and is of a different type of construction to any of the foregoing vessels. Above water her propelling power will be steam, but below, electricity. Six similar boats are to be built as soon as possible. Another submarine-boat which is reckoned among the fighting vessels of France is the "Gymnote." This boat wasbuilt at Mourillon

in 1888, and is only 49-ft. long, displaces 30 tons, and, with a crew of four, is said to be able to travel at from 4 to 6 knots. The "Gymnote," however, is too old for much further use, and will probably be broken up before long.

In addition to the boats being officially constructed, there are several being built in the private French ship-building yards. The "Goubet" is the idea of an independent inventor, one M. Charles Goubet, a mechanical engineer. She was tested at Cherbourg by the French Government, with favourable results, in 1890, which caused Brazil to order two similar boats. A curious feature about the "Goubet" is that she is provided with an emergency weight. At the bottom of the boat, on the outside, a mass of lead weighing about a ton is fixed, and by releasing a bolt which holds the weight in position, it immediately drops to the bottom, and the "Goubet," thus lightened, comes to the top of the water at once. But this course would only be adopted should the engines break down. The "Goubet" can be steered by hand, should the electric steering-gear get out of place, and she can also be propelled through the water by manual power. M. Goubet has found means whereby to send messages to the top of the water, enclosed in a small wooden egg-shaped box; and, for signalling at night, has made arrangements for sending up a long luminous glare. In other respects the "Goubet" is very similar to other boats of its class.

"Le Plongeur," the predecessor of the "Zédé," "Gymnote," etc., was another boat intended for under-water warfare, which the French Naval authorities experimented with in 1863. She was designed by a Naval constructor named Charles Brum, and was shaped like a cigar, 146-ft. long and 12-ft. deep. She was also a failure.

A submarine-boat which attracted a good deal of attention during the late Spanish-American War is the boat known to the public as the "Holland," but officially named the "Plunger." She was briefly referred to in a previous article. Mr. Holland, the inventor, is a native of Ireland, and has been working on the subject of submarine navigation for more than twenty years. He built his first boat in 1877, and ten years later succeeded in inducing the United States' Navy Department to take the matter up. His vessel has steam for service propulsion, and electricity for use under water. Those interested in her talked about entering Santiago Harbour and destroying the Spanish Fleet when it lay there, but they were not equal to the task; and since then faith in this kind of boat has evaporated in the United States. Probably the recollection of the fate of the crew of the "David" is still fresh in the minds of American Naval men, every person in that boat meeting his death when she succeeded in torpedoing the "Hausatonic."

The boat constructed by Mr. Holland for the United States' Navy Department was launched last August. She is the fifth designed by that gentleman. She is 84-ft. long and 11-ft. 6-in. in diameter, displacing 149 tons awash and 165 tons submerged. The increase of tonnage when submerged is caused by water let in for the purpose of sinking her. She was to travel at 15 knots on the surface, 12 knots awash, and 8 knots submerged, but this has not been accomplished.

The "Plunger," or "Holland," is provided with three screws, and has a crew of ten men. When it is found necessary to submerge the boat, the valves are opened, and water pours into specially-prepared tanks, capable of standing a charge of 3,000-lb. to the square inch. The boat carries five torpedoes, whereas many other boats only carry two. When afloat in the ordinary manner of ships, she is able to reach a depth of 20-ft. in one minute, but from the awash condition can reach the same depth in half the time.

Another boat which has been brought into prominence lately—the "Peral"—is somewhat antiquated, since her keel was laid on October 23, 1887, and she was launched on September 8 of the following year. Like the "Zédé," she went through her trials, and created a great deal of discussion, as she actually succeeded in torpedoing and blowing up a war-ship under more difficult conditions than ruled when the "Zédé" torpedoed the "Magenta." The Spanish nation at once concluded that they had got the right boat at last, and a public subscription was started to build similar boats, but a few months later she was practically forgotten until the performances of the "Zédé" recalled her to mind.

Numbers of submarine torpedo-boats have been invented and built during recent years, and for the most part have had brief—in some cases very brief—and exciting careers. I may mention, in addition to those referred to in the previous article, the "Argonaut," built for submarine engineer work in rivers; the "Nautile," a small diving-boat tried at Havre in 1810; the "Mute" (uncompleted), an American boat built by the well-known inventor, Fulton, in 1815; the "Intelligent Whale," which was tried and proved to be a failure by the United States' Government in 1872; and the "Fenian Ram," launched at New York in 1881.

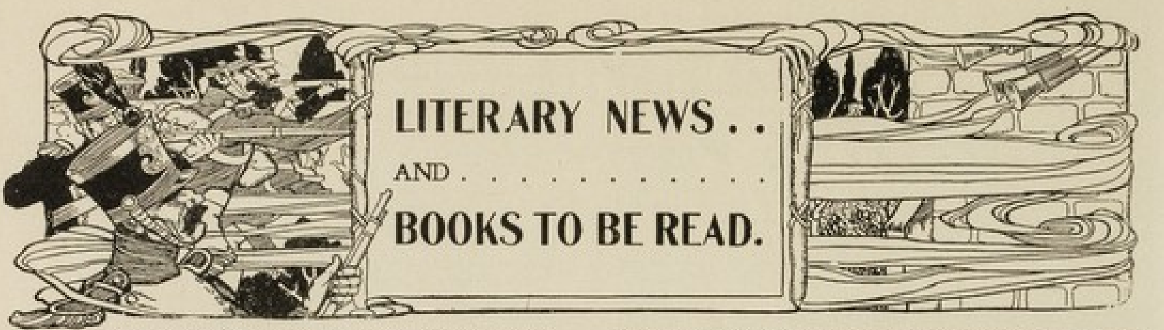
Mr. W. C. Cox, a joiner at Chatham Dockyard, invented a boat only last year, but British Naval officers do not look upon these machines as likely to be useful to them or capable of real work.

After all said and done in connection with submarine or submergible boats, we are practically no nearer the solution of the problem of submarine navigation. Each boat is in the nature of an experiment, and much has been learnt; but even now it is an open question as to what is the best motive power for under-water locomotion. And then, again, as to comfort. These boats are mere shells of machinery, and there is nothing in them at all resembling that wonderful piece of mechanism invented by Jules Verne for his hero, Captain Nemo. Those who have read the delightful story, "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and have pictured to themselves a trip in the "Nautilus," would experience a complete disillusion could they undertake a trip in one of the vessels I have described.

The sensation experienced by a landsman taking his first plunge in a submarine-boat has probably never yet been thoroughly described. The dome at the top of the boat opens, and you awkwardly scramble inside and take your place. You sit and wait, and wonder when the boat is going to move, nervously holding anything handy. When it does move you start, and make a grab with both hands at the seat, as though you would stop the boat from descending. Your friend in command cheerfully hopes you have made your will, and you say nothing, but simply glare at him, inwardly resolving to have nothing to do with him from that day henceforth. Gradually the daylight disappears, and you see the dirty water swirling about the little windows in the dome. Finally, you can see nothing at all outside the boat. Down she goes; you feel a tightness at the chest, your legs seem to be dropping away from your body, but presently you settle down, and then become curious. Your friend, however, is now too busy to pay any attention to you. So you sit and sulk, until presently you see the swirl of water round the dome again, and at last you are on terra firma. You have been down in the submarine-boat, and hereafter may pose before your admiring friends as an expert on the subject.



The Probable Result in Actual Warfare.



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

THE inhabitants of the land of the mountain and the flood are proverbially proud of their history, in which the skirling of the pipe and the swing of the claymore strike a particularly dominant note. I have received a beautiful volume which is evidence of all this and of much more. Those who love the memories and value the traditions of beautiful Lochaber, of the "Gentle Lochiel," his famous forbears and honourable descendants, and of all the kinsmen and clansmen who fought so valiantly for Scotland, and were the backbone of the "Forty-five," will value "Loyal Lochaber," by W. Drummond Norie (Morison Brothers, Glasgow). It is for the publishers to know how such a beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound volume can be produced in their limited edition at half-a-guinea, or their special hundred large-paper copies at 25s. After reading that the author is a member of "Comunn na Gaidhligann an Lunnainn," and hearing of a stirring poem by Alice C. Macdonell of Keppoch, "Bardess of the Clan Donald Society," it strikes one as anomalous to find that the publication of Mr. Norie's volume has been dictated by the completion of the West Highland Railway. But this shows the practical direction of the Scottish mind. Even a railway, a coach, or a steamer may serve to enforce the value of a legend or a tradition. However, for whatever reason Mr. Norie wrote, he has written well. Little liking the intrusion of the "personally conducted," or the screech of the steam whistle re-echoing from the steeps of Ben Nevis, he will nevertheless tempt many to wander among the hills and glens, and by the lochs and rivers of Lochaber, and to win their delight in the romantic land that enshrines Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil. The railway should certainly bring a greater measure of prosperity to the crofters and fishermen of that region. To all who seek the beautiful in Nature, or the vigour of renewed health, he hospitably says, "Come to Lochaber," and to all who obey his behest, I would say, "First read his book."

* * * *

He is a Jacobite unabashed, mayhap a member of the "Order of the White Rose," giving a shadowy allegiance to a queen "over the water," but this will not detract a whit from his practical loyalty at home. To begin with, he sketches Pictish history, speaks of the Culdees, conducts us to the scenes where "Macbeth doth murder sleep," and rapidly comes down to the days of Bannockburn, and to Alasdair Carrach, first chieftain of Lochaber. Practically Mr. Norie contrives to give a history, lightly penned, of Western Scotland, and in particular of the Clan Cameron, to whose twenty-fourth chief, Donald Cameron, Esq., of Lochiel, he dedicates his book. There are terrible doings, tales of murder, treachery, witchcraft, and I know not what else, in the days when the Highlanders were fighting for the Stuart cause. There is a gruesome story of how an old Lochiel, on his back, in the death grip with an English officer on the ground, bit through his enemy's windpipe as that unfortunate was stretching over for his sword, and vowed the Englishman's flesh was the sweetest morsel ever he tasted. But the chief historical interest of Mr. Norie's volume is where he comes to speak of the "Forty-five." Then, indeed, the clang of battle, the stout bravery of the clans, the thirsty work of the Corpach broadswords of the Lochaber men, the romantic zeal with which they stood loyal to the cause of the "King over the water," and rallied about Bonnie Prince Charlie, make a gallant story. An excellent account, too, is given of Lochaber after the "Forty-five," the doings of the "butcher" Duke of Cumberland, and much else, ending with a most pleasant biographical sketch of the present chief of Lochiel and his amiable wife. Portraits and pictures illustrate this very attractive and in many ways remarkable volume.

* * * *

The fall of Mahdism in the Soudan lends particular interest to the life of Gordon, who died nobly in his struggle to stem its rising tide. Dr. George Birkbeck Hill's "Gordon in Central Africa, 1874-1879," has made a timely appearance in a third edition (Macmillan, 6s.). It appeared originally in 1881, when Gordon was yet alive and pursuing his work, and again in 1884. Its origin was somewhat peculiar. Gordon allowed the public documents referring to his administration of Central Africa, and his correspondence during his absence from England, to be placed in the author's hands, who had never had, and never, I believe, did have, any communication with him. Sir Henry Gordon and Miss Gordon lent some help, and the volume appeared as something of a revelation. For the first time Englishmen at large began to appreciate Gordon at his right value, and to recognise the deeply religious spirit by which he was inspired. The system adopted was to quote largely from Gordon's letters and to link the extracts together by explanatory and elucidatory passages. Sir Henry Gordon regarded the work as eminently satisfactory, and his judgment has been confirmed by many readers. At the time when the wave has been rolled back which overwhelmed the heroic soldier and administrator, such a book will command the attention of many. Messrs. Macmillan have given an excellent form to it. Other lives, sketches, and biographies of Gordon there are—Messrs. Macmillan themselves have published three—but this volume is *sui generis*, and the manner and matter are excellent.

* * * *

"The British Merchant Service" has at length found a very capable exponent in the person of Mr. R. J. Cornewall-Jones, whose book, published by Sampson Low, is a well-compiled, thoughtful, and most readable account of the mercantile marine from the earliest time to the present day. After carefully reading the book, I am able to give it unqualified praise. One would have liked to hear more of early shipping, but so much awaited the author's pen that he has necessarily passed over that part of his survey rather hastily. The work of the great explorers in the more spacious times that followed, gives him occasion to present us with a useful summary of their discoveries, and to treat of the early navigation laws and the foundation and history of the East India Company. Much more might certainly have been said about our relations with the Dutch, and the effect of the Amboyna massacre, but that was perhaps impossible. What may be missed more is a fuller appreciation of the effect of war, and especially of the great war, upon our shipping; of the operation of the press, and the working of convoy. But enough is packed into this well-filled volume. All who wish to study the development and present condition of the mercantile marine cannot do better than consult it. The change from sail to steam, the founding and growth of the great lines, the present composition of the complements of merchant ships, the incidence of dues, and the system of lighthouses and lightships, with a multitude of other topics, are excellently treated, and the book is well illustrated. I am glad to find Mr. Cornewall-Jones earnestly advocating better conditions as a means of attracting British seamen.

* * * *

The flood of cheap and good literature still grows, and all credit be given to those who increase the stream. Now we have "Robert Elsmere," and uniform with it "The Sign of Four" and the two "Sherlock Holmes" books, each at the price of sixpence, in very good and most readable form and type (Newnes).

* * * *

A new edition has been published of "The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., by his wife, Isabel Burton" (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.). Mr. W. H. Wilkins has edited it, and, in order to bring it within the compass of a single volume, has excised some parts of the original. It is a well-packed volume all the same, with about 550 closely-printed pages. From the ordinary track of biographical literature this book stands apart, both by reason of its subject and of the manner in which the accomplished authoress approached her task. Many controversies have arisen over the grave of that lady, and Mr. Wilkins has himself broken a lance in her cause. Whatever might be Lady Burton's limitations, she was a woman of great intellectual and moral force, who was actuated in every part of her life by exalted principle, whose love for her husband was so fervent and zealous that she identified herself with his pursuits, and who gave up her widowhood to the glorification of his memory. To his wife Sir Richard Burton wore a god-like personality, and his works were the expression of genius. His famous edition of the "Arabian Nights" was not written *virginibus puerisque*, but she determined that its splendid literary qualities should not be lost amid the publications of an Indian literary society, and she saw to it that a fine six-volume edition was issued for general perusal. Burton was a man possessed with an extraordinary power of infiltrating himself with the ideas and inner forces of Oriental life and character. So much was he mixed up with native life in India that his brother officers called him the "white nigger." He spoke Hindostani, Guzarati, Persian, Mahrati, Scindhi, Punjabi, Arabic, Telugu, Pushtu, Turkish, and Armenian, and was equally at home in the bazaars of Karachi, in the shops he opened for hidden study, as Mirza Abdullah of Bushire, the henna-stained vendor of dates, molasses, ginger, rancid oil, and strong sweetmeats; or, again, crossing the waterless desert to Mecca, to kiss, beneath his white *burnous*, the sacred Ka'abah that should be touched only by the lips of the Moslem. Burton was no conventional soldier or civil servant, and was often incomprehensible to the official mind. Hence arose misunderstandings, want of appreciation, and cruel disappointment. A strange and graphic story, indeed. If you would know, then, the remarkable genius described, read Lady Burton's volume; if you would know what is a good woman, read its final pages.

* * * *

Two books must now be noticed which receive an annual welcome. Whitaker's "Directory of Titled Persons," a companion to "Whitaker's Almanack," is now an established success. The editor has a remarkable knowledge of the Court, its constitution and orders, and of Parliament and Society. The various orders of nobility are described, and the "Historic Peerage" has been lifted from "Whitaker's Almanack." The baronetage, knightage, questions of precedence, and a multitude of other like matters are treated with knowledge, and the lists are remarkable, full and accurate. Looking at them, you discern that they have not been collected on a cut-and-dried principle. There is evidence of particular care, and often of special knowledge, in each case. The year's promotions and obituary form a new feature, and the list of seats has been greatly extended. I have constantly found this book of the greatest utility. The other annual I refer to is "The Year's Art" (Virtue). Now all who are interested in painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, schools of design, literary and art clubs, exhibitions, or the like, know the book so well that to them I need not commend it. Its usefulness is both metropolitan and provincial, for local art clubs and exhibitions are included, and a capital idea is the inclusion of art sales and prices paid. Great collections have also their place; and I notice a capital portrait of Lord Armstrong among the many illustrations. In short, this book is a perfect repertory of all that concerns current art and artistic progress.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—VI.



"ACTION FRONT"—VICTORIAN FIELD ARTILLERY.

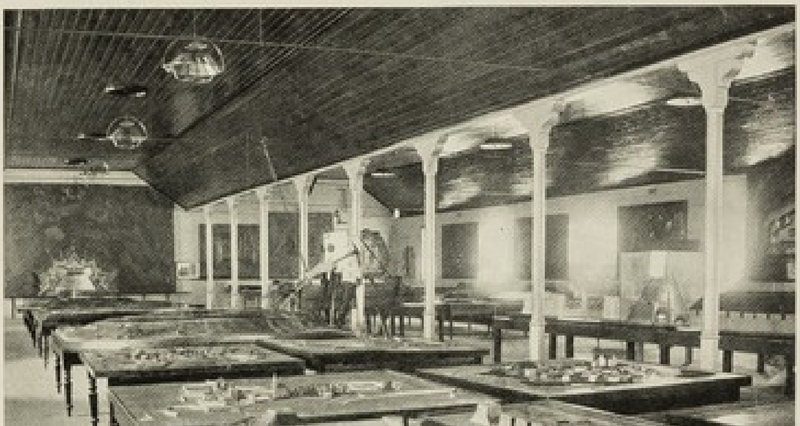
BEFORE passing on to deal with the other forces in Australia with which the various colonial Governments contribute to the great military strength of the Empire, we give in this issue some further illustrations of those in Victoria, perhaps as spirited and instructive as any we have yet produced. In this page those shown deal with the Artillery and Engineers of the force. In previous issues we have mainly illustrated and described the Permanent and Garrison Artillery, and our present illustrations show what the three field batteries of the Victorian Militia are like. In one "action front" is the order. On the right flank the guns are being brought into the firing line, while those in the foreground are already unlimbered and ready. The picture is a specially striking one, for it conveys excellently an impression of smartness. We know no better word to convey the idea of troops who are well disciplined, quick at drill, of good physique, whose weapons and equipments are modern and up to date, and who know how to handle them. That all this is the case is the impression that both these illustrations give.



MOUNTED BATTERIES ON PARADE.

In the second illustration the line has been halted, and is "standing easy," awaiting the arrival of the Headquarter Staff and the Commandant of the Victorian Forces, Sir C. Holled Smith, K.C.M.G., C.B., whose portrait and record were given in the first article of this series.

In both pictures the scene is laid in the Albert Park, the favourite metropolitan parade ground of the Victorian Military Forces. This beautiful park is situated at St. Kilda, a fashionable suburb of Melbourne, the villas and residences of which are seen in rear of the troops. The mounted batteries are indeed concentrated around Melbourne, for the headquarters of the horse battery are at Sunbury, 24 miles out, while the field batteries—lettered A, B, and C—are in Melbourne and its suburbs. If there is anything more striking than another about these pictures it is the superb quality of the cattle with which the batteries are mounted and horsed. Australia, after perhaps this country, is *par excellence* the land of horseflesh. Our Indian Army indents largely on Australia for horses, and entirely for the Artillery. In this respect the Victorian Mounted Artillery are in no whit behind their comrades who congratulate themselves on being "the right of the line, the pride of the British Army, and the terror of the world," more generally known as the Royal Horse Artillery. The other illustration on the same page speaks mutely but eloquently of the thoroughness with which the education of the Engineer forces of the colony is carried out. A glance at this exquisitely-fitted-up model-room shows clearly that the technical and scientific training so important to the Engineer branch is not neglected.



Copyright. H. & K.

ENGINEERS' MODEL-ROOM.

On the following page the illustrations given are those of a team of Victorian Artillery practising jumping by sections, a cyclist scout of the same branch of the Service,

and a very typical group of the Victorian Mounted Rifles; the former, which portrays Corporal Gaunt, Bombardier Youl, Corporal Stogdale, and Gunner Breen, shows not only the excellence of their mounts, but the superb way in which the men ride.

The second picture proves that that most recent adjunct to military efficiency, the cycle, is not neglected in the colonies.



Photo. A. Sutcliffe. *JUMPING BY SECTIONS.* Copyright.

In the group representative of the Victorian Mounted Infantry, the sergeant-major may be recognised by the crown on his sleeve, while the others include a trumpeter and troopers. The kangaroo Daisy, the regimental pet of the corps, is also in evidence. It will be noticed that the rifles the men are stacking are the Martini-Henry, now, of course, superseded by the Lee-Metford magazine rifle, and it goes without saying that the latter is now superseding the former in the colonial as it has already done in the Imperial Forces.

From the detailed description of the forces of the Victorian colony we have now given, it will be evident to the reader that the troops, if small in quantity, have reached a very high standard in point of quality.

In the Permanent Force the more fully trained technical element exists for the instruction of a large number of men, while in the Militia is the nucleus of a thoroughly well-trained body.

In physique the Victorian troops are unsurpassed by any regular Army in the world. Every encouragement to



Photo. A. Sutcliffe. *A CYCLIST SCOUT.* Copyright.

join is given to men who have been trained in the Imperial Forces, and many have been so. In both the Militia and Volunteers the age of enlistment is from eighteen to thirty-five, and the conditions of the medical examination they have to undergo are most stringent.

For the benefit of those of our readers north of the Border, we may note that a "Melbourne Scottish" is now being enrolled, and considerably over 100 have already joined the colours. The kilt will, of course, be worn, but the tartan has not yet been definitely settled. The doublet will be of the general pattern, scarlet with yellow facings. Success and a brilliant record to the new corps is the hearty wish of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

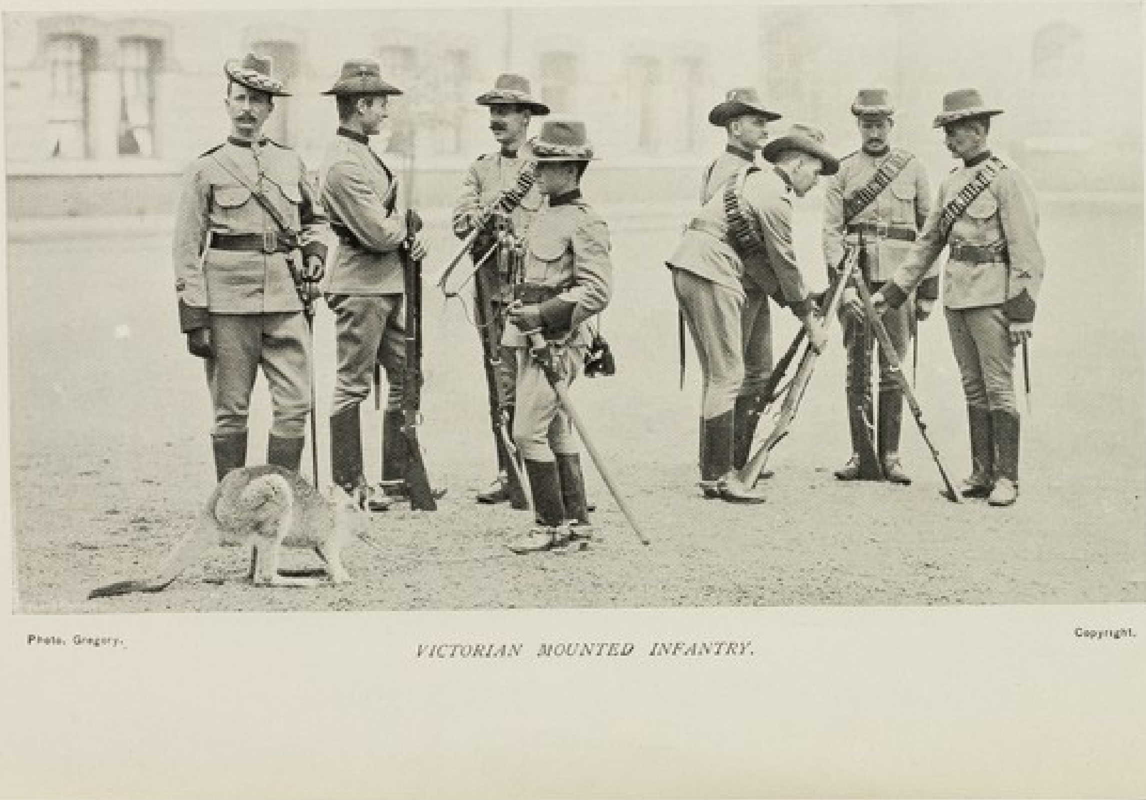


Photo. Gregory. *VICTORIAN MOUNTED INFANTRY.* Copyright.

Per Mare, Per Terram.



A PICTORIAL RECORD BY MANY HANDS.



Photo. Bell. Copyright.
SURG.-GENERAL TAYLOR, C.B., M.D.

SURG.-GENERAL WM. TAYLOR, whose portrait is here given, is now leaving England to take up what is practically the most important charge that devolves on the Royal Army Medical Corps, that of Principal Medical Officer to Her Majesty's British Forces in India. With the exceptions of the Director-General and the Senior Surgeon-General, now at Malta, Major-General Taylor is the senior officer of the Army Medical Service. Probably no officer in the Service could better undertake the arduous duties he is now embarking on, for his service in tropical countries has been unique. He was detached for special duty to the headquarters of the Japanese Army during the Japan and China War in 1894, for which he wears the Japanese War medal. He was, moreover, principal medical officer in what—from a medical point of view—was one of the toughest campaigns British troops have been called upon to undertake—the Ashanti Expedition under Sir Francis Scott in 1895. Finally, he was senior medical officer in the recent Soudan Campaign.

NO more responsible position than that of Commander-in-Chief on the Australasian station devolves on any rear-admiral in the Service, and this onerous post is now occupied by Rear-Admiral Pearson. Our Antipodean brethren used, a little time back, to think that the Admiralty did not give the station the importance that was its due, mainly in that there was stationed there no flag-ship of the highest class. But with such a flag-ship as one of our smartest first-class cruisers, the "Royal Arthur," and a squadron inferior in strength to no other rear-admiral's command, they ought to be now satisfied. Our illustration represents Admiral Pearson carrying on his routine office work at Sydney, the headquarters of the Australasian Squadron. The officer on his left, sporting the aiguillettes of the Naval aide-de-camp, is his flag-lieutenant, Mr. A. C. Stewart, while on his right is Mr. C. J. Fergusson, his secretary, presenting to him one of the many returns that have to come before him. Though having no war record, Admiral Pearson has before now shown his ability for command, notably in the Naval Manœuvres of 1895, when he was second in command of the Reserve Squadron under Admiral Seymour.



Photo. Kelly. Copyright.
REAR-ADMIRAL HUGO L. PEARSON AND STAFF.



Photo. H. G. Archer. Copyright.
A RODNEY MEMORIAL.

FEW Englishmen probably know that on one of the Montgomeryshire hills, in an inland county, and some sixty miles from the sea, is erected a memorial obelisk to one of the greatest of English admirals. Why Admiral Rodney should have been thus commemorated in especial by the "gentlemen of Montgomeryshire" is explained locally by the following legend: After his defeat of the Spanish Fleet, and the raising of the siege of Gibraltar, his return home found him beating up the Irish Channel, whence his first view of British soil was obtained, and hence his memorial in a remote Welsh county with which he had no family or territorial connection.

THE old aphorism that an army "marches on its belly" is no doubt true, but it is also true that certain other necessaries, apart from a good and well-organised food supply, are essential to the maintenance of troops in the field in a condition of due efficiency. Especially in our treacherous climate, and in those wild

parts of the earth where the British soldier is so constantly employed, is the question of shelter an important one. The shelter used by our Army at home, or in campaigning in temperate climates, is that known as the bell tent, which has an interior diameter of about 13-ft., stands about 10-ft. high in the centre, and accommodates fifteen men. Its weight, when dry, is about 70-lb.; but if wet, it scales some 20-lb. more. Of course tents, after being in use for some time, suffer from wear and tear, and in our illustration we see the necessary repairs being effected by the women employed for this purpose by the Army Ordnance Department. The shape of the bell tent is well shown in the illustration. The photograph was taken at the great Irish military camp at the Curragh of Kildare.



Photo. Sergt. J. Easden. Copyright.

TENT MENDING.

OUR illustration represents the Harriers of that very unique craft, the torpedo-ram "Polyphemus," the only ship of her type in the British Navy, and which has, since she first touched blue water, been permanently situated on the Mediterranean station. The photograph was taken just before starting on a club run at Malta a week or two ago. The picture well represents all branches of the great Service, for the two stalwart hares are a gunner's mate and a sergeant of the sea regiment, the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The bulk of the hounds are stokers, for the "Polyphemus" is a craft in which the engine-room complement bulks large, as she is a ship with nothing but the lightest of armament, and intended entirely for the use of the torpedo and ram. In this particular run the hares scored, for they covered sixteen miles in two hours, the hounds arriving just half-an-hour after their quarry had got safely home.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.

THE HARRIERS OF THE "POLYPHEMUS."

THE accompanying illustration speaks eloquently of the well-being of the Garrison Rifle Club formed at Singapore, the headquarters of the Straits Settlements command. The prizes on view are of the usual kind, in the shape of clocks, cups, etc., but we notice one specially suitable for competitions of this character, and that is one of the recently-designed "automatic pistols," now so rapidly superseding the revolver; and no wonder, for they are immensely superior in rapidity of fire—ten cartridges in a clip can be inserted in a second—are much lighter to handle, have a stock which is both shoulder-piece and case, have a trifling recoil, and use the newest smokeless ammunition. The officer seated to the left of the table, as the spectator views the picture, is Major-General Jones-Vaughan, C.B., the senior officer at Singapore, who takes a keen interest in the club and the development of good shooting in his command. On the right, also seated, is Lieutenant Howard of the 1st West Yorkshire, the president of the club; and standing behind him, leaning on his rifle, is Superintending Clerk H. H. Hinderer, of the Royal Engineers, the indefatigable secretary of the club, and who, for his great services at the meeting, was presented with a handsome pair of binoculars.

IT is not, perhaps, too much to say that Portsmouth is, from a general Service point of view, the most interesting station in the world. The largest Royal Naval establishment in England, it is at the same time our strongest fortress, and although, of course, the Naval element predominates, the military garrison, in point of numbers and efficiency and the variety



Photo. F. Agassiz. Copyright.

SINGAPORE GARRISON RIFLE CLUB.

S.-M. Westcott, 1st W. Yorks. Q.-M.-S. Shaw, Staff Clerk. S.-M. Kelly, A.S.C. Lt. Ingpen, 1st W. Yorks. Lt. Stewart, 1st W. Yorks. Lt. Logan, 1st W. Yorks. Capt. Carlyle, A.O.D. Mr. Wafford, S.V.A. Sup.-Clerk H. H. Hinderer, R.E. (Hon. Sec.).

Sgt. King, 1st. W. Yorks. S.-M. Cruise, R.E. Maj.-Gen. H. T. Jones-Vaughan, C.B., Senior Officer. Lt. Howard, 1st W. Yks., President. S.-S. Stewart, A.P.C. Sgt. Pitt-Davies, A.P.C. Sgt. Hamilton, 1st W. Yorks.

of its constituent parts, makes Portsmouth and Southsea an extremely attractive place of residence to anyone to whom Army life and military ends and aims and objects appeal.

At the head of the local military institutions comes the Royal Garrison Church on the "Governor's Green," near the Grand Parade, the senior chaplain of which is the Rev. T. F. Falkner, M.A., with the Rev. W. G. Howard, M.A., as his assistant. Our illustration shows a parade just outside this place of worship, the troops having apparently fallen in after the service preparatory to marching off. The general officer commanding the district is present with some members of his staff, and as a matter of regulation, although nothing in the way even of inspection may have been done, his permission must be obtained before any commanding officer can move his battalion or detachment to quarters. Some Bluejackets are to be seen looking on, possibly contrasting military methods with the Naval plan of "rigging church" to the sound of a bo'sun's whistle. The shapely building in the background, and the trim aspect of the parade, happily exemplify the association of religion with Army life nowadays, perhaps, quite as close and sincere as it was in the demonstrative days of Cromwell's sanctimonious Ironsides.



SUNDAY MORNING AT THE GARRISON CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.

THE accompanying illustration neither represents one of Her Majesty's ships employed on Arctic exploration nor doing winter duty in the North Atlantic. No; our illustration comes to us from the "sunny East," and gives us some idea of what cruising on the north of the China station, about the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, can be like in mid-winter. Anyone glancing at it can fully understand the sufferings endured by the combatants on both sides in the Naval operations that were carried on in those waters during the hostilities between China and Japan. Even to hardy denizens of a temperate clime, the cold must be exceptionally trying. What, then, must it not have been to the natives of a tropical or sub-tropical climate. Wei-hai-Wei is the most recently acquired of those *points d'appui* necessary for the maintenance of our fleet in proper efficiency and up-keep, and its importance it would be difficult to over-estimate. Some of our war-ships must, therefore, be in, or in the vicinity of, the port at all seasons of the year. The scene here represented is that of the upper deck of one of our cruisers, but we fancy that down below the surroundings are by no means so cheerless and wintry. One can, in imagination, see the cheery glow of the coal fire burning merrily in the ward-room stove, and a stroll along the mess decks would convince one that the crew are berthed as snug and warm as is compatible with due regard to health and comfort.

Apropos of Wei-hai-Wei, the following good story is told of Prince Henry of Prussia, now commanding the German fleet in Chinese waters. To an English admiral he is reported to have said: "There is no one like you English. I see you are going to have a big say in China. I have been to Port Arthur, and I find the Russians spending untold wealth there, mounting guns and multiplying the garrison. I come to Wei-hai-Wei, and I find British officers—tranquil because strong—laying out a cricket pitch. The future is yours." Prince Henry is evidently a shrewd observer of character, and one who knows how to adequately gauge both cause and effect.

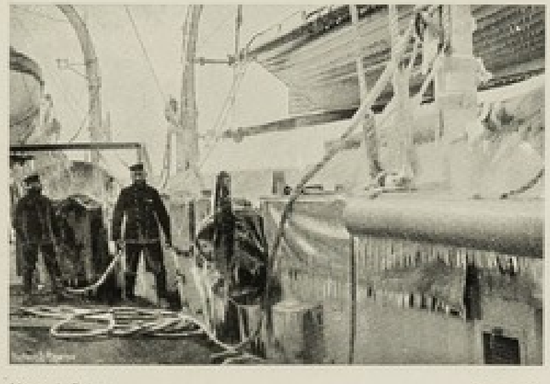
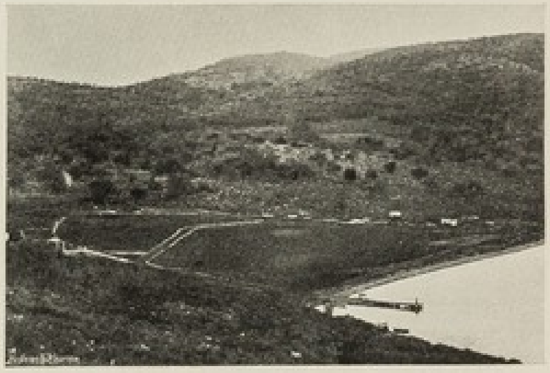


Photo. J. Fuller. WINTER OFF WEI-HAI-WEI. Copyright.

SITUATED on the West Coast of Greece, about seventy miles south of Corfu, is the snug little harbour of Platea, where, through an arrangement with the Greek Government, the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet are sent annually and in turn to carry out their winter torpedo courses. The "Vulcan," the torpedo depôt ship, is for this purpose stationed there permanently from December to March, while the other ships on the station come for a fortnight's course, two at a time.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer.
A NAVAL RECREATION GROUND IN THE NEAR EAST.

Last year, when the "Vulcan" first arrived, there was nothing but dense scrub all around the harbour. What the place has now been made is well shown in our illustration. By dint of hard work a large portion of the land around has been cleared of scrub and turned into a recreation ground, and a wooden pier has been run out to facilitate landing. There are a tennis court and two fine football grounds. One of the most coveted athletic prizes given in the Mediterranean Fleet is the Empress of India Football Cup, and for this trophy many close and exciting contests have taken place on the Platea football grounds.

Bicycling is also a popular recreation in the Fleet, and no recreation ground would be complete without a cycle track; this has been constructed of ashes landed from the ships, and these well rolled in form a track that is now in excellent condition. For work on the Platea recreation ground the Fleet owes much to the "Vulcan's" crew.

WHEN "Drake's drum" sounds up the Channel, no corps will answer the call to arms more quickly than the Cinque Ports' Artillery Volunteers. They are one of the earliest regiments of volunteer artillery, ranking twenty-ninth in precedence, and are under the present organisation affiliated to the Eastern Division of Garrison Artillery, their headquarters being at Dover. Our illustration is that of no unimportant unit in the corps, for it is the "big drum" drummer of the battalion, Drummer Charles Mussaied. On a march out the work of the "big drum" is no light one, but in the Cinque Ports' Artillery his task is lessened by the patent drum carriage, well shown in our illustration, the invention of Sergeant Dennis of the same corps. The handsome deer-skin apron the drummer wears is the gift of some friends of the corps and admirers of the stalwart drummer; that many of the gentler sex are amongst the latter is very evident from a glance at the illustration.



THE "BIG DRUM" OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

NO sadder catastrophe than the loss of the "Victoria" darkens the annals of the British Navy. No more glorious story illumines its records. The loss in life was deplorable, but the gain in honour was one more leaf in the Navy's great laurel wreath. The wreck of the "Birkenhead" was a national disaster, but did it not bring home to the man in the street the fact that in his lads in scarlet he had stuff of the finest the race can produce? What the "Birkenhead" disaster did for the Army the "Victoria" disaster did for the Navy—brought home pregnantly to the citizen the magnificent qualities of the men by whom the safety of his fireside is secured. Our two pictures are illustrative of the last home of the only bodies that were recovered and received Christian burial, at Tripoli in Syria. The Admiralty has decided to erect a monument over the graves of the heroes and beautify the surroundings. Our illustrations were taken on the landing of a party of officers from the "Dido" to inspect the graves. The Sultan himself provided the cemetery, and around it built a wall, over the gateway of which, shown in our illustration, he erected a marble tablet inscribed in Turkish with the story of the disaster. The bodies are buried at one side, with a wooden cross at the head of each, and a wooden paling round the whole, as shown in our second illustration. Now a marble monument will be erected above the dead, and memorial tablets let into the wall will commemorate the names and memories. An ornamented iron railing will replace the paling, and the rough ground around, now all sand and stones, will be cleared and planted with cypress. *Requiescat in pace.*





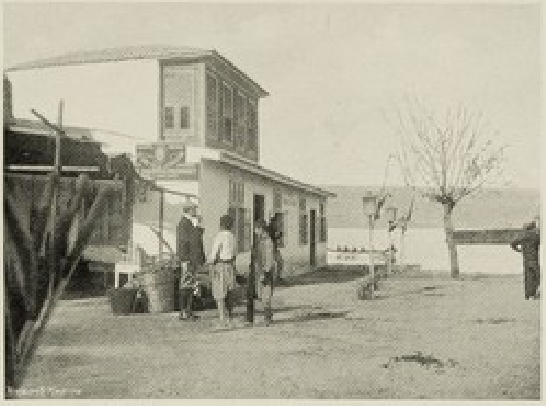
'Sit they with those that praise our God for that they served His world.'

AT the present moment, when the connection between the Cape and Cairo, both by rail and telegraph, is prominent in the minds of all, the accompanying illustration should prove one of especial interest, for it represents the telegraph section of the Royal Engineers now *en route* to Fashoda, and to whom will be entrusted the duty of extending the telegraph southward. These men will be the pioneers of civilisation who will first touch hands with Macdonald in Uganda, and who eventually will carry on the line to Zambesi and make one more link in the great chain that binds the Empire together. Always and ever the Engineers are to the fore, and they have had no small share in the Empire's up-building. The men here represented are a detachment told off from the Telegraph Battalion of the corps, which is in two divisions, with headquarters respectively at Aldershot and London. A section such as is here represented is told off for foreign duty when required. It may be months before Cape Town is connected with Cairo by wire, and years, perhaps, before the railway joins these two places, but that both events will take place in the course of time is certain, with a man like Cecil Rhodes interested.



TELEGRAPHISTS FOR FASHODA.

A Nine-hole Course in Crete.



AT THE SIGN OF THE GREAT POWERS."

WHEN the golf fever attacked the "Southron" so badly, the Naval officer, in spite of the occasionally difficult conditions with which the disease had to battle, by no means escaped its ravages. In fact, he took it rather badly, and to-day many a Naval officer handles deftly, and discourses learnedly on, "mashie," "niblick," and "cleek," and knows all the delight of getting a "brassy shot" well away out of a "cuppy lie," and the chagrin of losing the hole and the match when his opponent deftly stimies a certain "putt" of 18-in. To-day, indeed, the caddie bag full of clubs is as often seen in the Naval officers' cabin as the racket or cricket bat, the polo stick or football boots. Wherever the Naval officer goes to-day he either finds or extemporises links, like those laid out by the representatives of Britain's Fleet in the international assemblage in Cretan waters, started originally by the officers of the "Revenge," a little more than a year ago; since then, succeeding ships have expended time and labour on them, until now a nine-hole course exists that gives a very fair game. Indeed many Naval officers who have played a good deal on both courses declare that much better "gowf" can be had on the Suda Bay Links than on the older course at Malta.

The links are situated some twenty minutes' walk from the landing-place at Suda, where a small river discharges its stream at the head of Suda Bay. Here, as shown in our first illustration, is Giacomo's restaurant, which, under the title of "At the Sign of the Great Powers," Major Drury, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, immortalised recently in these columns. Here caddies are engaged, and a Naval officer is in our illustration seen solving the difficult question, namely, which of the two caddies proffering their services is likely to turn out the least untrustworthy.

Our next illustration gives a general view of the links. It looks a good sporting country, with plenty of natural hazards. The most notable of these is the river itself, which has to be negotiated twice in the course of the nine holes, *i.e.*, giving four good water hazards in an eighteen-hole game. As is natural, it is a fruitful source of anxiety to beginners, and if carefully dredged should prove a Klondike of lost golf balls. A glance, too, shows how well the links are patronised by a very fair number of couples, considering that it is only a nine-hole course. Let us hope that there is very little crossing. The next illustration represents the third green, which we are told is the smallest on the course. It is evidently a difficult hole to approach, for beyond its smallness it is on a rise and surrounded by rough ground. That the greens are small is evident, for another illustration shows the sixth, also a very small green. However small, good greens are better than bad large ones.

A fifth illustration shows one of the tees, that from which you drive off to the fourth hole. Both this and the next illustration show that the Suda Bay Links possess that characteristic of pretty scenery which renders golf on any ground endurable, and enhances the delight of a match over a good course. In the picture of the fourth tee we see Suda Bay and the village in the background, and Touzla village is shown in the next. In the last tournament the medal was presented by Commander S. C. Carden, R.N., and won from scratch by Captain C. J. Briggs, R.N., of the "Revenge."



SUDA BAY LINKS.



A TINY GREEN.



TEEING OFF FOR THE 4th



HOLEING OUT AT THE 6th.



Photo. Copyright.

WATERING HORSES.

"You may take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink," so says the familiar proverb. The cavalry charger, however, seldom requires any persuasion, for while at work the cavalry horses have little time for refreshment, and are consequently sufficiently intelligent to take the opportunity of watering when offered. In barracks horses are watered at stated times daily.



Photo. J. Easden. Copyright.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

The illustration depicts the members of the Army Nursing Service stationed at the Curragh Camp. At all important military stations there are one or two "sisters," as they are commonly called, although they are not designated as such in the Army List. In that official publication is now to be found a nominal roll of the ladies who have "enlisted" for the purpose of tending our soldiers in hospital.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

The Editor will be much obliged if the author of an article on a Naval doctor's life afloat will communicate with him.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 19, 1807.—Forcing of the Dardanelles by a squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, under a heavy fire from the shore forts. British line: The "Canopus," 80, Rear-Admiral Sir T. Louis; "Repulse," 74; "Royal George," 100, Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth; "Windsor Castle," 98; "Standard," 64 (with in tow the bomb "Meteor"); "Pompée," 80, Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith; "Thunderer," 74 (with in tow the bomb "Lucifer"); "Endymion," 40; and "Active," 38.

February 20, 1653.—Third day of Blake's battle with Tromp, begun off Portland on February 18. The action ended off Calais, whither the Dutch had retreated, making a running fight all the way. Tromp, with the remnant of his fleet, anchored in Calais Roads; Blake off Gris Nez, intending to attack finally next morning, but in rough weather during the night Tromp got away and into port.

February 21, 1759.—Capture of the French 32-gun frigate "Bellone," Captain the Comte de Beauharnois, by the British 32-gun frigate "Vestal," Captain Samuel Hood, one of Rear-Admiral Holmes's squadron for North America, after a four hours' running fight. The "Vestal" lost 5 killed and 22 wounded, the "Bellone," 40 killed and twice as many wounded. The "Bellone" was renamed the "Repulse."

February 22, 1812.—Capture of the French "Rivoli," 80, Captain J. B. Barré, by the "Victorious," 74, Captain John Talbot, in the Gulf of Trieste. A three hours' action within pistol shot. Towards the end of the fight the "Weazel," 18-gun brig, joined in. "Victorious": Twenty-seven killed, Captain Talbot and 99 wounded. "Rivoli": Over 400 killed and wounded.

February 23, 1674.—Captain Thomas Harman, the "Tiger," 36, at Cadiz, was challenged by Captain de Witte, of the "Schærlaes," 36. Both ships stood to sea and engaged in sight of Cadiz, within pistol shot. One of the "Tiger's" first broadsides took the "Schærlaes'" mainmast, whereupon Harman ran in, boarded, and captured the enemy. "Tiger": Nine killed, 15 wounded (including Captain Harman, with a bullet in left eye, which came out under the ear). "Schærlaes": 140 killed and wounded.

February 24, 1809.—Reduction of Martinique by a squadron under Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane—"Neptune," 98, "Pompée," 74, "York," 74, "Intrepid," 64, with frigates, and a body of transports with 10,000 troops. The squadron enabled the landing to be effected on February 3, and after a series of operations, on February 24 Martinique surrendered. Naval medal granted.

February 25, 1814.—Capture of French 40-gun frigate "Clorinde," Captain Denis Lagarde, after an action with the 38-gun frigate "Eurotas," Captain John Phillimore, in the Bay of Biscay. The "Eurotas" attacked, but soon lost her mizen. The "Clorinde" tried to rake, but failed, and the "Eurotas" getting alongside, a second fight took place, till the "Eurotas" became unmanageable. The "Clorinde," less damaged aloft, made off, but was stopped by the "Dryad," 36, to whom she surrendered just as the "Eurotas," under jury rig, was coming up again.

FEBRUARY 20, 1794.—Post of Acul, in San Domingo, captured with the bayonet from the French by Lieutenant-Colonel Whitelocke.

February 21, 1849.—Sir Hugh Gough completely defeated the Sikhs under Shere Sing at Goojerat. Sir Hugh Gough had 25,000, and the Sikhs 60,000, with 59 guns. Our loss was only 774 of all ranks, and we captured all the Sikh guns save two.

February 23, 1814.—Passage of the Adour by Sir John Hope. British force about 28,000 men, with 20 guns, comprising two British and two Spanish divisions, Vandaleur's Brigade of British cavalry, and three independent Portuguese Brigades. General Thouvenot commanded the French.

February 24, 1841.—A force under Brigadier Shelton, consisting of the 44th Regiment, the 27th Bengal Native Infantry, a troop of Horse Artillery, a detachment of Sappers and Miners, and a large body of the Shah's troops, destroyed, after some fighting, a large number of forts in the Nazian Valley, in Afghanistan.

February 25, 1809.—A combined Naval and Military force, under Admiral Sir A. Cochrane and Lieutenant-General Sir E. Beckwith, completed the conquest of Martinique by the capture of the last stronghold of the French, viz., Fort Bourbon.

* * * *

GENERAL ROBERT NICHOLL DAWSON-SCOTT, though he has never had the good fortune to see active service in any of our small wars, is an officer of recognised ability in the corps of Royal Engineers, from which he retired last year on a well-earned pension, after forty-four years' service. Educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he passed into the Army as second lieutenant in August, 1854. It was whilst doing duty at Chatham and Aldershot as a comparatively young officer that he may be said to have come first into prominent notice. Such was the character he earned for himself, that in January, 1877, as a major of five years' standing, he was selected to fill the responsible position of Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General for Royal Engineers at headquarters, War Office. This appointment he held until September 30, 1879. In April, 1881, he joined the staff of the War Office, as Assistant-Director of Works for Barracks, and on November 1, 1882, was promoted to Deputy-Director, discharging the duties of that office very satisfactorily. His last employment was as Commandant of the School of Military Engineering, Chatham. This he held from April, 1888, to April, 1893, establishing a high character for himself by the thoroughness of his work, and the excellent condition of efficiency in which the school was maintained under his direction. He was promoted to major-general on March 9, 1890, lieutenant-general in February, 1894, and general on October 1, 1897. He was placed on the retired list in April, 1898, under the terms of the Royal Warrant which lays down that no general officer's name shall be retained on the active establishment who has been more than five years out of employment. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

AN illustration on another page shows a Bluejacket in a very unusual and remarkable position. The picture is taken on board the "Sans Pareil," and displays an example of the adaptability of sailors in overcoming difficulties, and also of the inevitable progress which is constantly going on in small matters as well as great. On board ship, as may well be imagined, it frequently happens that a man is injured, or taken suddenly ill in some very inconvenient place—aloft, or over the side, with nothing but a rope ladder to get back by. The picture shows how he may be lowered or hoisted in perfect safety to the deck. The ambulance is an ordinary canvas stretcher for carrying the wounded; but it is here provided with sundry broad and strong pieces of webbing or canvas, cunningly adjusted so that the man is supported in every part, and, by means of a short chain to the head and a long rope to the foot of the stretcher, he is kept at a convenient angle for hoisting, while the men in attendance carefully guide the stretcher clear of the side. The saving of pain and worry to an injured man by this means will be readily appreciated. To be slung in a rope and dragged up under such circumstances is not a process to be contemplated with any degree of delight. *(See page 544.)*

* * * *

I OMITTED last week to say a few words on the illustration of a whist party at sea. It should be pointed out that when the day's work on board a man-of-war is over, except for those on watch or other duty, the time for recreation and amusement arrives. After the officers' dinner is over, and coffee, the ward-room party usually breaks up, and those who want to enjoy a quiet rubber or a chat betake themselves elsewhere—to the smoking-room mostly, a luxury with which all ships in commission, when there is spare room, are provided. Smoking, unless it be a cigarette, after dinner, when the Queen's health has been drunk with the customary formalities, is not as a rule permitted in the ward-room. Our picture the has either been taken in a corner of this room, or may be in the captain's cabin, for there also on occasion that officer's guests are indulged in a game of whist. The little group looks comfortable, though it may be blowing big guns overhead. Of the officers shown, the one to the reader's right, in military mess dress, seated and holding up his cards, is a subaltern of the Royal Marine Artillery. The officer in the foreground to the left is a lieutenant of the Royal Navy—under eight years' service, as his rings of distinction lace on the sleeve show. The officer standing up in the background is a lieutenant of the Royal Marine Light Infantry.

* * * *

"J. N." writes to me from Danes Inn anent the spelling of their territorial designation by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and the Welsh Regiment. It has always been the custom to use "c" instead of "s" in the spelling of the word Welsh by the regiments themselves. It is, for instance, thus spelled on their colours, in inscriptions on their mess-plate, on their regimental stationery, etc. Officially, however, they are always styled Welsh, *i.e.*, in Royal Warrants, in all Army Lists, and in fact in all documents emanating from the War Office. This, indeed, is one of those much-prized little distinctions that do so much to encourage *esprit de corps* and give pride and pleasure to a regiment. In regard to his second question, it is the case that the Union is now omitted in the regimental colour of all Line infantry battalions. (In "Guards'" battalions the regimental colour remains as it always has been since regulations were first issued, the "Great Union," *i.e.*, the same as the Queen's colour in Line regiments.) Prior to the introduction of the territorial organisation in 1881 the "Union" was always "cantoned" in the upper staff corner. In colours issued then the "regimental" is of the colour of the facings throughout, except with regiments "faced" white, when it is the St. George's Cross on a white field. "Royal" regiments are faced blue, and in the case of those not "Royal" the facings are white, yellow, and green for England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland respectively.

THE EDITOR.

In Soundings.

By COMMANDER SCOTT WILLCOX, R.N.

"To England when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up Channel steered,
And scudding under easy sail,
 The low blue western land appeared,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
'By the deep nine.'" —"Heaving the Lead."

"WELL, here you are; sit down, and I will fulfil my promise, and tell you how we use the 'lead.'" My friend, who had been greatly interested about the "log," seated himself and said, "All right, go ahead, and not too many sea terms."

"'Sounding'—that is measuring the depth of water under the ship's bottom—is of the greatest consequence to a sailor. Even the bargee on the Thames wants to know what water he has now and then. He says to his boy forward, 'What water, boy?' The youth puts his leg, which is encased in a long thigh boot, over the side and replies, 'Whole boot, daddy!' 'All right'; and the skipper stands on a little farther, and then says again, 'What water now, boy?' Over goes the leg again, and this time comes the answer, 'Half boot, daddy!' Then the order comes, 'All right, boy. In leg. 'Bout ship,' and round she goes.

"The 'lead' to us is invaluable; in fact, we cannot do without it. First I will take the 'hand lead.' The lead itself weighs from 12-lb. to 14-lb. The line, which is 25 fathoms long, is fitted with a long eye at one end, and this is passed through a raw hide strop which goes through a hole in the upper end of the lead, and then over the lower end, and is slipped up to the hide strop, and so the lead is secured to the line. It is then marked up to 20 fathoms, and in that length there are nine 'marks' and eleven 'deeps' (or fathoms where there are no marks). The marks are as follows: At 2 fathoms, two strips of leather; 3 fathoms, three strips of leather; 10 fathoms, a piece of leather with a hole in it; 5 and 15 fathoms, white, 7 and 17 fathoms, red, and 13 fathoms, blue, bunting; and at 20 fathoms two knots. Consequently the deeps are 1, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 19. I have also seen lead lines marked at 4 fathoms with a piece of yellow bunting, and a very useful mark we found it. Every A.B. is supposed to be a good leadsman; some better than others. Of the best, about four are selected for special duties, like coming in or going out of harbour, or when we want to be very accurate about the soundings; then the pipe goes, 'Harbour leadsmen in the chains.' Now the best leadsman is not the man who can heave his lead farthest or highest. I have seen men who could heave a lead over the fore-yard, and break a split yarn at 18 fathoms, and yet could not pick a 'mark 7' with the ship going 9 knots. The great art in heaving the lead is to keep it as near the water as possible, and to straighten the line out nearly horizontal to the sea, with just a downward dip at the end of the lead. By this you get no more line out than is necessary, no splash, the lead enters the water in a diagonal direction with a forward tendency, gets quicker to the bottom, and you have less line to gather in as it comes aft.

"The first thing a leadsman does on going into the chains is to see that his 'breast-rope' (that is a piece of sword matting about 8-in. broad, fitted with an eye and a lanyard at each end, to which is attached a tarpaulin apron) is properly secured. He has to trust his life to this, for as he leans out into the breast-rope, if either lanyard should carry away or become unfastened, overboard he goes. The next thing is to see the end of his lead-line made fast; then he lets it all go overboard and coils it in for himself. Then, if it is night, he measures the distance from the surface of the water to the top of his breast-rope; this, as he cannot see the marks, he deducts from what he feels in his hand, before he calls his soundings. Then he takes about 1½ to 2 fathoms scope and swings the lead backwards and forwards two or three times, and then over his head it goes. It often happens with a beginner that, through nervousness or inaptitude, he cannot get the lead past the perpendicular with sufficient impetus. Then instead of continuing its circle it falls straight down, and he narrowly escapes being brained by his own hand; but after one or two of these excitements he gets over this difficulty. If the ship is going fast he generally gives two turns over his head, so as to heave more line out; as the ship draws ahead he gathers in the slack line, and when he gets it up and down he feels for the bottom, by letting line out or gathering in until he feels the lead strike. Then he knows he has soundings, and looks for his marks. He sees the piece of leather with a hole in it a little above the water, and calls, 'And a half nine.' A good leadsman always calls a little under the exact water; a novice would have called 'And a quarter less ten.' If he does not feel the bottom he keeps quiet and gets ready for another heave; but if asked 'Starboard chains, what water have you?' he would reply, 'No bottom at ten fathoms, sir,' or whatever it was he got up and down. When I was a youngster we used to think a man a first-rate leadsman who would pick up 'mark 10' with the ship going 10 knots.

"Now we come to the 'deep sea lead.' This weighs 28-lb., and is of similar shape to the hand lead and fitted alike. In the bottom of the deep sea lead is a deep hole scooped out like the 'kick' in a bottle. This is filled with grease called 'arming,' and when the lead strikes, the bottom adheres to it, or in the case of rocks dents it, so it tells us what the nature of the bottom is, which is a great guide at times. The line is generally 300 fathoms long, and is kept on a reel and marked as far as 20 fathoms, the same as the hand lead. At 20 fathoms are two knots, 30 fathoms three, and so on up to 100 fathoms (red bunting)—between the 10 fathoms marks is one knot for 5 fathoms—200 white bunting, 300 blue bunting. So if you got bottom with the seven knots close to you, you would know you had between 65 and 70 fathoms, according to your height above the water. To get a 'cast of the deep sea lead' in the old sailing days it was necessary to stop the ship, and then the order was 'Watch, pass line along.' Away doubled the captain of the fo'c's'le after the lead, and saw it properly 'armed,' and brought it up on the fo'c's'le. Quartermaster and captain of the mizen-top got the reel and passed the line outside everything on the weather side to the men in the chains and stationed along the shipside, each man passing along as fast as he could, and when the line got to the captain of the fo'c's'le he bent it to the lead, and hailed 'bent.' Then each man coiled away about 5 fathoms in his hand, until enough line was off the reel, and every man outside holding a small coil. Then the midshipman of the watch reported, 'Line passed along, sir.' The officer of the watch hailed, 'All ready—heave!' The captain of the fo'c's'le answered, 'Heave ho, watch there, watch!' and with a mighty heave with both hands hove the lead as far as he could; then as the lead sank each man allowed the coil to slip through his hands, and when the last had gone sang out 'Watch there, watch!' to the next man, and so on right aft. Then the quartermaster felt for the bottom, and if he got it took the soundings. Then sail was put on the ship once more, and off we went again. Then as the lead came in, the quartermaster looked at the 'arming,' and found some fine white sand and shells, so he reported to the officer of the watch: '83 fathoms, sir; fine white sand and shell.' This was entered in the log: '2.30 a.m.—Sounded in 83 fathoms, f.w.s.&sh.' If no bottom was obtained it was entered: 'Sounded ·100,' which means 100 fathoms and no bottom. We also had a patent lead, or Massey's Patent Sounding Machine. This was a brass plate, which was fitted on to a lead made for it, and as it sank so a fan revolved which worked two wheels, which by means of a fixed pointer indicated the number of fathoms. When this lead received check or struck the bottom, a flap fell down and stopped the fan revolving, and so marked the depth of water the lead had sunk before the check came. This was hove in the same way as the other, and could be used with the ship going ahead a little; but I always preferred the old common deep sea lead.

"Now, in these go-ahead days, we can take soundings with Sir William Thomson's Sounding Machine, without stopping the ship; aye, and even going 15 or 16 knots. In this we have a sinker, and, instead of a line, use the best piano wire, working it off a reel fitted with a strong brake and winch handles for heaving in. Two or three men can take a sounding up to 100 fathoms, every ten minutes, with the ship going 11 knots. There are two means of getting the depth; one is by the 'depth-recorder,' which is a long brass cylinder, fitted with a piston, a spiral spring, a scale, and a marker. This is placed inside the sinker, and as the sinker descends, the piston and marker are pushed up the scale to the depth found, and when the sinker is hauled in the spiral spring draws the piston back, and the marker remains to show the depth. The other way is by the chemical tubes, and the depth is recorded by the discolouration of the tube, which is measured afterwards on a scale.

"I think I have said enough to show how invaluable a good use of the lead is to sailors. In carefully-surveyed waters, where the soundings are accurately given—such as in the English Channel—a ship can feel her way right up in the thickest fog by careful and constant sounding, and by noting the different phases of the bottom. In the 'Tamar,' in 1874, we felt our way right up from Land's End to St. Catherine's by the lead, and never saw a thing until we got up to the Wight. Formerly it took a good man to take good soundings, but now it is all automatic with the sounding machine, and the youngest boy in the ship can take them."

Raising the 100th Regiment.

By Forster Boulton.

NOT many weeks ago, when the war clouds were threatening to break and plunge us into a storm of trouble, a cable from Canada announced that our kinsfolk in the Dominion were once more eager to share in the military glory of the Empire. We were told that the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies in British Columbia had offered to raise a regiment of Scotch Canadians; and whether the report was true or not, it is unquestionable that, should occasion offer, many regiments could be raised in a short time in the Dominion. In this connection it is interesting to recall some of the facts about the 100th, or Royal Canadian Regiment, steps to repatriate which corps have recently been made.

It was at the time of the Indian Mutiny, and when the country had hardly recovered from the effects of the Russian War, that it became necessary to call out the Militia. Twenty-five 2nd Battalions had been raised, and the demands upon England's recruiting power were exhausting the available supply of men. For the first time in the history of the Mother Country, England came to one of her great colonies to assist her in recruiting her Army, a fact of Imperial interest, as it led to the formation of the first colonial regiment ever furnished for British service abroad. It was natural that Canada should be looked on as a recruiting field of the first quality. A strongly military element had been bodily incorporated in the population at an early stage of the country's settlement. Soldiers of the disbanded regiment of Carrignan-Sallières were among the early French settlers, and the discharged soldiers of Amherst's old regiments were largely settled on Canadian soil. Then, too, the immigration of the devoted United Empire Loyalists resulted in another infusion of the loftiest kind of military spirit into the population of Canada. The 78th Highlanders, who had been with Wolfe at Quebec, had been disbanded in Canada in 1764, and a great many of the soldiers married French Canadian girls and settled permanently in the colony. From the descendants of such settlers as these the Imperial authorities might well hope to find material for a splendid regiment. The Governor-General of Canada in 1857 was Sir Edmund Head, and he was entrusted with the authority necessary to raise the regiment and to appoint the Canadian officers. He was to select from among Canadians the whole of the men, four ensigns, eight lieutenants, six captains, and one major. The remaining officers were to be appointed from the Army on the arrival of the regiment in England. The colonelcy was given to the Baron de Rottenburg, Adjutant-General of Militia, an experienced military man, well qualified to take command, and Lieutenant Alexander R. Dunn, of Toronto, was appointed major. Lieutenant Dunn had been in the 11th Hussars, and was the only cavalry officer who received the Victoria Cross in the Crimea. Being on a visit to his friends in Toronto, he was anxious to join the 100th, and, having resigned his commission in the 11th, was successful in obtaining the majority. One of the terms upon which each commission was given was that it carried with it the responsibility of having to raise a certain number of men. The major had to raise two hundred, each captain eighty, and each lieutenant forty men.

At that period communication in Canada was diffic ıt, there was scarcely any organised Militia to select from, and so primitive methods were adopted to recruit the regiment and bring it up to its full strength. One lieutenant borrowed a waggon and a pair of horses, engaged a friend to play the bagpipes, and in an old-fashioned uniform started off to visit the settlements in search of recruits. He was successful in gathering the necessary number of backwoodsmen, and duly qualified for his commission. The rest of the recruiting had been done in a similar manner, and the regiment was thus thoroughly Canadian; and when it assembled at the historical old citadel of Quebec, its rank and file were composed of as stalwart a set of young fellows as any recruiting sergeant could ever desire to see. On the arrival of the 100th Regiment in England, it was despatched at once to Shorncliffe Camp. Regulation uniforms, scarlet with blue facings, were soon furnished the regiment, and non-commissioned officers of the Guards were sent for six months to drill all ranks, from the goose-step up. The regiment was accorded the title of the Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment, and the Prince himself, then only seventeen years old, presented the colours.

Thus was the 100th Regiment raised, and it is easy to perceive, from the tone and character of the Canadian people at the present time, that should the occasion again arise when the Mother-land should require the help of her sons in the Empire beyond the seas, Canada will respond with enthusiasm, and from her towns and villages, her farms and backwood clearings, young Canada will pour forth, eager to shed their blood in defence of the Mother-land and the Unity of the Empire

Gun-room Messes of the Last Generation.

By C. L. Pope.



IT does not seem to some of us so very long since the Russian War, and yet in the interval a marvellous and complete change has come over the Sea Service of the Empire, the Royal Navy. The ships, the guns, even the dresses of the officers and men, are different, and one would as soon expect to meet with Noah's Ark at sea as one of the finest vessels of that day propelled by steam and sail.

Midshipmen of the present day may congratulate themselves upon the improvement that has taken place in the arrangements that concern themselves, both as to their mess-place and their mode of messing. The former was usually called the midshipmen's berth, although in line-of-battle ships, where it was situated at the after end of the lower deck, it was called the gun-room. However, as in ships having a midshipmen's berth the lieutenants' mess was called the gun-room, the Admiralty issued an order that the messes were to be called ward-room for lieutenants and gun-room for midshipmen in all cases.

The first cruise made by the writer of this article was in a vessel built for a frigate, but she would not carry her main deck guns, so all the messes were on the main deck, and we had a good-sized berth with two large ports in it.

We sailed for the Baltic, and in due course found ourselves at anchor off Elsinore Castle. It was winter-time, and the ground and the roofs of the houses were covered with snow. We could see the lights shining through the windows on shore as we walked the quarter-deck during the cold night watches, which suggested the warmth and comfort to be found within. Shortly afterwards, when we had proceeded farther to the northward, we were actually frozen in at sea, a few miles from the land. The true pleasures of watch-keeping could now be realised, as the decks, being slippery and well suited for skating, were difficult to walk upon, so that one could only stand about and bear up against the bitterly cold wind that came across the ice in the best way practicable. We had no warm clothing suitable for such a state of things, or any warming-stove below in our mess. I was reading "Oliver Twist" at that time, and I shall always remember how keenly I appreciated the description of the sitting-room of the matron of the workhouse when she was expecting Mr. Bumble to come to tea. The fire was burning brightly, the kettle was singing on the hob, the pile of buttered toast was simmering just inside the fender. A cat too, I think, was purring on the hearthrug, which must have completed the comfortable surroundings of the apartment.

We had all been well pleased with our mess-place when first fitting out in the dockyard, until an Admiralty order was issued to the effect that in all ships the assistant-surgeon (or doctor's mate, as he was called) was to be accommodated with a cabin if there happened to be one not in use. When all the cabins and messes had been bulk-headed off in our vessel, and arranged, it was noticed that there was no provision made for the doctor's mate Now it was only ordered that he was to have a cabin allotted to him if there were one available, otherwise he was to sleep in a hammock as formerly. But the dockyard authorities settled the matter in this way They said, "We will give the cabin marked 'chaplain' to the assistant-surgeon. We *must* provide one for the chaplain, so we will cut the midshipmen's berth in two, and everything will be all right." Thus we were crowded into half the space that we had before There was a table in the middle, round which one could just squeeze, and narrow lockers to sit upon.

My messmates were of various weights and ages. The oldest was about thirty-six and the youngest fourteen. We youngsters were partly made use of for keeping in good condition the muscles of the seniors, and some of them always carried a "colt," specially prepared for bringing to their senses such juniors as they thought required thrashing. The colt consisted of a piece of rope with a hard knot at one end, which, when not in use, was stowed away in the jacket-pocket. One of the oldsters was very fond of throwing things at us—especially our own things, and one day I had out my desk and was dutifully writing home, when he seized it and flung it at me as hard as he could, the contents going flying and the ink running all over me. But there didn't seem to

be anything strange or unusual about it all, or anything to complain of.

The oldest "young gentleman" in the ship was quite old enough to have been the father of some of us. He was a great big Irishman, an officer of the navigating line, who had served much on the West Coast of Africa in the days of the slave trade. He used to tell us that he would owe us a licking, so that we never knew when we were going to get it; but his favourite time was when we were dressing in the morning. He had a little flute upon which he could play one tune, a dirge that we christened "The Grave-digger's Chorus," so that in time he got to be spoken of as "the grave-digger"; and when we, in an unguarded moment, made use of the name in his presence, he would look up and say, "Oh, the grave-digger, eh? Very well, I shall owe you a licking; you'll have your head in Chancery." Poor old fellow. A better-hearted mortal never drew breath. Very often, when we had been made to bring our sextants on deck and take observations for a "star lunar," or some other difficult problem, he would help us to work them out and find the longitude. This, however, was without prejudice to ulterior proceedings, for he would insert the clause, "Don't you forget that I owe you a licking." We lost him at the Cape of Good Hope. He had received a wound from a Malay kris in some operations against pirates in the Eastern Archipelago, and this wound broke out again so badly that we had to discharge him to the Naval Hospital on shore.

I very soon made acquaintance with the historical "salt horse" and ship's biscuit of Her Majesty's Service; but, as a return to luxurious living, we had for dinner on a Sunday a very salt ham (out of our own stores) and plum "duff." It was said that the latter was made by the cook putting the mixture of flour and water on the deck and then going some distance off and throwing raisins at it, all those that stuck being allowed to remain and constitute the delicacy "plum duff." We certainly had sea stock in the mess, but it consisted to a great extent of sardines, and I have often come down from keeping a four hours' watch so hungry that I have called for a tin and eaten the whole of the contents mashed up with a little vinegar, to the usual accompaniment of a piece of hard biscuit.



A Midshipmen's Mess in the Fifties.

I have spoken of the midshipmen's mess, but it must not be supposed that the members were all actually rated midshipmen; some were of the paymaster's department; and our clerk was a thorough Cockney, and dropped his "h's" and put them in in the wrong place in such an amusing manner that we took to imitating him; but this had to be put a stop to, as we found it was a habit easily learnt, but difficult to break with.

The next gun-room with which I became acquainted was in a man-of-war brig, the most awful dog's hole of a place in which to make a number of junior officers live. It was about 6-ft. long and 5-ft. wide, the height of the beams being perhaps 5-ft. It was lighted and ventilated by one small scuttle in the ship's side 4-in. in diameter, which, however, always had to be closed at sea.

The spirit-room was underneath, and daily, when it was time to measure out the grog for the ship's company, a party of men used to come and unship the table, take up the hatch, and hoist out the rum cask; and we had to sit and wait until it had been replaced in the spirit-room, and the mess-table shipped in its place again. This was very pleasant if one happened to be working out the latitude and longitude, or doing anything else that required the use of a table. The warrant officers, gunner, boatswain, and carpenter, to while away their time, were kind enough to come and sit in our mess, as if it were not sufficiently crowded already and the temperature not high enough.

At one time, when we were in a river in China, our meat used to be brought down alive to the bank abreast of the brig, and there the little cow, or whatever it was, was killed and cut up, and the quarters towed off in the water by one of our boats and immediately cooked, warm as it was, for fear of its turning bad before it could be eaten.

I was fortunate in soon getting into a large frigate that was ordered home to dear old England. Her salt provisions and biscuit had been drawn from a dockyard abroad, and we found that they had been lying there for more years than many of us had been in the world. The biscuit, or "bread" (which is its title of courtesy), cannot be here fully described; but it is enough to say that anyone wishing to "see life" had only to "break bread" and find his wish gratified.

The mess had been lighted with lamps which were fed with cocoa-nut oil, but as this congealed when we got into cold weather, we had candles called purser's dips stuck into bottles, which repeatedly fetched away when the ship rolled if not steadily looked after. The salt pork and beef boiled away, the former to lumps of yellow fat and the latter to little chunks of hard wood—I have a piece of it now, and have often puzzled my friends by asking them to try and guess what it could be—so that we knew what it was, for many a day, to feel very hungry. When we asked our gun-room steward, "Why the devil isn't there more dinner, steward?" he would answer, "Doctor's orders, sir. Doctor says it's a good thing for gentlemen to leave off hungry."

On arriving off the Cape of Good Hope we found the usual stiff gale of wind ready to welcome us. The ship was knocking about so fearfully that it was out of the question for our cloth to be laid or for us to have any regular meals, so we jammed ourselves in on the deck, between chests or anywhere we could, and our gun-room steward came down from the galley with a ship's bucket full of pea-soup, and came round, giving each of us a portion of it in our enamelled iron hand-basins, which we held between our knees. We managed to get some vinegar, which we poured in to curdle the delicacy, so that it couldn't run out of the basin before we had time to swallow it. When we had lain to for several days to give the gale time to blow itself out, we ran into Simon's Bay and anchored. A large boat came off from the shore with legs of mutton and cabbages, and some of these were served up for our dinner; and although there was no red-currant jelly on the table, I am afraid that we all ate so much and our conduct was such that nobody moved for some little time after the cloth was withdrawn. There we all sat, feeling the blessings of plenty.

At the Naval Exhibition held at Chelsea I saw a reproduction of a gun-room mess of the present day, with the table laid for dinner. Snow-white cloth and finger-napkins were there, also bright forks and spoons and glass; even coloured wine-glasses. When I joined the Service we had to provide so many silver forks and spoons, like boys going to school. But in those bygone days, when anything was good enough and nothing was too bad, we thought little about what we had to put up with, and carried everything off with a light heart.

The Royal Marine Depot at Walmer.—II.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

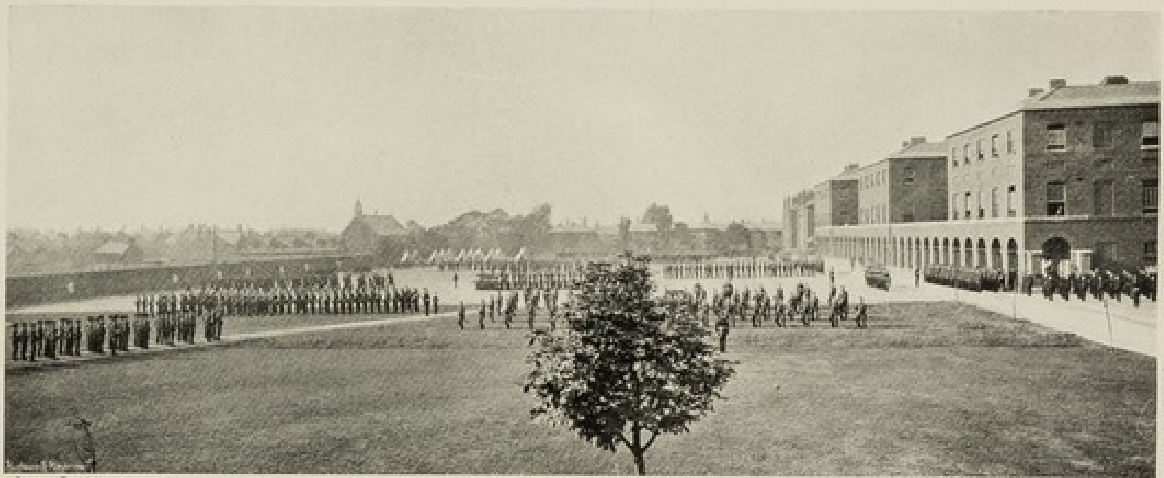


Photo. Franklin. Copyright.

ON THE PARADE GROUND, NORTH BARRACKS.

THE Marine Depôt is not only a place where men, or rather boys, begin to go through the process of being turned into sea-soldiers. It may be looked at from another point of view. There is no beneficent institution in the world where more real good is done than in this pile of buildings, which exist professedly for the purpose of turning out what a certain South African Governor might have described as a "man-killing machine." He said "celibate man-killing machine," for he was speaking of Cetewayo's young regiments, but the adjective does not apply to the Marines, who have their married quarters like other parts of Her Majesty's military forces. The Marines no longer take their wives to sea as they once did, in spite of the regulation which forbade women to be carried in the ships. The regulations of the eighteenth century were apt to be of the nature of lovers' vows and pie-crust, which are made to be broken. But withal the Marine has the same privileges as other soldiers.

This, however, is not the question. What we set out to do was to note that this depôt yearly takes some hundreds of lads, who had little chance of coming to good in the world, and gives them the greatest benefits which can well be conferred, namely, healthy conditions of life, good food, regular work, and, above all, security of work and pay. Look at any batch of recruits which is paraded before the colonel in his office. They are not essentially bad fellows, or they would not be there, but a glance will show any observer that if left to civil life few of them would have any prospect except that of becoming casual labourers. Most of them can never have known what a good bed, regular meals, and constant washing mean. They become acquainted with all these blessings at Walmer, and if only they obey the great standing injunction to "do as they are told," they are provided for, first by work and then by pension, as long as they live.

The infirmary is not in itself a cheerful object. Nobody wants to go there—at least nobody ought to wish to do so, though soldiers have been known to be sufficiently like schoolboys to prefer the sick-room to class. But then one may fall ill, or be hurt, and in that case the infirmary will give the Marine what the free workman could certainly never get on his own resources. And he has it of right. A country which cannot force men to serve must take good care not to lose them when they have joined of their own accord, and there is the infirmary, admirably appointed, and always ready to supply not only what is barely necessary, but what even people of comparatively easy means could not obtain in sickness—airy quarters carefully constructed for the express purpose of receiving those who are ill, and constant attendance. Compare the position of the clerk or shopman in some big town who falls ill in his lodgings.



Photo. Meadon. Copyright.

WHERE THE COLONEL LIVES.



Photo. Meadon. Copyright.

THE INFIRMARY.

To one on whom the sight has not palled through long familiarity, it is an amusing sight to see the recruits getting their first uniforms—shedding the civil man, and putting on the soldier. The civilian's costume is obviously only too often likely to be the better for the process of disinfection, to which it is promptly subjected. The recruits show a



SUNDAY CHURCH PARADE—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

manifest appreciation of the change, and one is soon convinced of the truth of the old belief that a red coat has a peculiar attraction. It, no doubt, is the pleasure of knowing that they will look much better in uniform than in plain clothes which takes many, perhaps most, men into the ranks. There is nothing absurd, hardly anything childish, in this way of looking at things. What brings a crowd to the railings in front of the depôt every Sunday morning before church parade? Not piety, certainly, but the music, and the pleasure of looking at a fine spectacle; and if it is natural to wish to see it, why is it not reasonable to wish to form part? Rightly considered, the recruit who goes to church for the first time as a member of the Marines (and it is probably, too often, the first time he has been to church for many a day) ought to feel himself raised in the world, as he undoubtedly is. Walmer, by the way, is not so well provided with a church as it ought to be. The more material needs have been attended to first—the gymnasium, the canteen, the swimming bath, and so forth. This same swimming bath is another example of the care which has been taken to provide the depôt in every respect with what is needed for health as well as training. There was a time when sailors as a class had a kind of prejudice against learning to swim. Even to this day there are many who will not learn because, so they say, being able to swim only makes drowning a longer business if one falls overboard when it is impossible to be picked up, or in shipwreck. But that is one of those more or less absurd ideas which intelligent discipline undertakes to prevent a man from acting on. Therefore the recruit is marched to the swimming bath to be instructed. The sea is at hand, where he can amuse himself when he is fit to be trusted in it. During the summer there are two bathing parades every week—on Mondays and Thursdays, one half the men going at each time. But the swimming bath goes on all the year round, and everybody has to learn.



THE PLACE FOR A DIP.



Photos. Franklin. Copyright.

AN INSPECTION AFTER ISSUING CLOTHES.

The Midshipmen's Berth.

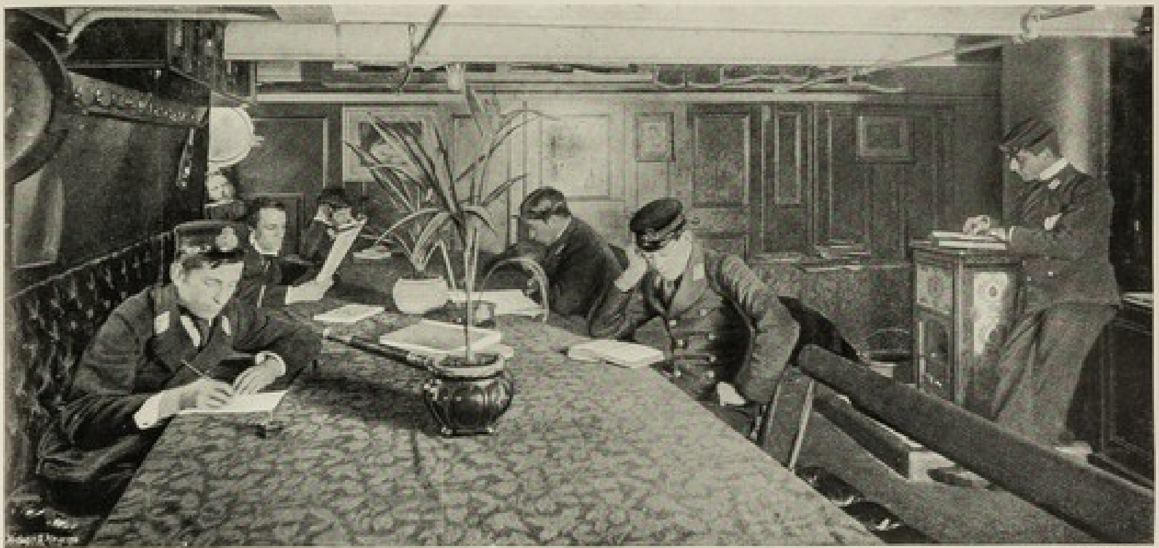


Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

THE GUN-ROOM OF A BATTLE-SHIP, 1899.

THE two pictures of gun-rooms which appear on this page are interesting, as illustrating the difference in the accommodation provided for the junior officers at the present time as compared with what was deemed sufficient in the fifties. The "Cæsar" was a 91-gun ship in the Baltic fleet at the time of the Russian War, and was then considered to be a sufficiently advanced type of vessel, possessing adequate steam power, but heavily masted, and able to make a good show under sail.

The gun-room, as will be noticed, was of large size, and might have been made quite palatial; but palatial gun-rooms were not then in fashion. The officers wear the gold band round their caps—a handsome embellishment which was abolished soon afterwards. Old-looking mates, second masters, and assistant-surgeons then inhabited the gun-room, as well as middies, and the domestic staff always included some Bluejackets.

The "Repulse" is a modern battle-ship of more than double the "Cæsar's" tonnage, and her gun-room presents a far more refined and civilised aspect. The table is covered with a handsome cloth, and palms in ornamental pots flourish thereon. The electric light replaces the old vegetable oil lamps—which never burned decently, and usually smelt unpleasantly—and there is a handsome tiled stove. A late dinner replaces the old mid-day meal, and a piano the kitchen dresser with its array of plates and dishes.



From an Old Drawing

THE GUN-ROOM OF A BATTLE-SHIP, 1854.



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

A VERY NAUTICAL AMBULANCE.

A Bluejacket, having been injured while working over the ship's side, is firmly secured to an ambulance which is cleverly adapted for hoisting on deck in a nearly perpendicular position. The broad bands under the feet, below the knees, and between the legs, support the patient in every part.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. Bourne & Shepherd. Bombay.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR C. E. NAIRNE, K.C.B., R.E.

(*See "Afloat and Ashore."*)

The Second Battle of Manila.



THE INSURGENTS' SANDBAG DEFENCES.

MANILA has now achieved the distinction of having witnessed two stand-up fights in two successive years. If we refrain from going back into mediæval history, we may say that the first battle of Manila was that of last year, when the Americans finally overthrew the Spanish dominion over the Philippine Islands and forced an entrance into the capital city. The second, and, it may be hoped, the last, has been brought about by the Filipino insurgents, who, not satisfied with their fighting experiences against the Spaniards, turned upon their deliverers, the Americans, with the result that was foreseen by everyone but themselves. After the natives had been repeatedly warned against passing the American pickets, and after they had ignored the challenges of the sentries, one of the latter fired upon some natives who persisted in crossing the forbidden line. The natives replied with a heavy fusillade, causing the American troops to turn out in force. Thus began the second battle of Manila, on the night of February 4. It was resumed at daybreak on Sunday morning, and by the time it ended over 3,000 Filipinos lay dead on the field. The American losses amounted to between 50 and 60 killed and 200 wounded.

We are able to reproduce a number of photographs of scenes in the earlier stages of the insurgents' operations. They have been taken by our correspondent at Manila, who, though recently wounded by an accidental shot, found himself, as we anticipated, upon the scene of operations in good time for the fray. He had several times visited Aguinaldo, the Filipino general, at his headquarters, and was well acquainted with the preparations that were being made for hostilities by the dissatisfied natives. One of their plans was to appropriate all the arms they could lay their hands on, together with as much defensive material as was at all portable. During the Spanish *régime* tons upon tons of sandbags had been accumulated and lodged at various spots around Manila—5,000,000 bags in all—with the object of throwing lines round the city. Much of this material has been carried off by the insurgents and adapted to their own purposes as a shelter for the tumble-down buildings occupied by them as barracks.

Our first



REMOVING THE WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.



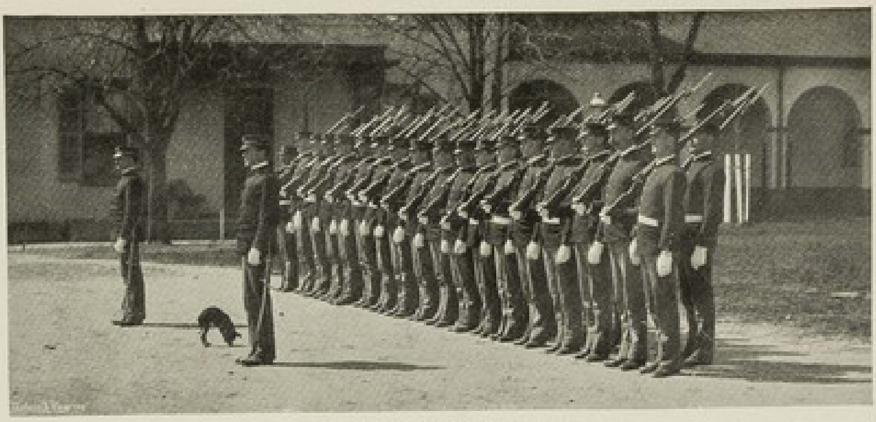
FILIPINO OUTPOST AT WORK.



Photos, specially taken for "N. & A. I."

AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE OPEN.

illustration shows the native riflemen behind their wall of sandbags. The second shows how, like most of the fighting Asiatics who have not learnt the elements of disciplined warfare, they will take any opportunity either to fire upon a party who are endeavouring to remove the wounded from the field, or, when permitted to carry off their own wounded, will take advantage of the occasion to open fire on the enemy.



AMERICAN MARINES ON PARADE.

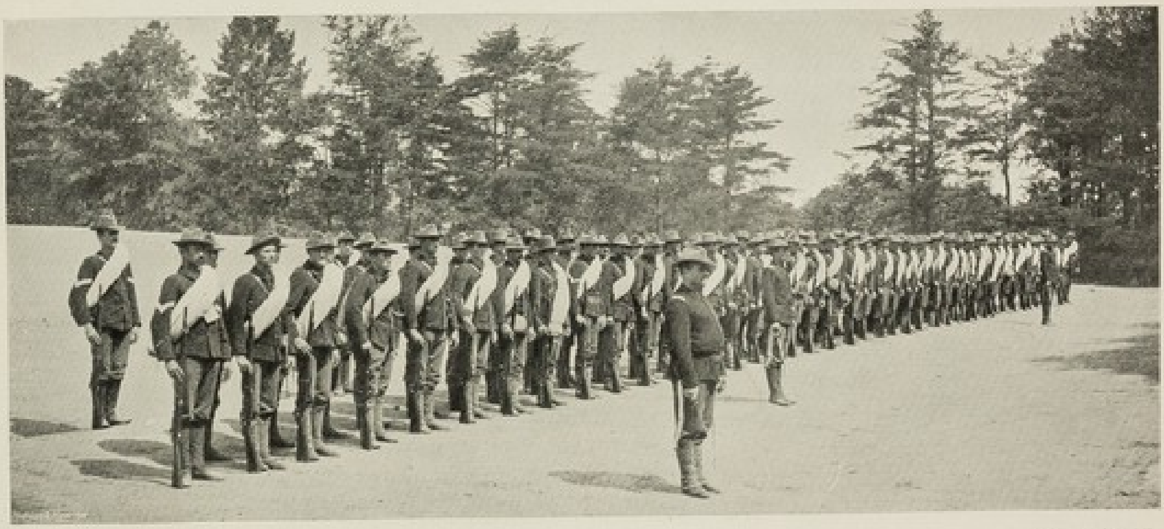
The constant skirmishing in which they have taken part throughout the period of active operations has brought some of them to a high degree of perfection as marksmen, while others, again, are unable to handle a rifle, and are better acquainted with bows and arrows. The Filipino much prefers an intermittent and desultory conflict, in which the Americans necessarily come out, ever and anon, into the open, while he remains in ambuscade in the thick bush. The American marksmen have to be satisfied if they can lie three-parts hidden in the long grass, creeping up to the fringe of the woods from which the natives are dislodged, only to take refuge under more remote cover. Even the parks and promenades of Manila are not safe from the fire of stray Filipinos, and repeated attempts have been made in such places as the now denuded Botanical Gardens to assassinate American officers. Here the trees have been stripped of their foliage, which lies about in heaps, and affords capital shelter for these untutored natives on murder intent. The arrival of reinforcements will quickly put an end to this state of things, in the city at all events. Some of the war-ships and the regular troops which left San Francisco and the Atlantic ports respectively to proceed to Manila by opposite routes, when the danger of a native outbreak became evidently acute, have already arrived in the Philippines, others are on the way, and more are still to go. We publish illustrations of some of the soldiers and Marines upon whom will rest the burden of policing these troubled islands.



DANGER BEHIND THE BUSHES.



UTAH ARTILLERY IN CAMP.



Photos, specially taken for "N. & A. I."

CALIFORNIAN REGULAR INFANTRY.

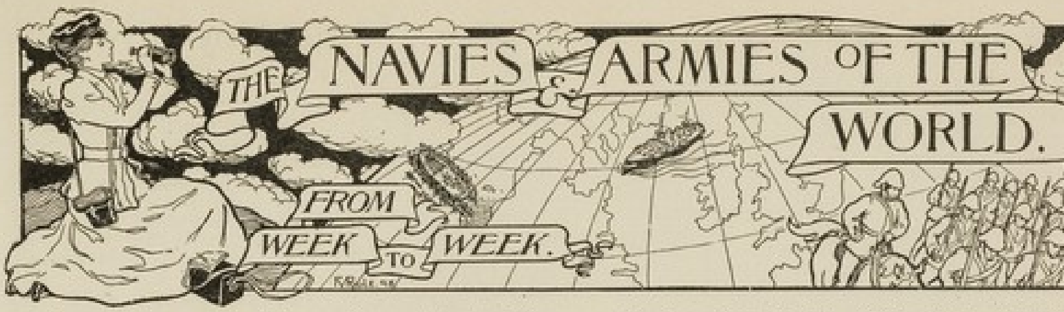


Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

"NO FATIGUE DUTIES FOR ME."—A REGIMENTAL SHOE-MAKER.

This illustration represents a trooper of the 3rd Hussars plying his trade as shoe-maker. Each regiment mends its own boots, and the shoe-makers not only are forgiven fatigue duties, but also earn extra pay.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



IT would be unpardonable to talk scandal about King Alfred; but, after all, did he found the Navy? He has been credited with the foundation of a good many things—the British jury and University College, Oxford, among them. It was proposed to celebrate the 1,000th anniversary of his foundation of that seat of learning some years ago. But Mr. Freeman and other scholars fell cruelly upon the innocent scheme, with horse, foot, and artillery of historical knowledge, and routed it off the field. They said that there were no universities or colleges in the great King's time, and therefore he could not possibly have founded one or the other. As they were quite right on the facts, there was no answer to be made. If anybody yearns with the ambition to be a Naval Mr. Freeman, it is to be feared that the proposed celebration of the foundation of the Navy will give him an opportunity. There was no Navy in England in the time of King Alfred. He had ships, and so his ancestors who came over here before him had had; so had the intrusive Danes; so had many of his successors for centuries. These vessels were the personal property of the King, who might order them to be sold to pay his debts, as Henry V. actually did. Then all men were bound to serve in the host. When they were shipmen, they served in and with their ships. In the Middle Ages there were feudal forces—fixed numbers of ships and men, which certain towns were bound to supply in return for the rights given them by charter. But all this does not make a Navy in the modern sense of the word. If the Navy must have a founder, it will have to stick to the real man, who was King Henry VIII. Bluff King Hal's predecessors had fighting men, and fighting ships, but they had neither standing Army nor permanent Fleet in the modern sense of those words. It would be as rational for the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the three regiments of Foot Guards to celebrate the glorious and immortal memory of King Canute as their founder, on the ground that he maintained a body of "household troops," which, in a sense, he certainly did.

* * * *

Our dear old friend the pressgang, who, as we thought, died and was buried about 1815, is, it appears, alive and flourishing in the imaginations of Frenchmen. The *Petit Journal*, which boasts that it sells well over a million copies throughout France, and is really a smart little paper and well conducted, has just been telling its readers how the British Navy is manned. Bodies of policemen, it seems, go round the public-houses, and when they see a likely-looking and stout young man taking his beer, they lay hands on him, and he is packed off to man the Navy. The thing is as simple as it can be, and it explains how the business of finding crews presents no difficulties to the Government of perfidious Albion. It also shows how much more civilised the French are than their hereditary enemies. When one reads this kind of stuff, one is modestly inclined to ask oneself whether English comment on the affairs of neighbouring nations is not equally ridiculous. But it cannot be. Even French papers of more pretensions to knowledge than the *Petit Journal* can contrive to make amazing blunders. Some years ago it was reported that the Black Watch had been moved away from Cairo. Hereupon the *Journal des Débats*, a very well-informed paper as a rule, commented to the effect that this was another example of the indecent way in which the English treated their so-called ally the Khedive. They had not scrupled to deprive him even of his cherished *garde noire*.

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We still hear from time to time of efforts made to introduce the Union Jack, not to people we desire to subjugate, but to Her Majesty's native-born subjects in these islands. On the face of it this is extraordinary enough. One cannot imagine that it should ever be necessary to introduce an American to the Stars and Stripes, a Frenchman to the Tricolour, or a Spaniard to the Red and Yellow flag. All three are modern—the Spanish being, I think, by a very little the oldest; the Stars and Stripes come next, and then the Tricolour. Yet all three have become the symbol of everything these nations hold dear. Every member of these races will show the flag when he can. This is not the case with the Union Jack. In its present form it is younger than any of the others. Yet, after all, the counter-charging of the red Irish saltire on the white saltire of Scotland cannot be the reason why, as a rule, we regard the Union Jack with such languid emotion. Our indifference—for, in spite of talk and strenuous efforts to work up emotion, we are indifferent—may, however, be easily accounted for. The Stars and Stripes symbolise for the American his fight for his independence, and for the Frenchman the Tricolour is the outward and visible sign of the "conquests of the Revolution," internal and external, social, legal, and military. The Union Jack is no such matter. In its old form it represented the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland. In its present form it records the union of the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland. Both were fortunate events, but they did not appeal to the pride of the "predominant partner," England, and in different ways they hurt the sentiments of Scotland and Ireland. Therefore no affection gathered round the flag. In the Fleet, the ensigns—red, white, and blue—were the flags of which the sailor thought, and the union in the first quarter was only a subordinate part of them. In the Army, it is the colours of the regiment which record its achievements of which the soldier is proud. But there is also another reason why the Union Jack has never been very popular. It is not good as a flag, being too cut up, too much made of strips of colour, which neutralise one another at a slight distance, and tend to form a mere blurr. The Stars and Stripes are gay. The Tricolour and the Spanish flag are simple and effective. Our own Cross of St. George is very noble and decorative; but the Union Jack by itself is what painters call "frittered away." Perhaps the worst of it is that it is difficult to draw accurately. Out of any given company of "Britons," it is probable that not one in three could draw it properly—counter-charging the two saltires correctly, and fimbriating the red cross in the proper proportion. It may seem to some blasphemous to say so, but the Union Jack is a herald's invention, made in the times of the decadence of heraldry.

* * * *

The report that the German Emperor has felt called upon to take severe measures to stop gambling among his officers, seems to show that there is a good deal of human nature in the Army of the Fatherland. The austere military atmosphere of the model army does not prevent old military tastes—or vices—from flourishing. There are some among us who will think that William II. is giving way to a meddlesome and semi-puritanical zeal. Yet he has good soldierly authority to quote in support of his severity. The famous old Gascon fighter of the sixteenth century, Blaise de Monluc, who wrote the "Soldier's Bible," as Henry IV. is said to have called his "Commentaries," prefaces these memoirs of his by an address to the captains and lieutenants of France. In this the old soldier warns the young ones against the vices which are the ruin of an officer, and he insists more emphatically on gambling than on any of them. If you gamble and win, says Monluc, you burn to go on winning. If you gamble and lose, you are furious to make good your losses. In either case your mind is full of something which is not your duty. Gambling was certainly a more terrible passion in the sixteenth century than it is now. But at all times, when it once gets fair hold of a man, it possesses him body and soul. There is less confidence to be placed in a gambler than in a drunkard. And, by the way, there is a distinction here which may very properly be kept in mind by those who complain of a writer that he argues from a commander's morals to his tactics. There are some offences against morals which are the ruin of a fighting man's tactics. They are not, perhaps, the worst. The intellectual sins are graver than mere excesses of indulgence. It is better to be a good-natured toper than to be cruel and utterly selfish; but the officer who is addicted to the bottle, though a less odious man than a hard, pitiless brute, may be the less trustworthy in command, simply because his brain will be bemused and his body relaxed when he has need of all his faculties. Our own Admiral Herbert (Torrington) is a case in point.

DAVID HANNAY.

The Queen's New Yacht.

LYING at Pembroke Dockyard, in an incomplete state, is a vessel which will be, when she is finished, the fifth which has been used by Her Majesty the Queen during her long reign as a private yacht for the use of herself and her family. The vessel was laid down on December 10, 1897, and she is to be ready for launching on May 9 next. She will by that time have been seventeen months on the building slip, and will probably be as many more before she is completely ready for sea. Pembroke Dockyard has been the birthplace of more than one Royal Yacht, for the "Victoria and Albert" was laid down there in 1854 and launched in the following year. The "Osborne" was also built at Pembroke, and so was the "Alberta."

The new yacht will easily hold her own with any yacht used by European or other foreign potentates, for she is to be fitted up in the most magnificent style. Cost will be only a secondary consideration, compared with comfort and elegance; for it is considered, and rightly too, that the ruler of such a mighty Empire as is ours should have a home afloat befitting her dignity and importance. Fifty thousand pounds was voted for labour only on the vessel during the present financial year, and even this sum does not represent nearly all the money which will be spent upon her for wages for workmen before she is finished and ready for the Queen's use.

The new yacht will be somewhat longer than that she is to replace—the present "Victoria and Albert." This yacht is 300-ft. long and 40-ft. in breadth, but the new one will be 380-ft. long and 50-ft. in breadth. The "Victoria and Albert" is built of wood, displaces 2,470 tons, has a horse-power of 2,980, and is driven by paddle-wheels, whereas the vessel now in hand at Pembroke will be built of steel, displace 4,700 tons, have a horse-power of 11,000, will be driven by twin screws, and is to be fitted with the latest pattern of Belleville water-tube boilers, with the patent economisers which have been proved to be of such great value in the "Diadem" and other cruisers.

The numerous mechanics employed in the construction of the new yacht have been working overtime for weeks past now, for it is intended to have the hull practically completed before May 9. This is in order to give the decorators and joiners a free hand when the time comes for them to do their share of the work. All the wood to be used in the fittings will probably be non-inflammable; and to test the kind of material which it has been proposed to use, two small cabins are being built, one made of non-inflammable wood, and the other chiefly of ordinary wood unprotected. When these are finished, an effort will be made to destroy them by fire. If the cabin in the construction of which ordinary wood has been used is burnt out, then the non-inflammable wood will be used throughout the yacht, but if the opposite is the case, a good deal of ordinary wood may be used. The decoration and upholstering of the yacht are to be undertaken by Messrs. Waring, and will be generally similar in character to that of the other yachts.

While the inside of the new yacht will be sumptuously decorated, the outside will also receive attention. She will have as a figure-head a shield bearing the Royal Arms, and on the top of this a crown 3-ft. high. On one quarter of the stern will be a figure of Britannia, and on the other one of Neptune, both about 10-ft. high. Between these two figures will be another shield bearing the Royal Arms, and carved beneath it, and richly gilded, representations of the rose, shamrock, and thistle. This carved work is to be undertaken by Mr. Hellyer, the artist who executed all the carved work on the first Royal Yacht built for the Queen fifty-five years ago.

The hull of the vessel will be encircled by mouldings representing two 15-in. cable-laid ropes. The mouldings will be 5-ft. apart, and will be carved out of solid mahogany, and gilded.

The order for this work has been given to Mr. S. Trevanan, a sculptor of Plymouth. All the carved work is to be completed before the launch, for which it will be fixed in place, but removed immediately afterwards to prevent its being damaged while the ship receives her machinery and is being generally fitted out.

As soon as possible after her launch, when Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York will officiate and give the new vessel her name, she will be docked and sheathed with wood and coppered, and her engines lifted on board. As many as 1,000 men have been at work at once on her, in order to advance her to her present stage; and that no time should be lost, special electric lights have been fitted up in and about the vessel for the men to work by at night.

Every preparation is being made at Pembroke for giving a fitting reception to the distinguished visitors who are expected to accompany the Duchess when she comes down to christen the vessel.

Diving in the Royal Navy.

By An Ex-Diver.



SUBMARINE diving is being increasingly practised in the Navy every year. If there was no other reason for this, the number of valves in a modern war-ship's bottom which are liable to be damaged or choked would be a sufficient one. But there are many other tasks for the diver besides that of keeping his vessel's submerged valves in order. There are foul anchors to be cleared, lost articles to be recovered, mines to be laid, and sunken vessels to be raised or blown up. In the South Seas there are accumulations of coral to be scraped off the vessel's bottom at surprisingly frequent intervals. Barnacles, too, and weeds often need removing, especially from iron ships; though the usual mode of dealing with these is to anchor in a river and let the fresh water kill them off. Their effect upon a vessel's speed is so paralysing, that ships intended for foreign stations without facilities for removing them are always sheathed with copper. A vessel has been known to have her speed reduced five knots, by barnacles only, in ten months; and the bottom of the "Great Eastern" was covered to a thickness of 1-ft. during the time occupied in laying the Atlantic cable. The enquiry into the probable causes of the explosion which reduced the ill-fated "Maine" in a few moments to a mass of scrap-iron, brought prominently to the front a branch of diver's work carrying with it great responsibility.

So that it will be seen there are many reasons for keeping up a supply of men properly trained in this important branch of marine technics.

The rating of "seaman-diver" in the Royal Navy may be held by "any steady man of good character" who is a seaman-gunner or a torpedo-man, who can swim, and who can pass the necessary medical examination. That of "artificer-diver" can be held only by men of the mechanic class—engine-room artificers, carpenters' mates, caulkers, shipwrights, or stoker-mechanics. They must be of a stature adapted to the diving dress usually worn. Marines, for some strange reason, are not permitted to qualify; though there is no doubt that if they were, they would adapt themselves readily to this as to everything else they undertake; and the extra pay would be a welcome addition to their not too lavish scale.

The medical examination is very strict, as the conditions under which diving is carried on require that all the internal organs should be absolutely sound. Men with weak hearts or feeble circulation, and drunkards, are never accepted; and full-blooded, short-necked men are not considered suitable subjects, owing to their tendency to apoplexy under the extreme pressure at great depths.

The extent of this pressure may be shown by a few figures. The average pressure of the atmosphere at the surface is, of course, well known to be 15-lb. to the square inch. At a depth of 30-ft. it is nearly double this; and at a depth of 100-ft., or rather less than 17 fathoms, it is nearly 45-lb. to the inch. The total pressure of the air at the surface, on an average man's body, is about 20,000-lb., which seems a sufficient weight to be borne so lightly; but at a depth of 32-ft. it is just 40,000-lb., or 18 tons. Yet this enormous weight is supported with what seems astonishing ease. Divers complain of no sensations of pain after working for hours at considerable depths; and they are, as a whole, a healthy class. As to the effect on the lungs, opinions seem to vary; but makers of the apparatus claim that the compressed air is actually beneficial, and has even been known to effect cures in asthma and other chest complaints. Be this as it may, in the Royal Navy, at any rate, it is considered desirable that divers should be re-examined medically every twelve months, to guard against any deterioration from the original high standard of health.

Instruction in diving is given at all the Naval gunnery schools, and certificates granted to qualified men. Great precautions are taken to prevent accidents. Classes are always in charge of an experienced gunner, and are under the immediate superintendence of the gunnery or torpedo lieutenant. No diver is allowed to descend unless another is also in the boat, with diving dress on, ready to follow in case of an accident occurring below. The pump is fitted, for this reason, to supply air independently to two men at once, so that if one pipe becomes disabled, the second can be used to find the cause, and bring the first man to the surface. On

board ships in commission, when diving operations are in progress, all the divers available are required to attend, so that there shall be no lack of skilled assistance. To prevent any falling off in technique, every man is required to descend, as a matter of exercise, at least once a quarter, and to pass through the gunnery school and requalify at the end of every commission. The apparatus itself is periodically examined and tested by the gunnery officer, to ensure its perfect efficiency.

But in spite of all precautions, accidents, from the nature of the work, are not infrequent. They are not, however, always followed by serious consequences, as the following incident, which recently occurred at one of our home dockyards, will show. A well-known and popular commander was conducting a party of lady friends round the ships, and, among other "sights," he exhibited one of Siebe, Gorman, and Co.'s diving dresses. Finding great interest displayed in the subject, he volunteered, in a moment of enthusiasm, to show how the thing was worked by going down himself into one of the basins. Donning the dress and helmet, and giving precise instructions to the scratch team of attendants, he made a successful descent, kissing his hand gracefully as he disappeared. He had hardly reached the bottom, however, before the water began to bubble furiously, and mud and other signs of a submarine disturbance came up. All eyes were bent anxiously on the water, and presently the gallant commander came slowly to the surface again, *upside down*. He was dragged ignominiously into the boat, and his helmet removed, when he was found to be nearly asphyxiated. He had omitted the elementary precaution of adjusting the spring of the escape valve. Too much air had accumulated in the dress, which had expanded, balloon-like, and dragged him, nilly-willy, to the surface.

Diving misadventures, however, do not always end so happily as this. A man was drowned in the very same basin but a short time before by coming up on the wrong side of a vessel, the bottom of which he was examining. On finding he was wrong he probably lost his bearings altogether, got frightened, and scrambled round, so that his air-pipe got mixed up in some way, and the supply was cut off. At any rate, he was hauled up with his dress full of water, drowned; though the experts never agreed as to the precise manner in which it came about.



"came slowly to the surface, upside down!"

Another case that attracted considerable attention at the time in diving circles was that of the man who lost his life while at work under the "Howe." It will be remembered that she grounded on the rocks when entering Ferrol Harbour with the fleet, and remained there some time.

The man in question, who was a well-known and expert diver, was examining her bottom; and the ship, gently swaying with the tide, rolled partly over and caught his air-pipe between her bottom and the rocks. It was cut off as with a knife, and the unfortunate man was drowned before he could be hauled up.

To encourage men, therefore, to undertake this risky work, there must be, of course, some compensation. Every qualified diver receives one penny a day in addition to his ordinary Service pay. But besides this, while he is actually engaged in diving he receives extra money, as follows:—

For the first hour he receives 1s. 6d. when working in 6 fathoms, 2s. 6d. for anything up to 12 fathoms, 4s. for 20 fathoms, and 6s. for 25 fathoms. For every subsequent hour at these depths he receives 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., or 4s. respectively. Or he may elect, instead of this scale, to be paid a day's wages for every hour. No man is compelled to go down in more than 12 fathoms, although the dress is guaranteed for 20 fathoms, and has often been used at still greater depths; but with the above rates of pay there is never any lack of volunteers. The attendants consisting of a chargeman, pumpers, signalman—who holds the life-line—and the immediately responsible attendant who holds the diver's air-pipe in hand, and follows carefully all his movements, receive 6d. per hour. For recovery of lost articles a bonus is given, not exceeding £1, or one-fourth of the value of the article recovered. In exceptional cases, requiring despatch or skill, the bonus may be increased to £5.

If a diver is lent to a merchant ship, as is sometimes done in cases of below-water damage, a charge of £1 1s. a day is made, plus the diver's Service pay. But if the damaged ship should happen to be a foreign man-of-war, we are more generous, for we lend them our apparatus free of charge.

With regard to the apparatus, there are of course many varieties, from the cumbrous diving-bell of earlier days to the simple helmet containing compressed oxygen. The dress adopted for the Navy is that of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Co.

It consists of an over-all water-tight suit, with helmet, which is supplied with air by a pipe leading from an air-pump. This pump is a rather powerful affair, although not occupying much room. It is worked by two men, and is capable of compressing air to 240-lb. on the square inch. The pipe is of vulcanised rubber, about 1½-in. in diameter, and is stiffened with a spiral wire, so that if a weight accidentally falls on it the air supply will not be cut off. The dress is a bifurcated bag of solid sheet rubber, covered on both sides with stout tanned twill. It is open only at the top, where a metal ring, called the corselet, is inserted, to which the helmet is screwed. The sleeves terminate in stout rubber bands, which fit tightly over the wrists.

The helmet itself is of tinned copper, having an inlet valve, to which the pipe is screwed, and an outlet or escape valve, with spring to regulate the pressure. The pipe is tied in front, and the end passed under the arm, and screwed on to the inlet valve at the back of the helmet. When air is pumped into the dress, it of course fills out like a balloon, and it would be impossible for the diver to get below the surface without weights. These consist of two flat pieces of lead, each weighing 40-lb., which are lashed to the body. In addition to these, the boots are fitted with leaden soles, each weighing 16-lb.

A line is fastened round the waist, by which signals are made to the surface: one pull, for instance, signifying "All right"; four pulls, "I wish to come up," etc. For more extended messages a slate is used, and even, in some cases, a telephone.

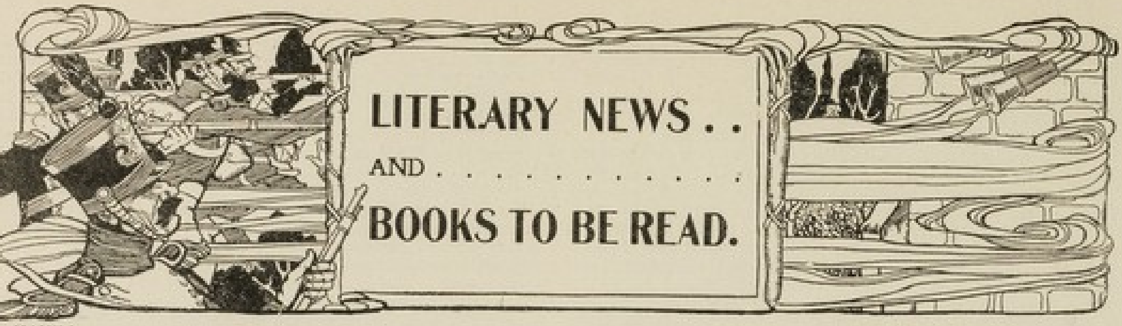
Descent is made from a boat, to the side of which a ladder is lashed. When the bottom of this is reached, the remainder of the journey is performed hand under hand down a rope, weighted to reach the bottom.

Divers are recommended to walk backwards from the foot of the ladder, and to take a guide-line with them, so as to be able to find their way back easily. All their movements are carefully followed from the boat, and the air-pipe and life-line eased out or hauled in as required. The bubbles which escape to the surface always indicate their whereabouts, due allowance being made for the current, if any.

The most gruesome task that falls to the diver's lot is the recovery of bodies from sunken vessels. The loss of the "Eurydice" in 1878 presented an instance calculated to try the nerve of the stoutest diver. She went down, it will be recollected, off the Isle of Wight, with nearly all hands, her hatchways choked with men struggling to reach the surface. The sight that met the diver's eye when he reached her deck may be left to the reader's imagination.

"O fearful the lot of the diver must be,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea."

[*See also an illustrated article in No. 96, p. 254, December 3, 1898.*]



LITERARY NEWS.. AND .... BOOKS TO BE READ.

I HAVE been reading with very curious interest a volume entitled "A Boy in the Peninsular War, the Services, Adventures, and Experiences of Robert Blakeney, an Autobiography" (John Murray). Mr. Julian Sturgis is responsible for the book, which he tells us, in the dedication, was penned by his wife's maternal grandfather. Why such a manuscript should have been allowed to lie in oblivion so long, where it is now preserved, or what is the process of editing through which it has gone, there is nothing to show. This I may say for it, that it reads like a romance, and was certainly written for effect. The effect is attained. Defoe did not always write better than the best part of it; Marbot might have been the model. The groaning shelf and the ponderous catalogue, like the soul-searching quest for textual accuracy that rests heavily upon the modern historian, were unthought of by Robert Blakeney of the 28th. His Atlantean shoulders were broad enough to bear lightly the huge responsibility that belonged to the well-filled coffers of his memory. In the Island of Zante, with his wife, the last of the Balbi to have her name recorded in the Libro d'Oro of the Venetians, inspiring him to his task, he penned this romantic and vivid narrative. I said, perhaps incautiously, that Mr. Sturgis does not disclose the nature of his editing, for it does appear that, when his hero, inspired by the valour of the brave, the pageant of plumed troops, or the pomp of glorious war, has made his pen mightier than the sword, executing cuts and flourishes of extreme intricacy, it has been necessary to put a full stop to the flights of his grandiloquent career. A murrain, says Mr. Sturgis, upon those modest heroes whose deeds fill the papers and the mouths of men, and yet who, when you press them for the story, blush, mutter, and escape to their clubs! Let us have those who do glorious deeds, and are not ashamed of them! From the point of view of the reader there is much to be said in favour of this reasoning, and it is from this point of view that we must regard the autobiography of Robert Blakeney.

* * * *

We are still in the first chapter when we find the sea-sick boy, who has never before been on board anything larger than a fishing boat, acting the part of skipper and pilot in a storm-tossed vessel, amid intricate sand-banks and rocks, and receiving credit for having saved the drunken crew. It is true that he disavows the honour, ascribing his success to the signs of a galloping gentleman on shore who signalled with his hat as to how the tiller should be moved. I confess to some surprise that Mr. Sturgis did not at this point curb the riotous imagination of his hero. We are soon plunged into the events of the descent upon Copenhagen, and follow Sir John Moore on the Swedish expedition. The subaltern found the discipline of war-ships irksome, for it appears that when he sat upon a gun, or relieved his "aching head against the capstan," he discovered this to be "a Royal Naval innovation which could not be tolerated." All this, however, is but preliminary to the landing in the Peninsula, where the hero's service is illustrated with a wealth of incident that must be imagined. I was only surprised to find that his memory would not suffice for a daily account of the march to Salamanca. He has, nevertheless, a very great deal to say. The scenes he describes at Calcabellos, during the retreat on Corunna, tax even his own magniloquence. "Rivers of wine ran through the houses and into the streets, where lay fantastic groups of soldiers (many of them with firelocks broken), women, children, runaway Spaniards, and muleteers, all apparently inanimate, except when here and there a leg or arm was seen to move, while the wine oozing from their lips and nostrils seemed the effect of gun-shot wounds." But Britons, he reflects, never know when they are beaten, and long may they "continue to maintain their true national character, a specimen of which was given at Calcabellos!" At length we are brought to Corunna, and hear the words of Moore. His shoulder shattered, his arm scarcely attached to his body, the ribs over his heart smashed and bare, he still is able collectedly to exclaim, when the hilt of his sword sticks in his wound as they lift him: "It may as well remain where it is, for, like the Spartan with his shield, the Briton should be taken out of the field with his sword."

* * * *

In this extraordinary fashion does the hero, who is a swashbuckler of the best, recount his multifarious adventures and exploits throughout the Peninsular War, including the battles of the Pyrenees. It would be absurd, of course, to think of checking his accuracy upon this point or that. Mr. Sturgis has cut the ground from under the conscientious critic's feet by his picture of the happy scribe in the careless Island of Zante. Therefore we accept the subaltern at his own estimate. He will not enlarge our knowledge of events, and there are some parts of his volume that are little better than a farrago of absurdities; but take the book as a whole, and you will find it very readable, and often abundantly amusing. The gallery of curious characters it presents to us is not its least interesting feature. There is, for example, "Gentleman" Roach, who never tires of extolling his forefathers. "Bad luck to you and all your ancisthors put together," exclaims a wearied Irishman, provoking the stinging retort, "Wretch! you personify all the disproportions of a vulgar cabbage-plant, the dense foliage of whose plebeian head is too ponderous for its ignoble crouching stem to support." But the Irishman's rejoinder has a too familiar ring: "Be Jabers! you're like a praty, for all you're worth in the world is what's down in the ground." With this account of Mr. Sturgis's book I shall leave it, as a volume of extraordinary kind, written in a manner, as military narrative, all its own.

From picturesque writing of this description I turn to picturesqueness of another order. Those who delight in the placid narratives of the student and professional careers of artists, and those who do so are very many, will be pleased with "Sketches from Memory," by G. A. Storey, A.R.A. (Chatto and Windus). Mr. Storey has written because he has known many people worth writing about. Nearly everything that he says is interesting, and many things are mildly amusing. Thus we have Landseer, very anxious to see a "fine Landseer" announced as "on view within." The would-be vendor asks the long price of 2,000 guineas for it. "I could not take a shilling less," he says, touching his head; "he's gone, sir; he's out of his mind; he'll never paint another." Much of this kind of anecdote does Mr. Storey give us. Among his celebrities, he has preserved in his pages the memory of a strange metaphysical man, James Mathews Leigh, who in the early fifties kept an art school in Newman Street. Leigh lived among antique statues, arms, legs, and headless trunks in plaster, discoursing upon Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and the Epicureans, and protesting he cared for nothing but thought: "Cogito, ergo sum." Paris during the Revolution of 1848, and much of life in Spain, are described pleasantly enough in Mr. Storey's pages; the art movements of his time, too, and much else that the art lover will gladly read. An added charm of the pretty book lies in the many exceedingly attractive drawings from the author's hand which illustrate its pages.

* * * *

Now there are before me several volumes of practical value to a large section of the readers of this paper, though it is unnecessary to do much more than chronicle their appearance. All soldiers know the series of "Military Handbooks," originally edited by the late Major-General C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. Two important volumes in it have just appeared in new editions—"The Elements of Modern Tactics," by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson J. Shaw, M.A., the tenth edition, revised in accordance with radical changes lately made in the war establishments of our field army, and "Military Law," by Lieutenant-Colonel Sisson C. Pratt, late R.A., the thirteenth edition, also thoroughly revised. "German Passages for Unprepared Translation," arranged by Eduard Ehrke (Clarendon Press, Oxford), should be very useful to candidates for Army, Civil Service, and other examinations. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," with notes, edited by J. H. Flathes, M.A. (University Press, Cambridge), is another useful book for students.

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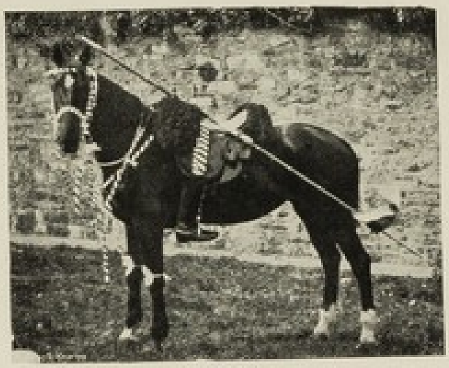
One of the chief effects of the recent war with Spain has been to lift the United States into a prominent place as a Sea Power. The new coat of arms, which has been designed by Mr. Park Benjamin for the Naval Service, and is to be carved on the front of the University Club House on Fifth Avenue, and raised aloft for the admiration of the graduates of Annapolis, represents a Roman galley in war array coming bows on, as you look at it, while an open book is in the base of the escutcheon. The crest is a hand grasping a trident, which, to use the words of English heralds, is held in pale, and appears to be couped, unless, like the hand that bears it, it disappears behind the shield, in fashion that would not commend itself to our Heralds' College. The motto is "Ex Scientia Tridens," which, being freely rendered, may be interpreted to mean that out of knowledge comes sea power. Now, America has certainly not been lacking in exponents of that force, and has indeed, in the person of Captain Mahan, given us the most discerning Naval historian of our time. These remarks are suggested to me by the appearance of three volumes on the "Navy in the Civil War" (Sampson Low and Co.), Captain Mahan himself dealing with the Gulf and inland waters, Mr. J. R. Soley with the blockade and the cruisers, and the late Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen with the Atlantic coast. All have shown themselves most capable and discerning writers, and these volumes may be very heartily commended. The publication of them is but one among many illustrations of the zeal with which Americans now turn their minds to things of the sea, for they are not new books, but were originally published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in 1883. The form which has been given to them in this new edition is excellent, and they are a most desirable addition to one's shelves. Captain Mahan, whose volume is characterised by his usual luminous capacity and admirable grouping of subjects, has dealt chiefly with official information, and the experiences of many correspondents. Mr. Soley has approached his part of the subject dispassionately, though he dealt with many matters that were, and still are, the subject of animated controversy. The late Admiral Ammen—the designer, it may be incidentally remarked, of the United States ram "Katahdin"—was an officer of original character, and had the advantage of having commanded a vessel with credit in the battle of Port Royal and in subsequent operations along the coast until May, 1863, and of having been present at the two bombardments of Fort Fisher. He therefore wrote with knowledge and effect. In short, the three volumes give an admirable account of the operations. They will be new to many English readers, but I shall not further discourse upon their merits or character here. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have now made a mark as Naval publishers, and I am glad that they give something of uniformity to the style in which they clothe their volumes. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

A Soldier's Funeral.

IT is difficult to imagine any scene at once so brilliant in pageantry and so touching in its pathos as that presented by a military funeral The last respects paid by his regiment to a dead comrade have something about them which impress the most cynical of onlookers, and that man must be indeed devoid of feeling who has not experienced a curious tightness about the throat when the flag-cloaked shell, that contains what was once a soldier, passes slowly to the tap of muffled drum.

Among soldiers, even perhaps more so than is the case with civilians, a funeral produces a gloom in a regiment the effects of which are felt by everyone. This is perhaps due to the fact that the death of a comrade comes closer home to the remainder of the men—who are, for the most part, like members of a happy family of boys—than a similar event does when an acquaintance in civilian life dies. Tommy has not much opportunity of showing his sorrow when one of his number is "struck out of mess," but he puts his whole soul into the one display of remembrance he is allowed to make. When it is announced in "Orders" that a funeral is to take place, the dead man's squadron provides the horse which is to follow the coffin. The preparation of this horse is at once a labour of love and a work of art. Every portion of the saddle is polished as if for a guard parade, and then the head collar, reins, stirrup leathers, surcingle, etc., are bound at regular intervals with white tape, to give the striped appearance shown in our first illustration. The squadron storekeeper always has a pair of rosettes to tie about the horse's knees, and he often provides the extra smart pair of jack boots which hang so suggestively and forlornly empty across the saddle.



A TROOP HORSE DRESSED TO FOLLOW THE COFFIN.

It is popularly supposed that the boots have been the property of the deceased and the horse that which he was wont to ride, but, alas for sentiment, this seldom is the case. In his love of effect Tommy finds a pair of boots which will take a good polish, and the best-looking black horse in the regiment follows all funerals as chief mourner. From the time the coffin leaves the mortuary to the moment when the farewell volleys ring out over the grave, a soldier's funeral impresses one strongly. The escort forms up in two ranks facing inwards, and as the coffin appears with the Union Jack for a pall and the helmet and sword of the dead half-hidden in a wealth of flowers, and is placed on the gun carriage, a salute is given. Then the advance party of the escort moves off with "arms reversed" and to the mournful boom of muffled



Photos. Copyright

AN ESCORT OF LANCERS.



H. & K.

DRAPED IN THE UNION JACK.

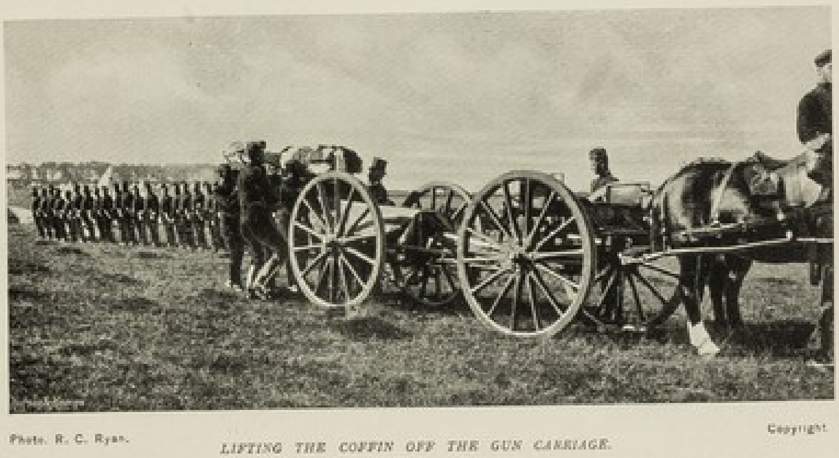


Photo. R. C. Ryan. Copyright

LIFTING THE COFFIN OFF THE GUN CARRIAGE.

drums and the wailing music of the "Dead March," the *cortège* leaves the barracks.

As the coffin approaches the guard, they turn out and salute, and every soldier not on duty stands at attention and throws his hand up to his cap as a last token of respect to the remains.

In the streets the people throng to watch as the procession files slowly past, and one sees hats doffed as the coffin passes — a custom which English people as a rule seem to reserve for military funerals. Arrived at the burying place, the service is read, and then, while the escort stands around, "resting on arms reversed," the coffin is committed to the grave and the usual religious ceremony takes place. Then the firing party is formed up, and at the word of command, "Fire three volleys in the air. Ready!" a rattle of breech-blocks breaks the silence.



"CARRIED MOURNFULLY INTO THE CHURCH."

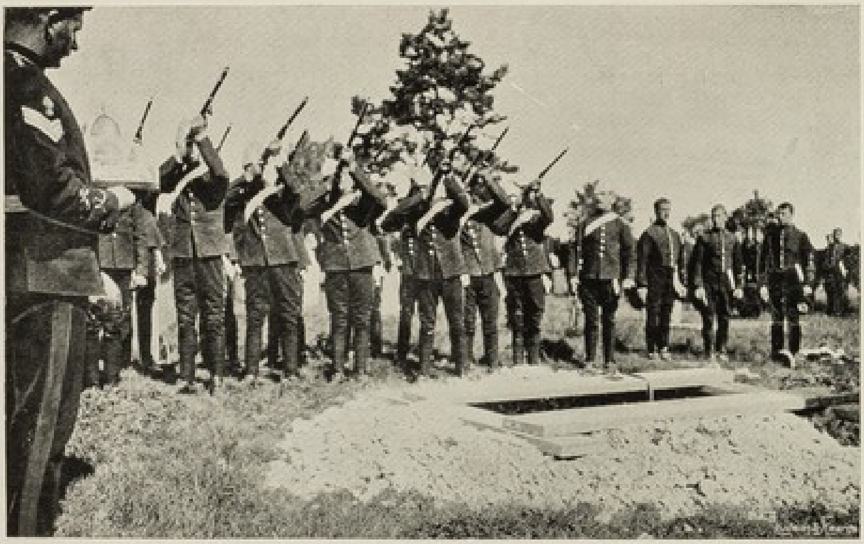
Another word of command, and the volley snaps out sharply, followed by a roll of the drums. This is repeated three times, and then the funeral is finished so far as the majority of the men are concerned, for custom ordains that the troops are not to be allowed to brood over the death of anyone of their number; to this end the liveliest of marches is played on the return journey to barracks. There is no more slow march and muffled drum, but a swinging lilt that helps forgetfulness of the scene just over. The fact of popular airs being played by a band which has just left a churchyard often strikes civilians as being hardly in the best of taste, but it really is an absolute necessity. As it is, a funeral often produces a very morbid tone in barracks—especially if the dead man had been very popular—and the ways of "single men in barracks" are so extraordinary that anything might happen when their nerves are in a high state of tension. It is to guard against any possible epidemic which such a state of mind might engender that "Come Where the Booze is Cheaper" or "The Rowdy-dowdy Boys" follows close on the heels of the "Dead March," and, trifling as it may seem, such music has its effect.



AT THE GRAVESIDE.

After all, Tommy is very human, and has his emotions — some of them perhaps more keenly alive —just as others.

The first three of the photographs here reproduced were taken in Ireland, and show how a soldier goes to his rest in times of peace when there is opportunity to accord the dead full honours. The remainder were taken at a funeral which occurred, not in wartime, but during the Army Manœuvres. In this case the full dress was not worn, as the troops were in manœuvre kit, and there was no time or convenience for "dressing" a horse, as in the case of the Lancer.

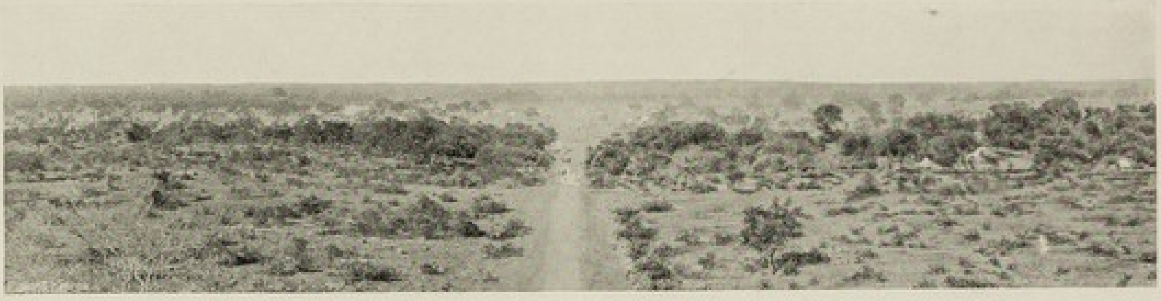


Photos. R. C. Ryan. Copyright.

THE LAST VOLLEY.

Through Northern India with a Horse Battery.

[From a Military Correspondent.]



THE CAVALRY CAMP AT DELHI.

NOWHERE more than in India does the soldier get in peace-time the practical training that in its conditions assimilate to actual war. One reason for this is that in his soldiering there he has to do a large share of route marching, and to spend a considerable portion of his time under canvas. This, moreover, quite apart from any of the frontier campaigns or quelling of tribal disturbances he may be called upon to undertake. This is scarcely to be wondered at when one considers at what vast distances apart the various military cantonments—and especially those at which British troops are placed—are situated.

A regiment may in the course of relief be bundled off to a station a thousand miles distant from the place that for the previous year or two had been its home. Take, for instance, the battery whose march is here illustrated. Up to this cold weather it had been stationed at Mhow, in Central India, the chief military station for the great State of Indore, with a population of a million and a territory as large as Wales. In the course of relief the battery is ordered away to Umballa, one of the largest military cantonments in the Punjab. This means roughly some 600 miles, and *en route* it has to attend the large camp formed for the cavalry manœuvres, at the expiration of which the battery will proceed to its final destination, where, unless its services are required for one of our periodical little wars, it will remain for the next year or two. For over three months, therefore, this smart battery of Horse Artillery will be practically living under war conditions. The men and officers will be under canvas, and the horses will never see the inside of a stable.

When the three months are over the battery will settle down for the hot weather at Umballa—and it knows how to be hot at Umballa—and will be, both men and animals, in the pink of condition to withstand the trying and enervating climate they will have to endure during the long months that follow. The camp of exercise that they will attend at



A "COFFEE SHOP."

Delhi is only one of the many that are always taking place in the winter season at the different military centres.

For instance, this cold season there has been, beside the cavalry camp at Delhi, other series of operations carried out in various parts of India, notably a big artillery force concentrated for practice at Hingoli, in the Bombay Presidency, where many of the batteries engaged used cordite for the first time.



THE HALFWAY HALT.

The camp here illustrated is the one at Delhi, to which Battery I of the Royal Horse Artillery is bound. The view of the camp is a panoramic one, and gives an excellent idea of its extent and the surroundings. It is situated just below the famous "Delhi ridge," from which for so many weary months, and under the most arduous conditions, both sanitary and climatic, the little British force beleaguered the great stronghold of the rebels, and from which the final storming took place. Over-topping the trees rises the monument to the many brave, and in many cases illustrious, heroes who succumbed to wounds or disease during the long beleaguerment. This great camp is under the supervision of Major-General Elliot, of the Indian Staff Corps, one of the youngest and most brilliant of our cavalry officers.

For manœuvre purposes the force is in two divisions. The camp of the Northern Division is shown on the right of the panorama, while some miles from it, and shown in the middle distance, is the camp of the Southern Division. Each division comprises three brigades, each of two regiments; it will thus be seen that a fair proportion of the cavalry in Northern India is getting useful training this cold season. The regiments employed are, of British cavalry, the 5th Dragoon Guards, 9th and 16th Lancers, and 11th Hussars; while the Native cavalry is represented by the 1st, 2nd, 5th, 8th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Bengal Cavalry, and the Ulwar Imperial Service Regiment of Lancers. To each division are attached two batteries of Horse Artillery, A and C to the



From Photos. *WATERING HORSES.* By a Military Officer.



THE "FEED" SOUNDED.



ENJOYING THEIR MEAL.

Northern, and H and our friends of I to the Southern Division. In truth a magnificent cavalry force, and one such as a cavalry general in this country rarely gets an opportunity of handling. No wonder is it that, with the training they get, the Indian Army has produced a body of cavalry officers second to none in the world.

The remaining eight illustrations are of incidents on the march of the I Battery Royal Horse Artillery from Mhow to the Delhi camp, and are eloquently descriptive of what life on the road in India is like. Troops on the march anywhere, and of any branch in the Service, are always an impressive and dramatic picture, but never does the pomp and glamour of war come home to one more realistically than when one meets on the road a battery of Horse Artillery, whether it be in a leafy English lane, or on the arid road traversing an Indian plain. My first picture represents a typical scene, the halt halfway on the day's march for coffee shop. In India, marching is always done in the early morning, whatever the season of the year. Camp is left at daylight, and the next halting place reached in the forenoon. Halfway, horses are watered and fed, and the men fall out to partake of the tea, coffee, and sandwiches, or bread and cheese, supplied in the coffee shop. My next picture shows the horses being cared for, watered, and fed at the halfway halt—an illustraion depicting the method in which the drivers' kits and the horse blankets are packed in field service marching order. For the rest, the battery has turned from the high road, which is above it, and on which can be seen two of the native bullock carts, so characteristic of Northern India, wending their way to some adjacent village. In the third picture, the horses are being watered on arrival in camp. For this purpose the canvas troughs have been sent on the night before, and have been erected near some well or stream, and are all filled and ready, awaiting the arrival of the battery in camp.

In the remaining pictures I give illustrations of the daily routine in camp. In the first two the way the animals are picketed, tended, and cared for, is well brought out. In one, you can at once recognise that the "Feed" has been sounded, for you can distinctly note the handsome beasts raising their heads and pricking their ears in recognition of the welcome sound. Looking at the other, you can almost hear the sound of chewing and swallowing as they get through their well-earned feed. Note on each horse the blanket strapped as a sun-guard for the spine, for even in mid-winter the mid-day sun in India is not to be trifled with. The next two have more reference to the human life of the camp. One shows a distinctly picturesque camping ground. In the rear are the light single-fly tents occupied by the men, in front of which are "parked" the guns and limbers. When the horses are seen to, the men rationed and fed, the guns and equipment cleaned, and all made ready for next day's march, the men get their rest and recreation, perhaps a little shooting, or a stroll to some neighbouring village or place of interest, with so many of which India abounds.



ISSUING FORAGE.

When on the march the Commissariat Department suppies a bakery, and the troops have their fresh bread daily, a vast improvement on the rough chupatties, or unleavened cakes, they would otherwise have to be content with. This is shown in my next illustration. The big oven, built of clay over iron ribs, is on the right of the tent as one looks at the picture, and inside the tent can be seen the last batch of the native baker's baking. Finally, in my last is seen the operation of weighing the grain and bran for the horses. This operation is in charge of a trustworthy non-commissioned officer, who draws daily and issues the forage allowance. The gram, the usual horse-grain feed in India, is ground in a mill which can be seen in the picture to the rear of the grain sacks, and it is then weighed out and issued to the sub-divisions. In short, the accompanying illustrations tell vividly the story of camp life in India, and I think your readers will consider them both strikingly picturesque and intensely interesting.



From Photos.

THE BAKERY.



A WAYSIDE CAMP.

By a Military Officer.

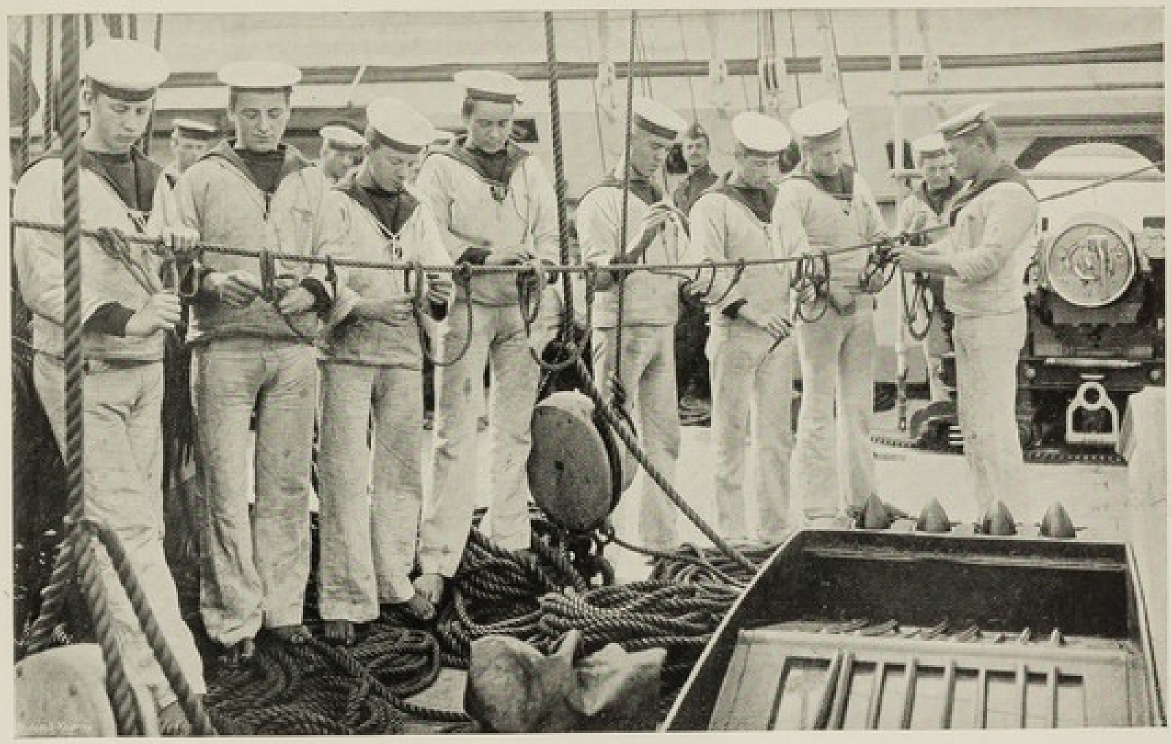


Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright

BENDS AND HITCHES.

Lads being instructed in the art of making what a landsman would generally term knots, but what at sea are known as knots, bends, and hitches, of which there are thirty or forty for a seaman to learn.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

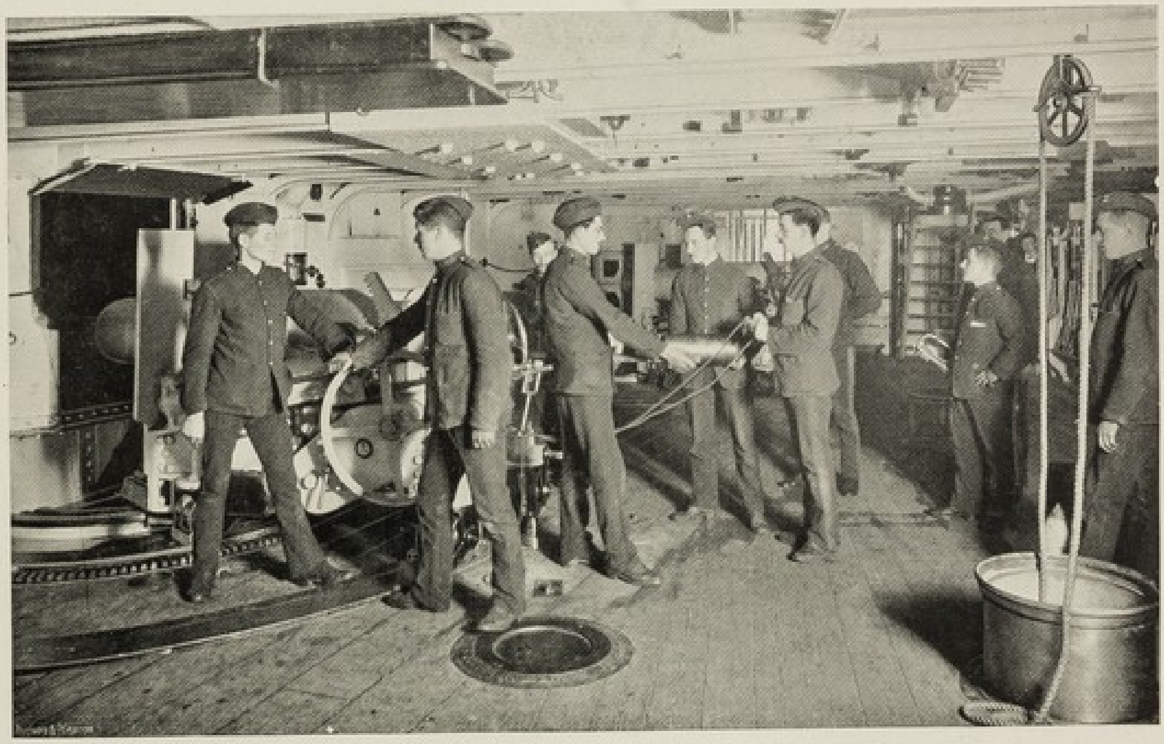


Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

MARINES AT GUN PRACTICE.

The crew of a 6-in. quick-firer at practice. This illustration depicts a gun's crew at the moment when the projectile is being entered at the gun's breech.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

Torpedo Training in the Mediterranean.

[From a Correspondent in the Mediterranean Squadron.]





PLATEA HARBOUR AND ANCHORAGE.

UP till comparatively recently the "Hecla" was the floating factory and torpedo depôt ship on the Mediterranean station. This vessel was an old merchant steamer, built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, and purchased into the Service. She was, of course, specially fitted for the work she had to do, but was at best a useful makeshift. She served, however, one very good purpose in demonstrating the great value of a craft of her kind, and the result was the building of the "Vulcan," which has now taken her place. This magnificent vessel is fitted with workshops, and carries every appliance for making, repairing, and renewing all torpedo and electrical gear used either in automobile torpedo work or for mining and counter-mining. She has a speed of 20 knots, and so can keep station with a squadron at any speed, or be rapidly detached to any point where her services may be required. Moreover, she is a powerful ship, either for offensive or defensive purposes. She is well protected by a steel turtle-back deck 2½-in. to 5-in. thick, and carries a powerful armament of medium and light quick-firers and machine guns. For attack she carries on her decks six second-class 60-ft. torpedo-boats. Moreover, she is fitted with every kind of stores for mining work, and carries two large counter-mining barges. The immense utility of a vessel of this type to a modern squadron is very evident; and in the Mediterranean the "Vulcan" plays a doubly important part, for from December to March she takes up her station at Platea, on the West Coast of Greece, and in that snug little harbour becomes practically the torpedo school of our great squadron. The first two illustrations show views of the harbour and anchorage at Platea. Here repair, two at a time, the ships of the squadron, that the officers and men may undergo a fortnight's training in mining and Whitehead torpedo work. One of the illustrations I send you shows the vessels in harbour at Platea for the course.



A DAINTY TOY.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

WHERE THE BUTTON IS PRESSED.

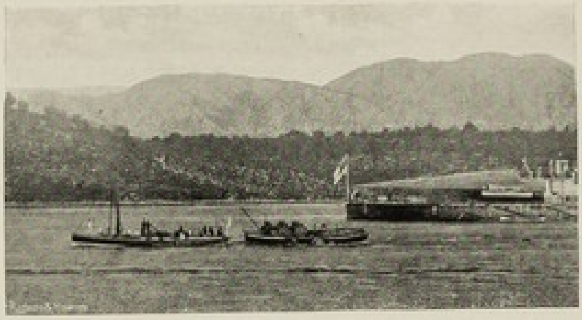
The one in the foreground is the "Vulcan," with beyond her the first-class battle-ship "Camperdown," while the "Scylla," a second-class cruiser, lies further up the harbour. My photographs also include good illustrations of the "Vulcan" herself and a group of her officers. Well in evidence in the former are the two mighty hydraulic cranes, one on each beam, used for lifting in and out the weighty torpedo-boats and big barges.

In another illustration the great crane is shown at work lifting out a torpedo-boat, and it will be noticed that its upper surface makes a magnificent lofty platform for a search-light.

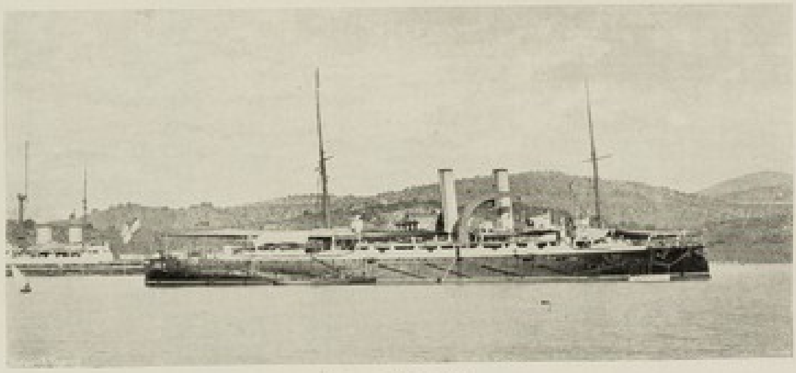
The group of officers comprises four lieutenants — of which grade the "Vulcan" carries seven, two for torpedo duty and one for navigating — and the captain of Marines. All are clad in the natty white uniform worn on hot stations.

While the various ships of the squadron are at Platea, the course their crews undergo comprises instruction in the defence of a harbour by a mine field, the running of Whitehead torpedoes from boats, telegraphy, and a night attack.

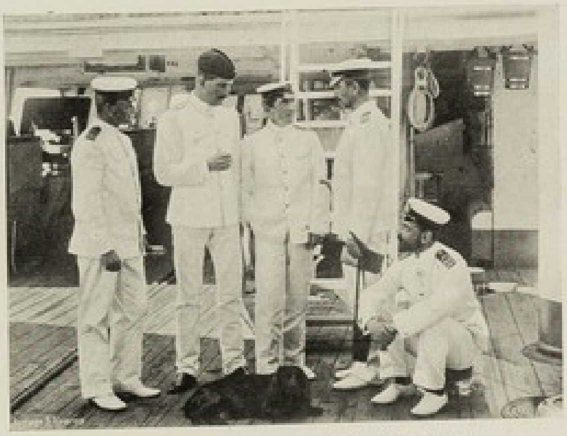
Each ship lays her own line of mines, the ends of the cables being taken to the station on shore, illustrated in one of my pictures, and from which the cables can be tested and the mines fired. Here also is located the "depression position finder," the operator of which follows the position of the enemy's ship and learns when she is exactly over the mine field. Then he presses the button, and the mine does the rest. Both my other pictures are also illustrative of the instructional course. In one we see a barge prepared for laying a line of counter-mines being towed away from the "Vulcan" by one of the torpedo-boats. In the other a group of midshipmen are under instruction in surveying work.



ABOUT TO LAY COUNTER-MINES.



THE "VULCAN."



SOME OFFICERS OF THE "VULCAN."



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

MIDDIES ASHORE AT WORK.

The night attack finishes the course. The torpedo-boats leave the harbour and go where they like until dark. The ship selected to be attacked gets out her torpedo-nets, warps her stern round so as to present as small a target as possible to a boat entering the harbour, and gets herself into a general state of defence. The mouth of the harbour is defended by patrol boats, and search-lights are landed on both sides of its entrance, so that their beams may play across the surface over which the torpedo-boats must pass.

A very ingenious attack was once made successfully on the "Hood." The harbour was so well defended that the chance of the boats getting in unseen was almost hopeless. There is, however, a bay separated from the harbour by a narrow neck of land. Into this a torpedo was towed, carried across the neck, and launched in the harbour. By using a Berthon collapsible boat it was towed out into the harbour, directed, and fired by three young officers, and only the fact of its being a dummy saved the "Hood" from destruction.

The tennis and football grounds and the cycle track laid out at Platea have already been described in your columns. There has, moreover, been made an excellent rifle range on the right side of the harbour, which has firing points up to 600-yds., disappearing targets, and all the latest Bisley improvements.

Once a week a sing-song is got up, and the excellent nigger minstrel troupe of the "Vulcan" is a tower of strength. There is also an amateur dramatic society, which has produced some wonderful histrionic talent. What with lots of amusement and entertainment afloat, and plenty of healthy recreation ashore, there is, therefore, no fear of all work and no play making Jack a dull boy at Platea.



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THE "JUPITER"—THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE MOST POWERFUL SQUADRON IN THE WORLD.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 26, 1841.—Capture of Bogue Forts in China by a squadron under Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer and a land force commanded by Major Pratt, 26th Regiment. Force composed of detachments of the 26th and 49th Regiments, portions of the 37th Madras Native Infantry and Bengal Volunteers, detachments of the Royal and Madras Artillery and Royal Marines, and a Naval brigade.

February 27, 1814.—Battle of Orthez, in the South of France. The British were commanded by the Marquis of Wellington, and the French —who were completely defeated—by Marshal Soult.

February 28, 1816.—Major-General Sir David Ochterlony defeated the Ghoorkas at Muckwanpore. The enemy eventually retired, with the loss of one gun. Force employed: 87th Regiment, some of the Bengal Artillery and Native troops.

March 1, 1816.—Action of Hurrearpore in the Nepaulese War. Defeat of the Ghoorkas. Troops present: 24th Regiment, 1st Battalion 18th Bengal Native Infantry, detachment of 2nd Battalion Bengal Native Infantry, Champara Light Infantry, and a detachment of Bengal Artillery. Colonel Kelly, C.B., commanded.

March 2, 1821.—Successful action at Beni Boo Ali (Persian Gulf). Troops employed: 65th, 1st Bombay Europeans, 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 13th, 18th, 21st Bombay Native Infantry, and a detachment of Bombay Sappers and Miners. Sir Lionel Smith commanded. The Beni Boo Ali Arabs were troublesome pirates, who had before been chastised. They resisted with desperate valour.

March 3, 1792.—Action near Brier's Creek. Officer commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost. Troops engaged: 60th, part of 71st, and battery of Royal Artillery.

March 4, 1791.—Attack by Tippoo Sultan's cavalry on the baggage of Lord Cornwallis's army near Bangalore repulsed.

FEBRUARY 25, 1813.—Reduction of Ponza Island, off the Neapolitan coast, by the "Thames," 32, Captain Charles Napier, and "Furieuse," 36, Captain William Mounsey. The ships silenced three batteries, and landed troops, whereupon the garrison surrendered.

February 27, 1841.—Forcing of the Whampoa defences, China, by the "Blenheim" and "Melville," 74's, two war steamers, and four rocket-boats. The shore defences were silenced and stormed, and forty war junks destroyed.

February 28, 1760. — Capture of Commodore Thurot's frigate squadron, off the North-east of Ireland, by the "Æolus," 32, Captain John Elliott, "Pallas" and "Brilliant," 36, Captains Michael Clements and James Loggie, after a fierce action.

March 1, 1799.—Capture of the French frigate "Forte," 44, by the British frigate "Sybille," 38, Captain Edward Cooke, off the mouth of the Hoogli river, after a fierce night battle. Captain Cooke was mortally wounded.

March 2, 1709.—Defeat of a French squadron of four ships, under Du Guay Trouin, by the "Vengeance," 70, Captain Anthony Toilet, "Hampshire," 60, Captain Hon. H. Maynard, and "Assistance," 50, Captain A. C. Tudor.

March 3, 1807.—Forcing of the Dardanelles, by Sir John Duckworth's squadron, on its return from off Constantinople. The Turkish batteries were enormously strong, and the squadron had to run the gauntlet under an extraordinarily heavy fire of huge stone shot.

March 4, 1676.—Sir John Narborough's attack on Tripoli, the boats of the English squadron, under Lieutenant Cloudesley Shovell, in a dashing attack surprising and firing the Tripolitan squadron at night in the harbour.

* * * *

DEEP regret is felt throughout the Service at the sudden death of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Edward Nairne, K.C.B., and especially is this the case in India, where comparatively recently he was acting for some months as Commander-in-Chief. Sir Charles Nairne, who was born in 1836, had seen over forty years of service, having joined the Royal Artillery in 1855. His first experience of active service was in the Indian Mutiny Campaign in 1857. Then he took part in the second Eusofzai Expedition in 1863, and in the Cabul Campaign in 1879. He earned the C.B. in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when he was mentioned in despatches. Sir Charles Nairne had also occupied several important posts in India, and was made Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army in 1893, and in the following year became the lieutenant-general commanding the forces in Bombay. *(See illustration on front page.)*

* * * *

OUR illustration of a regimental shoe-maker does not look very military, although the subject of it fills an important and very necessary position in the domestic arrangements of the regiment. The boots are supplied by the Government, but each regiment must mend its own. Repairs are naturally frequently needed, especially after manœuvres or route marching. Extra employment of this kind falls only to the lot of steady and intelligent soldiers, and the duties of tailor, shoe-maker, painter, carpenter, clerk, servant, and other posts are eagerly competed for by the men. One great reason why these extra employments are so valued is that men holding them, besides materially adding to their pay, escape many duties which are apt to become irksome and monotonous. Thus they get off doing guard work and also a good many drills; and for that reason these posts are only given to soldiers who are well up to their work, and intelligent enough not to forget it very readily. They also escape "fatigue" duty—tidying up, sweeping, etc.—work that has to be done every day as part of the day's duties for which there is no payment. *(See page 548.)*

* * * *

MANY and varied are the duties of sailors and Marines on board our modern ships of war. Landsmen are inclined to the belief that steam has rung the death-knell of seamanship, but this is a popular delusion, for seamanship is an art which embraces the management of all types of ships, whether dependent upon sails, or the less picturesque triple-expansion machinery of the present day. It is still one of the aims of Naval officers to make their men familiar with the manipulation of sails; and for many reasons, which need not be added here, sea-going training-ships, rigged in the old style, are still maintained in the Royal Navy. On another page is depicted a scene in the daily routine on board one of these vessels—a sea-going training-ship for young ordinary seamen. The lads are being instructed by a petty officer in the very necessary art of making bends and hitches. The instructor, it appears, has directed his pupils to make what is termed "a fisherman's bend," commonly used to secure a hawser to the ring of an anchor, and for many other purposes. There are between thirty and forty knots, bends, and hitches which the seaman has occasion to use, besides a few "fancy" knots, such as the "hangman's" and the "true lover's," which he will usually learn in addition. *(See page 557.)*

* * * *

ANOTHER illustration on page 557 speaks very well for itself, for it shows the actions of a gun's crew at the moment when the projectile is being entered at the breech of the weapon. The gun is a 6-in. quick-firer, on board the battle-ship "Sans Pareil," and this particular gun's crew is composed exclusively of Marines, under charge of a Marine officer. The crew of this effective gun consists of six men. Two, it will be seen, are grasping the handle of the training-winch, a third is about to insert the shot, while a fourth holds the lever by which the breech mechanism is opened and closed. The captain of the gun, who holds the electric firing-gear in his hand, is superintending the loading, whilst the last man on the further side of the gun is, for the moment, disengaged. The bugler, in rear, is required to sound the various "calls," such as "commence" and "cease fire," now always used instead of verbal words of command. The 6-in. quick-firer as here shown is the principal weapon in the secondary armament of all our latest battle-ships, and is carried by all the new cruisers. Its fire is very rapid and accurate, as may be judged from the fact that seven shots were recently fired from one of the guns on board the "Impérieuse" in two minutes, six shots striking the target.

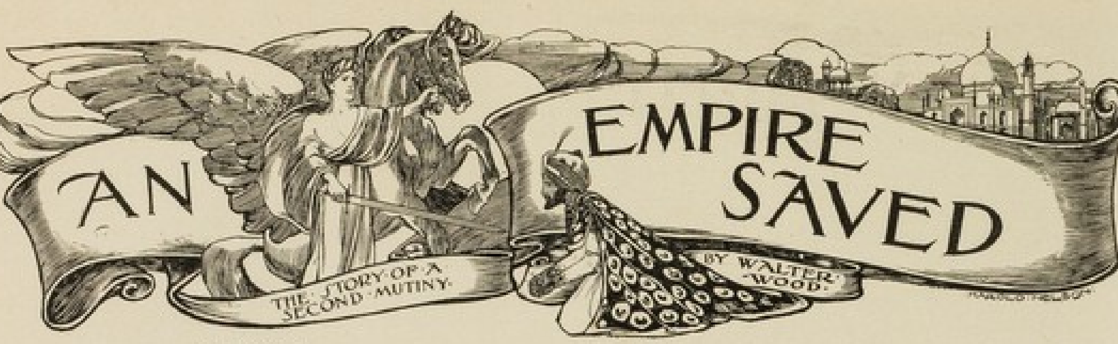
* * * *

THE "Jupiter," of which an illustration is given on page 560, is excellently typical of that splendidly homogeneous and most modern collection of battle-ships which go to make up the Channel Squadron. It is no exaggeration to say that the squadron, which comprises eight first-class battle-ships and five cruisers (two first, two second, and one third class), is without exception the most powerful single squadron that any nation in the world has ever put afloat, even in time of war. In illustrating the "Jupiter," one practically illustrates all the battle-ships of the squadron, for the two in it which differ somewhat, being of a little older type, are to be shortly replaced by two of the "Jupiter" class, identical with the rest of the squadron. The "Jupiter" and her sisters represent the present stage of the never-ceasing development of the modern battle-ship, and possess all that is most recent in protection, defensive power, auxiliary gear, and means of propulsion. She is commanded by Captain C. J. Barlow, an officer with a distinguished record.

* * * *

BRISTOL, in supporting its Crimea and Indian Mutiny Veteran Association, sets an example that might with great advantage be followed by every large town in the kingdom. Through its means valuable temporary help, in the shape of weekly grants, is given to many old veterans. These grants are given for three months at a time, and though individually small, they aggregate to a large sum as compared with the income of the association. For instance, last year, out of the total revenue of £406 2s. 3d., £245 18s. 6d. was distributed in this way. Nor is the association entirely supported by charity, for the members themselves subscribe to it. At the close of last year the membership of the institution numbered 151, and their subscriptions brought in to the funds nearly £21. I am glad to notice in the subscription list that both the local volunteers and the territorial battalion are generous subscribers, while I see also that the local branch of the Navy League gave the very munificent donation of £10. Nor is money only received. Gifts of warm clothing, tobacco, groceries, books and papers, and pictures and curios for the rooms at headquarters are given and most sincerely welcomed. These latter are at 13, Orchard Street, College Green, and the honorary secretary is Mr. Walter J. Paul.

THE EDITOR.



CHAPTER I.

The Sting of a Riding-crop.

A SMALL group of excited spectators were watching the open event at the annual sports of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, quartered at Nilgoa. Of these observers the chief persons were Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion, Green, his second in command, and Margaret Alexander, the major's niece. Their nerves were strained to the utmost pitch, for an unexpected thing was happening. Captain Reid, the adjutant, supposed to be invincible at tent-pegging, was in danger of coming in a bad second after Murrib Khan, the rissaldar-major of the 6th Trimulgherry Lancers, also stationed at Nilgoa. The two were pitted against each other in this exhibition of skill, and so far the Englishman had got the worst of it.

"I cannot understand it," said Barr, in a low voice, very disappointedly. "Reid must have lost his nerve, to be going down like this."

"His nerve's all right," the major answered. "But the plain fact seems to be that at this game the native is the better man."

"Impossible," returned his chief, almost angrily. He felt that he could not admit this on any consideration.

"But he is a smart, alert man," said the major.

"And isn't Reid?" demanded the colonel.

"Certainly," admitted Green, amiably. "What I mean is that Murrib Khan is a very strong opponent, even to Reid. Besides, he had a splendid training in England. He was educated there, you know, and distinguished himself in sports."

"It's lucky he stood high in something," answered Barr, still in a low voice, for he had no wish that those around him should hear what he was saying. "*I* don't think much of him."

"Another miss for Reid," remarked the major, dispassionately.

"You talk almost as if you were glad, uncle," said the girl, with a strong suspicion of vexation in her voice.

"Not a bit of it, Margaret," he replied, genially. "Only I don't see anything to make a fuss about. If the rissaldar-major is winning, he's winning, and I don't see why the fact shouldn't be admitted with a good grace. Ah! that improves Reid's chances!"

"Capital!" exclaimed the colonel, in a loud voice.

The native had for the first time missed his mark, and had gone headlong towards the little group before he could check his course. There was a look of such mingled anger and mortification on his face, that the three remarked upon it simultaneously, and in particular the girl had a feeling of repugnance, which she made no effort to restrain. She knew that the dark, handsome officer of Lancers was playing chiefly for her, and that it was to win her favour that he was exercising all the ability and strength he had. In her own mind she felt little doubt that he had sought on more than one occasion an opportunity of speaking to her alone, so that he might make his feelings known; but she had skilfully evaded such awkward and unpleasant meetings.

She saw him glance malignantly at Reid as he returned to the starting-point, and her dislike grew stronger. The adjutant, although not even the colonel or her uncle knew it for the present, was her *fiancé*, and his success was as momentous to her as it was to Reid himself.

The rissaldar-major came on once more, and in a little cloud of dust struck at his tiny target. He missed, and the lance, entering the ground deeply, was wrenched from his grasp

From the native troops who watched there arose no sound; but from the European soldiers who crowded against the rope fence there was a roar of ironical cheering, followed, an instant later, as the adjutant picked up the peg and flourished it gracefully round his head as he galloped, by a loud huzza. The game was over, and the Englishman had just won.

Reid, hot and happy, dismounted, and approached the group, while his servant took his horse away.

The colonel stepped impetuously forward and grasped his hand. "Well done," he said. "I congratulate you. I shouldn't have got over it for a week if you had lost."

Reid smiled his thanks, and looked questioningly at the girl. She gave him one swift, delighted glance, then continued talking with her uncle.

The Queen's tug-of-war team, who had been loitering suspiciously about, sidled respectfully up, and, having watched their opportunity, laid hold of the adjutant, and with unmusical singing of "He's a jolly good fellow," carried him shoulder high to his quarters.

Murrib Khan had seen the look of admiration from the girl, and noticed the display of genuine affection which the team, in common with all other members of the corps, had for the adjutant. That look, to his quick mind, revealed the fact that Reid was, or could be, an accepted suitor, and that his own efforts to win Margaret Alexander would be hopeless. Maddened by a rush of jealousy, and his pride wounded by his defeat, with the girl's love-look for another in his mind's eye, and the ironical cheers for himself and the genuine huzza for his opponent ringing in his ears, he walked after his syce to the stables.

The syce, a silent, youthful servant, who had suffered long at his master's hands, saw Murrib Khan approaching, and a great fear seized him. He busied himself about the horse, and pretended not to notice that the rissaldar-major was standing beside him. He saw the cruel gleam in his dark eyes, and trembled. It was the more ominous that his master maintained silence. Once or twice Murrib Khan tried to speak, but his anger choked his words. He heard the strains of the verse which the men who had shouldered Reid were singing, and was again strongly reminded of his own failure and the adjutant's success.

In a frenzy of passion he raised his clenched fist, and with all his force struck the meek face which was turned pleadingly towards him. He wanted an outlet for his rage, and was relieved when he saw what he had done. The syce uttered a low cry, and put up his hands as a protection to his face. The blood trickled through the fingers, and Murrib Khan smiled at the sight of it.

His anger being somewhat lessened by his attack, even upon a creature who could not retaliate, he turned, and, without having uttered a word, walked off to his own quarters.

By this time the spectators, the sports being finished, were dispersing, and the colonel, Green, and Margaret strolled towards the European quarters, elated at the victory of their countryman and friend.

Murrib Khan watched them from a window, and saw that Barr and Green entered the ante-room, and that the girl loitered about, as if taking the air. But he noticed that she glanced more than once in the direction of the adjutant's quarters, and that soon Reid, in uniform again, came out and joined her.

Still watching them as they strolled to and fro, Murrib Khan observed his syce, who had left the stable, deliberately walk up to and claim the attention of Reid.

The adjutant and the girl stopped, and the rissaldar-major saw that beyond all question the youth was telling them of what had happened in the stable. He took a pair of field-glasses from a case near him, and steadily scanned the faces of the Englishman and Margaret, which were turned towards him. He noticed that the man's darkened, and that on the other, the fair, fresh, handsome features of a large-souled, spirited girl, there was a look of pity and contempt.

Murrib Khan, stung by the look, and almost persuaded that he heard the words of scorn which he felt certain must accompany it, put down his glasses, and hurriedly proceeded with his dressing.

By the time he had finished he was himself again, a polished, collected man, who hid the real cruelty of his disposition under a smiling and amiable exterior. He strolled towards the stable, which was deserted except for the syce,

who had returned and resumed his work, and who now looked sullenly and defiantly at his master.

The rissaldar-major was smoking a cigarette, and as he knocked the ash off with his riding-crop he got between his syce and the door.

"So," he said, speaking in the vernacular, "the son of a pig has spoken with the captain sahib."

The boy winced and trembled. The bruised and swollen lips moved, but no sound came from them. Terror kept him dumb when he saw that what he had done was known, and noticed the pitiless anger of the towering figure near him.

"It is written," said Murrib Khan, "that the faithless servant may be chastised by his master even unto death; but the master is merciful, and will not seek his pound of flesh."

As he spoke he threw away his cigarette, and raised his riding-crop. "I will teach you," he said, with a cold determination which was far more terrifying than an angry outburst, "that you have but one master, and that if you do this again your tongue will follow the teeth which I notice are missing. For the present you shall have a taste of what will happen if you forget what I have said."

He seized the trembling figure, and held it in a relentless grip with his left hand. The strong, supple fingers pressed into the shrinking shoulder until the flesh turned livid, while the right hand rained blows with the riding-crop upon the almost unprotected back.

At first the syce made no attempt to escape, and did not speak; but patient and enduring though he was, he was capable of being roused to a sense of wrong. He was roused now, and by a great effort managed to escape from his captor. He dashed towards the open door, but Murrib Khan tripped him up as he ran, and once more held him cruelly and raised his weapon. He was blinded by fury, and struck repeatedly and so hard that the syce swooned in his grip. Before he fainted, smarting as he was with his punishment, he gasped that he was the servant not of a man, but of a devil—or worse.

The taunt nearly cost him his life. Insane with passion, Murrib Khan hesitated for a moment, uncertain what to do. Excited by the commotion, the horse was struggling restlessly in his stall, and at times kicking savagely. Like a flash it occurred to the rissaldar-major that he could be revenged by bringing about the syce's death, and at the same time remove all suspicion from himself, by the simple method of letting the charger deal a fatal blow.

He stooped, and began to push the senseless body within reach of the deadly hoofs. As he was doing so, two figures appeared in the doorway, and Murrib Khan, turning angrily round, met the astonished and enquiring gaze of Reid and Margaret.

"What is wrong?" asked the adjutant, stepping unceremoniously into the stable.

"Wrong?" replied the rissaldar-major, promptly. "You may well ask. But for my timely appearance this vicious brute would have kicked the brains out of my poor faithful syce. He has been knocked down, and I was just in time to pull him away. Poor fellow!" he added, with an amazing affectation of tender solicitude. "I must have him seen to by one of our own apothecaries."

"I think," said Reid, "he had better come into our hospital, so that Dr. Murray can attend to him."

Suspicious though he was, he was not certain, in the doubtful light of the stable, that the rissaldar-major's story was not true; but the difficulty was overcome by the syce regaining consciousness and struggling to his feet. He was tough and hardy, in spite of his lean frame, and had had too much of the whip and other harsh treatment to be for long prostrated by this unusually severe administration of his master's fist and riding-crop. The syce made use of his tongue by there and then declaring that, rather than remain the servant for a moment longer of the rissaldar-major, he would die by his own hand.

Reid was a man of prompt action. He knew that to argue with Murrib Khan, cunning, prompt, and treacherous, would be to give him time to think how best he could escape from the position in which he had been found and trapped. Before the master could collect himself, Reid had told the servant to go at once to Dr. Murray and have his injuries attended to.

"And perhaps, Miss Alexander," added the adjutant, "you will go with him to the doctor, so that he shall not lose his way."

The girl saw and took the gentle hint, and she and the syce walked off together. It was, she considered, desirable that anything which Murrib Khan and the adjutant might have to say to each other just then should not be overheard by anyone. Certainly it was necessary that for the present the syce should be in a place of safety.

CHAPTER II.

Retaliation.

The two men faced each other in the doubtful light, the Englishman tall, straight, resolute of bearing, in the workman-like khaki uniform; the Indian tall also, and supple, in the picturesque garb of the native soldier of the East. Murrib Khan had smoothed his features, and they were now unruffled after the storm which had passed over them so recently. He glanced at the bronzed, strong face of Reid, and in his soul could not wonder that such a man should find favour even with a handsome girl like Margaret Alexander, who could have the pick of the bachelor officers on the station for the asking.

Much as he hated a bully, Reid detested a liar more, and now that he had found the rissaldar-major to be both, he was not disposed to be too ceremonious in his conduct.

"We — Miss Alexander and myself," he explained, "were drawn here by a strange noise. We were walking in this direction, and so came on, to see what the matter was."

"Happily I was before you," said Murrib Khan, smoothly and with a smile. "But it pleases me to know that my servant has such loyal friends." There was a sneer in the last sentence which the adjutant did not notice.

"It was a mere matter of humanity," answered Reid. "I heard the noise and came. Evidently you were here first."

"The syce is unlucky to-day," continued Murrib Khan. "I find that he had already been kicked in the face by Pertab here. If my charger goes on like this I shall have to part with him."

Reid, knowing what he did, stared at the explanation of the syce's missing teeth and damaged lips. He would have turned and walked contemptuously away, but believing that the rissaldar-major was ignorant of the syce's confession, he felt that he must act warily, and not involve the servant in more punishment and persecution. He tried hard to keep up a conversation, but the effort was more severe than he liked, and he speedily found an excuse for leaving the rissaldar-major and going into the hospital. He sought out the senior surgeon, and learned that he had made short work of the patient. "He was more hurt in his feelings than in his body," said Murray, "and Miss Alexander is a good deal better doctor in that line than I am. The lad's gone off with her, and I've no doubt that by this time she's pretty well soothed him, and packed him off to his kind-hearted employer. The syce didn't say anything, but I should think he must have been struck on the mouth by somebody. Perhaps he's had an argument with one of our own men, and got the worst of it; they mostly do. If you want the young lady, you'll find her near her uncle's quarters. That's the message I was to give you. She seems pretty much interested in you," hazarded the surgeon. But Reid volunteered no answer except "Thanks."

He left the hospital in a somewhat disturbed condition. He had no wish, for many reasons, to make an enemy of Murrib Khan, whose aspirations concerning Margaret he knew of, and yet he had seen enough to satisfy him that for the future it would be a case of smouldering, if not active, hostilities between them. The rissaldar-major might forgive him for his defeat at sport, but would probably never overlook



"You shall have a taste of what will happen."

his obvious victory in love. For a little while Reid was strongly tempted to go and inform Major Green of the actual state of affairs; but remembering that for the present nothing was to be said by either him or Margaret, in view of the known objection to married officers and soldiers which the colonel and his second held in common, he restrained his impatience, and it disappeared entirely when he joined Margaret, who had again come on to the parade. In her presence he soon forgot his irritation, and was disposed to admit that perhaps the rissaldar-major had good cause for feeling sore in losing a prize for which he could not now dare to ask.

"The syce must go back to his master, after all," said Reid, in taking leave of Margaret. "It would never do to appear to be parties to his insubordination. At any rate, I am afraid that neither you nor I can afford to make an enemy of a powerful man like that. If the lad really wants to bolt, though, I am not unwilling to give him a lift out of these dominions to the extent of a few rupees."

Before the day was over he saw that the syce had returned to his master, and being a very busy man, the incident of the ill-treatment, and even the triumph of the afternoon, passed out of his memory for the time being.

It was not until the afternoon of the next day that he again saw Margaret. He was crossing the parade when he noticed her, and promptly halted until they could speak.

She was not the girl to show alarm or fear without good cause, but as she approached he saw that she was as much disturbed as her nature allowed.

"What's the matter?" he asked, abruptly. "You look as if someone had told you a terrifying ghost story."

He laughed, but became grave at once on seeing that she made no gay response.

"I have heard something worse than many ghost stories," she answered.

"And who is the romancer?" asked Reid, still appearing to make light of the matter.

"If we walk about as unconcernedly as we can, and take care that no one hears us," she replied, quickly, "I will tell you what I have been told by the syce."

They looked about them, and seeing that they were quite alone, she began. "I am going to tell you all I have to say as shortly as I can, because every second is precious to us now. You know how cruelly the syce was beaten yesterday by Murrib Khan? That was done without the slightest reason, for the poor lad had not said a word to his master. I suppose it must have been the rissaldar-major's rage at your victory, which put him into such an ungovernable temper that he had to strike the first person he could, by way of soothing his feelings. The syce would have forgotten that soon, but the whip was more than he could bear—he remembered the sting of it; and although he returned to his master, as you told him he must, he determined to be revenged as soon as he could. He has shown his gratitude this afternoon, which was as soon as he could do it, by telling me of a secret meeting between his master and Blevotsky, the stranger who has been at Nilgoa for some weeks, and of whom no one knows anything, except that he is a friend of Murrib Khan's. The lad knows that it is as much as his life is worth if he is found out, but our arrival at the stable and saving him has made him run even that risk.

"Last night he was looking for something in his master's quarters, when he heard him and the Russian coming from the native mess, where they had been dining. He was afraid of being thrashed by Murrib Khan for being in the room at that time, and as he could not get away without being seen, he hid himself in a curtained recess where his master keeps odds and ends. The boy thought they would soon go, but they settled themselves for a long talk, and drank and smoked hard. Their sole conversation, if the syce speaks the truth, was about me——"

Reid turned abruptly, and in astonishment looked at his companion. She raised her hand as a sign that he was not to speak, and continued—"Me—and a mutiny."

"An extraordinary combination!" exclaimed Reid.

"I'm speaking quite frankly," continued Margaret, "and as if I were some other woman instead of the one they were discussing. Murrib said that he had been doubly beaten that afternoon—that he had lost the match he had set his heart on winning, and had also seen beyond all doubt that he could not hope to win the only woman in the world he wanted. 'And so,' said Blevotsky, 'you will choose the other prize?' There was a long silence, and then the rissaldar-major said he would. 'And it will be the richer,' said the Russian. But Murrib Khan did not answer.

"Then they talked more in detail of what was to be done. The native troops here, it seems, have been worked upon in secret for a long time——"

"They are believed to have been tampered with to some extent," interrupted Reid, "but no one supposed the matter was serious."

"Blevotsky put it that the harvest was ready to be gathered."

"And in the rissaldar-major," commented the adjutant, bitterly, "there is evidently a fit reaper."

"If the syce speaks the truth, and for my own part I believe every word he says—you know what a sharp, observant fellow he is—Murrib Khan is to be the leader in another mutiny in this part of India. Nilgoa has been chosen for the outbreak, because the Queen's is the only European regiment here, and we are far from reinforcements. Of that the lad is certain. He remembered all he could of the conversation, which he says was in Hindostani, and which he heard from first to last without being discovered."

"A lucky thing for him!" said Reid. "But does not Murrib Khan suspect the syce of knowing something of all this?"

"If he did, do you think he would allow him to be at large?"

"Where is the lad? I must see him," said the adjutant. "If, as he says, the rising is to take place to-night, we are in bad case indeed, and must not lose a second in preparing for the worst. There is not a place in India which would suit their purpose better than Nilgoa, cut off, as we really are, from the rest of the world."

"You will find him waiting for you in your quarters," she replied. "I told him to go straight there, so that you could question him. Now I am leaving you. Thank God, we shall not be taken unawares, at any rate!"

She walked bravely off, although the brightness and happiness seemed to have gone out of her life, and a heavy cloud appeared to cast a shadow over all things at Nilgoa.

Reid found the syce awaiting him, calm and determined. The lad had made his final choice of friends, had mapped out his course in this time of peril, and was resolved that at any cost he would prove of faithful service to the people who had shown him more kindness than those of his own blood and belief. He had seen enough to know that to the appearance of the adjutant on the previous afternoon he owed his life; and this had made him determine, by way of showing his gratitude, to reveal the dangerous and momentous conspiracy with which he had become acquainted by so unexpected a chance.

What he had told Margaret he repeated to the officer. Time after time Reid tried to trap him into a contradiction or confusion, but failed. Not even on the minutest point was he at fault, and knowing that there were several things which the syce could have learned only by overhearing talk like that which would pass between such a man as the rissaldar-major and the Russian, he was at last persuaded that the revelation, even if the cause of it was retaliation for a wrong sustained, was of an importance so grave that steps must be taken instantly to deal with it. He got the syce's word that on no consideration would he leave the shelter of Reid's quarters until the adjutant gave him authority to do so, and went forthwith in search of the colonel. Before leaving he made certain that for the present one feature of the revelation should not become known to the commanding officer, and that was the fact that Margaret was in any way a contributory cause to the rising. He felt that the knowledge could answer no useful purpose to the colonel, who was apt to allow his dislike for women to betray him into acts that savoured strongly of injustice. Reid warned the syce on the point, and he, proud of the confidence shown in him, and being quick-witted enough to see that it strengthened his own position with his protectors—Reid and Margaret—fell readily enough into the trifling conspiracy.

Barr was alone in the ante-room, and in a low voice Reid made known that he had urgent private business to discuss.

The colonel looked round. "This place," he said, "will do as well as any other. There's not a soul about. Now what is it?"

The adjutant repeated what he had heard. The colonel's face hardened as he listened. "I must see the boy myself," he said. "We will deal with him together. You had better go first, and I will follow in a minute or two, so that if anyone should be prying about, they will not suspect anything."

Questioning the syce together, as they did question him, the colonel and the adjutant did not succeed in shaking his story, which confined itself now solely to the projected rising, Margaret having no part in it. At last the commanding officer had to admit in his own mind that he and his battalion were in a situation of the utmost peril. So suddenly had the evil come upon them, that for the present, cool and resourceful as he was, he could see no method of escaping from the danger.

(To be continued.)



Per Mare, Per Terram.

A PICTORIAL RECORD BY MANY HANDS.



Photo. J. Thomson
LT.-GEN. SIR HY. BRACKENBURY, R.A., K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, who has now taken up the onerous duties which appertain to the Inspector-General of Ordnance, joined the Service just prior to the Indian Mutiny, and had his baptism of fire during those dire days. A dozen years later he was witnessing the greatest campaign of the century, for during the Franco-German War he was detached as a Government official to the service of the British National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded. His services in this capacity earned him honours from the French, Bavarian, and German Governments. Since then he has distinguished himself in that ample field for the soldier—Africa. He was Wolseley's assistant-military secretary in the Ashanti Campaign, and earned his brevet majority, his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy coming to him a few years later for service under the same chief in South Africa, where he saw his full share of campaigning in 1879-80. He was again with Wolseley in the Soudan Campaign of 1885, where he was deputy-adjutant and quartermaster-general, and succeeded to the command of the Nile Column after the death of the gallant Earle at Kirbekan, his services in this campaign earning for him his promotion to major-general for distinguished service in the field.

HERE is a typical picture of Scotch soldiers in a thoroughly Scotch environment. It is the gateway of Edinburgh Castle, with a group of the senior and most celebrated Scotch regiment, the Royal Highlanders, better known to the man in the street as the Black Watch. The corporal, just under the archway of the entrance, and the two men standing by him, wear that most picturesque of uniforms, the white undress jacket, worn only by the Guards and the Highland kilted regiments. White is rare as a military uniform, but, when worn by men of soldierly bearing, one of the most becoming. No one who saw the Jubilee of 1887 will ever forget the striking appearance of the late Emperor Frederick, then the Crown Prince of Germany, in the all-white uniform of his Cuirassier regiment. The sentry and the bugler of the guard wear the full dress Highland kit, and the gateway of the historical old castle is a fitting frame for the group. One has only to glance at the picture to fully understand the pride the Scotch take in their national regiments. Few, if any, regiments have more glorious histories, in none are the national and territorial associations and traditions more jealously guarded, and in no regiment more so than in the Black Watch. As is usual about barracks, a dog is in evidence, and we can see quite enough of the fox-terrier in the corner to recognise that he is a "well-bred 'un," and, from the broadness of his back and general air of sleekiness, a general pet that is a bit pampered.



Photo, Wanless. Copyright.
"ON GUARD"—BLACK WATCH AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.

OUR next illustration also represents a castle gateway, but this time it is one of Sassenach origin, for it is the gateway of the castle at Scarborough, and the bold warriors emerging from it are a battalion of the Durham Artillery.



Photo, V. anless Copyright.
AN HISTORIC BUILDING.

Durham has always been a strong county for the production of militia and volunteers. The county gives no less than two militia and five volunteer battalions to its territorial regiment, the Durham Light Infantry, while it reinforces the Western Division of the Royal Artillery with five regiments, one of militia and four of volunteers. One of these latter it is that we see emerging, in all the pomp and panoply of war, from the gateway of the old fortress. Scarborough, it may be noted, is one of the two depôts of the Western Division, the other being Plymouth, and the militia and volunteer artillery attached to the division are drawn either from Cornwall, Devon, and Wales, or from Durham, Northumberland, and Yorkshire.

A SMART and appropriate device is that the great torpedo school at Portsmouth has adopted for its badge. The whole is of good heraldic design, and nothing could be more appropriate than the crossed torpedoes superimposed on

a contact mine. The Naval crown, which comes above the main emblems, is one of the oldest heraldic devices extant, for it represents the Roman crown given for service at sea. It was made of gold, and consisted of prows of galleys and sails placed upon the rim or circle alternately. When the Navy adopted it, the sterns of ships replaced the prows of galleys. The motto, "Ver non semper viret," is that of the historic family of which the old admiral who, by the way, made the biggest haul of prize-money that the Navy ever earned in one lump, was a scion. Roughly translated, it may be read, "The Vernon always comes out top," and the record of the men the school has trained for torpedo experts, both on the quarter-deck and under the forecastle, fully bears out their proud boast.



Photo. Cozens. Copyright.
THE "VERNON'S" BADGE.

PERHAPS no town in the Empire, whether they have or have not visited it, is better known to the majority of the British people than the greatest and most celebrated of our Naval ports. Ever since the days of the first Tudor monarch—for it was Henry VII. who gave to England its greatest Naval dockyard—the town has been one of the most notable in our history; ever since there was a fleet, in the modern sense of the word, Portsmouth has been our greatest Naval arsenal, and the main headquarters and rendezvous of the British Navy. Over and over again have mighty fleets sailed from its historic waters, to add fresh lustre to the flag they served under and the great Service of which they were a part.

Our two illustrations give most typical glimpses of Portsmouth, the under one being Portsmouth Hard, and the other Gosport Hard. The former, more generally known locally as "The Common Hard," was up till 1792 a portion of what was known as Portsmouth Common, and is now Portsea. From a desolate, unoccupied spot, it became a residential district in the time of Queen Anne, when the shipwrights commenced to build dwellings here, so as to be near their work. At first the authorities raised objections, as they were afraid the erection of houses might interfere with the defence of the dockyard, but Prince George of Denmark interceded on behalf of the shipwrights and to commemorate his kindness and consideration, the first regularly-built street in Portsea is to this day known as Prince George Street.



Photo. Cribb. GOSPORT HARD. Copyright.

"Hard," we may mention, is simply the term applied to that portion of a shore turned from mud into solid land, made hard, in fact, to be suitable for a landing-place; in other words, recovered foreshore. The Portsmouth Hard runs from the gun wharf gates to the main gates of the dockyard, and fronts the harbour, the view across which is, however, somewhat interfered with by the railway extension into the dockyard. Gosport lies at the other side of the harbour, and can be reached either by steam launch or by the floating bridge from Portsmouth Point. This latter structure can carry as many as forty vehicles and 500 passengers without inconvenience, and is kept to its true course by chains that stretch across the harbour. As will be seen in our illustration, the view from Gosport side is one of the finest that can be obtained of the harbour and its entrance. On the opposite shore, stretching away to the left, is the great dockyard, with its mass of shipping, basins, docks, and buildings; then Portsea, fronted by the Hard; then the picturesque gun wharf, sacred to Naval and Military stores, next, the quaint old buildings at Point, and the narrow entrance to the harbour, and right away outside the forts at Spithead.

On the Gosport side, the Block House Fort at the harbour end of the great sea wall guards the entrance, while inside it is the mouth of the Haslar Creek, off which lies the training-ship "St. Vincent." At the Gosport side also are the two great establishments, the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, and the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, which latter is to the senior Service what Netley is to the junior.

For the benefit of our readers of antiquarian taste we may state that Gosport, or "God's port," was the name conferred on the place by Henry, Bishop of Blois, in 1158. Finding shelter there from a great storm, he christened the place as above, obtained a charter for it, with the right of holding a market weekly, and two fairs in the course of the year.

WITH the recent news from the Congo Free State still fresh in our recollection, the illustration here given is one of special interest, for it represents the men who, under their white leaders, are standing the brunt of the very serious revolt and uprising now taking place in the most wild and inaccessible regions of the State territory.

The tribes in revolt are the Bakussus and Batetelas, and are amongst the most warlike and intelligent of the Central African tribes. As troops, they aided the Congo Free State in the subjection



Photo. PORTSMOUTH HARD. Copyright.

of the Lualaba country, but now for some local grievances are in open revolt. The men whose portraits we here reproduce are part of the force now employed in their subjugation.

Fine sturdy blacks they look, and evidently excellent fighting material. The uniform of dark blouse and knickerbockers, with the tasselled fez, is smart and workmanlike, but we confess that the long black thread stockings scarcely strike the eye as soldier-like. The boots, however, are excellent, and the addition of long gaiters would palliate the objectionable stockings. That eventually the Congo Free



Photo. Maurin. Copyright.
NATIVE TROOPS OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

State will rise superior to all its difficulties is, of course, the hope of everyone interested in the development and opening up to civilisation of Central Africa. With troops of the fine physique of those here shown, well led, and kept under proper control by European officers, the Congo Free State should eventually successfully bear its share of "the white man's burden."

CAPTAIN W. EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE has recently been appointed to fill the position of Superintendent of Gymnasia at the great Irish Aldershot, the Curragh of Kildare.

No man could be better fitted for the task, for he is one of the ablest athletes of the British Army, which is saying a very great deal He has been champion amateur heavy-weight boxer, and, we believe, champion swordsman, of the British Army. To properly teach men how to use their muscles to the best advantage is one of the main duties of the gymnasia staff of the Army, and, to do this, an elementary knowledge of anatomy is not only advisable but necessary.

Our photographer has caught Captain Edgeworth-Johnstone giving a lecture in anatomy to a group of officers and instructors, the former grouped on the right of the picture, the latter on the left. All, it will be seen by their costumes,



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.
A LESSON IN ANATOMY.

have either just finished or are about to undertake some gymnastic practice.

Captain Edgeworth-Johnstone is, of course, the officer pointing out the structural beauties of the gentleman in the box who is the object of the lecture. Many years' service on the West Coast of Africa seem to have had very little effect on his stalwart frame, for he has seen no less than three campaigns in that most trying country, between the years 1887 and 1892.

IN our issue of January 28 we gave a portrait of Colonel Mackinnon, the late secretary of the National Rifle Association. The Council now propose to appoint as his successor an officer who must reside permanently at Bisley, and give his whole time to the business of the Association. It has also appointed as assistant-secretary in London, Captain M. C. Matthews, 2nd V.B. the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent).



Photo. Wayland.
THE ASSIST.-SEC. OF THE N.R.A.

Since 1883 he has been connected with the National Rifle Association, either as range officer or assistant in the executive department. He is a solicitor in the City, and typical of the hard-working business men who have thrown their whole soul into volunteering. He was a cadet in the London Rifle Brigade in 1878, joined the University Corps when he went up to Cambridge, and served through all ranks until attaining that of captain. In 1884, coming to town, he resigned his commission and joined the "Artists" as a private, and served through all ranks, being promoted to colour-sergeant in 1890. In the same year he joined his present corps as lieutenant, and became captain in 1895. To men like Captain Matthews the volunteer service owes much.

THE accompanying portrait of the Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is one of, if not, the latest taken. The late Prince, whose death in the prime of early manhood throws not only our own but several of the principal Courts of Europe into mourning, was destined to a military career,



Photo. Ellis. Copyright.
THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED.

and it is worth noting that probably his earliest commission was a British one, though, had he survived, his military service would, of course, have continued in the Army of the Empire of which he was a subject and an hereditary Prince. While yet quite a lad, he held a commission in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, and his name figures in the last Army List as a captain in that regiment. In the German Army he was a lieutenant in the 1st Prussian Guards, and also of the same rank *à la suite* in the Thuringian (or 95th) Regiment. In the Russian Army he was also an *à la suite* lieutenant in the Jamburg Dragoon Regiment. The deepest sympathy has been felt for H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and for the Duchess in their great sorrow and sad bereavement.



Photo. Bruckhof. Copyright

CANADA'S WINTER PORT.

ST JOHN, New Brunswick, has rapidly risen to the position of the chief winter port of Canada, and one whose importance fully entitles it to the claim it makes, viz., that it has solved the problem of Canadian trade through Canadian channels. In fact there is now no necessity, during the period when navigation is closed on the St. Lawrence, of carrying on the Canadian import and export trade through United States ports. Any day in the great harbour, where there is no difficulty regarding depth of water—at dead low tide there is 28-ft. of water in the docks—may be seen half-a-dozen great ocean steamers running in size up to 8,000 tons, and not infrequently the white ensign flying from one of the largest ships of Her Majesty's Navy on the North American station. All this is practically the creation of the last few years, for it was only in 1885 that the Canadian Parliament decided to subsidise lines of steam-ships between St. John and Liverpool, and to enlarge the existing service between St. John and London. Since then subsidies have been granted to lines running to Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin, and Manchester has now been added to the list.



Photo. W. M. Crockett Copyright

THE DRUMMERS' ROOM, PLYMOUTH DIVISION R.M.L.I., AT CHRISTMAS.

THE Queen has authorised the newly-created Royal Army Medical Corps to assume a very striking and appropriate badge, of which we give an illustration.



THE BADGE OF AN ARMY DOCTOR.

The serpent entwined with a staff is the classical emblem of Æsculapius, the god of medicine, and is variously explained, perhaps the most popular version being that a doctor has need of the wisdom and caution of a serpent in dealing with a difficult case, while the stick, which in the old statues of Æsculapius is represented as a knotted one, is held to be symbolical of the obstacles to be met with in the study and practice of the healing art. The garniture of laurel, too, is said to have a pharmaceutical meaning, although another interpretation suggests that the wreath should be taken to denote the victory which the physician achieves over his great enemy, disease.

WE regret that in our issue of January 28 we should have, in dealing with the Christmas festivities of the Marines at Stonehouse, erroneously described the pictures of the decorated room there given as the "Drummers' Room," instead of what it is, one of the rooms of C Company of the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. Its insertion thus wrongly described was due to a clerical error, for which we tender our apologies to the drummers of the Plymouth Division. A picture of the drummers' room as decorated for Christmas we here insert, and we think our readers will agree with us that in artistic taste they have shown themselves to be in no degree behind their comrades.

On the occasion of the festivities, the wintry aspect of the room was probably more artistically apparent than real, and no doubt the very well-imitated snow-storm which has descended on the piled drums only gave an additional zest to the Christmas fare. The musician, in the nature of things, has somewhat of the artistic temperament, and the truly tasteful and picturesque get-up of the drummers' room shows that plenty of talent was to be found amongst its denizens.

THE last of our illustrations is by no means the least interesting, for it is the photograph of a torpedo seen under water as it leaves the ship's side on its errand of—in this case of course only a make-believe—destruction. Submerged torpedoes are fired off only by compressed air, though with above-water tubes a small charge of cordite or gunpowder is more generally used. In the case of submerged tubes, the lateral deflection which the rush of the ship would give to the torpedo has to be counteracted against, and this is effected by means of a guiding rail pushed out with the torpedo. Its mechanism is one of those official secrets jealously guarded. Torpedoes discharged from an above-water tube—as in the picture—are set to keep at the depth at which they are required to act, and assume this depth automatically after their first plunge into what we suppose we may call their native element.

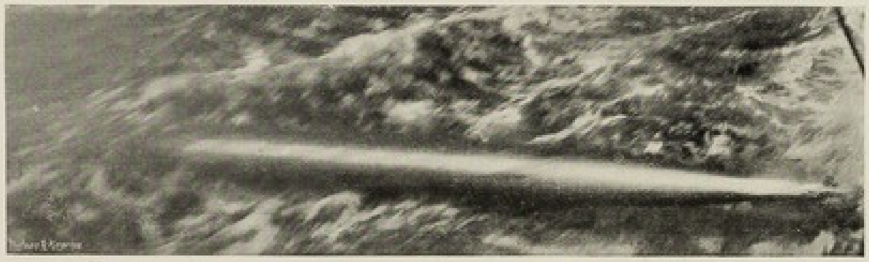


Photo. King-Salter. Copyright.

ON AN ERRAND OF DESTRUCTION.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. VII.—No. 109.] *SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1899.*



Photo. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

THE CABINET OF THE "RODNEY."

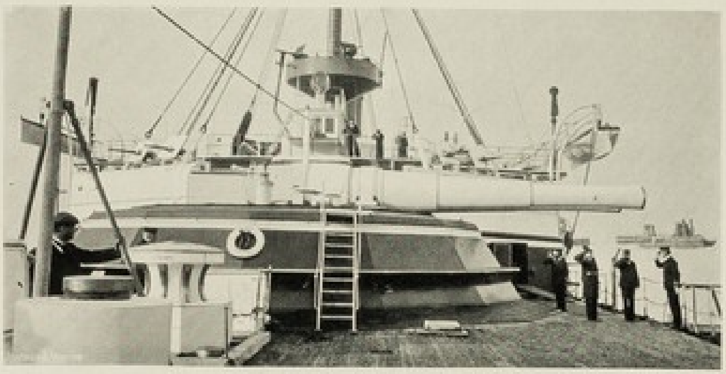
THE CAPTAIN, COMMANDER, AND 1st LIEUTENANT.

(See next page.)

On Board the "Rodney."

SOME illustrations are here given of the officers and crew of another of our battle-ships, amid their usual surroundings. The "Rodney" ranks as a battle-ship of the first class; she is, however, one of the oldest vessels included among them, and comes near the bottom of the list in order of efficiency. Like the other early barbette ships, which first began to supersede the turret ships, she has her guns unprotected, lying exposed across the barbette; the later vessels, as our readers are aware, have hooded barbettes, affording better protection to the guns and their crews.

The "Rodney" is of 10,300 tons displacement, and could, when her boilers were in good condition, steam over 16 knots. She is armed with four 67-ton guns, two on each barbette, and the usual complement of quick-firing and machine guns.



THE COMMANDER COMES ABOARD.

Like others of her class, she is relegated nowadays to the position of a reserve ship, and is at present stationed at Queensferry, in the Firth of Forth, her captain having command of a coastguard district, and her full complement being completed when necessary by men drawn from the coastguard.

Captain Gerald W. Russell, whose portrait is given, together with that of Commander C. H. Dundas and the senior lieutenant, served as lieutenant in the "Tourmaline" during the Egyptian War of 1882, and wears the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. He was also specially commended by the Admiralty for efficient work in connection with the North Sea Fisheries in 1890.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "RODNEY."

In the group of the captain and officers it will be noticed that there is wanting the row of young midshipmen, usually seated on the deck, with which our readers are familiar in similar pictures. Midshipmen, however, are not carried in reserve ships. When these go to sea for manoeuvres, the duties of the midshipmen are performed by the senior coastguardsmen, a body of excellent and reliable men of great experience, well qualified to take command of a boat's crew, etc. Some fine specimens of these veterans may be seen in the two front ranks of the group representing the coastguardsmen; and they look like men to whom nothing in their line of duty would come very much amiss.

On one occasion, when a reserve ship was out with the squadron, a boat was manned to take the officers on shore, and a young ordinary seaman gave vent to some insubordinate observations, reflecting upon the "Old Gobbies," as coasguard officers are sometimes facetiously termed. "Ah," said the officer in charge, a huge, powerful greybeard; "that's the new style, is it? Now I'll show you the old style." And before he knew what was going to happen, the young malcontent was lifted from his seat and soused overboard. He scrambled back again, dripping and spluttering, with a greatly-increased respect for "Gobbies."

The coastguardsmen are, in fact, the pick of the Service, and many deeds of heroism have been performed by them in saving life when the quiet routine of some little station has been broken by the stranding of a vessel in a roaring north-easter.

The district over which the captain of the vessel stationed at Queensferry has command extends from St. Abb's Head,



Photos, Symonds & Co. Copyright.

REPRESENTING THE MACHINERY.

just south of the Firth of Forth, to Cape Wrath, the north-west point of Scotland, and covers consequently the coast washed by the North Sea, the playground in winter of fierce north-easterly gales.

The group of the ship's company presents a very familiar spectacle to our readers. The guns, however, are in reality larger than those seen in the newer vessels, and they look very formidable indeed, projecting from under a crowd of seated Bluejackets; as a matter of fact, they are considerably inferior to their smaller successors, as was pointed out recently in these pages.



COASTGUARDMEN SERVING ON BOARD THE "RODNEY."

An interesting group is that of Fleet-Engineer W. H. Crichton and his staff of officers and engine-room artificers; men of high qualifications, as familiar with the intricate mechanism of the huge "clockworks" down below as a surgeon is with the mysteries of the human frame.

From the picture of the quarter-deck an excellent idea may be formed of the appearance of the after barbette, with the huge guns laid across it. It is no matter of surprise that this arrangement found many detractors when it was first introduced as an alleged improvement on turrets, in which, at any rate, the breech mechanism was not exposed to the attack of small guns. The supporters of the new system replied, however, to this objection by saying that British vessels were in the habit of presenting only the "business end," and not the breech, of the gun to their foes!

Beyond and above the barbette may be seen the signal bridge, and the military top, armed with dangerous-looking little quick-firing guns. The commander is just coming over the gangway, and exchanging salutes with the officers and men on duty. Possibly he has been round the ship in his gig, to see that the paint is smooth and perfect, the boats hung square, the brasswork glittering in an orthodox manner; and if there is any failure, someone is now going to hear about it. There are not nowadays, however, so many traps for unwary subordinates as in the days of fully-rigged vessels, when any one of the countless ropes crossing between the masts might lead to a stormy interview, by having been left hanging a little—a very little—slack; or a sail falling short of absolute symmetry in its artistic taper from the centre of the yard on either side might result in the hands being turned up to "mend the furl of sails."

The door which is seen on the right of the barbette leads into the battery where the larger quick-firing guns are mounted. They are not protected against anything much heavier than musketry fire; while those on the superstructure, as will be noticed, have merely a steel shield.



Photos. Symonds & Co. Copyright.

"A RIGHT GOOD 'COMPANY' TOO."

On the Borders of the Buffer State.

BETWEEN the two great Powers of the Asiatic Continent, England and Russia, lies the buffer State of Afghanistan, with Herat in the north-west corner, nearest the Russian sphere, and with Candahar at the opposite or Indian corner. Whenever the day comes for the inevitable struggle between the two Powers, we may expect to see at the outset a great pouring of troops from India into Afghanistan by way of Candahar. So great are the difficulties in the way of moving an army through this mountainous country, that well-planned lines of communication will add enormously to the value of the troops. This is now recognised on both sides of the mountains. Within the last few weeks Russian trains have begun to run to the Afghan frontier, within ninety-five easy miles of Herat. The way has thus been smoothed for the transport of men and munitions from St. Petersburg or Odessa, straight through to the post that lies nearest to India's one vulnerable border. On the other hand, we have an equally useful and well-meant railway running up from Quetta to Chaman, close to Candahar. Chaman is our furthest frontier station, at the southern end of the threatened Candahar-Cabul line, and is the nearest British post to Herat. The cantonment is within a mile of Afghan territory. The two Powers stand facing each other across Afghanistan. At Chaman is stored the whole of the plant necessary for extending the line, if occasion arises, to Candahar, including all materials for bridges *en route*. The stacks of plant are shown in the foreground of the accompanying illustration. Chaman is garrisoned by a half-squadron of native cavalry and one native infantry regiment. From Quetta the line runs to Kurachi. Thus there is direct railway communication between our strategic frontier and the coast. Before this could be secured it was necessary to pierce the Kwaja Amran range, the great ridge which runs at right angles across a line drawn between Quetta and Chaman. This was done by constructing the Khojak Tunnel, two and a-half miles long, through which runs a double line of rails. Our illustrations show very clearly the difficult nature of this undertaking, and they afford at the same time an indication of the enormous obstacles in the way of rapid transport that would have had to be surmounted but for this line. The Khojak Tunnel is 6,398-ft. above the sea-level. It took over three years in construction, and cost £426,500. British miners and navvies were employed in the work. A small pillar standing on the top of a hill, visible from the Afghan entrance to the tunnel, was put up when the excavation work was in progress, merely to indicate the direction for the tunnelling. The entrance from the Indian side is depicted in another illustration. It is approached by the double line from Quetta and a loop-line. The stonework is similar at both ends of the tunnel. On the face of each of these terminal structures is an inscription giving the dates of the beginning and completion of the tunnel.

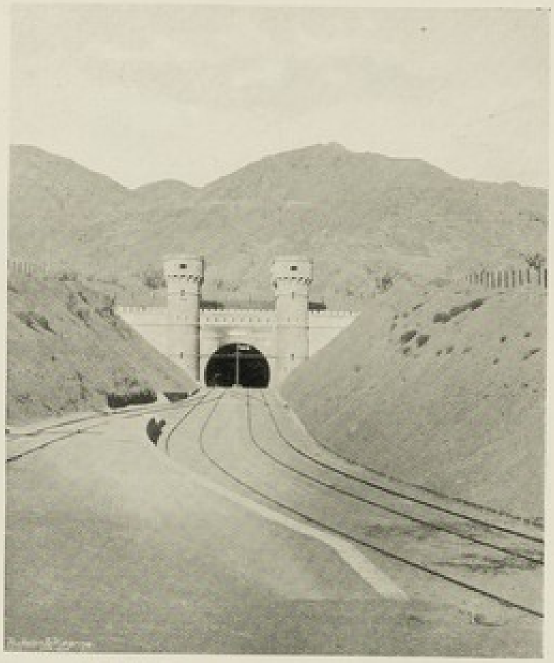


THE MATERIAL FOR COMPLETING THE RAILWAY TO CANDAHAR

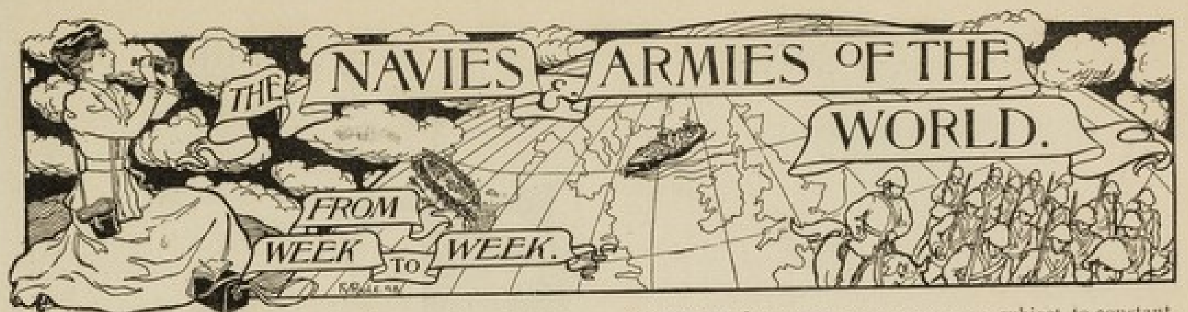


From Photos. By a Military Officer.

THE TUNNEL FROM THE AFGHAN SIDE.



THE KHOJAK TUNNEL FROM THE QUETTA SIDE.



THE Philippines promise to be the scene of some interesting Naval and Military events for a good time to come. So there is an advantage in knowing what war is like in those parts, even when it is poorly conducted. Our friends the Spaniards cannot be said to have managed their fighting with much intelligence. Even politeness cannot well persuade us to look for more from them than examples of what not to do—the only form of instruction their generals afforded to the student in the Peninsular War, if Napier was not much in the wrong. Yet examples of how not to do it are of some use as warnings. On this ground, if on no other, American officers might gain some advantage from making themselves acquainted with a book lately published in Madrid (Hernando y Compañia) by Lieutenant-Colonel Federico de Monteverde y Sedano. This officer has written a stout volume on the campaign in the Philippines. It deals with the operations of the division of General Lachambre in 1897, and is copiously illustrated. There is too much in the author's volume to allow one to give a full account of it here. As is too often the case with modern Spanish books, Lieutenant-Colonel Monteverde's study is somewhat wordy, according to our taste, and his style is also more lyric than we should think business-like. At the same time, he speaks with knowledge, and is plainly a thinking soldier. A volume of this kind will reward the industrious digger, and the Americans have good cause to learn all they can about the Philippines. They have all the more cause to investigate and learn, in that they seem to be in no small danger of falling into the kind of mistake made by the Spaniards.

* * * *

It seems doubtful from the general tone of our comment whether we quite realise the interest and importance of what is happening in the Philippines. The story is not altogether without precedent. When all differences are allowed for, these islands are giving us a repetition of what we have seen in the Soudan. The late Sir Samuel Baker declared that the tribes of the desert were cowards. Well, we know whether we have found them so. Yet it does not follow that Sir Samuel was wrong in his opinion. His judgment may well have been true at the time it was delivered, and yet quite false a few years later. The Mahdi had come in the interval, and had wrought a great work. By appeals to latent passions, by inspiring a fierce religious faith, by leading his followers to a preliminary success, he had raised the once cowardly tribes into the warriors we met at Tamai, at Tamanieb, and at Abu Klea. Something of the kind has taken place in the Philippines. As there have been few or no good witnesses on the spot, we know very dimly what has happened. Yet the results show that in this case also the fighting spirit has been aroused in, or has been infused into, races which those who knew them would never have dreamt of calling martial. An Englishman who had lived in Luzon for many years told me that when the Filipino rising against Spain began he did not think it possible that so timid a people would carry on war for more than a few months. Experience had shown him that he was wrong. Since then the evidence that the Filipino is no longer the feeble creature he once appeared to be has increased. It is clear now that he did not owe his first successes only to the weakness of his Spanish master—though that no doubt accounted for much. A people who, after such a repulse as was inflicted on them by General Otis, can return to the charge, must have the root of the matter in them. And this last attempt to burn Manila, which met a considerable measure of success, was both determined and ingenious. Persistence of this kind is not the result of any mere passing heat of the blood fomented by a first easy success. It proves that the fighter is resolute and enduring. With an enemy of that stamp, it is idle for the Americans to hope that they will bring their enemy to submission by merely holding on to Manila and other coast towns. On the contrary, that is the way to commit themselves to a repetition of the Dutch War in Acheen. This business went on for years and years (indeed it may not be quite finished even now), because the Dutch were content to stand on guard and repulse attacks without following their enemy up and occupying his country thoroughly. That is what the Americans have to do, and they will not do it with little forces of 13,000 or even 20,000 men, subject to constant heavy loss from fever.

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The fate of the two Englishmen and the Argentine subject who have been shot in Manila ought to be a lesson to inquisitive persons who will push into a fight because they want to see what is going on. Anybody who has been near a fight and has also more animal spirits than prudence has felt the temptation to have a look. One hears so much of battles, and it is such an agreeable thing to be able to say in an off-hand manner, "I saw that or the other," that the temptation to run about and enjoy the spectacle is really considerable, and does not prove the heroism of the looker-on. Judging from a very trifling experience gained in the last Carlist War in Spain, I should say that what the enquiring amateur actually sees of a street-fight is very little—at least, it is nothing in proportion to what he hears. Guns going off round the corner very soon pall on one. It really is not worth while to put your head out of window in the hope of seeing something, and at the risk of being shot by one side or another in a quarrel in which you have no concern.

* * * *

Was there ever a more malicious piece of impudence than M. Déroulède's demonstration at the barracks in the Rue de Reuilly? Or is there in all Europe a more long-suffering and polite military gentleman than General Roget? Look at the incident coolly. Here is a political adventurer, in search of advertisement, who walks up to a general officer at the head of his brigade, and in good set terms asks him to begin a mutiny. When he is told in idiomatic French to be off, and not to make a fool of himself, he proceeds to bellow sedition to the soldiers in the barrack-yard. From whatever point of view it is looked at, the thing takes your breath away. Let us suppose that General Roget would have no great objection to taking part in a properly-arranged *coup d'état* made for the purpose of establishing a strong authoritative Government in France. Still, to suppose that he would begin at the head of his own brigade, without the co-operation of his brother officers, just after a funeral, and when the streets of Paris were full of women and children, was to suppose that he was a combination of born fool and utter brute. Again, if the thing was done merely for the purpose of enabling M. Déroulède to pose, then it showed an unpardonable want of consideration to General Roget, who will now be pointed out to the suspicion of all republicans as the man who was thought most disposed to head a rebellion. In fact, such papers as the *Aurore* of M. Clemenceau are already abusing the general freely. Finally, Algerians have been told, "If you insist on being put on the we have to think of the unpardonable insult to a commanding officer which is implied in the act of appealing from him to his own men. If General Roget had brought the flat of his sabre down on the top of M. Déroulède's head, he would assuredly not have done more than was justified in the circumstances. Indeed, it is a tenable proposition that he would have been entitled to send the weapon through him. Perhaps that would have made M. Déroulède look too heroic, and the actual best course to take with him would have been to plunge him into the nearest horse trough, or put him under a pump.

* * * *

Universal military service is leading to a curious complication for the French just now. All French citizens in Algiers—that is to say, all Algerians of French blood and all Jews—are liable to military service. The Arabs, who escape the obligation, are not. But this necessity of serving away from home for three years is very grievous to the colonists, and they have contrived to escape by the connivance of successive Ministers. But the love of equality and of logic, which is so strong in the French, has been at work, and the same footing as the Frenchmen of France, if you want to elect Deputies, etc., you must bear the same obligations as the rest of us. If you will not, then you shall not have the equality." To this the colonists reply that universal military service is ruinous to colonisation. We shall see how the dispute is settled. In the meantime it deserves the attention of the English admirers of the conscription.

DAVID HANNAY.

The Pressgang.

By Tramp.

A CONTROVERSY in the *Times* concerning the manning of the Navy previous to the long-service and Naval Reserve scheme of the fifties, has led to a revival of interest in the system of impressment and the operations of the pressgang. The law of impressment, giving the country the right to call upon the services for the Navy of the great majority of men whose occupations lie on the waters, has been retained on the Statute Book to this day. The pressgang was the recognised method by which it was enforced, so well recognised, indeed, that its crude and cruel operations occasioned hardly any astonishment to our forefathers, while they are almost inconceivable to ourselves, who are accustomed to hear denunciations ring throughout the kingdom if a single act of mistaken injustice is committed by the police force. "In my early days," writes Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn in 1874, "the horrors of the pressgang were fresh in the memory of the generation of our maritime people then living. Tales of the cruelties and injustice inflicted on both seamen and landsmen were the theme of constant conversation amongst Naval officers and men; and I became early imbued with a detestation for a system of white slavery, to which no civilised nation ought, in my opinion, under any circumstances to be subjected."

The facts are that there were cases of brutal assaults on shore, prickings with cutlasses for men in the holds of merchant vessels, and ships were left so under-manned as to find their way with difficulty into port. Mr. Urquhart, who wrote a pamphlet on "The Evils of Impressment"—one of several others—relates how he and his wife were violently assaulted in the streets of London by a pressgang. Dr. Trotter, writing in 1819, said that, as a Naval surgeon in a receiving-ship, "the scenes of cruelty and affliction which have come under my review, have wrung my heart a thousand times. They are not fit to be related here, or, indeed, anywhere else, for they exhibit all that is ferocious in the business of war, and disgusting or deformed in the policy of a country that can permit the practice to be continued."

In the *Times* of May 9, 1803, we read of some impressed men being confined in the Tower of London, as there was not room for them in the "Enterprize," and in the same issue we get a picture of a pressgang fight on a small scale. "On Sunday afternoon two gallies, each having an officer and pressgang in it, in endeavouring to impress some persons at Hungerford Stairs, were resisted by a party of coal-heavers belonging to a wharf adjoining, who assailed them with coals and glass bottles. Several of the gang were cut in the most shocking manner on their heads and legs, and a woman who happened to be in a wherry was wounded in so dreadful a manner that it is feared she will not survive."

To avoid the impress, seamen would disguise themselves as labourers, stablemen, etc., and the merchants would assist them to escape by concealing them in their houses, and even in their bedrooms. On the other hand, Captain Griffiths states in a pamphlet on impressment, published in 1826, that the Government would pay rewards as high as £3 for information leading to their capture. To the merchant the seamen were absolutely necessary to navigate the ships, and, according to Dr. Trotter, "a sum of not less than £500 has on occasion been promised to allow a ship with a valuable cargo on board to proceed to sea without molestation." The merchant vessels were generally manned through the agency of crimps, who obtained the services of the seamen, and Captain Griffiths states that at Jamaica these crimps would offer seamen in the Navy as much as £40 or £50 sterling, and a large allowance of rum and sugar, to desert to merchant vessels for the mere run home to England. Naturally, the wages of the seamen of the mercantile marine rose enormously during a war.

We have most of us heard of the existence of armed gangs of smugglers in England well into the present century. It appears that during the French revolutionary war there were armed gangs of seamen for the purpose of resisting impressment. "In the early period of my own service," says Dr. Trotter, "in the neighbourhood of a great trading port the seamen were accustomed to fortify a village into the form of a garrison, where, to the number of 1,100 or 1,200, they enjoyed themselves in carousal, part of them armed, and defended by outposts, and scouts sent abroad were constantly on the look-out. A detachment of marines and seamen from three King's ships were landed at midnight to try to surprise this body, but their spies were so quick in conveying intelligence that not one of the number could be secured, the retreat was so precipitate." With this illustration of the good old times, I may fitly close this article, written with the object of showing that the methods of manning resembled rather more a shark's meals than the clockwork system of to-day, which never jars, and which can obtain as many willing recruits as the Admiralty may choose to ask for.

The Regeneration of G Company.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.



THEY certainly had been a little unsteady; but night attacks play confusion with young troops, and G Company had but few men with over a year's service. Still, it hardly justified the brigadier in saying what he did. Coming up at a hand-gallop, followed helter-skelter by his staff, he reined his horse almost on to its haunches as he came abreast of the retiring men. To the right and left in the bright moonlight they could see their comrades busily engaged, and their courage revived a little.

"Halt, there!" the old man roared. "By God! I said halt! Don't you hear!"

The frightened mob halted, and asked each other in eager whispers what they were retiring for.

"*You miserable* cowards! Who gave you the order to retire? Who's the officer commanding this company?"

"The captain's dead, sir, and the lieutenant's down with fever in the lines," said a corporal, shame-facedly.

"And so you all deserted, did you! to save your cursed skins? What about your comrades? What about your regiment? If——"

But the brigadier saw that he had said enough, and with a grim smile curling his fiercely-waxed moustache, he rode off. Turning in his saddle, he saw the little mob dissolving into its sections, and saw each section moving at the "quick" back to the ground it had relinquished.

"Don't say a word of this, gentlemen," he said to his aides; "let it be understood that they were sent back by orders. After all they're only boys; more's the pity."

But the regiment knew, and when the "Fuzzies" had been driven off and the brigade had returned to Suakin, there was no peace for any man of the company.

"My God," said the colour-sergeant; "what *will* the lieutenant say?"

The question was anxiously debated by little knots of the men as they gathered together for protection, for the soul of the regiment was aroused, and no man of G was safe alone.

Although unmercifully chaffed by his brother officers, young Dervizes had made a hobby of his company. Proud of any praise given it on parade, he grieved at any blame which the men had incurred. He grudged no time or any of his scanty resources where his men were concerned; and now he was tossing in the delirium of fever, unconscious of the indelible disgrace they had brought upon him.

A new sand-bag battery was being constructed outside the town to protect a well which bubbled perennially in one favoured spot. Night after night the natives, as soon as the position was vacated, swarmed into it and undid most of the previous day's work, to the intense annoyance of the general as well as of his men. It was decided to lay land torpedoes, in the hope of causing the mischief to cease, and an officer and six men of the Engineers were sent from the other side of the town to do the work. But the natives were too cunning, and with consummate audacity they discovered the traps, and carefully at night disinterred each mine and then renewed their work of destruction. The first dark night the party of Engineers left camp with four fresh mines, so constructed that they would go off with but little provocation, and every man in camp from his heart wished them God-speed, for all were sick of their wasted labour.

For two hours no sound came from the front, until suddenly the fort, about 400-yds. off, was lit up with a blinding flash. Immediately there followed a shattering crash, and then an awful silence. The camp was at once on the alert, and instinctively the regiment nearest the front began to move out towards the fort.

"Stop, men," shouted the officers; "there were four mines to be laid; only one has exploded."

Everyone paused; to face death in the field was one thing, to walk carelessly on to a deadly mine quite another. A few volunteered to go out, and, with infinite care, and in single file, they went to the scene of the disaster. Every man of the little party lay dead; horribly mutilated most of them, and leaving not a plan or any clue as to where the other mines were laid. Slowly and reverently the shattered remains of the Engineers were brought back to

camp, the party marching as before in single file. The fact that there still laid in the ground unexploded and hidden mines weighed heavily on the spirits of the men, who went silently to their lines. Long after "lights out" had sounded, and whilst the officers were still discussing the question in their mess-tents, the colour-sergeant of G Company was gliding through his line of tents.

"Turn out, G, softly!" he whispered under each tent-flap. "Please God, we'll wipe out last week. Only bring your bayonets."

In half-an-hour almost every man in the company was away at the "alarm post," waiting for the moon to rise. The pickets had been warned, and to a man they promised silence.

"Now, lads," the sergeant began, his voice, hardly raised above a whisper, reaching every man, as they crowded round him in the darkness, "there's three mines scattered round the Sandbag Fort. No one in this world knows where they are, and we've got to find them. Anyone who is afraid, let him go—no one will miss him."

Not a man moved.

"We've got to do it, boys, for our officer's sake; who is there that hasn't had his fingers in his tobacco-pouch? Who is there that hasn't had a kind word from him even when the officer, but *not* the man, had to punish? And now he's sick, and don't know about—you know what. Now it's deadly work—a damned sight worse than facing Fuzzy in the open; but G is going to do it, quietly and without fuss. All lie down now and wait a few minutes. By God, here comes the moon. Rise!"

Slowly the night lightened, and objects became more clearly marked.

"Now get into extended order at two paces and step out. Private O'Doughty, you march straight on the fort and keep the direction. When you hear a whistle from me, down on your knees and begin feeling about on the sand on each side and in front of you, pushing on when you're sure nothing's there. The mines are nine gallon casks, so you can't miss them if you feel around."



"Push on, or they may sound the Retire."

Most of the men thoroughly knew the danger into which they were running, but an exaltation of spirit had taken possession of them, and they moved off with their numbers unaltered, looking, in their khaki suits, like spectres flitting over the sand.

And the sentries and the pickets said never a word.

Suddenly a low whistle was heard, and with his heart in his throat every man dropped and began with nervous fingers to do his heroic work. Wriggling like a brown serpent across the sand, the line of men, sixty strong, slowly covered the ground, without finding anything until they were within 20-yds. of the fort. At that moment the colour-sergeant looked back, and there, clearly outlined in the growing light of the moon, were dense masses of men on the ground they had left but a few minutes before. Somehow the affair had got wind; and in an agony of anticipation officers and men waited for the expected explosion.

"The whole bally brigade is looking on, boys! Cheer up! Push on, or they may sound the retire."

Now, in obedience to his orders, the crawling figures branched off on either side of the fort.

"Sergeant! I feel bad," sang out one "rookie."

"Lie there, you coward!" grunted the sergeant, and the rest went on, leaving the lad scraping the sand from the deadly barrel he had discovered, for, afraid to alarm his mates, he had feigned fear.

"Sergeant!" growled another man of longer service, "I'm not going no further; damn it, I've torn me knees all to pieces."

On the men went, and the old soldier, with a premonitory cough, whispered to the lad not 15-yds. to his left, "What's up with *you?*"

"Same as you, I expects," retorted the youngster.

"Really? Honest injun?"

"Yes. I've got one—and you?"

"I've another."

"Sergeant!" shouted a man away to the right.

"Oh, stow it! Can't you keep your mouths shut?"

"I've got hold of one, sergeant," shouted the soldier; "come over here and help me."

"Steady, everyone," roared the non-commissioned officer. "Not a move. The others will be close by."

"How many are there, sergeant?" a soldier asked.

"Three," he replied, cautiously creeping away to the right.

"Glory be!" shouted the recruit who had found the first, "I've got one."

"You!" cried incredulous voices.

"Yes; and Bill Crump has another, and so there's all three."

Hardly daring to breathe, the nearest men gathered round the barrels, and with infinite care raised them to the level. The triggers were disconnected, and carefully stowed away, and then the men fairly broke down. The strain had been tremendous, and now had come the re-action.

Suddenly a bugle call echoed faintly over the silent sands—it was the regimental call.

"Fall in, there," shouted the sergeant; "anyhow—in fours."

Without a word, the men, used to drill, got into rough order, and marched back over the ground that lay between themselves and their lines. Behind toiled the discoverers of the mines, each one carrying his precious burden as though it were the thing he held most dear.

As they came in, as by one impulse a mighty roar of cheering broke from every throat. Again and again it rolled out over the plain, startling the rebels, who were about to begin their midnight "sniping," and making them defer their visit until a less wakeful period. Then the sounds died away as the brigadier spoke:

"Who gave you permission to leave your lines at night?" he asked, sternly. "Who told you to go out in search of these mines?"

Not a man spoke.

"By every rule of war, by every tradition of the Service, you should be severely punished; but," and his voice took on the vibrating ring that the men knew and loved, "I'm proud to wear the same uniform as men who, knowing they were in all human probability going to their deaths, went out to redeem their honour. My lads, I'm proud of you to-night; and your conduct, although it cannot be publicly recognised, will always be remembered by me." Then, in his usual tones, he said, "Lights out will sound for the *second* time in an hour."

It was a proud day for George Dervizes when he awoke to consciousness, and a still prouder one when he found out *why* his men had crept out to that fort on the sands.

Our Veteran Seaman.

THE publication of Sir Henry Keppel's "Seaman's Life under Four Sovereigns" (Macmillan) is a most notable event. This ranks with the best books issued for a long time, and is certainly a giant among the biographies of the winter season. The gallant and genial author is known all the world over as one of the most honoured of our seamen. His deeds of arms, not less than his practical sympathy with all classes in the Naval Service, and the excellence of the discipline he maintained, have endeared him to everyone in the Navy, and to crowds of our military and civilian countrymen. He stands still as the link between the past and the present, the man who was born within less than four years of Trafalgar, who knew intimately many actions in the great war, and yet who lived to take a prominent part in stirring events of modern times. His book is a perfect picture of the Navy of his youth. Every page of it breathes his love for the Service. It is rich in historical value. Add to this that there is in it the geniality of its author, his humour and jollity almost at every page, and you recognise that this is, indeed, a book to be read. The raciest of the incidents related is found on the very first page, where, in June, 1809, the old nurse discovers life still in the "small thing," then about to be conveyed to the unconsecrated ground of the back garden. The boy grew up in Norfolk under the terror that "Boney" was coming, until he heard that his brother George, an ensign in the 14th Foot, had defeated the tyrant at Waterloo! Soon we find the buoyant youth banging his brother Tom in the eye, when they quarrel as to which shall enter the Navy. Then there come the cadet days in the Naval Academy at Portsmouth, in the blue tail-coat, with stand-up collar, gilt buttons, and round hat with cockade. They were halcyon days, ending with the homeward journey on the top of the Nelson coach.

"Outside the gates there was no difficulty in obtaining pea-shooters and other small means of annoyance. On the night when I had the box-seat, the Royal Mail picked up and dropped boys as we came, so that it was midnight before we reached Godalming. The post-master having turned in, the mail pulled up as usual under his bedroom windows. The moment they were opened, the postmaster and his wife were assailed with pea-shooters and other missiles. The guard was saying 'All right,' when the postmistress, calling 'There is something else,' emptied the slops on the boys as the mail drove off; I, having the box-seat, escaped the odoriferous bath."



"Lawks a mercy! There's life in the small thing yet."

Very soon we find young Keppel, midshipman of the "Tweed," with Captain Hunn, in the grip of Neptune at the line, lathered with tar and dirt, and shaved with a jagged piece of iron, consoled by the captain's daughters (for, curiously as it reads nowadays, the skipper's family were on board), and then shaking hands with gallant Lord Cochrane in Rio Harbour. The high animal spirits which possessed the mids of those days were equal to anything we know in these, and the numberless adventures, exploits, and scrapes into which the boys were impelled make capital reading. However, all this the reader must discover for himself. It is perhaps not surprising that the name of Keppel in those days became synonymous with hare-brained courage. This certainly was displayed at Fishook Bay, where the young lieutenant of the "Tweed" drove his tandem down a narrow precipitous path, between a tall cliff on one hand, and a long drop on the other. This splendid self-confidence has always distinguished Sir Henry Keppel, but his later achievements showed that it rested on the solid and reasonable courage that grasps the conditions of danger.

Here is a racy anecdote of how Keppel escaped another kind of peril when lieutenant of the "Galatea," Captain Charles Napier, at Barbadoes. There was a dignity ball on shore, but he was under arrest for a hot reply to "Old Charlie":

"After the master-at-arms had looked into my cabin at 10 p.m., and reported 'Prisoner safe' to the officer of the watch, I changed into white frock and trousers, put clothes-bag between the sheets, my shoes outside to be cleaned, passed the gun-room door sentry, as an officer's servant, bumped under the hammocks on starboard side of the lower deck, up the fore ladder, through the bow-port, dropped into my boat, was up the wooden steps of the landing-place; then there was 'such a getting upstairs and a playing of the fiddle.' I was in the giddy throng doing the double shuffle opposite a dark beauty, when the name of Old Charlie was called out. He was not difficult to spot. He threw his coat and epaulettes into a corner, and was at once performing the Scotch shuffle in my set; in crossing over for the change, I was collared by my shipmates and pushed out. The next morning I ascertained the prisoner had been reported 'Safe' throughout the night."

But such fascinating experiences must not delay this too brief sketch. In command of the "Childers" brig, the "Dido" corvette, and the "Mæander" frigate, Keppel saw service in many parts of the world. It is a thoroughly enjoyable picture of the life, development, and ripening experience of a Naval officer in the thirties and forties. Carlists in Spain, African slavers, and pirates in the South Seas are among the characters who crowd the varied canvas, and dry humour and good stories are constantly in evidence, though something of telegraphic brevity mars this part of the narrative.

In the Russian War Keppel was captain of the "St. Jean d'Acre," in the Baltic and Black Sea. The account of the Baltic is a sketch, with a good deal of ridicule of "Old Charlie," though it does not touch the larger questions that ruled his conduct. To the Crimea Keppel took out two generals, carefully packed, as he humorously puts it, in canvas bags, to keep them dry and warm; and he gives many a racy picture of men and things. Presently he went ashore, and was in command of the Naval Brigade, serving in the trenches, and having his part at the Redan. The following illustrates the true courage of the gallant captain:

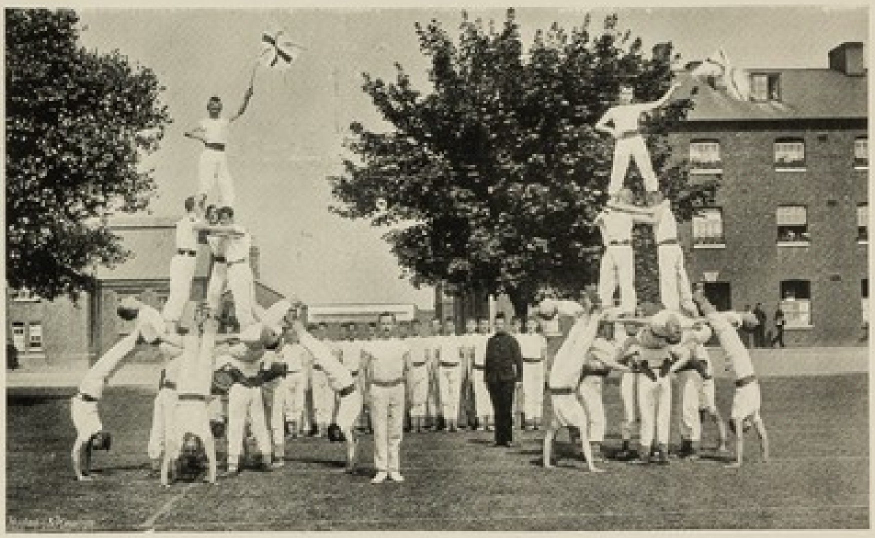
"Thirty-nine cases of small-pox. Hospital establishment creditable to the designer. Patients doing well. Landed band in afternoon to cheer them. At suggestion of surgeon, walked through my newly-erected hospital; airy and clean. The small-pox room was a trial. Having obtained the names, I endeavoured to say something consoling to each. Their heads were swollen into the shape and appearance of huge plum-puddings: eyes closed—their own mothers could not have recognised them. Prompted by the doctor, I was enabled to say something cheery to each, and could see by a slight move of their heads that it gave pleasure."

After the Crimea came a commodore's command in China, with the famous episode of the Fatshan Creek, in which Keppel's boat, with half her crew killed and wounded, was actually sunk under him, most modestly recounted. The gallant officer was promoted to flag rank, and came home a K.C.B. in 1857. The remainder of the last volume is filled with a picturesque account of the Cape and China commands, and of a whole world of experiences at home and abroad. Opportunity of high distinction never fell to Sir Henry Keppel; but it is impossible to read his dramatic story without feeling that he possessed sterling qualities that would have carried him in great emergencies to the highest achievements. We cannot close the book without feeling the same keen regret with which the venerable author has written the word "Farewell."

The Royal Marine Depot at Walmer.—III.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

"WHEN completely drilled," said Napier, writing of the British soldier, "and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty and his movements free." The great military historian was not drawing a picture of men formed by gymnastic drill. One wonders a little how the freedom of movement was attained by men who did nearly all their work under a crushing load, and who were compelled to wear the stock which held their neck in a vice and forced their chins up in the air. Probably Napier had in his mind, when he was writing, the best men of the army in the Peninsula, who were the pick of a far larger force, therefore exceptionally strong men, and who would be trained to the lofty port and free movement by an open-air life of hard work. Be that as it may, he gives in the minimum of words an exact definition of what it is that constitutes the difference between the man who has been taught what to do with his arms and legs, and the man who has not. The purpose of a gymnasium is to develop this carriage by giving what are the physical qualities on which it is based—namely, an upright carriage, elastic muscles, and the complete command of the limbs. Incidentally, and more especially when gymnastics are made to include (as they always ought) combats with the foil and boxing-gloves, they confer quickness of eye and promptitude of resource. The good old solid drill-master of the Sir David Dundas order would perhaps have looked upon the gymnasium at Walmer as a new-fangled notion. But it is justified in the eyes of all who can compare the recruit as he enters the depôt with the same youth as he goes away nine months or so later. The "achievements" represented in our illustrations—"Pyramids," "Free Drills," "Isles of Man," and so forth—are possibly better adapted to supply subjects for pictures than for any practical purpose. The last-named figure is highly ingenious, no doubt, and Staff-Sergeant Medlon, who reproduces the arms of the island, which, as everyone knows, are legs, on the top, proves himself a clever athlete. But, after all, the



THE PYRAMID.



THE FREE GYMNASTIC DRILL.



Photos. Jules David. Copyright.

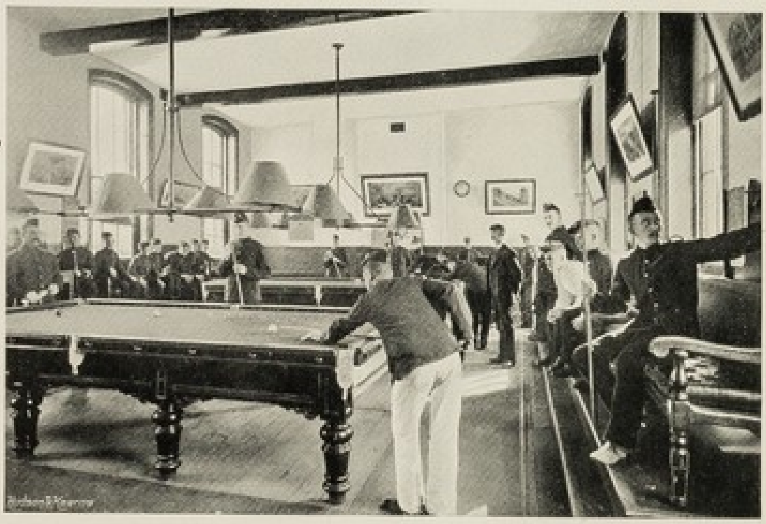
THE ISLE OF MAN.

chief value of such things lies in this, that they could not be done except by men who had been thoroughly well trained to use their limbs and to keep their heads. No Marine can well be called upon in war to stand on a pyramid and wave a banner, but he may, indeed he certainly will, be called upon to stand on something or another that is lofty, and do something which would be impossible for him if he were liable to become giddy. The practice he gets on the high plank in the gymnasium teaches him that art.



IN THE LIBRARY.

Our other pictures bring us back to the social life of the recruit in the library, the billiard-room, and the coffee-room. In the first he has 5,000 volumes—which is a very respectable collection, far more than most of us have read, or are likely to read. Besides, there are newspapers and picture papers, and the room can be used for writing letters. It is, in fact, a club-room, in which the recruit can get paper, pens, and stamps for a good deal less than they would come to (taking one thing with another) in Piccadilly. What would the worthy Sir David Dundas, who was really a good man, and, like his great patron, the Duke of York, the friend of the soldier, have said to such a luxury? Fortunately, we have altered our views since those days. Much is gone as completely as the pigtail which used to adorn the head of the British soldier, and other soldiers too, for that matter. Among other things that have disappeared is the Hobson's choice which was given to the soldier in his leisure, to wit, the pothouse or nothing. We need not regret them. Now, the recruit at Walmer need not go beyond the barracks for a billiard-room, or a coffee-room, where he can get everything—except the liquor which will do him no good. He is helped to be a total abstainer, if he likes, and is not debarred from wholesome beer if he does not. There is a room in which he can see his friends. The coffee-room even possesses a theatre, which is not the only place of its kind in the Walmer Barracks. Indeed, every facility is given for such relaxation as is just and wholesome. Perhaps that is not the least of the reasons why the inhabitants of those barracks have such an excellent character for good behaviour. It is a great thing for a man that he starts well—starts on the right road, and with good principles. The young Marine has that advantage to a degree which is not common either in this country or in any other. It is a fact (whatever the meaning or the moral thereof may be) that a great deal more care and expense have been applied to making the men at the Walmer Depôt comfortable than to doing as much for the officers. Their mess-room and quarters generally are not what they might be, which is unjust. No officers do more for the State than those of the Marines, and none are so severely debarred from all great reward. That is a great question which does not fall to be dealt with here. Still it may be said, and a very legitimate subject of pride it is also, that there is certainly no country in Europe in which it would be possible to find a body of gentlemen who would be prepared to work as hard as these do, and who would prove their quality by bringing their men into magnificent order, though they were told that they must not expect to rise to high command in the Navy because they are not sailors, or in the Army because they are especially devoted to the service of the Navy. The position may be incurable in the nature of things, and the experience of a century shows that it has answered well. Still the Marine officers are surely entitled to every consideration, compatible with the maintenance of the existing organisation, and a beginning might be made by housing them at least as well as are the sergeants at Walmer.



A GLIMPSE OF THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



Photos, W. H. Franklin. Copyright.

A COMFORTABLE COFFEE-ROOM.



Per Mare, Per Terram.

A Pictorial Record by Many Hands.

"TOWED to Her Last Moorings," was the title of Turner's great picture of the "Téméraire." Towed to her last moorings is the requiem of the old ironclad shown in the accompanying illustration; for it is the old "Resistance," which foundered in Holyhead Harbour, but has now been refloated and sent to be broken up. She was the immediate successor of our pioneer ironclads, the "Warrior" and the "Black

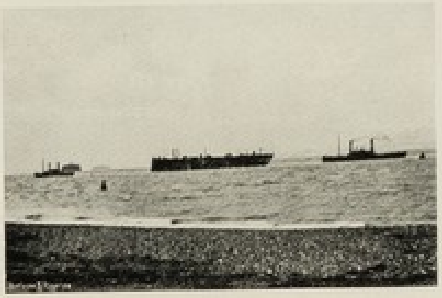


Photo. Westerman. Copyright.
TOWED TO HER LAST MOORINGS.

Prince," both to-day still borne on the Navy List. The "Resistance," however, was "played out" many years ago, and turned into a target ship for gunnery experiments, and in this capacity she proved herself well worthy of the name conferred on her at her christening. Our picture shows her being towed out of Portsmouth on her last journey.

HAS the world improved or otherwise in the last hundred years? If you will look at our illustration, you will probably answer, "Not in picturesqueness." On the left is Corporal Dale, of "The Buffs"—which, though not the



Photo. Copyright. H. & K.
THE BUFFS—1799-1899.

senior, is probably the oldest corps in the Service—now at the regimental depôt at Canterbury. Beside him stands a lieutenant of the Militia battalion, attired in the kit of a corporal of 1799. Hardly as workman-like to the modern eye, but yet the men of those days did big work. A stalwart man is our old-time corporal, and of the grenadier company—the picked biggest men in the regiment—as is evidenced by the grenades on his cuffs. A hundred years ago he was battling against Caribs in St. Vincent, for the Buffs were in the West Indies from 1796 to 1804. His comrade yesterday was being "sniped" by Pathans on the North-West Frontier of India. And so the world rolls on, and the Empire develops and changes, but the men never. They are always there, and the same, whatever the clothing may be.

THE days of masts and spars are gone by, but nevertheless the mast plays no small part in the evolutions of to-day. Right away above the battery deck and the spar deck, where boats are stowed and spare gear carried, up away on the bridges, and even up the masts, the great structure is



Photo. A. Debenham Ryde.
"ON STEAMING COVERS."

conned and worked. Fought she will be, theoretically, from the conning-tower; but until the moment she has got range of her enemy, and her enemy of her, and the big guns are beginning to get their missiles home, the master minds running her will stick to the superstructure as long as possible; and our illustration gives a very vivid idea of the way a big war-ship is worked from aloft. It shows the fore bridges, from which the ship is not only being navigated, but internally worked as well. It shows also the foremast, which not only carries an appreciable amount of her fighting power, but is her means of communication with all the other ships in company. Note the flags and cone suspended just below the yard. Each of these has its use and function. By their position, the ship ahead or astern can tell at what rate their comrade is steaming, and how much, and whether to port or starboard, of helm she has over. On every bridge and chart-house in the Fleet is a table fixed to a board which gives the steaming particulars of every ship, the number of revolutions her engines are making at every given rate of speed, the diameter of her turning circle, etc. Each vessel

thus knows all about what every other ship can do, and station can be properly kept. No finer sight in the world is there than that of a big fleet being handled by an admiral who knows his business. At the ends of the bridge will be seen the semaphores for near signalling, and the search-light. Our picture was taken at the moment when the order was "On steaming covers aloft and bridge screens," and presents a scene full of bustle and life. The big tops, and the guns therein, will soon be shrouded in canvas coverings, and the rails of the bridge will be screened with the same material. This is to guard both against weather and the smoke from the funnels,



Photo, Copyright. H. & K.

THE "INDUS"—1839.

which, though the coal used is of the best, cannot but make a ship dirty.

THE two pictures here given tell mutely the story of just sixty years of the Royal Navy. The first gives us a view of the old "Indus," now being broken up at a private wharf at Devonport. There she lies, rapidly dwindling as the ship-breakers wreak their wicked will, under the shadow of Mount Wise, and close to the great dockyard where she was for so long guard-ship of reserve. Just sixty years ago she was launched at Portsmouth as a wooden battle-ship of 78 guns. Her dimensions were: Length, 188-ft. 8-in.; beam, 51-ft. 2-in.; and displacement, 3,653 tons. Her name, however, still remains, for the ship that has taken her place as guard-ship of reserve and flag-ship of the admiral-superintendent has been rechristened "Indus," with the usual continuity of name that is customary in the Royal Navy. Lying a little higher up, and in the dockyard itself, is the subject of our second illustration, the most *fin de siècle* thing in battle-ships of to-day—the "Ocean," now completing. One glance at the two pictures will show more than a column of print what a complete metamorphosis the great Fleet has undergone during the last sixty years. Moreover, in the present connection, the "Ocean"



Photo, Copyright. H. & K.

THE "OCEAN"—1899.

is of a special interest, for, as she lies under the huge shears, the pride of the dockyard, she is typical of the great stride in construction that Devonport Dockyard has recently made. For she is the first battle-ship that Devonport has built since the days when iron supplanted wood, and was in its turn superseded by steel as a material for construction. There she lies, a monster of 13,000 tons displacement, and Devonport is to-day building a 15,000-ton battle-ship, the "Implacable," which is about to take the water almost at the moment these lines are being penned.



THE HIGHEST BOUNTY IN
NATIONAL BANK NOTES,
OR,
HARD
GUINEAS:

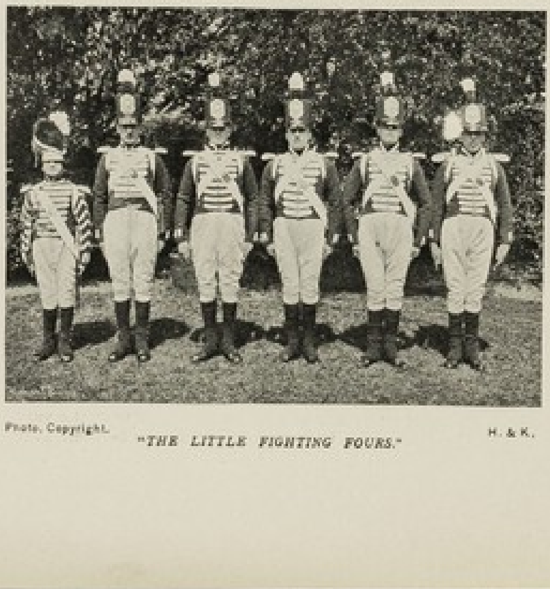
56th Regt.

MAJOR KEATING,
Now wants Sixty Men of Spirit and Enterprise to
COMPLETE THE
Fifty-sixth Regiment,
Or, OLD SAUCY POMPADOURS.
Any Lads chusing [illegible] the [illegible] Profession of a Soldier,
may Apply at the Sign of the
FIGHTING-COCKS, RATHKEALE.
The MAJOR begs to remind his [illegible] of the preference
already given, [illegible] One Hundred and Sixty County Limerick
and K[illegible] Lads, who have joined the
POMPADOUR STANDARD,
And he hopes for a continuance of that [illegible] which he has
so amply experienced.

AN OLD RECRUITING POSTER.

THE interesting old poster here reproduced takes us back just one century in our military history. Then, as always, Ireland was a grand recruiting ground, and Major Keating had evidently already won to the colours of the "Saucy Pompadours" no less than 160 stalwart Limerick and Kerry lads, and we may be sure that a good contingent also took the shilling at Rathkeale. It was probably no difficult matter to get recruits for the old 56th, for the "Pompadours," as they were called from the peculiar shade of their facings, was one of the best and most popular regiments.

At the time of this poster, 1799 or 1800, the regiment was itself in Holland, from whence it volunteered to go to Egypt, though not, however, one of the corps selected, and this though all the men in it were enlisted only for service in Europe. To-day it is the 2nd Battalion of the Essex Regiment, the 1st Battalion of the regiment being the old 44th. Of this latter battalion, the squad here given shows the uniforms worn at the same period, viz., 1801, and is the squad which represented the regiment at the great historical pageant at the Military Tournament of last year. Our readers will remember that the third period in the great



Photo, Copyright. H. & K.

"THE LITTLE FIGHTING FOURS."

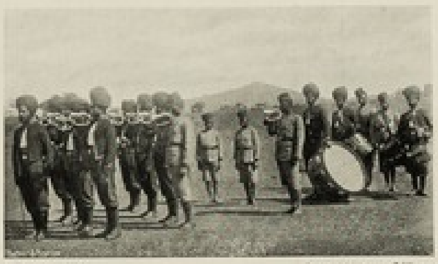
spectacle was Egypt, 1801, a campaign in which "The Little Fighting Fours," as it was called from the small stature of the men, did yeomen's service. The group comprises a drummer, sergeant, and privates, and it will be noticed that the sergeant's sash is worn round the waist instead of across the shoulder. Curiously enough, a participator in the 1801 campaign survived to fall one of the Cabul victims in 1842. This was Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Mackrell, who in 1801 was a small drummer in the regiment. Being unable to struggle through the sand, the lad was carried on the back of his father all through the march to Cairo, the father being the big drum-major of the regiment.

BRITISH Central Africa comprises all that stretch of country which embraces both sides of the Shiré River, which runs from Lake Nyassa to the Zambesi, and the territory to the west of Lake Nyassa up as far as Lake



A COMPANY OF B.C.A. RIFLES.

Tanganyika. It is, in fact, a spur of British territory pushed out from Rhodesia up as far as German East Africa, and lies sandwiched between, on the east, German and Portuguese East Africa, and, on the west, the territory of the Congo Free State. The rail now is being pushed up from Buluwayo to the Zambesi, and from there it will be carried right through British Central Africa to Lake Tanganyika, and be one more link in the great chain that will before long connect Cape Town and Cairo. The first duty of those administering the British Central Africa Protectorate was the formation of a military force, and this most difficult task was successfully accomplished by its first Commissioner, Sir Harry H Johnston, K.C.B. Illustrations of this force, now generally known as the British Central Africa Rifles, we here reproduce. Its functions are to keep order in and police the Protectorate, and above all things to check the slave trade. How efficient this force has been from its very inception is evidenced by the fact that amongst the natives it earned for itself the title of the "ever-victorious army" during Sir Harry Johnston's campaign against the slave-raiding Arabs who then infested the Protectorate. It is, indeed, greatly owing to its work that to-day peace reigns throughout the land and that slave-raiding and slave-dealing have been practically put an end to. The force is some 1,000 strong, of which one-fifth are specially selected Sikhs seconded from active service in the Indian Army, who volunteer for three years, at the end of which period they return to their own country, being relieved by fresh arrivals. They are, of course, officered by Englishmen. The remaining strength, viz., 800, is composed of natives, with a European officer to each company, and Sikh non-



From Photos By a Military Officer.

THE "DRUMS" OF THE B.C.A. RIFLES.

commissioned officers. One of our illustrations represents the company commanded by Lieutenant Poole, of the East Yorkshire Regiment. The natives who compose the company, as throughout the force, are mostly taken from the Yas and Atonga tribes, and are a smart, well-drilled body of men, and look very soldier-like in their khaki tunic and knickerbockers and little caps. The Sikh non-commissioned officers are in front of the company, and wear their national head-dress, and a picturesque zouave jacket, which displays a white under-shirt. Lieutenant Poole, in front, is of course in the usual kit of the British officer on active service in the Tropics. The second of our illustrations is that of the very excellent bugle band of the corps. This, it will be seen, is of

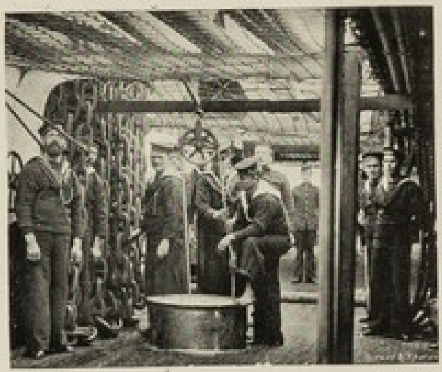


Photo. H. Sharp. Copyright

CLEARING FOR ACTION AND RIGGING EXTEMPORE DEFENCE.

a composite nature, and comprises both Sikhs and natives, the latter having been trained by their Sikh comrades.

HOW near we have been to war in the year just closed it would be a difficult matter for the man in the street to pronounce. Our descendants, however, will know some time within the next hundred years, when there come to be written the memoirs of the men now at the political helm, and those of the chief Navy and Army officers of the day, on whom the duty of preparing for any eventuality has fallen. The Navy, of course, is always ready for war, but a little extra spurt was put into everything, as is evidenced by the picture of rigging mantlets and clearing for action here reproduced. Note the netting overhead to catch splinters, and it is evident that heavy chain cable makes no inefficient mantlet. Indeed, extemporised defences of this character have always been used in Naval warfare. In the great fight between the "Alabama" and the "Kearsarge," the latter ship turned herself into what was practically an ironclad, by lining her sides outboard with chain cable, and the protection afforded practically helped in a large measure to her securing the victory.

ALL the world over, wherever the British flag flies, the Scotsman will be found, and all the world over, wherever the bugle of the volunteer sounds, there is to be found a Scotsman answering to the call. The bonnie laddies here portrayed are the Highland Cadets of Montreal, and by the



Photo. Bennett. Copyright.

A CARD FROM THE HIGHLAND CADETS.

picture hangs a most interesting story. For these slim, active-looking Scots laddies have taken the Union Jack as it to-day is where it has never been before. You will note in the picture that behind the group are crossed the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, a conjunction that we are now getting used to seeing. The other day, on the invitation of the Order of Scottish Clans of Massachusetts, the Montreal Highland Cadets visited Boston, and for the first time since the severance of the United States from Great Britain an armed British force carried the Union Jack through the streets of Boston. The lads were greeted with immense enthusiasm, and after the parade they trooped the combined flags, "Old Glory" and the Union Jack. An officer of the Boston Fusiliers carried the Union Jack, while an officer of the Highland Cadets held aloft "Old Glory," the bands playing "The Star-spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen." Some years ago H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught presented Montreal with a flag, to be annually competed for by the Cadet Corps of the city, and for five years the Highland Cadet Corps has held it against all comers. The corps is

commanded by Major Lydon, whose portrait is in the corner of the picture.

THE most recent innovation introduced by the military authorities in India is to the effect that officers appointed to the Ghoorka battalions of the Indian Army must be akin in stature to their native comrades. A wise precaution,



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.
A CRACK GHOORKA FOOTBALL TEAM.

in that they may be less likely to be picked out by the wily "sniper," and their men thus left leaderless. Let us hope, however, that they will be none the less of the best physique, for the European officer is always a tower of strength, and to-day the football team in a Ghoorka regiment is as much a consideration as it is to the football-loving "Tommy." "Johnny Ghoorka," in fact, has taken very kindly to the game, so much so, indeed, that there is a "Ghoorka Brigade" Challenge Cup, open to teams from all the regiments of Ghoorkas in the Punjab command. No wonder is it then that the men play regularly throughout the year; and, thanks to the way in which their British officers join in the game and coach them, are as keen "on the ball" as they would be in a rush up a boulder-covered hillside to attack the sangar of their old foe the Pathan. The team we here illustrate is that of the 1st Battalion 3rd Ghoorkas, and it is the crack team of the brigade; for it has, up to the present, won the cup each year it has been played for, and it is a hot favourite for this year's competition, the final match of which will be played off at Umballa or Meerut. The team plays under Association rules, and is captained by the European officer seen in the illustration, Lieutenant A. B. Tillard, who has devoted assiduous care to the training of his team, and has captained it to victory on every previous occasion, and we sincerely hope will do so again this year. Lieutenant Tillard is as keen a soldier as he is a sportsman, and did splendid work with his regiment in the Tirah Campaign, his medal showing three out of the four clasps gained, and his merit earning him the white enamel cross of the Distinguished Service Order.



THE "DEWEY" WAR MEDAL.

THE Commander-in-Chief of the American Naval force that destroyed the Spanish squadron at Cavite, captured Manila, and gave the death-blow to Spanish rule in the Philippine Archipelago, has put it on record that England's share of bearing the white man's burden has been well performed, for, to quote his own words: "After many years of wandering, I am convinced that one of the mightiest factors in the civilisation of the world is the Imperial policy of England." The United States has now by the force of circumstances to take up her share of that burden, and the stress of it falls, as it always does at first, on the sailor and soldier. And that the nation appreciates the way Admiral Dewey, his officers, and men have performed and are performing their work in the Philippines is obvious by the grant to them of the superb war medal, the fully-completed design of which is here reproduced. On the obverse is reproduced a young sailor of the American Navy, with the Stars and Stripes across his knees. Not flaunting them, notice! Around is the legend, "In memory of the victory of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898." The reverse shows a life-like presentment of the commodore, and under, "The gift of the people of the United States to the officers and men of the Asiatic squadron under the command of Commodore George Dewey." And this strikes us as specially interesting in connection with this medal, for though of old the portraits of commanders figured on the medals which commemorated their victories, we now rarely, if ever, see them. Looking back on our own medals, we find that the great Cromwellian commanders, Fairfax, Essex, and the Protector himself, figured on the medals that commemorated Naseby, Edgehill, and Dunbar. Similarly Cumberland's bust figured on the Culloden medal. The nearest parallel, however, are the Davison Nile and the Boulton Trafalgar medals, in both of which the great admiral's bust figured on the obverse. Wellington appears, it is true, on the Army General Service Medal, granted for the Peninsula, but only on the reverse, where he is the kneeling figure which the Queen is crowning.

THE sturdy little steam dredger which we here illustrate has just safely arrived at Hong Kong. From Singapore she was towed up by the "Grafton," not exactly into Hong Kong, but all the way, for she was cast off only just

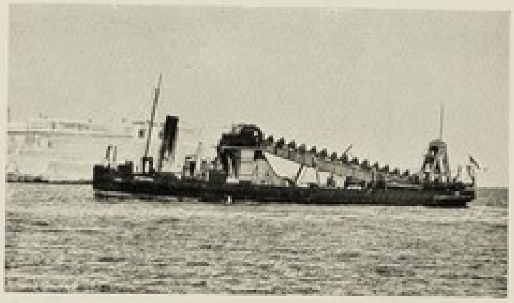


Photo. Ellis. Copyright.
A STURDY DREDGER.

outside the harbour, which she entered under her own steam. There, of course, she will be utilised for deepening the harbour channels and the water approaches to the anchorages we may select in any extension of the place as a Naval station. The "Grafton" and her tow had a rough passage, taking no less than fifteen days; but to take a boat built specially for harbour work across the China Sea against the full force of a north-east monsoon is just the sort of thing the Navy delights in.

REAR-ADMIRAL LEWIS ANTHONY BEAUMONT, F.R.G.S., will, on the 28th of this month, hoist his flag on board the "Warspite," and sail in her to assume the command of the Pacific station. This is Admiral Beaumont's first flag command, but he has plenty of time before him yet for many opportunities, as he is only a little over fifty years of age, having been born in May, 1847, and will have been barely eighteen months a flag officer when he assumes command. His promotion, in fact, has been rapid. He was only eleven months a "sub," and had his second stripe when he was barely twenty. He was less than ten years a lieutenant, and he attained his post rank in less than six years from becoming commander, and his flag just fifteen years later; and his promotion has been well earned, for though he has no history of war service to record, he has seen one of those campaigns against the elements which try men far more than actual fighting, and has ably filled several important administrative posts. As a lieutenant he served with the Arctic Expedition under Sir George Nares in 1875-76, and his services therein gained him his promotion to commander, and for it he wears the Arctic medal with its snow-white ribbon. On his promotion to captain he was appointed Naval Attaché for Europe, but was soon selected by Lord Northbrook, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, for the post of private secretary, and in that capacity accompanied his Lordship on his special mission to Egypt in August, 1884. As a captain also he hoisted his broad pennant as a commodore of the second class in command of the Training Squadron. Finally, he has just vacated the important post of Director of Naval Intelligence held since 1894. In 1895 he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen, an appointment he of course vacated on attaining flag rank.



Photo. Maull & Fox.
REAR-ADMIRAL BEAUMONT, F.R.G.S.

Horses as Mountain Climbers.

WE published on January 7 a series of pictures illustrative of Italian military horsemanship, which, as we supposed would be the case, gave rise to a good deal of interest and curiosity. To a nation proverbially understood to be very much at home in the pigskin it is, of course, surprising to find continental horsemen possessed of a dexterity which British riders have not acquired. So extraordinary was the character of the feats these Italian cavalry subalterns were performing in their perilous climbing and leaping down the hillsides that some have doubted whether such things could actually be accomplished. This is high testimony, indeed, to the enterprise and intrepidity of the officers of the Italian cavalry school, but to question their achievements is to display very imperfect acquaintance with the characteristic pluck and daring for which these gallant gentlemen are deservedly known. It is not necessary to visit the mountainous region of Pinerolo in order to witness horses engaged in such precipitous descents. The taste for this species of horsemanship, and the skill in it, which appear to have been



OVER THE SIDE—THE SLIDE COMMENCES.

first displayed at the northern school, are carried to the Roman establishment of Tor di Quinto. Englishmen who have hunted with the Roman foxhounds know very well the eagerness and success of Italian cavalry officers in the chase, and there are those in England who have witnessed the more sensational feats we illustrate. Moreover, having written to the British Military Attaché in Rome, he authorises us to say that he himself has seen the horses of the school at Tor di Quinto go through these performances exactly as they are photographed.

The very wide interest that has been evoked by our first set of pictures, has induced us to give a further series, taken recently by Signor Pietro Ibisà of Rome. The article which accompanied our first set of pictures dealt historically with Italian horsemanship, and showed how the decline of the *haute école* was followed by the development of a modern, more courageous, and far more useful style of horsemanship. We also explained in some measure the arrangements for the training of Italian cavalry officers, so that it is unnecessary now to recur to these subjects. All the officers who are under training in the exercises and hunts at Tor di Quinto, in the Campagna, come from the larger school in Piedmont, and the



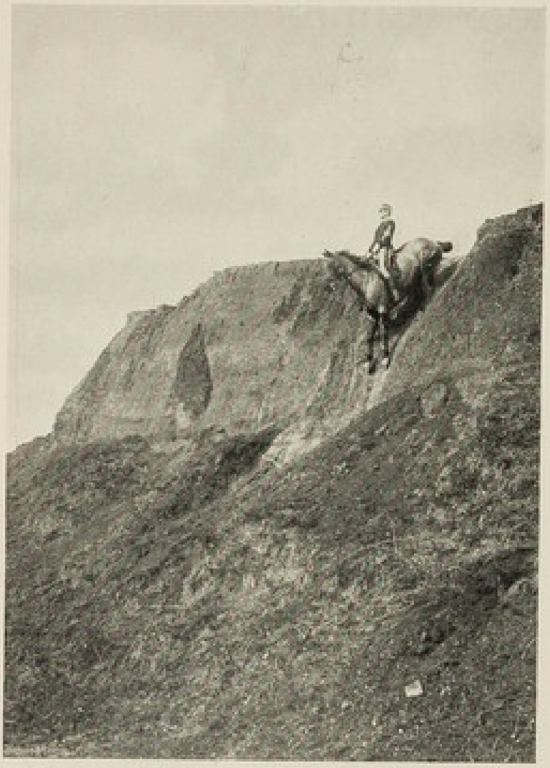
A STEEP DESCENT.

work at one establishment is complementary to that at the other. As we explained, the particular feats we illustrate are not, properly speaking, a part of the training, but they are encouraged, and are at once a stimulus to emulation, and a valuable means of developing the spirit of coolness and



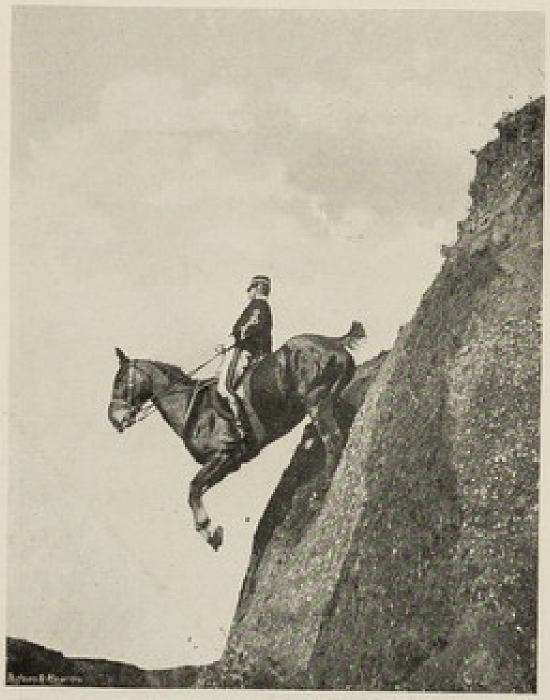
Photos. Sig. Pietro Ibisa 149, Via del Corso, Rome.

SPEED IS UNNECESSARY.



COMPARATIVELY EASY.

courage which is so desirable both in horses and riders. The horses are mostly English and Irish hunters, though some are Italian-bred, and are of powerful character. When out with the hounds they will take stiff hedges and fences without ever refusing or making a mistake. Proficiency in climbing is, of course, reached progressively, and the horse, with wonderful intelligence, learns gradually the necessary confidence in his powers, until at last he is ready to encounter



Photos. Sig. Pietro Ibisa. 149, Via del Corso, Roma.

IMPOSSIBLE TO SLIDE ANY FURTHER.

difficulties that would make the average observer of his performances breathless with excitement. At Tor di Quinto the training begins upon the side of a disused gravel pit, increasing in depth and steepness from 6-ft. to 40-ft. The horseman first walks his steed down the lowest part of the embankment, and, as confidence is gained, he increases the difficulty of the exercise day by day until the animal becomes thoroughly accustomed to the work. At last such proficiency is attained in difficult descents, timidity being banished, that the excellent horse will walk to the edge of the cliff, drop his fore legs over the brink, and, sitting down upon his quarters, will slide down the steep without an effort. At Pinerolo, Signor Paderni's successor lost his life in a sad accident, but we believe no serious mishap has ever occurred at Tor di Quinto, although some of the best horses make quite prodigious and alarming jumps as they near the bottom of the steep. They are very sure-footed animals, sound in muscle and courageous in character, sharing many of their qualities with the officers who mount them. Of course in such work experience counts for much, and a rider confident in himself and his horse can



PREPARING FOR THE JUMP.

accomplish many things that less enterprising men might never dream of.

We are not accustomed to regard the horse as a mountain climber, and it may be held as certain that on rough mountain slopes he could never attain the practical proficiency of the humble mule that threads the rugged pathways of the Andes and the Pyrenees. On the other hand, there is in the horse a character of real courage, strength, enterprise, and emulation that may easily be under-rated. Horses in Ireland will sometimes astonish the observer by climbing up and down the steep hedge-banks of the country, in a manner with which we are unfamiliar in England.

It is impossible not to express the highest admiration for the spirit and pluck that impels the young officers of the Italian cavalry school to these extraordinary exercises. We are very glad to have had the opportunity of illustrating in a remarkable manner equestrian performances that have astonished many Englishmen. There is a certain spirit of comradeship between our countrymen and the Italians, and we can assure Italian officers that their bold horsemanship has won for them still higher regard from all who value hardihood, courage, and worthy enterprise.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 5, 1800.—Capture of the French privateer "Heureux," 22, by the British "Phœbe," 36, in the Channel. (The "Heureux" took the "Phœbe" for an Indiaman, and closed within musket shot before finding out her mistake. The frigate then opened fire, and the Frenchman surrendered.

March 6, 1797.—Capture of the French privateer "Surveillante," 16, a terror of the Channel, by the British cruiser "Alcmene," 32, off the coast of Ireland, after a smart fight.

March 7, 1762.—Capture of the French "Gloire," 20, letter of marque, by the British "Milford," 28, after a twelve hours' chase and six hours' night action. Captain Robert Mann and his first lieutenant, Lieutenant Day, were both mortally wounded in the fight.

March 8, 1808.—Capture of the French "Piemontaise," 40, by the British "San Fiorenzo," 36, in the Indian Ocean, after three separate engagements and a chase lasting over three days. The third fight took place within 80-yds. range, and lasted two hours. Captain George Nicholas Hardinge, of the "San Fiorenzo," was killed in the final action.

March 9, 1741.—Reduction of the Cartagena batteries by Admiral Vernon's squadron, the narrow entrance to the harbour being forced, the boom broken, and the strong flanking forts cannonaded and silenced, whereupon a body of troops on board ship were landed for further operations.

March 10, 1705.—Destruction of a French squadron of five, off Cabrita Point, by a British squadron of five, under Sir John Leake. The enemy were surprised in leaving Gibraltar Bay, and at once scattered to get clear away, but were all either run ashore and wrecked or captured.

March 11, 1810.—Capture of the French privateer "Capricieuse," 16, in the Downs, by the British "Echo," 16, Captain Keen.

MARCH 5, 1811.—Battle of Barrosa, in which action, fought near Cadiz, General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, defeated Marshal Victor. Our loss was about 1,200, that of the French 2,400 men, besides one Eagle and six guns.

March 6, 1813.—Affair at Alcoy, near Alicante, in North-East Spain. General Habert commanded the French, General Stuart the British; but it was General Donkin, with the 27th and 58th Regiments, who really fought the action.

March 7, 1799.—Stoutly-contested action of Sedasseer, near Seringapatam, in which the troops of Tippoo Sultan were defeated by the Bombay portion of the army. Colonel Montresssor's brigade of Sepoys had the chief of the fighting, but the 77th and part of the 75th were also engaged.

March 8, 1801.—A British army, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby, effected a landing and defeated the French in Aboukir Bay. The French, about 2,000 in number, were strongly posted among some sand-hills, and were aided by a powerful artillery. The British numbered—that is to say, the portion engaged—about 6,000 men, and were but slightly aided by the fire of the gun-boats. The loss of the enemy was about 400, that of the British 742 of all ranks. The British troops engaged were a battalion each of the Coldstream and Scots Guards, the Royals, the 54th, the Flank Companies of the 40th, the 23rd, 28th, 42nd, 58th, and the Corsican Rangers.

March 10, 1842.—Repulse by detachments of the 40th Regiment, and of several corps of Bengal Native Infantry, the whole under the command of Major Lane, Bengal Army, of a desperate attempt on the part of the Afghans to recapture Candahar during the absence on an expedition of Major-General Nott.

March 11, 1812.—Sharp skirmish at Pombal, in Portugal, with the rear guard of Massena's army. The British force actually employed were the 43rd, the Rifle Brigade, the 3rd Cacadores, and some of the Royal Artillery, under Colonel Sidney Beckwith, commanding one of the brigades of the Light Division. We lost about 40 men, the French rather more.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

"M. S. V." asks a number of questions about enlisting in the 11th Hussars. His age is eighteen, height 5-ft. 9-in., chest measurement 34-in., and weight 10-st. These particulars are all satisfactory, although it is to be hoped that by-and-bye he will fill out a bit, for 34-in. is small for the chest measurement of a man of his height. I advise "M. S. V." to apply at his local post office for particulars as regards enlisting. The papers that will be given to him will help him considerably. The "Application to Enlist" which "M. S. V." will be given at his post office must be filled up and handed to the postmaster, who will forward it to the officer in charge of the recruiting in the district. From the latter "M. S. V." will hear what his next step will be, such as where to go to be medically examined. There is nothing to prevent a man choosing his own regiment, always supposing the regiment to need men, and that the would-be recruit satisfies the authorities as regards his medical condition, measurements, and character. But by far the most convenient method of enlistment for "M. S. V." to adopt would be to go to the depôt of the regiment at Colchester, and ask for the recruiting officer at the barrack gate, and there and then apply to enlist. The advantage of this plan is that it avoids the risk of being kept about waiting for other recruits, or being in any way mixed up with them until merged into the full tide of barrack life. "M. S. V." asks how soon after he has enlisted will he be required to join his regiment, which is abroad? If the regiment remains abroad, and "M. S. V." is a satisfactory recruit, he will be sent off with the first batch of recruits to be despatched to the regiment after he has served six months.

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"ENQUIRER."—Yes. The mimic Naval engagements presented to an admiring public at the Naval Exhibition, and more recently at Barnum's Show, had their forerunner in an effort made by an adventurous showman at Bartholomew Fair somewhere about 1809, the object being to give a faithful representation of the doings of the "Glorious First of June." How far history was faithfully followed, and whether the ships—of paper, by the by—were made to scale, is not recorded; but the mimic sea, built up of cylinders of glass, excited many encomiums and even qualms in shore-going stomachs, while the highly-spiced announcement, accompanied by much beating of drums, outside the booth warmed up to fever heat the patriotism of a sailor, who, half seas over, lurched in and took up a commanding position within easy reach of the scene of action. In due course the English fleet appeared in line of battle, and the showman notified that the enemy was in sight; this was too much for Jack, who promptly and emphatically announced his intention of pouring a broadside into the French as soon as they appeared. The crowd applauded the sentiment vociferously, but with little expectation of the result; no sooner had the French fleet appeared, and the signal to engage been given by the explosion of a cracker, than he set to work to make havoc of the whole show, the noise caused by the smashing of the glass cylinders apparently affording him peculiar joy. He then seized the greater part of the obnoxious ships and thrust them into his pocket, flags, guns, and all, bidding defiance to the French nation in general and Bonaparte in particular. At this point he was arrested and carried before a magistrate, who apparently made considerable allowances for the vagaries of patriotism-cum-alcohol, for he only inflicted a fine of half a guinea, whereupon Jack, who had probably only recently been paid off, flung down a guinea with a superb air and an earnest entreaty to be allowed to expend the balance on another shot at the enemy.

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A CORRESPONDENT asks me to give him particulars of some of the foreign illustrated papers which have been started on the lines of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. I do so with great pleasure. The German paper *Ueberall*, which was originated by the German Navy League, is edited by Commander Gercke, and has for its purpose, in the words of Prince Henry of Prussia, to show to the German people, by word and picture, the importance of the Fleet for the world-position of the Empire. It is published monthly, by E. S. Mittler and Sohn, 68-71, Kochstrasse, Berlin, S.W. 12, and the subscription is 10 marks yearly. The French paper *Armee et Marine*, which is being issued weekly, has much the same purpose and character. It is officially patronised. The address of the office in Paris is 3, Place du Théâtre Francais, and the subscription is 25 francs yearly (35 francs abroad), with a half-yearly subscription at a rather higher rate.

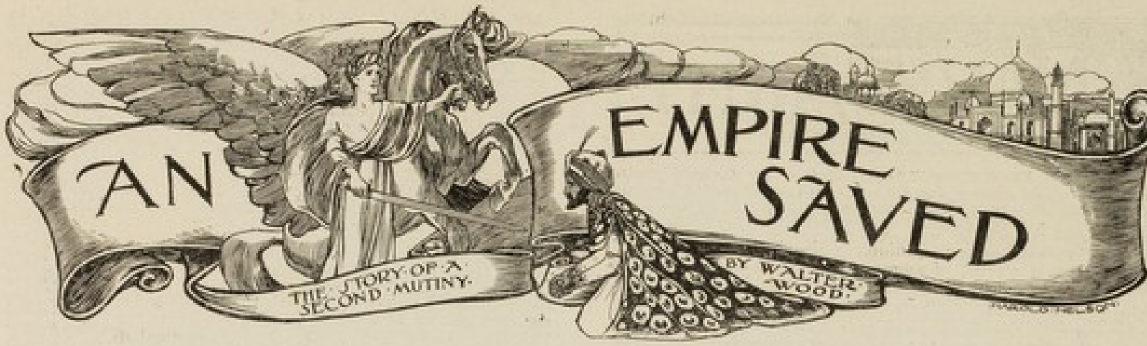
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"P. Q. R."—It is impossible to estimate the exact cost entailed by an officer on joining the Yeomanry Cavalry. Some regiments wear more expensive uniforms than others, and the expenses incurred during the annual permanent duty or training also vary. I can, however, give some idea of the expenditure connected with a commission in one or two regiments, as estimated by the commanding officers of their respective corps. The outfit for the Royal North Devon Hussars, for instance, costs from £50 to £100, according to whether new or second-hand saddlery is bought. The annual expenditure is £35 to £40. Forty-five pounds to £50 will purchase an outfit for the Denbighshire Hussars, and the annual output is estimated at £20. The "kit" for the West Somerset Yeomanry can be obtained for about £65, and an officer must be prepared to spend £30 per annum for the credit of the regiment, and for his mess-bills, etc. The Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry is somewhat more expensive than those already mentioned. The outfit costs £120 new, or £60 second-hand, and the annual expenditure amounts to some £40. All the regiments at the time of writing require officers. If you wish to serve in time of national danger as a cavalry officer in the Reserve Forces, you must either join the Yeomanry Cavalry or Light Horse Volunteers. There are none of the latter on this side of the Border, and only two in Scotland—the Fife and the Forfar—now strictly regarded as one corps. Though there are no Volunteer Cavalry regiments in England, many battalions can boast of detachments of Mounted Infantry, but it is open to doubt whether joining one of them as an officer would involve you in greater expense than joining a yeomanry corps. You might be allowed to attend a cavalry riding school as a civilian, but the instruction received would not be officially recognised, and would give you no claim to a commission in time of war.

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"WEST SURREY" is anxious to know the cost entailed by joining a Rifle Volunteer Corps as a second lieutenant. As far as the outfit itself is concerned, £30 to £40 will in most cases purchase all that is required, but Government now grants £20 towards outfit, on the condition that each officer receiving it must be for a month attached to a School of Instruction, or Regular Unit, and obtain a certificate. It is not the cost of outfit, however, but the sometimes heavy annual expenditure, that debars suitable candidates from joining the Volunteer Force. It is difficult to understand the difference between one regiment and another in this respect, but, as in the Regular Army, some corps are more expensive than others. From information which I have before me, compiled by the respective commanding officers of the battalions mentioned, and for the accuracy of which they are responsible, I learn that in the 1st V.B. Lancashire Fusiliers (the headquarters of which are at Bury) the average expenditure of a subaltern officer is as low as £3. On the other hand, in the 4th V.B. Manchester Regiment, at Manchester, £60 is the estimated figure. I need only mention two other provincial regiments, both of them known as "smart corps" (namely, the 2nd V.B. Worcestershire Regiment, and the 1st V.B. Hampshire Regiment), in both of which the annual expenditure is about £10. Generally speaking, the "crack" corps in London are more expensive than those in the provinces; but "West Surrey" should select his battalion, and write to the adjutant for information.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan, and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. Enquiry convinces the colonel that the danger is real and imminent, and he sets to work to try and formulate a plan which will enable him to overcome the peril that threatens him. He is unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway or any place from which reinforcements can be got.

CHAPTER III.

A Council of War.

"I DON'T like the look of things at all," said the colonel, who had gone to the orderly-room, where Reid had joined him. "As for suggesting an adequate cause for a revolt, I confess that that is beyond me. You claim to know—as I believe you do—as much of these dominions as any other Englishman in India. Tell me, what do you think is the real cause of the trouble?"

"I can't do more than suggest one, sir," replied the adjutant. "The native States dare not start against each other, and so they are going for us—the British. For myself, I believe religion to be at the bottom of it, in spite of what we have heard of the Russian. It is true that Murrib Khan is a disappointed and dangerous man, but I fancy that something more than the events of yesterday have made him decide to take a dangerous step like that of heading a revolt. You know how common the teaching is here that all countries which are not ruled by their orthodox heads are 'Gates of War,' and that all true believers must attack the governing powers whenever they get the chance. That must have been taught here in secret for some time past."

The colonel shook his head vigorously by way of disagreement. "They couldn't afford to run the risk," he said. "They must know what the end is sure to be, even if they succeed at first. They can't forget the lesson of '57."

"I don't think they ever learned it here, sir."

"It was drummed into all India," insisted Colonel Barr.

"I'm sorry to differ from you, sir," said Captain Reid, "but I don't think it reached these parts. The receptivity of the particular people that we have to deal with is limited——"

"Unless you mean their power of taking mischief on," broke in the colonel, correctingly. "If what we have heard is true, their receptivity is gluttony. You say you think the mischief is really due to religious fanaticism; the performance of Islam, or something of that sort? Now, I don't pretend to know much of political history or the motives of men; but I do know a bit about human nature, and I firmly believe that this devilment mostly springs from jealousy and hatred caused by the Jubilee. Only the most meagre percentage of the people could be sent as delegates to England, and it seems to me that a few of those who didn't go have persuaded themselves that they were slighted and insulted, and ought to be revenged. Murrib Khan is one of them. He's as proud as Lucifer, and by way of showing what he thinks, he's willing to risk his life as a traitor. Well, he may try to get his revenge, but he will find that it will cost him far more than he is reckoning on at present."

The colonel walked to and fro as he spoke, his hands clasped behind him, his lips compressed ominously, and his eyes glowing under his knitted brows.

"Reid," he said, pausing abruptly and facing his subordinate, "I don't think we are alarmists—and I know *you* are not easily scared."

His brow unbent for a moment as he looked upon the smart form and the determined face and thought of the absurdity of associating want of courage with the captain.

"Whatever the cause of the trouble may be, I intend to take what we have learned as reliable, and to act accordingly. I always believed that the Government of India ran a risk in reorganising the native armies, but I did not suppose we were so near the edge of a precipice as we seem to be. It is a matter of life or death for a good many people—and before another day has passed—and of opening war without a declaration of hostilities. It is a question, too, of setting this country in a blaze—and God knows what other countries besides. Why, it may mean the loss of the Indian Empire if the rising isn't crippled instantly."

"That is so, sir," agreed the adjutant, quietly.

The colonel resumed his jerky walk. It was a way he had when he wanted to think hard, and he wished to think very hard just now. He again stopped abruptly and faced his companion. "Reid," he said, "our families seem linked with this strange country's destinies, for both your father and my own gave their lives in its service. We have a glorious heritage out here, dearly bought, and, God knows, dearly kept. I suppose it must be so; but it seems a big price to pay."

"We haven't cleared the balance off yet, by a good deal," answered Reid, smiling.

"You don't seem troubled by the thought that you and I may have to be employed to pay the bill—as a sort of coin."

"It will be a useful service. You know the saying, sir—'Only by blood and tears are nations saved.' If ever it applied to any country it applies to India."

"If every man in the regiment looks at it as you do," said the colonel, "there will never have been a more cheerful sacrifice of Englishmen for India. You see, this philosophy on our part comes mostly from our few and far dealings with the other sex. Thank God, neither of us is married—or likely to be. From my soul, remembering the fix we're in, I pity those who are."

"It is better not so," agreed the adjutant, and he felt glad that he had instructed the syce to keep back that part of his story which concerned the Englishwoman. But there was a strange heaviness within him as he spoke. The colonel was a good soldier, and in many ways a keen man of the world; but beyond his profession he knew of and cared for but little, or he might have known that his adjutant, even if unmarried, was—— But Reid overcame his temporary emotion, and thought only of his commanding officer as the man on whose courage and resource probably depended the ultimate safety of the Indian Empire.

"But we shall get into the dismals if we look and talk like this," resumed the colonel, heartily. "After all, what is a soldier's business but to fight and die?"

"The latter does not necessarily follow the former," the adjutant observed, encouragingly.

"True. But don't let us misunderstand or under-estimate. Now, let us see exactly where we are. We are nearly a thousand strong. One-tenth are in hospital, and therefore useless."

"I think that, if they could get an inkling of what's going to happen, half of them could pretty well take up their beds and walk. The smell of powder will cure them sooner than physic."

"Good; then most of the other half can be left in their care. That leaves nearly nine hundred free. I've kept a pretty tight hand on the battalion, and I think it's fit."

"Not another more so, sir," said the adjutant. He knew what the battalion was worth, and was not too foolishly modest to admit that its efficiency was the result largely of the work of Colonel Barr and Captain Reid.

"Men fit," proceeded the colonel, "bar a few damaged—and they, as I say, can be left to the care of the least affected; shooting good; discipline, no opening for improvement; rifles perfectly reliable; ammunition first-rate, and plenty of it. Why, clear of the women and children, I'd be content to face the whole of the Nawab's troops in revolt, and teach them the necessary lesson without more ado. How many women and children are there?"

The adjutant thought for a moment. "Ten ladies, thirty-eight women, eighty-six children."

"What a confounded nuisance!" exclaimed the colonel. "This fix of ours just proves what I've always insisted upon—that, theoretically, there ought to be neither women nor children at a spot like this. You never know what mischief they may bring about. Major Green's niece, for instance, is as dangerous as fire to powder. She seems to have played the very mischief since she came to Nilgoa. The worst of high-spirited girls like her is that they look upon countries of this sort as Eastern paradises to junket in, and upon regiments as got together just for their amusement. That's my experience, at any rate, and that's the opinion of a lot of men I know, too."

There was a flash of anger in the eyes of Captain Reid. He had an expressive face, and if his chief could just now have looked upon it he would have wondered what was troubling his excellent adjutant's mind But he was too much absorbed in his thoughts. "Let me see, the rising is fixed for ten to-night?" he asked.

"At the hour exactly," said the adjutant.

"Things are bad, but they might have been worse. We have at any rate several hours to get ready in. In half-an-hour I shall have determined exactly on what I shall do. Please tell Major Green and Major Spark, and as many of the company officers as you come across, to assemble here in thirty minutes. You'll come back, too, of course. I needn't say how quietly you must go about this, so as not to cause any alarm or suspicion."

Reid turned briskly, and withdrew.

The colonel sighed as he watched the adjutant walk away, for the task before him was one from which, brave as he was, he almost shrank.

Perhaps in all India he could not have been more unfortunately situated than at Nilgoa, many miles from a railway, and so placed in regard to stations where British troops were available that there was little hope of reinforcements coming to his aid before the Queen's had, perhaps, been annihilated. It was true that if he could raise the alarm at all his countrymen would be hurried on immediately, and his relief effected; but the main difficulty was to give that alarm without exciting suspicion.

He knew enough of the native troops about him to be assured that unless he acted very warily his battalion would be fallen upon before he could adequately defend himself. He could not, as things were, strike the first blow, because there had not as yet come to his own notice any signs of actual disaffection. Whatever the risks might be, he must wait for his opponent to show his hand.

There was no time to communicate with the nearest superior authority and get assistance; besides, the colonel was a proud man, and dreaded to give an alarm which might prove groundless, and thus seriously compromise his reputation.

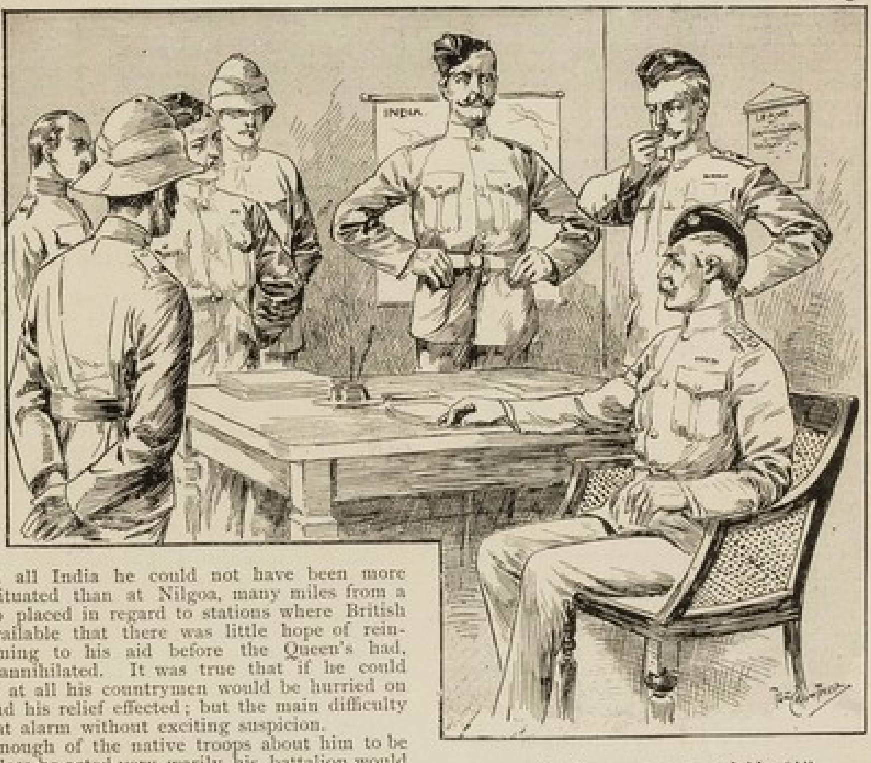
As to the real causes of the rising, the colonel was not for the present concerned to trace or understand them, nor was there time to do so. Either he or the adjutant might be right in his suggestion; but that was a matter which could very well be left for future consideration. Whether it was a question of religious fanaticism, jealousy, madness, or wounded pride was not for him to consider. He had nothing to do with the cause, but only the effect. His father had frequently insisted that, in spite of their apparent submission, many of the people in those dominions were at heart dissatisfied and resentful, and that the day would come when they would try to get back their country from its conquerors and holders. "I was through the Mutiny," the elder Barr had said repeatedly, "and I have lived here long enough to know the people I am talking of. Mark my words, if ever the need comes your way for striking, strike as soon and hard as you can; above all things, be in with the first blow."

These remarks came into the colonel's mind as he reflected. Perhaps, after all, in spite of his attempts to believe differently, there were, these many years after the Mutiny, those upon whom its terrible lessons had been without effect, and who were ready, as leaders had been ready then, to head an insurrection, blind to the fact that in the end they must be overwhelmed and punished.

There was no place where a rebellion could begin with better chances of temporary success than in the dominions where the Queen's were quartered. Here, while the British troops were not so numerous as in other districts, the native forces were much less dependable. By reason of their peculiar constitution they were open to much distrust, being, as Reid had more than once said to his commanding officer, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

What he had to deal with was a practical difficulty as a practical soldier. This was not the time or place for theorising. If there was an actual outbreak, the colonel knew that he must be prepared to crush it at its very birth, and teach such a lesson that it would be learned from north to south of all India. He was one man opposed to many, his was but a single battalion of British infantry against a mixed and stronger force; but isolated though he was, and knowing how disastrous a reverse would be, his heart never failed him. If he and his battalion had to go—well, they were soldiers, they were relied upon to do their duty. Their lives were their country's, to do with as it pleased; but their loss would be avenged both speedily and fully. It was some consolation to be assured of that.

Several minutes had passed since Reid had left him, and yet no inspiration had come. He weighed the situation carefully, and found that it was not encouraging. He was far away from any railway, and for the moment he hesitated to make use of the telegraph.



"'Has anyone a good idea?'"

To wire for help, however cunningly he might do it, would be to precipitate the rising, since there was no question that the telegraph was being carefully watched. In all probability the wire would very soon be cut and rendered useless. A moment's thought also showed him that if the revolt was to begin at the hour which had been named, it would be impossible for British troops to reach Nilgoa in time to be of service.

How he yearned for the cavalry of his own country, who were probably just then lazying in the heat at Halabad; for the tough, tried infantry, who, like his own Queen's, were, in his honest opinion, unmatched by any other body in the world, not even excepting the Marines; and how he longed for the hardy gunners of the 80th Field Battery, which his friend the Honourable Wilfred Burne commanded, and which the future lord, in the enthusiasm of his sporting and warlike nature, had so frequently offered to back, at heavy odds, against the pick of the rest of the artillery of the world.

If, from all the perfect soldiers of that soldier-making country of the East, he could have had his choice of a small mixed force, he would have asked for nothing better than the regiment of cavalry at Halabad, the 80th Battery of Field

Artillery, and his own battalion. But such Heaven-sent means of self-defence were not to be at his disposal, and he could only sigh as he returned to the problem immediately before him—how best to use the serviceable Englishmen of his command.

The colonel was pacing restlessly when the first of his officers appeared, entering the orderly-room casually, as he might have done if seeking only to pass time. There were certain to be sharp, disaffected eyes on watch at such a time as this, and Reid, as he delivered his message, had emphasised the need of assembling in such a way that no suspicion could be caused.

At last all his senior officers were with him, curious to know what this unusual summons meant.

The colonel lost no time in telling why he had summoned what he called a hurried council of war. He explained that he had information, which was not open in any way to question, that that night there was to be a rising of the native troops with whom they were quartered, the object of which, presumably, was to set the native soldiery of India in revolt, and probably make easy the way for the admission of a foreign Power.

"It is," he said, "in one word, to be a second Mutiny, and as sudden as the last. But new ground is to be covered this time. In '57 the theatre of operations was much more north than we are. You know as well as I do where the mutinies were then—the Punjab, Delhi, Rohilkund, Oude, and Eastern and Central India; and for anything I know to the contrary, it may be the design to run amuck in all of them again, strong as the British are. But what the object in the end is to be I do not know, and it does not concern us at present. We can't go beyond what we know. In a word, the position is this: Here we are, a single battalion, against one regiment of cavalry, one battery of artillery, and one battalion of infantry. At ten to-night there is to be a simultaneous rising, and we are to be overwhelmed. That is the programme. As to the cause of the rising, I know nothing; and, as I say, it is no concern of mine. All I have to do is to be ready to grapple with the outbreak. I'm pinned in this way, that I can't at present order my own battalion to fall upon the rest, and can't disarm the enemy. To show the least suspicion would be to run a very serious risk of failure. If the question were one of straight fighting, I could deal with it; but it is not. It is a matter of circumvention, and as a man of average honesty, and not more than average cunning, I do not quite see my way out of the mess. Without hinting that anyone here is less honest or more cunning than myself, I want suggestions. Has anyone a good idea?"

There was a momentary silence, and the colonel began to fear that, like himself, his officers did not readily see how they should act in an unexpected crisis of this sort. It was a case for a genius, and to all appearances there was not a genius present to grapple with the situation.

The suggestion came from the quarter where the colonel and everyone else least expected it to originate—from Green, the senior major. He was a quiet, deliberate man, much given to thought, and little disposed to speech; an officer who went through his military duties so smoothly, although so conscientiously, that no one dreamed of turning to him for inspiration at a time like this.

"It seems to me, sir," said the senior major, very slowly, "that the best way out of the fix would be to adopt a *ruse de guerre*."

"I'm not particular as to my means of circumventing them," said the colonel, somewhat drily—he knew the major to be an excellent officer and rule-of-thumb disciple, and was almost disposed to smile at the suggestion of a trick coming from him; "what I am mostly anxious about is that I should know how to do it. This seems to be a matter of some subterfuge, and, frankly, as a plain, straightforward soldier, like yourself, I do not, on the spur of the moment, feel equal to it."

"I think," said the senior major, still deliberately, "that if you will listen to me for a minute I can give you an outline of a plan on which you can work and beat the enemy."

The hearers crowded eagerly about the major. At any other time they would not have hesitated to regard him as a fit subject for respectful merriment; but the occasion was too serious for jesting, and they waited, anxiously and wonderingly, for the words of wisdom which he seemed to have in readiness.

The colonel looked curiously at Green. "Remember," he said, slowly, "that this is no ordinary crisis. On what we do the safety of an Empire will probably depend."

"I am aware of the importance of the occasion," said the major, still in his dry, hard, self-reliant way, "and have faith in my idea, or I would never dream of mentioning it at such a crisis, nor could I even suggest it if I did not feel that all is fair in love and war."

"Especially war, and against people like these," observed the colonel, grimly.

"My scheme is this," began the senior major.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INSPIRATION.

"CURIOUSLY enough, I have long supposed that something of this sort might crop up, and in a hazy kind of way have often thought of what I should do if I were pinned. We have to deal with mercenaries who include riff-raff from all parts of this strange country. We are, when all is said and done, aliens, and at a time like this we should do what ought to have been done, in my opinion, at the outset of the other Mutiny, and what was done, you will remember, at Benares, Vellore, and Bareilly, among other places—smash the insurrection with a strong and timely hand."

The colonel nodded emphatic approval, and said, "The only question is, How?"

"I suggest," continued Green, as placidly as if he had been laying down the theory of one of his pet war-games, "that you should meet a sharp move by a sharper. The enemy are deluding you—you must delude them. Since we have been quartered here it has been your custom to have night marches. They have been useful, and the men have been thankful for them, if only because they relieve the monotony of existence. The native troops have also, as you know, taken part in them, and have not liked the work. But that is neither here nor there. I would order another—it would be at short notice, but that wouldn't matter—and fix the parade for nine o'clock. On the pretext that a few blank cartridges are to be used for effect, I would issue one hundred rounds of ammunition per man, and arrange that each should be informed quietly by the N.C.O.'s of what is likely to happen. You could depend upon it that, being in such a tight corner, not one would give the battalion away."

The major paused. "I hope," he added, somewhat hesitatingly, "that my idea does not seem too absurd to entertain? If so, of course I won't continue."

"Go on," said the colonel, energetically; "I begin to see."

The other officers crowded more closely, and listened more eagerly. All desire to quizz or make merry had left them.

"Having proved the battalion—and you'll find that not a sound man will be absent—I would deliberately march away. There will be no moon until late, and the earlier darkness will exactly suit your purpose. It will enable you to return unseen and fall upon the enemy. You will be certain of him, while he will be unable to distinguish you from his friends, and will therefore hesitate more in his fighting. By the time you have got well to work, the moon will have risen, and you will be able to continue your operations in a light that will be in some respects as strong as day. Nature in that way is in your favour."

There were murmurs of approval and satisfaction, and encouraged by them the major went on: "You could give out that you were going to attack a position five miles to the north, to which you had previously despatched a skeleton force. You will have your cyclist section with you, and as soon as we are clear of this place you could despatch two of the smartest riders to Halabad, to give the alarm and hurry on reinforcements. The riders would reach it fairly soon, and we should be able to hold out until we were relieved. Having, by withdrawing your main body, and leaving only the guards and the sick and the women and children, satisfied the enemy that you suspected nothing, and that their road was clear before them, you would, by a quick and quiet movement, return, seize the guns of the artillery, and either make them useless or put a guard over them, surround the cavalry barracks, and then wait for developments. The infantry you could, I am certain, tackle without trouble. I have always"—the major for the first time spoke with warmth—"had a low opinion of them. This is a mere outline, but I thought you could, if it seemed good to you, amplify the idea."

The major finished. He was, as has been said, a man of few words, and little given to outward or inward enthusiasm; but even his blood coursed quicker as he heard the subdued expressions of admiration and approval. "Dear old Green," he heard the senior captain murmur, and instantly a harsh feeling which he had nourished against the captain disappeared.

"Major Green," said the colonel, after a short pause, "you haven't drawn up notes on tactics for the use of the Queen's for nothing. Your idea is feasible and good, and I shall show best what I think of it by adopting it, with one or two alterations which I'm sure you won't be hurt about."

"It is absolutely at your service," said the senior major, feeling that it was reward enough to have his proposal adopted.

(To be continued.)

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—VII.



COLONEL AND OFFICERS, NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES.

BEFORE proceeding to speak of any particular regiment or corps having its headquarters in New South Wales, it may not be out of place here to touch on the military history of the colony, and to review its present position with regard to the forces stationed within its borders. From its foundation as a colony in 1799, until 1870 New South Wales was garrisoned by British troops, but soon after their withdrawal a colonial regular force was raised. It consisted of a battery of Artillery and two companies of Infantry, but the latter were disbanded the following year. Four years later another battery was added, and in 1877 a third. Submarine Miners and Mounted Infantry were added to the Permanent Force in 1888. In 1890, however, the mounted corps was disbanded. Its place was taken by a fourth battery of Artillery, and about the same time a Medical Staff Corps was raised. So much for the history of the Permanent Force up till 1890, but the volunteers must not be forgotten. Sydney was the cradle of the Volunteer movement in New South Wales, and as early as 1854 raised a mixed force consisting of one battery, one troop of cavalry, and six companies of infantry, known as the 1st Regiment of New South Wales Rifles. The Russian War was responsible for this display of patriotic enthusiasm, and it is not surprising, as has more than once been the case at home, that when peace was established the force gradually dwindled away and practically ceased to exist. Again in 1860 the colonists displayed their military ardour by raising volunteers to the number of 1,696. These included two batteries of Artillery stationed at Sydney and one at Newcastle, a troop of Mounted Rifles and fourteen companies of Rifles in Sydney, as well as six additional companies in the outlying districts. The Sydney Rifles were in 1867 formed into two regiments, and in the same year four additional batteries were raised. The mounted portion was not included in the reorganisation, for it had ceased to exist some five years earlier. To stimulate volunteering in the colony the Legislature had recourse in 1867 to a novel method. For continuous and efficient service of five years each man was granted fifty acres of land. This rule continued in force until 1874, and appears to have answered its purpose, for while it obtained the force reached a strength of 2,884.

On the abolition of land grants a system of partial payment came into vogue, and in 1878 a reorganisation took place, the scheme for which was submitted by Sir William Jervois.

In 1882 a corps of Naval Artillery Volunteers came into existence, and was to receive only allowances for instruction and certain expenses. Other corps on the same lines followed, but in 1895 all had merged in the partly-paid force, with the exception of the Scottish Rifles, which still continued to serve without partial payment. The Irish Rifles, the St. George's Rifles, and the Australian Rifles were formed in 1896, and all are, strictly speaking, volunteers.

The Permanent Forces now consist of one field battery and three garrison companies of Artillery, with headquarters at Sydney, sections of Engineers, Army Service Corps, Medical Staff Corps, and the corps of Staff Clerks. The Partially-Paid Forces form, of course, the largest portion of the Army of New South Wales. To these belong four squadrons of Lancers, four companies of Mounted Rifles, two field batteries and four garrison companies of Artillery, four companies of Engineers, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Regiments of Infantry, each ten companies strong, the Army Service Corps, the Medical Staff Corps, and the Veterinary Staff Corps. To the volunteers pure and simple belong the 1st Australian Horse, the 5th Union Regiment, composed of the Scottish and Irish Rifles, the 6th Regiment or Australian Rifles, the 7th Regiment or St. George's Rifles, the National Guard, and the Railway Volunteer Corps. The cadets, too, may well be considered valuable additions to the volunteer force. The Lancers have attached to them half a squadron of these young soldiers, the



Photo: Gregory. Copyright.

INSTRUCTION IN AMBULANCE WORK—NEW SOUTH WALES CAVALRY.

Artillery one field battery, and the 1st Regiment of Infantry one company. Cavalry and infantry volunteers are enrolled between the ages of 18 and 40, but a candidate must satisfy the regulations as to the standard height and chest measurement. He must be thoroughly sound physically, and possessed of good sight. The annual training of the partially-paid troops consists of nine days' continuous duty in camp and three detached whole days. As well as attending the annual training, the cavalry and Mounted Rifles must put in thirteen half days and the infantry the same number of half days. Both branches undergo an annual course of musketry. Officers and non-commissioned officers must also attend certain courses of instruction, and each corps is inspected annually by the General Officer Commanding or his representative. By the term whole day is meant six hours, and a half day consists of two hours. When out for training, a private is paid at the rate of 8s. per day, and he is paid at a similar rate for each of the three detached whole days. For a half-day's drill he receives 4s. On completing his course of musketry he receives 12s., and in the event of his being returned as an efficient soldier at the end of the year, he becomes the recipient of a further sum of £1 12s. in the form of a bonus.

The post of General Officer Commanding in the colony is held by Major-General G. A. French, C.M.G., an officer of exceptional ability and experience. Entering the Royal Artillery in 1860, he proceeded with the Expeditionary Force the following year, and served with the Canadian Forces during the Fenian "Invasion" from 1866 to 1870. During the latter year he was appointed Inspector of Artillery for Canada with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in that capacity performed valuable service. He not only raised and organised the Canadian Permanent Artillery, but established schools of gunnery. In 1873 he was appointed Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police, and organised that force. The following year he commanded the expedition from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1877 received the C.M.G. as a reward for his service.

He was appointed Inspector of Warlike Stores at Devonport in 1878, and held that post until 1883, when he first did duty in Australia as Commandant of the Queensland Forces, which he organised with great success, as may be gathered from the fact that in 1891 he received the thanks of both Houses of the Queensland Parliament. Nor did the authorities at home fail to recognise his genius, for a year



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

SERGEANT-MAJOR, NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES.



THE RANK AND FILE, NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES.

later he was promoted colonel for distinguished service. For a brief period General French commanded the Royal Artillery at Dover, until he took over the duties of chief instructor at Shoeburyness in 1892. Later he served as brigadier-general in Bombay, and was appointed to his present command in 1896.

The New South Wales Lancers, as our illustration proves, are recruited from men of sound physique. They are thoroughly finished horsemen, and can use the lance as well as the sword with dexterity. Their "kit," if not as picturesque as our own 16th or 17th, is decidedly more comfortable and workman-like. The uniform, which is brown with red facings, is paid for by the Government, but the men are required to find their own horses and saddles. The head-dress is a Tyrolese hat, and brown boots are worn. The corps is armed with lance, sabre, and pistol. A portion of the corps came to England to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee. The expenses were defrayed by officers and friends as well as by the troopers, some of whom contributed as much as £25.

The illustration of the sergeant-major of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles will give the uninitiated an idea of how that first-rate corps is mounted and equipped. It may be noticed that the sword is attached to the rider and not to the horse. The sergeant-major is therefore still able to defend himself if dismounted. As may be seen in another picture, the rank and file carry the long bayonet. The colonel and officers are also depicted. Some of the latter are in full dress, and others wear the less picturesque forage cap and patrol jacket. The uniform is light brown, with a Tyrolese hat for head-dress. The corps presents a decidedly smart appearance on parade, and is well mounted. In undress the officers wear a band of silver lace round the forage cap. In our next article we hope to give further particulars of both the regiments mentioned.



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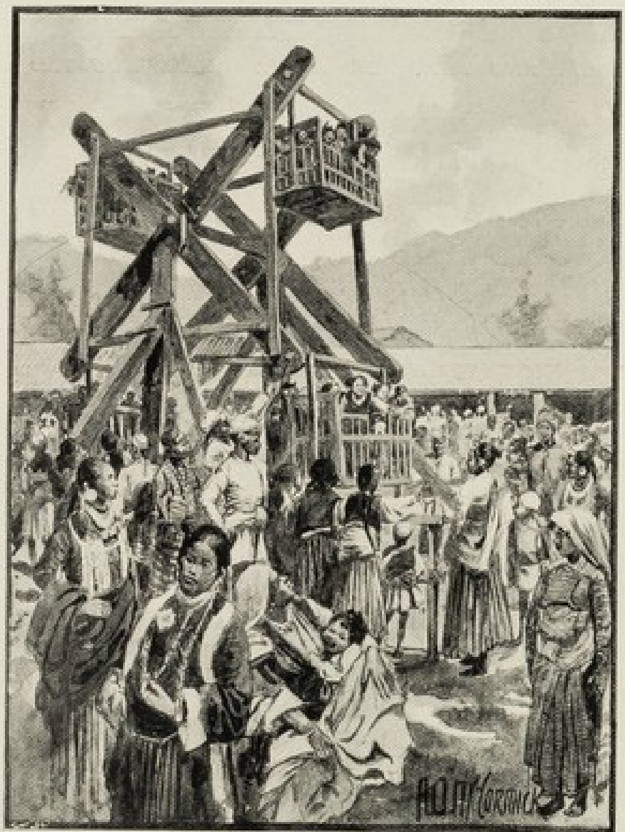
DRESS AND UNDRESS—NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

MAJOR L. A. WADDELL, of the Indian Army Medical Corps, has done yeoman's service to the cause of Himalayan mountaineering, and perhaps more to our knowledge of the frontiers of Nepal and Tibet. Those who have walked airily upon the summit of Mont Blanc and scaled the once inaccessible Matterhorn, are now turning their thoughts, and will doubtless yet direct their serious efforts, to the giants of the Himalayas, the stupendous heights of Kanchen-junga and the kingly head of Mount Everest. Since Sir Joseph Hooker wrote his "Himalayan Journals" in 1854, giving such an admirable picture of the physical and botanical characters of the region, it is surprising how little has been published of practical value concerning the Eastern Switzerland of Sikkim from the mountaineering point of view. Now Major Waddell, who has been travelling and exploring in these regions for fourteen years, studying the manners and customs of Tibetans and Nepalese, and gathering memorials of the dying tribe of the Lepchas, and whose collection of ethnological objects is valued in the British Museum, has written an admirable volume entitled "Among the Himalayas" (Constable), which may be commended to all and sundry, both to practical mountaineers and to those who sit in arm-chairs at home. From the very remarkable and extensive series of photographic pictures which accompany the book, these last will gain a most excellent idea of what the Himalayas are. The illustrations of life and character are not less praiseworthy, and the author, who has an intimate acquaintance with the native races, gives a very pleasing account of the people. The "niggers," whom the Darjeeling Anglo-Indians — up from the plains to gain health and vigour in that wine-like air—are apt to class with the low-type plainsmen left behind, are not so black as they are painted. The varied humanity of Darjeeling Sunday markets, and of the country fairs, is typical of the region. Here is the placid Lepcha, the aboriginal, bartering yams, cardamons, wild honey, and gorgeous butterflies, for salt and necessaries. The bright and chattering Nepalese are immigrating rapidly into the Darjeeling district, and will yet swamp him entirely. But these and the Bhotiyas from Nepal, and the dashing Tibetans on their sturdy ponies, are not to be described here. A Nepalese fair is admirably pictured, and it is surprising how it resembles our old English fairs, with its joviality, dancing, singing, shouting, and bibulation, its swings and revolving wheels, such as I have seen many a time in my boyhood, now glorified almost out of recognition in the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. So does Major Waddell take us into the Rang-eet Valley, and into native Sikkim, gossiping as he goes of the sights and sounds of the country, the long string of coolies, the curious ways of Lamas, and much else that is most pleasing to read.

* * * *

The book is full besides of the delights of mountaineering. From Senchal, 1,500-ft. above Darjeeling, there was an inspiring prospect. The huge mass of Kanchen-junga (Kinchinjinga), 28,150-ft., with 13,000-ft. of everlasting snow, culminates the vast range of mountains, with Everest, 29,002-ft., in the background. Thence, rising over the shoulders of Sandook-phu (Sundakfu), the crowded range of colossal peaks extends almost continuously eastward to Janoo, 25,000-ft., and Kabroo, 24,015-ft., on the flanks of Kanchen-junga, and thence away to the silvery cone of Tibetan Choomo-lha-ri, 23,940-ft., to sink in the distant snows of Bhotan. The mind recoils for a moment from the conception of Nature in these stupendous developments. Do seamen ever remember, when they come from Ceylon to Calcutta, that they actually steam up-hill? It is a fact, nevertheless, for the enormous mass will not only deflect the plumb-line from the vertical, as Sir George Everest discovered, but sucks up the sea from the horizontal. Here, as Major Waddell says, we have a perfect illustration of the process of land-sculpture, the eroding forces of rain, wind, ice, and frost, determining the configuration of the peaks in relation to the particular rock of which the mountains are composed. I have read the book with profound interest, but shall not follow the author in his wanderings here. The fascination of the perilous, the desire to accomplish, the zeal that impels men towards the poles and the most difficult peaks of the Alps, will yet send many up the lofty steeps of the Himalayas. Will Kanchen-junga and Everest yet be stormed? Mr. Graham says that the former is not impossible, but improbable in the highest degree. Major Waddell agrees, so far as the south side is concerned, because of the great precipice below the pinnacle, but is inclined to think there is hope by way of the Zemu glacier, or across the great gap, and that eminent authority, Mr. Freshfield, shares the anticipation. The difficulty of Everest, though still reputed to be the loftiest height in the world, may not, after all, be so great. If Nature has not forgotten the ladder, Mr. Freshfield believes that the altitude may not be an insuperable barrier. There are sacred mountains in Tibet, said even to out-top Mount Everest itself, but these are yet shadowy and unidentified. It is a glorious region of the earth, as all Major Waddell's readers will agree. He does not describe only lovely glaciers and forbidding peaks, he describes rushing torrents, crossed in peril by way of cane swing-bridges, glorious forests, splendid rivers, fertile banks, and rhododendron thickets, that are extremely tempting to the reader. Material development and "empire-building" are not forgotten in this extremely interesting survey.



A Nepalese Swing at a Fair.
(From "Among the Himalayas.")

* * * *

The *Island of Cuba Magazine*, published at Havana, is one of the first signs of the new *regime* there. It is written in Spanish and English, and is not chiefly, or even mainly, political. Climatological architecture, colonial engineering, tropical farming, and such matters are treated in its pages. Of course, Cuban heroes are not overlooked, and there is an appalling article entitled "The Blood Paid for 'Cuba Libre'" in the first number. The stars and stripes and the Cuban flag fly together on the cover, and altogether this is a curiously interesting issue.

* * * *

I shall conclude with the recommendation of a book that makes very disagreeable reading. Yet to all who are interested in public health, and particularly in the health of the Navy, the book is of the first importance. It is entitled "Handbook of Public Health, Laboratory Work and Food Inspection" (Portsmouth, Charpentier, 2s. 6d.), and is by Surgeon O. W. Andrews, R.N., who is assistant-instructor to surgeons on entering the Navy. His notes on the examination of fish, flesh, and fowl, his remarks upon the suitability of fishes in tropical waters for food, his appalling disclosure of the dangers to which we are subject, and his whole treatment of the question, are beyond praise. The book is fully illustrated, and must not be overlooked by anyone connected with questions of food supply.

* * * *

Messrs. Gay and Bird announce for early publication a "History of the American-Spanish War, by the War Leaders." To this volume General Miles will contribute a paper on the work of the Army as a whole, while the Santiago and Manila Campaigns will be dealt with separately by General Shafter and General Merritt respectively. As to the operations by sea, Mr. Long, Secretary to the Navy Department, will write generally of the part played by the fleets.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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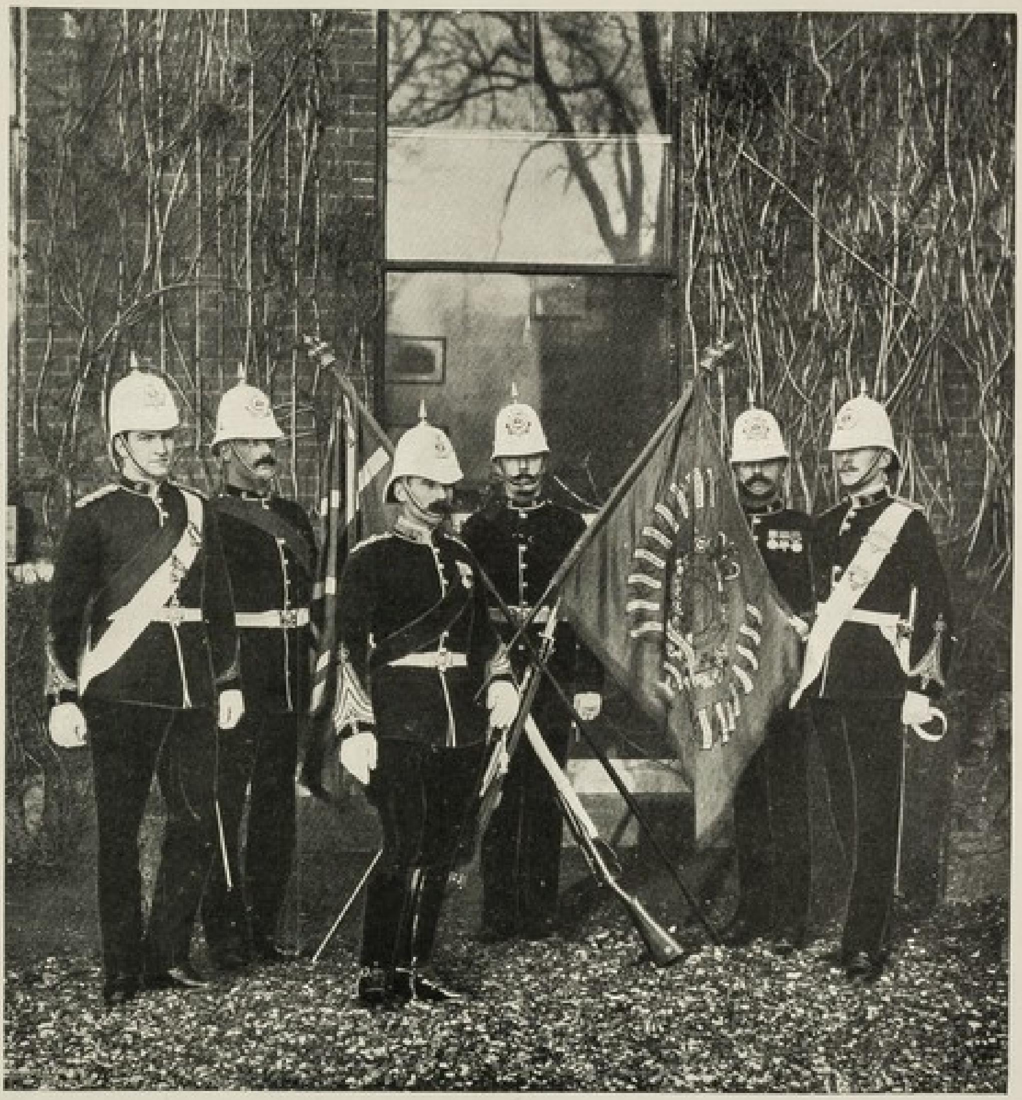


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"QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT."

(See next page.)

The Queen's Own, Royal West Kent, Regiment.



OFFICERS, 2nd QUEEN'S OWN (ROYAL WEST KENT) REGIMENT.

"QUO fas et gloria ducunt" is the brave motto of the Royal West Kent, and we have only to glance at the long string of battle honours on the regimental colour, shown in the picture on our first page, to recognise how suitable it is to this fine old corps. Our illustrations are all of the 2nd Battalion, now at home and stationed at Chatham, their comrades of the 1st Battalion being stationed at Dum-dum, the large military station and arsenal near Calcutta, a place now world-renowned as having given its name to the famous bullet of which we have heard so much lately.

In our first illustration we have the colonel and the colours—the man who is responsible for the regiment, and the colours for the honour of which the regiment is responsible. The colours are crossed, and supported by three rifles. The one inclined to the right of the group is the Queen's colour, the Great Union, with the numeral indicating the battalion in the top corner next the pole. The regimental colour displays all the battle honours, and that they may be properly displayed, the officer on the left of the group is holding the flag extended. As the West Kent is a Royal regiment, the ground of the colour is "royal blue," with, in a crimson centre surmounted by the Crown and surrounded by the Union wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, the regimental title; below is the motto "Quo fas et gloria ducunt," and underneath the battle honour of the Sphinx, superscribed Egypt for Abercromby's Campaign in 1801, the earliest battle honour of the corps. On scrolls on either side are enrolled the remaining battle honours, twenty in number—Vimiera, Corunna, Almaraz, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nive, Orthes, Peninsula, for the Peninsular War; Punniar, for the Gwalior Campaign of 1843; Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon, for the Sutlej Campaign, 1845-46; Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, for the Russian War; Lucknow, for the Indian Mutiny; New Zealand, for the Maori Wars of 1863-66; Egypt, for the campaign against Arabi in 1882; and Nile, for the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884-85. Almaraz, fought in 1812, is a battle honour which the Royal West Kent shares only with two other regiments, the old 71st and 92nd, now respectively the 1st Highland Light Infantry and 2nd Gordon Highlanders. The honour of displaying all four honours granted to the "Army of the Sutlej," the Royal West Kent shares only with one other corps, the old 31st, now the 1st East Surrey. When the medal was given for this campaign, the first battle in which the recipient took part was put in the exergue, and clasps for each subsequent one. In the celebrated collection of Captain Whitaker there is a very fine West Kent medal for this campaign, the recipient being James Marshall of the Queen's Own, with all the honours, viz., Moodkee on the medal itself, and clasps for Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. Punniar is also a rare battle honour, for the Royal West Kent shares it only with the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, and the Buffs, the other Kentish regiment. A Punniar star, worn by Drummer Rowland, of



Photos. Cummings. Copyright.

THE 2nd ROYAL WEST KENT ON PARADE.

the Queen's Own, is also in the before-mentioned collection.

In our illustration the officer in the front of the group is Colonel E. A. W. S. Grove, who commands the battalion; on either side are the two junior lieutenants, on whom always devolves the function of carrying the colours whenever they are paraded with the regiment, while three colour-sergeants form the guard of honour behind. Colonel Grove, besides being one of the officers who has achieved the distinction of having passed the Staff College, has seen much arduous war service, both in North and South Africa. In South Africa he served with the battalion he now commands through the Boer War of 1881 with the Natal Field Force. With the 1st Battalion he served through the Egyptian War of 1882, being present at both Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and earning by his services his brevet majority. The senior officers of the 2nd Battalion have also all seen much service. Major Harrison, second in command, was with the 1st Battalion in the Boer War, and with the 2nd in Egypt in 1882. The other two majors, Daniell and Brock-Hollinshead, both were with the 1st Battalion in the campaign of 1882, while the latter served also with the same battalion through the Nile Expedition. Of the captains with this battalion, the senior, Captain Montgomery Campbell, was at Suakin in 1888, and took part in the action of Lemaiyah, his services there earning him from the Khedive the decoration of the Osmanieh, while another, Captain George Marshall, has the medal and clasp for the relief of Chitral in 1885.

The second of our illustrations shows the officers of the battalion; and that the 2nd Royal West Kent makes a fine show when turned out for parade is illustrated by another picture, in which we see the Duke of Connaught inspecting the last batch of recruits joined from the regimental depôt, Maidstone. The scene in this case is at Aldershot, from which station the battalion has only been recently removed to Chatham.



INSPECTING RECRUITS.



A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP.

During its stay there the lieutenant-general in command was His Royal Highness, and it was about the same time that he was succeeded by Sir Redvers Buller that orders came for the battalion to move. It is satisfactory to know that the men left behind them the impression of a smart regiment. Lower down on the same page is a pretty picture, that of the Royal Duke and his staff paying to the colours, as they are borne away from the parade, the salute that is invariably given them by every body that wears Her Most Gracious Majesty's uniform, whatever be his rank or position.

Interspersed between these two is an interesting group comprising the drum-major, a functionary who figures prominently at big parades, the non-commissioned officer who fills the onerous position of postman to the battalion, and a smart bugler, as representative of "the drums."

Two excellent illustrations also are given of the band and "the drums," both set in the same scene, with a picturesque background of trees, above which can be seen the Wellington Statue which for so many years stood over the arch opposite Apsley House at Hyde Park Corner—where the present statue of the Duke now stands—and which has found its last resting-place at the great camp and training ground of the British Army.

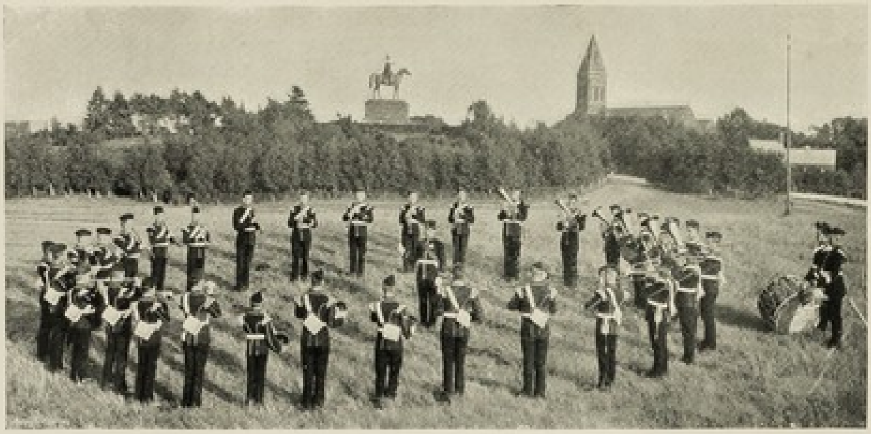
Finally, our last illus-



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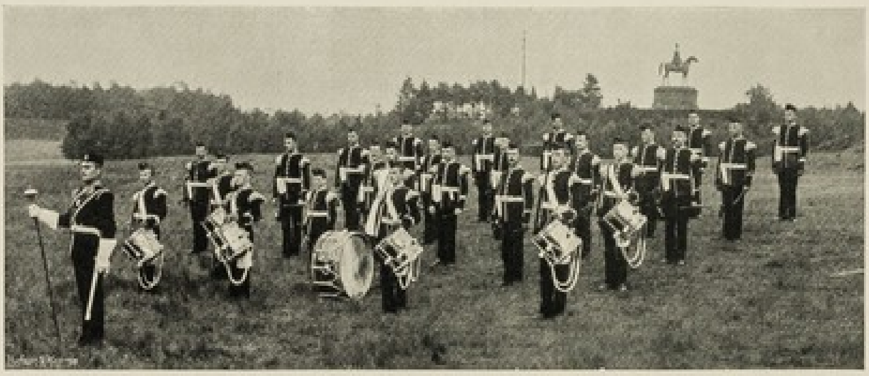
ROYALTY SALUTING THE COLOURS.

tration represents that backbone of every smart regiment, the sergeants of the battalion. The battalion here illustrated is, as we have said, the 2nd, and was originally the old 97th, or Earl of Ulster's, Regiment of Foot, and was raised in 1824. Its title it took from the Irish peerage of the then Commander-in-Chief, Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, the second son of George III. and brother of the then reigning monarch. It was hence regarded as an Irish regiment, and its facings were sky-blue, the field colour on which the Irish Harp is heraldically displayed, and which is also the colour of the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick.



BAND OF THE 2nd QUEEN'S OWN.

Its first active service was in Ceylon, where it was employed during the disturbances in Kandy. It next saw service during the Crimea, where it was actively engaged through the siege of Sebastopol, and especially in the affairs of March 22 and August 30 and 31, 1855, and at the final assault of the Redan on September 8, 1855. In the Russian War the regiment earned two Victoria Crosses—one by Sergeant Coleman, on August 30, 1855, "for great bravery and coolness in defending a new sap and carrying in a mortally wounded officer under fire," the second by Major C. H. Lumley, for brilliant bravery at the assault of the Redan, which he was one of the first to enter. He shot down two Russians and was then felled by a stone. Recovering himself, however, he was again cheering on his men when he was shot in the mouth. During the Mutiny the 97th served with the Tounpore Field Force at the capture of the fort of Nusrutpore, and in the affairs of Chanda, Umeerpore, and Sultanpore. It was at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and the storming of the Kaiserbagh. After being employed in further operations against the mutineers, the 97th did not return to England till 1867. Its last field service was in 1881, the year it became the 2nd Royal West Kent, when it formed part of the Natal Field Force during the Boer War, though it also sent some of its officers and men to swell the ranks of the 1st Battalion during the Nile Campaign of 1884-85. It is from this corps that the Royal West Kent derives the motto which it shares with the Royal Regiment of Artillery and the Corps of Royal Engineers.

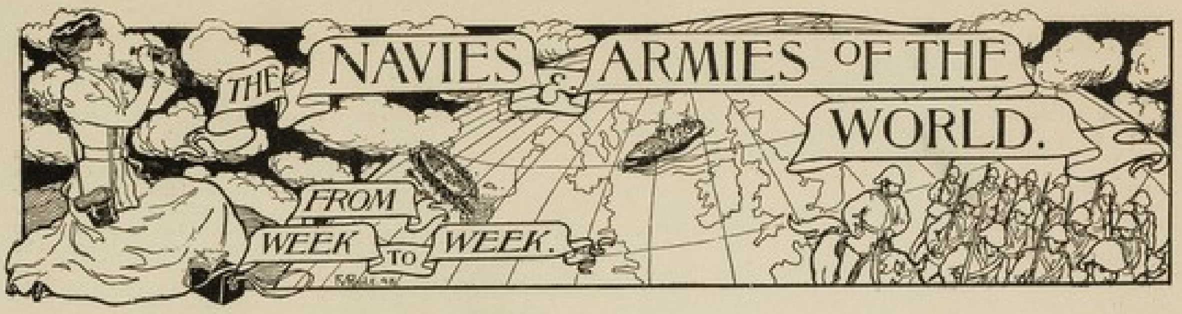


"DRUMS" OF THE 2nd QUEEN'S OWN.



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THE BACKBONE OF THE BATTALION.



I DO not think that the chapter in Mr. Parker's "Sir Robert Peel" which deals with the great debate on the defences of the country in 1844-45 has received quite as much attention as it deserves. Apart altogether from the mere historic information it contains, which is useful to correct other authorities, there are some matters of doctrine discussed in it which have an enduring interest. There is no great importance, but there is something worth considering, in some words used by Peel in a letter to Lord Stanley, dated December 23, 1844. He refers to remarks which Lord Hardinge, "scrutinising with an eye which is only in the head of an old Secretary of War, the demand of the Bombay Government," had made. Peel adds that "no civil Governor could have resisted the demand." He would have been afraid to disregard the advice of his subordinates and of military officers, when the public safety was or seemed to be concerned. It was the fact that Lord Hardinge was a soldier of distinction, as well as an experienced politician, which enabled him to stand firm, and gave authority to his answer to what appear to have been the rather alarmist statements of the Bombay Government. The case supplies a rather unexpected argument for taking professional men as First Lords of the Admiralty and Secretaries of State for War, in the interests of economy, real or only so called. Certainly a firm declaration from a general of distinction or a well-known admiral that such and such an expenditure was not wanted, or that such and such an alleged danger was imaginary, would have far more weight than the contention of a mere civilian fighting for the public purse. No doubt it is the general belief that an admiral or general is always in favour of more expenditure, but perhaps that opinion is a little too hastily formed. An admiral or general who has once committed himself to the proposition that X is enough, will be just as ready to stick to his view as the most utter civilian—perhaps even a little more, since he is of the two the most in the habit of having his word taken for law. Meanwhile, since he would be "in politics," from the mere fact that he held this kind of place, he would be subject to the same influences as other politicians, and it would be useless to attack him on the ground that he was not an "expert." So that, in the long run, the professional chief of the Navy or the Army might well be the most formidable possible enemy to unnecessary expenditure.

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Yet by far the most interesting part of this chapter is the long letter which the Duke of Wellington drafted for Lord Stanley, but first submitted to Peel. It puts his views on the part which the Army ought to be expected to play in the defence of the country very clearly. One was a little too much disposed to think that the Duke ignored the Navy and the part it must play in defence. We see, however, that this was not the case. In substance, the Duke's argument was this: We cannot now rely on the wind to blockade the enemy. Since steam has been introduced into all Navies, it is no longer the case that, when the south-westerly gales force the blockading fleet away from before Brest, they will also stop the enemy from coming through the "Goulet." The illustration is mine, but this is what he had in his mind. Now, he says, supposing your blockading force to be driven away, and your enemy to have the power of very prompt action, what prevents him from dashing at you with expeditions of 5,000 men from some among the ports stretching from Dunkirk to Bordeaux? "This hypothesis," he goes on, "is not the representation of an impossibility, or even extravagant, considering what I have seen done, and have even done myself, having at the time superior armies in the field opposed to me. In this case you would not have a man. *Look at my sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz—invested, attacked, regularly breached, the breaches carried by storm, both in a few days, in the winter the one, in adverse weather the other, while superior armies were in the field advancing to their relief and close to me.*"

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Looking at this passage and the whole of the draft to which it belongs, there does not appear to be that conflict between the opinions of the Duke of Wellington and those now prevailing on the subject of national defence which has often been supposed. It is obvious, on a fair reading of the Duke's memorandum, that the keynote is in the words, "In this case you would not have a man." Most Naval authorities agree that it is not possible to provide absolute security against the kind of raid the Duke feared. Most would agree that, if the enemy has an absolute security that no force exists to treat with him when he does land, he will have a powerfully-increased motive to make the raid. Indeed, it is impossible to see how any sane man can deny so obvious a proposition. Again the Duke says, supposing an enemy to have slipped through in order to "make a point," and to have landed, and that the British Fleet has come up at once behind him, will any Naval officer assert that it could prevent an enemy now on shore from burning this town or that arsenal, supposing there to be no garrison in either of them, no land fortifications, or only such as are worthless, and no army to assail him? It is manifest that no such security could be given. The Duke, it will be seen, disposes of the contention that we must rely on the effect which the "Naval threat" will have on the mind of the enemy, who, it is presumed, will not dare to make an offensive movement while he is liable to interruption. He plainly had that argument in his mind when he wrote, and he disposes of it with one of those ounces of fact which are worth bushels of eloquence. He simply points out that he had done that very thing himself with complete success. Is it not the fact that, as Colmar von der Goltz has just said in his treatise on the conduct of war, there is mere pedantry in thinking about the book rules of war too exclusively? They are all very well, but every rule suffers exception. A man who habitually neglects his communications will probably come to grief in the long run. Yet Napoleon once declared that if Alexander the Great and Cæsar had thought exclusively of their communications, they would neither of them have conquered the world. The approach of a relieving force may be a good reason for raising a siege, but it may also be a reason for hurrying on the assault. The only sure guarantee for a town is that it is too strong to be stormed. Therein lies the justification for fortifying arsenals and maintaining land forces even by insular Powers which possess great fleets. They are less liable to invasion of any kind than others, and are even safe against invasion on a great scale; but they cannot be safe against destructive raids, except by being so armed on shore that the enemy will know that raiding is useless.

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That gradual return of long service into the Army, on which Mr. Arnold Forster has commented with vigour—and a satisfaction which I venture to share—is another proof of the truth of the old saying, that you may drive Nature out with a pitchfork, but that she will always come back. Our Army, by the nature of its work, must differ from the Armies of the Continent, and, therefore, to organise it on a model taken from them was to go "against Nature." Once more this has been shown to be the most hopeless of undertakings. When you set about doing that, one of two things will happen. Either you will achieve death, for Nature's habitual resource is to kill people who will not conform to her orders—not at once, and sometimes only after many years; still that is what she does without fail sooner or later—or you will reform and save yourself. In the present case of the Army and long service, it is curious to see how the efforts of reformers who took the Armies of the Continent for a model have been slowly made of no effect, till at last it is coming back to this—that our Army is a confessedly long service one, with a short service element. This last may well be a gain, since it increases our elasticity and our resources. Yet what was meant to be the rule for the Army is becoming an exception, merely grafted on the military establishments of this country. That it should be so is an illustration of the readiness of all Englishmen to conform to a practical fact when once they have been brought into contact with it.

DAVID HANNAY.

The Story of the 'Implacable.'

By Edward Fraser.

WHEN to-day (March 11) the new "Implacable" is launched at Devonport, we shall have two "Implacables" afloat at the same time, and lying both in the Hamoaze, within a mile of each other. The Navy List ever since 1881 has ceased to recognise our first "Implacable" under that name. It has attached her bodily to another ship, and registered her in another name; but, all the same, our first "Implacable" still exists. "Lion No. 2" is the curious name under which is concealed the identity of the most interesting man-of-war in the world after the "Victory."

Who of the thousands that every year traverse the Hamoaze think that the ordinary-looking hulk attached by a gangway astern of the training-ship "Lion" is actually a French ship that fought at Trafalgar, was captured after the battle, and renamed with particular reference to our great arch enemy, Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet so it is. And also from 1806 onwards the "Implacable" flew the British flag, fought for England, and ended her Service career in the earlier part of Queen Victoria's reign with the reputation of being the smartest ship of the day.

The ship was launched as long ago as 1801, at the French dockyard at Rochfort, in the Bay of Biscay, for Napoleon's Imperial Navy, under the name "Duguay Trouin." Under that name she was in the van of the enemy on October 21, 1805, got away, and a fortnight after the battle, with three consorts, was caught and captured by a British squadron under Sir Richard Strachan.

The "Implacable," so named in 1806, on Russia showing hostility to England after Tilsit, joined the Baltic Fleet. With that fleet in 1808 she came in for a special battle honour that on a future day, it may be, those who shall man our new "Implacable" will remember. The "Implacable" fought an action with the first Russian man-of-war ever met as an enemy by a British ship, with a result which it may be hoped will be an example for our new "Implacable."

In August, 1808, while temporarily serving with the Swedish Fleet, together with the "Centaur," also a seventy-four, the "Implacable" and her consorts came in sight of a Russian fleet of twenty-three sail. The Swedes and British numbered seventeen ships, but the Russians, despite their superiority, made off. They were pursued, with the result that the "Implacable" and "Centaur" left the Swedes miles astern and approached the enemy alone. The "Implacable" led, and then outsailing her friend, she closed on the Russians by herself. Going directly for the enemy she gradually caught up the rear Russian ship, a seventy-four, named the "Sewolod," and ranged alongside. A brisk cannonade was kept up between the two for half-an-hour, after which the Russian, whose colours had been shot away and not rehoisted, ceased firing and struck her pennant. The "Implacable" now prepared to take possession, but just at that moment a signal of recall was made from the "Centaur," the senior ship. A division of the Russian Fleet, which had turned back to the rescue of the "Sewolod," was drawing near.

The withdrawal was, however, only for a time. A chance of retaking the "Sewolod" suddenly offered. The Russian admiral, on seeing the "Implacable" move off, had contented himself with sending a frigate to take the "Sewolod" in tow and had turned back to rejoin the main fleet. The "Implacable" and "Centaur," seeing this, again stood for the "Sewolod," but as they did so the Russian ship grounded on a shoal off Rogerswick, where the main body of the Russian Fleet had meanwhile put in. The "Sewolod," though, soon floated, and then the boats of the Russian Fleet were sent to bring her in. The "Centaur" on this pushed alongside the "Sewolod," the "Implacable" covering her. But fate once more favoured the enemy, as both the "Centaur" and "Sewolod" grounded. The Russians now attempted an attack on the "Centaur," but unsuccessfully. The "Implacable" then took her consort in tow, hauling her into deep water. Finding the "Sewolod" immovable, and half full of water, she was set on fire and destroyed.

Another memory of our first "Implacable" is the affair of July, 1809, when her boats, leading the boats of three other men-of-war, attacked a flotilla of Russian gun-boats and a convoy off the coast of Finland, anchored in a fortified bay. The boats attacked, regardless of the storm of shot poured on them, pushed in silently until alongside the gun-boats, and then boarded. Six of the eight gun-boats were captured, one was sunk, and one escaped, and the whole convoy of army store vessels fell into our hands. Lieutenant Joseph Hawkey, first of the "Implacable," was in charge. His party took the first gun-boat, and was boarding the second, when the heroic young officer was shot dead.

In the closing years of the Great War the "Implacable" served off the coast of Spain and Cadiz. Her last commission was in the Mediterranean early in the forties, and after it she returned to Devonport with a cock at the mast-head, in token of her being the smartest ship in the fleet.

The Deserters.

By An Old Sailor.



NOTE the half-deck sentry, a good old matured Chatham Royal Marine, who for the last half-hour has had one eye on the clock and the other on the grog-tub, as he walks forward and strikes the bell, then goes on deck and tells the quartermaster it is time to call the first cutter away. The quartermaster tells the midshipman of the watch, the midshipman tells the officer of the watch, who replies, "Very good" (he would probably make the same reply if they told him the ship was on fire). The boatswain's mate on the upper deck pipes, "Away first cutter." It is repeated on the main and lower decks, first in the deep, hoarse voices of the boatswain's mates, lastly in the shrill treble of the call-boy on the mess deck. Down goes the quartermaster, and puts his head inside the gun-room door, saying, "Mr. Smith, sir, cutter called away for sand."

"All right, tell them to get the masts up. Now then, Smith, dig out, never mind your duff, leave it behind and get paid for it. Look slippy; hurry up, etc.," resounds all round the boy, who is quite equal to the occasion, and retaliates by saying: "Shut your mouth, Sharky, your head will fall off; silence; six and four is eleven; you idlers eat our breakfast this morning, when we were crossing the yards."

Hurry up the youngster does; two minutes sees him outside the first lieutenant's cabin. "First cutter, sir." "Go for sand; you know your orders; get away as quick as you can; don't let the men get far away from the boat, and mind you bring back a good load." Young Smith, he is not much more than fifteen, reports himself and his orders to the officer of the watch, then goes to the gangway, where the cutter is already alongside. Proud indeed is the boy of his command. A smart youngster is he; midshipman of the foretop and first cutter, though not yet passed his three yearly; active and zealous—everywhere, except with the Naval instructor, who can do nothing with him in the $x + y$ line. Small wonder indeed if the boy has little inclination for study from 10 a.m. to 12 a.m., after keeping a middle, or morning, watch. However, little troubles the midshipman about such matters; standing at the gangway he is saying, "Sails the port side; hook on the halliard; see the mizen clear"; tells the midshipman of the watch, who is his "top mate," to keep the grouse they shot in Peat's Swamp for his supper; then hurries down the ship's side and jumps into the boat. The elaborately carved mahogany backboard, the mahogany tiller, which is really the boy's chief joy, the smart duck-covered cushions, used when he brings ladies off to the ship, are all bought and paid for with his own money. Perhaps it would be just as well not to enquire how he became possessed of his white line sheets, halliards, and copper boat-hooks. Certain it is, that one day his great friend, the boatswain, hurried a very fat-looking awning curtain into the ship, during the temporary absence of the wharf policeman, who when he reappeared positively fragranced the air with "old Jamaica"; possibly, in accordance with the law of induction in electricity, it was a case of proximity without contact, as the six months' stores, including the rum, were lying alongside on the jetty.

"Hullah, Sparkes, so you got leave! I wonder the old nugget let you go." Then to the coxswain: "I shall steer the boat; but what are you doing here—where is Bishop?" "Oh, he is going on shore, sir, and as we shan't be back until late, I, as his opposite number, am told off." Glancing round the boat, everything looks much as usual, though the crew seem to have more clothing than usual, done up in bundles, and nearly all of them have their shoes on; but it is the custom to let the men wash their clothes when away watering or sanding, and they say that some of the last party cut their feet with sea eggs. Sparkes appears very indignant, and says the coxswain has been trying to persuade him not to come, saying it is going to blow and rain. A sharp hail from the poop of "Cutter there, what are you waiting for?" settles matters. "Shoving off" is the answer. "Get hold of the guess warp, spring her ahead, hoist the fore-sail; shove her off, bowman." The wind fills the fore-sail, she gathers way, the mizen is set. The boat can just lie her course to clear a point of land, round which she must go before she can bear away for the sanding place. While in sight of the ship the

crew remain sitting down in the bottom of the boat. On rounding the point, the sheets are eased off and the boat's head turned towards Sandy Bay. The crew are told to light their pipes and make themselves as comfortable as they can. A redistribution of seats takes place—six of the men remain forward, four of them move aft; the breeze is freshening, though the water is fairly smooth, owing to the wind being off the land. The sun shines brightly, the sky is blue, consequently the water is blue; the blue water is irradiated with sparkles of transient light; the white-topped waves roll on in regular lines of graceful curves; from the bow showers of spray are dashed scintillating in the air; a broad wake of creamy whiteness, white as the foam of champagne, is left far and straight astern, as the boat sails on, with the true poetry of motion, of a well-trimmed, well-sailed boat.

The midshipman and the engineer are congratulating one another on having got out of the ship, feeling well content and at peace with all men, full of love and full of dinner. Sparkes is stooping down, facing aft, to light his pipe, when in a moment everything changes. The coxswain, who has been sitting down in the bottom of the boat right aft, rises to his feet with a sort of stagger, as though the motion of the boat affected him, falls against the midshipman, whose whole attention is now taken up in steering the boat, half lifts, half drags the boy out of his seat, at the same time gives a yell of "What oh, cherry pickers!" drops the midshipman in the bottom of the boat, pretty well on top of Sparkes, and jumping into the "dickey," seizes the tiller. On hearing the cry of "What oh, cherry pickers!" which is evidently a prearranged signal, the four men who came aft when the boat got out of sight of the ship, fling themselves on Sparkes and the midshipman. The man who has been told off to manage the middy, grabs him tight, at the same time saying, "Keep quiet; no one means to hurt you, but we must have the boat." So sudden has been the attack that the only thing the boy realises is that he is on the flat of his back being held down, and that a sort of free-fight is going on; the boat has flown up in the wind, is rolling heavily and shipping water, the fore-sail is flapping about, the mizen and boom are flogging the water astern. Sparkes, who has risen to his feet, floors the first man with a blow straight from the shoulder; the man falls back with a crash on the heap of buckets, shovels, etc., in the middle of the boat, seeing enough stars to make him think the "try-sail sheet-block" has got him in the lee gangway on a dark night. The three others close in on Sparkes, and soon have him down—are doing all they know to secure him, hands and feet. Young Smith, however, taking advantage of a heavy roll, gets his back against the side of the boat, makes a purchase of it, lashes out with both feet, and catches one of Sparkes' antagonists in the small of the back, so that, assisted by the rolling of the boat, he sends the man flying on his face. Sparkes takes advantage of this, jumps up, and for a few moments midshipman and engineer are striking out right and left. Forward in the boat there are only two men who do not mean to desert, so it is not long before they are knocked down, their hands tied behind them, with the threat of being knocked on the head with a stretcher if they give any trouble. Someone lowers the fore-sail, the rest of the deserters hurry aft to the assistance of their comrades in the stern It is not long before numbers prevail, and both the officers are down on the broad of their backs, gazing at the blue sky, their hands and feet tied with the men's black silk handkerchiefs. The boat is baled out, got before the wind, the sails hoisted, the coxswain gets out of the "dickey," telling the man who takes his place to steer for the "blooming mountain." The snow-white cap of Mount Baker, that towers many thousands of feet aloft in the clear blue sky, forms a prominent object that lies right in the direction in which they wish to sail.

"Very sorry, sir," says the coxswain; "no one bears you any ill-will; let me put my clothes under your head; if it had not been for that blessed engineer there would have been no trouble, and he has only got what he bringed on himself." Indeed it speaks well for the men that no unnecessary violence has been used in effecting their purpose; even the man with the two black eyes does not say much, though what he does say is very much to the point. The officers are too angry to speak, besides being sore and bruised. The whole affair has been well planned and carefully thought out; all the men, with one exception, are well furnished with money and clothes; only one man has no money; a subscription is quickly made, and the proceeds are given to him. The coxswain has a nice little sum of £25, others various sums from £15 to £10. Full well do these men know the miserable fate of those men who have deserted penniless; without clothes, money, friends, or the knowledge of a trade, their fate has indeed been pitiable. Some, indeed, are said to be living a miserable existence with the Indians; others have shipped in merchant ships, only to find a life of greater hardships, scantier clothes, even scantier food, work alone unlimited, any request for pay being met with the threat, "If you want any pay I will give you up to the first British man-of-war we meet."

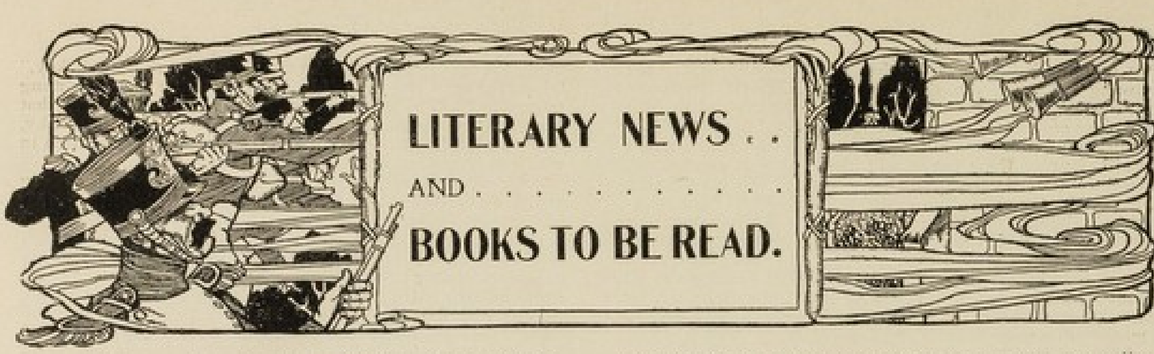


"Jumping into the 'dickey,' seizes the tiller."

Everything now favours the deserters: the wind is fair and strong, the boat tearing through the water at about 8 knots, no fog, no vessels in sight. Soon the outlying islands are passed, the mainland of America is rising fast, smoke can be seen, clearings among the trees can be distinguished. The two officers have long been unbound, and are sitting moodily close together, not saying a word, but, like the sailor's parrot, "thinking a lot." Onward sails the boat, the entrance of the bay is made out, patches of cultivated land appear, soon the settlement itself. Preparations are made for landing, or anchorage if necessary. Bundles are tied up, some of the men shake hands with the midshipman—a compliment he hardly appreciates, but good-naturedly puts up with. The shabby-looking wooden pier, the half-finished, damp-looking wooden houses, are distinguished; two little wooden coasting schooners and some scows represent all the shipping. Down comes the fore-sail, the mizen is topped, the boat is run into the landing-place.

There are not many people about, but all there soon appear, though they do not seem to take much interest in the arrival of the boat. The coxswain advises the two men who remain in the boat with the officers to shove off for a bit, and to land farther on, promising that food and liquor shall be sent, at the same time remarking that it won't be long before the gun-boat comes in to tow them back—as indeed she does, soon after daylight the next morning.

When it was found that the boat was not in sight at 6 p.m., enquiries were made; orders were given for the gun-boat to cross over to the mainland and search for the missing cutter. Owing to the direction of the wind there was little doubt where the boat had gone. After an absence of about thirty hours the first cutter is back at the lower boom, minus nine of her crew, and without sand.



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

SO much has been written about the hostilities between Spain and the United States, and so many prominent men, including General Shafter himself, have taken the public into their confidence, that it might be thought that there was scarcely room for another book, unless it were of a serious and authoritative kind. Yet, after all, the personal observations of an intelligent man have always their value, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis is pre-eminently this. Nothing so good has yet been written of the Santiago operations as I have found in his "Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns" (Heinemann). For the author is at once an experienced critic, a keen observer, and a brilliant writer. The pity is that his photographic films seem to have been defective, for the pictures are relatively dull. Mr. Davis witnessed the operations under the very best circumstances, for he went afloat in Admiral Sampson's flag-ship, and seems to have known every prominent soldier. "In no military post from Knightsbridge Barracks to Gibraltar, from Fort Houston to Fort Sill, nor in Greece, Egypt, France, Russia, or Germany, have I seen discipline better observed, or such 'smartness,' or such intelligent obedience as I noted during the ten days that I remained in the 'New York.'" After giving a lively account of the "rocking-chair period" of the dough-boy officers, foreign attachés—most popular among them Captain A. H. Lee, R.A.—and war correspondents at Tampa, Mr. Davis takes us afloat with the transports "at seven miles an hour, with pauses for thought and consultation," the gun-boats shepherding the unruly flock. There was absolutely nothing to prevent Spanish torpedo-boats from running among them and sinking many. Mr. Davis gives a deplorable account of the American transport captains. Not one did he meet in the transports he visited who was anything but insolent, un-American, and mutinous; and when there was firing of any sort on shore, they showed themselves most abject cowards and sought the open sea with their much-needed supplies, and the Americans had no one to control them.

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There is a remarkably fine account in this book of the fight of the Rough Riders at Guasimas, which can no longer be thought a mere piece of recklessness and foolhardiness, though still, I think, there is no full justification of it. A statement was made at the time that Capron's men had fired upon the Rough Riders, but this was absolutely untrue. It was the Spaniards who made it so desperately hot for the invaders, and the undergrowth was so dense that progress was most difficult, and the men could not see their antagonists, who, of course, knew every foot of the ground. It is inspiring to read of the courage and ardour that filled the Americans. Here was one of Capron's lieutenants with his wounded leg bound up with tourniquets made of twigs and pocket-handkerchiefs. "You are taking me to the front, aren't you?" he cries; "you said you would. They've killed my captain—do you understand? They've killed Captain Capron. The —— Mexicans! They've killed my captain!" There are bitter gibes for General Shafter. He took Santiago, forsooth! Rather it was Admiral Cervera that gave it. "The American people cannot have forgotten Shafter's panic-stricken telegram of July 2, when he said that our lines were so thin that he feared he might have to withdraw from the position his men had taken. It came like a slap in the face to everyone who believed Santiago was already ours!" On the very next day, when Cervera had departed, Shafter was demanding surrender! All the same, the line at the rifle-pits was thin, and positive panic existed at a situation unmistakably grave. Mr. Davis has evidently very small respect for the manner in which the negotiations with the Spaniards were conducted. He was in the trenches for a fortnight, and saw everything, and his observation is valuable. The attitude which he held towards the respective generals may be gleaned from his general comment on the affairs in Porto Rico, where he makes a comparison between good generalship and bad. "There was more careful preparation and forethought exhibited in the advances which our generals made upon the little towns they captured in Porto Rico than was shown in the entire campaign against the city of Santiago—General Chaffee's reconnaissance and the capture of El Caney alone always excepted." This is really an excellent book, and throws a flood of new light upon the operations.

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Another, less spirited but still useful, account of the same operations has also reached me. It is Mr. John Black Atkins's "War in Cuba" (Smith, Elder). Mr. Atkins went out in the interests of the *Manchester Guardian*. He had evidently witnessed the operations in the Græco-Turkish War, for he is continually finding analogies, more or less appropriate. What impressed him very much was the ready enterprise and patriotism which prompted Americans to sacrifice money and business in order to offer their services. It was this national and patriotic character of the war on the American side that did, in fact, give the hostilities their worthy character. Looked at from any other point of view, they were perhaps disappointing. Mr. Atkins remarks of the American Army that, excellent as is the training at West Point, the system is stultified by the superimposition of unsuitable material drawn from the outside. From Tampa he proceeded with the forces to Santiago, and was impressed, very reasonably, with the helpless character of the huge fleet of ill-protected transports. He was not himself ashore until the fighting at Siboney was over, but he gives an intelligent account of the engagements at El Caney and San Juan. The former certainly impressed the Americans with the fact that the Spaniards were not the men to run away. Mr. Atkins has indeed a good deal to say in praise of the Spaniards. "When a fight is brought to their doors they will meet it; with a mediæval sense of honour most of their officers would sacrifice their men (and their men, be it remembered, are willing to be sacrificed) rather than surrender in the last resort." There is a kind of abstract truth in this, but the Spaniards did surrender, all the same. He made the curious observation that, when an American was struck by a ball, whether in the arm, leg, or foot, he always fell to the ground, quite placidly remarking, "I'm hit," "I'm done," or "They've got me." His book does not bear a full impression of the state of things that existed in the American camp after the fall of Santiago, but we get a reflection of the want of full understanding between the sea and land forces—which has received curious illustrations since—where he recounts the Naval proposals for landing men to capture the shore batteries, with the remark, "One began to wonder what General Shafter's army had come for." Later on Mr. Atkins proceeded to Porto Rico, and gives an interesting account of what he saw there. I doubt, however, if General Miles would subscribe to the statement that his view of war is "a good deal Homeric," and that it is a "series of conspicuous actions attached to particular names."

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From incidents like these one is in quite a new world, albeit an old one, in "Omar the Tent-Maker," by Nathan Haskell Dole (Duckworth). Mr. Dole's volume is dedicated to the Omar Khayyám club of London. He is himself the editor of the "Multi-variorum Edition" of the famous "Rubaiyat," and is evidently desirous to make his hero walk a stage where the man in the street may have acquaintance with him. The poet-philosopher of old Persia was called the "tent-maker" with the meaning that his tents were the tents of knowledge. His later popularity is certainly due to the fact that the agnostic and introspective moderns catch in him the spirit which informs themselves. Although Omar leaned to the melancholy side of life, he was a considerable Epicurean, as, indeed, often happens in such cases. At the same time he had a part in the sensuous side of life—again, let me say, not phenomenally. I think a good deal of his character will be learned from Mr. Dole's story, though here and there there is a doubt as to where fact and fiction meet. Is the story of Omar's love for the Greek slave, Agape, and of the treachery of Hasan ben Sabah rooted in fact, or merely the pleasant embroidery of fancy? Out of this rises the action of the story, though it cannot be properly described as a story of action. It is rather a series of pictures of the royal life and doings in old Persia, with Omar and Agape, and their friends and associates, moving in an enchanted land whose atmosphere is suffused with the glamour of the glorious East. Mr. Dole introduces many of the celebrated quatrains in his pages, so that the casual reader may learn his Omar Khayyám from the book.

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I promise those who are interested in the people of these islands that they will find "The Story of the British Race," by John Munro (Newnes), a very entertaining and instructive little book. Mr. Munro is an ethnologist who has crammed into a small space a vast amount of information concerning the character, racially and physically, of the British people. Nothing exactly like his book exists, though Dr. Beddoe has worked in the same direction in his "Stature and Bulk of Men in the British Isles." Mr. Munro takes account of the successive waves of invasion and occupation, delineates the character of the invaders, and finally shows how this character finds expression in the individuality of peoples.

* * * *

The French and German younger sisters of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED promise exceedingly well. *Ueberall* opens its latest number with a stirring article on the theme that trade follows the flag, and the flag follows trade. No doubt both are true, and *Ueberall*, after remarking that our trade was won by sea power, goes on in exuberant fashion to quote the Kaiser to the effect that Germany is a World-Power too, and has need of a fleet as much. As if to enforce the point, there is a well-illustrated article on Samoa. Then comes an account of the "Brandenbury" class of battle-ships, with many pictures of life on board, and some notes on the modernised "Sachsen" class. Really admirable pictures of the "Worth," in the ice at Kiel, and of the "Gazelle" and "Iltis," as well as of the French "Gaulois," are in the number. Our admirable weekly contemporary, the *Armée et Marine*, is not quite so aggressive as the monthly *Ueberall*, but it has every element necessary for success. The very kindly terms in which it refers to this paper as its *brillante sœur ainée*, are warmly reciprocated, and we hope for the new comer the success it deserves. The first number has excellent portraits of the Ministers of War and Marine, and of the chiefs of their respective staffs. It would have been impossible to write in better taste than Lieutenant-Colonel Delauney displays in his article on "War with England." There are articles also on the phenomena of sound in firing, on the Turcos, even on the Seaforth Highlanders (illustrated), and other subjects. Particularly noticeable is an account of Naval ballooning at Toulon, with illustrations. The second number is even better.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

THE ARMIES OF FOREIGN POWERS

THE CHASSEURS ALPINS.

HAROLD NELSON

WHENEVER Her Majesty visits the health-giving region of Cimiez, a guard of honour, composed of Chasseurs Alpins, always attends her. Like the Italian "Alpini" on the other side of the chain, these hardy fellows are selected and trained to guard the lonely passes of the Alps. Their picturesque aspect, their enterprise, spirit, and physical qualities, not less than the courtly politeness which they always display among themselves and towards strangers, must commend them to admiration, and they have won the Queen's kindly regard. Her Majesty has on several occasions displayed a good deal of interest in the hardy fellows who form her guard from the Chasseurs Alpins, who have always proved themselves deserving of her goodwill. Sometimes the tourist in the high regions between Lake Leman and the Mediterranean will be surprised, when he has climbed with difficulty to some scarcely accessible height, to find already on the summit some companies of chasseurs or a battery of mountain artillery. The life of these soldiers is one of much hardship, but it is eminently fitted to impart health and vigour to those fitted to engage in it. The men are chosen mostly from the mountain population, and are robust and active fellows, who have been sure-footed climbers from their boyhood, and are inured to exposure and the extremes of heat and cold.



A BATTERY OF ALPINE ARTILLERY.

In addition to twelve battalions of Chasseurs, the Alpine troops include batteries of Mountain Artillery and detachments of Engineers, one battalion, with a battery and a variable number of Engineers, forming a group for purposes of command. Each battalion is composed of six companies, these having a strength of about 200 men each, and every company has its complement of pack-mules, for the transfer of stores, tools, forage, and officers' baggage, on the march. The Alpine Chasseur and his mule are good friends. Each man knows his sure-footed, trusty companion thoroughly, and takes the greatest care of the animal, a friendship often growing up between master and beast which has something quite human in it on both sides. The animals assigned to the mountain batteries are the most valuable. Like the men, they are trained to their work, and it is a remarkable sight to meet them threading a mountain pass, laden with the six guns of their battery, with carriages and ammunition. The gun weighs about 220-lb., and has a calibre of 3 3-16-in., while the carriage weighs 230-lb. There are times when the exercises of the men take them to positions which even mules cannot reach, but they are not at a loss, for their strength and agility are such that they can carry the gun, with all its divided equipment, upon their shoulders.

The Alpine troops are provided with all the appliances of mountain tourists, such as ropes, alpenstocks, and picks, and they go through a thorough course of training to develop the strength, activity, and coolness which are of paramount importance



Photos. de Jongh Freres. Copyright.

ALPINE CHASSEURS AT HOME.

for their work. The dangers they run are often great, but the best possible provision is made for the transport of sick, injured, or wounded, though the problem of efficient mountain transport is one of the utmost difficulty. The more arduous work of scouting, which demands not only physical energy, but keen sight, intelligence, resource, and enterprise, is confided to selected men. In this duty great endurance is a chief necessity, for the scout will often walk as long as twenty, or from that to twenty-three, hours without sleep and without pause, except for a hasty meal. Thus the sober-clad guard of honour which attends Her Majesty is composed of the best material. The men are not big, or heavy of bone, but they have the wiry strength which is the best for their duties, and there are few French peaks that some among them have not scaled. In the summer they exchange their dark uniform for one of canvas, which is found to give the greatest freedom in mountain climbing. Our illustrations will give a good idea of the smart, workman-like appearance of the Alpine troops.



Photo. de Jongh Freres. Copyright.

A COMPANY AT DRILL.

Football at Aldershot.



PLAYING THE FINAL FOR THE CAVALRY CUP.

THE contest for the Cavalry Cup is always an important event in the football world. This year eleven teams entered, and some close and exciting games resulted. The final round was played at Aldershot on Wednesday, February 22, on the Army Athletic Ground, and was watched by a large number of interested spectators. A well-contested game between two of our crack cavalry corps, the 10th and the 8th Hussars, resulted in a win for the latter by two goals to none. At the close of the match, Mrs. French, wife of Major-General French, presented Corporal Mark, of the winning team, with the cup, and each member of the team with a medal. The 10th then gave three cheers for the 8th, which were heartily returned. The members of the team, taken from the back, and from left to right of the spectator, are: Potts, goal; Peat and Martin, backs; J. S. F. Woolhouse, secretary; Corporal Mark, Charlton, and Barton, half-backs; Huntley, treasurer; Corporal Mitchell and Kiddie, right wing; McBrealy and Corporal Barclay, left wing; and Darby, centre forward.



Photos. Cummings. Copyright.

10th HUSSARS' TEAM—LOSERS IN THE FINAL.



8th HUSSARS' TEAM—WINNERS OF THE CAVALRY CUP.



Per Mare, Per Terram.

A PICTORIAL RECORD BY MANY HANDS.



Photo. J. Bell. Copyright

COLONEL F. G. SLADE, C.B., R.A.

COLONEL F. G. SLADE, who has just been appointed to command the Royal Artillery at Gibraltar, comes of a family that has given all its sons to the Service. The eldest brother, Colonel J. R. Slade, commands the Royal Artillery N.E. District. No better or more popular officer served with the Candahar Field Force than the gallant "Jack" Slade, who brought E. B., of the Royal Horse, out of action after poor Blackwood's death on the disastrous field of Maiwand. The second brother, Major Montague Slade, met a soldier's death riding in front of the 10th Hussars in the gallant charge at El Teb. The subject of our present illustration has just vacated the appointment of Assistant-Adjutant-General at Woolwich, and has also seen his full share of service. While his two brothers were serving in Afghanistan, Slade's battery was shelling Basutos and Kaffirs in South Africa. He had a horse shot under him at Kambula, and was present also at Ulundi, besides various minor actions. He was Evelyn Wood's aide-de-camp in the Boer War, and followed him to Egypt in 1882 in the same capacity. In the Soudan Expedition of 1884-85, under Sir Gerald Graham, he served in the Intelligence Department, saw his brother gallop by to his death at El Teb, and was present also at Tamai. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 he was D.A.A.G. in the Intelligence Department.

IN the accompanying illustration we see being performed an "evolution," as all such exercises are called in the Navy, very common on board torpedo-boat destroyers. The deck space on which small boats can be carried is limited in extent, and in consequence those carried on these craft are the collapsible boats known as Berthons, from the name of the inventor, who is a clergyman. They are made of stout water-proofed canvas stretched over ash ribs, which fold in on the keel and stem and stern uprights, exactly as a fan shuts. In the present case the officer commanding the flotilla, or the admiral if the boats are with a fleet, has given the order "Out Berthon boats," and the boats are vieing with one another as to which shall have their Berthon in the water, manned and ready, in the shortest time. The boat has been unlashed from its deck moorings, and the little derrick used in launching shipped and rigged. The boat is opened, hooked on the derrick, and swung outboard. Two of the crew have jumped in, and are rigging the inside fittings, thwarts, etc. The men are standing by the falls, ready to lower away, while the lieutenant in command is, watch in hand, taking the time on the bridge. Let us hope they get in a few seconds ahead of all the others.



Photo. Cribb "OUT BERTHON BOATS." Copyright.

A RUSSIAN officer writes from Tashkend, in Turkestan, as follows: "For a long time I had amused myself with training pigeons as carriers, and in 1895 I obtained permission from the general to organise a military pigeon-post in connection with the Turkestan Brigade of Sharpshooters. We soon set to work training pigeons to fly in any particular direction to and from Tashkend, and in a short time birds were used with success to carry messages during the manœuvres and other exercises in the field of the battalion to which I was attached. In 1897 the brigade went into camp thirty-two versts—about twenty-one miles—from Tashkend, and a pigeon-post station was erected at the camp with accommodation for thirty pigeons. A similar station had already been erected in Tashkend. The troops were in camp for about four months, from May to September, and during that time 229 despatches were sent. Out of these only one miscarried, and this was not the fault of the bird, which arrived in due course, but was probably due to the paper not being properly secured. By means of an electrical arrangement both the time of the arrival and of the departure of each bird was recorded automatically. The actual time taken by the birds for the journey was from ten to fifteen minutes, but they did not usually get away promptly. There was also the time employed in unfastening and taking the despatch from the bird and entering it in the official register; so that the time between the despatch and the delivery of a message was generally from thirty to sixty minutes. Recently one brigade has obtained 100 pure-bred 'post' pigeons from Europe, and a Line brigade at Chimkent has obtained forty, so that the use of the birds in Turkestan is extending; and there is no doubt that in the case of sudden mobilisation they would be invaluable as a means of communication with outlying places not yet in reach of the telegraph."



MILITARY PIGEON POST OFFICE IN TURKESTAN.

THE goat in our illustration is an interesting animal, for it has served through a very tough campaign, and rejoices in a grievance that it would probably be loth to exchange for a pension. Picked up in South Africa by the 7th Hussars, it so endeared itself to the men that, instead of being turned into mutton, it became the regimental pet. It went through the Matabele Campaign, and, though several



Photo Cribb. Copyright.
A GOAT WITH A GRIEVANCE.

times under fire, escaped without a scratch. When the regiment came home, the Board of Agriculture, with all due red-tape ridiculousness, refused to allow it to land, except to go to the slaughter-house, and so the transport carried the goat off on its next voyage, viz., to Bombay. On its return, and just as the "Simla" was about to leave on its next voyage, the Board relented, in so far as it permitted it to be landed, but refused to allow it to be sent to its regiment. Colonel O'Callaghan, chief ordnance officer of the Southern District, however, offered it an asylum at the Gun Wharf at Portsmouth, whence it was taken by sea; and that the goat has thoroughly attached itself to its new master is evident from the illustration.

THE illustration here given shows what is known as Coaling Point in the great dockyard at Portsmouth. Here it is that ships come to have their bunkers filled, as is being done in the case of the destroyer seen lying alongside the wharf. The last-landed cargo of coal for the fleet is that shown on the right of the picture, and this it was that was recently on fire for several days. Indeed, it burned, or rather smouldered, in the centre for a week, and to get at it and extinguish it the whole stack, some 2,000 tons in all, had to be removed. It seems a long time, for the same amount of coal could have been put into a ship in twenty-four hours; but the delay was owing to its being necessary to find room for and restock the coal elsewhere in a very limited space. It is sad to record that, in his haste to reach the fire, Mr. Hyne, the Naval store-keeper, who was in weak health, was taken suddenly ill, and died of heart disease before he could be carried to his own residence.

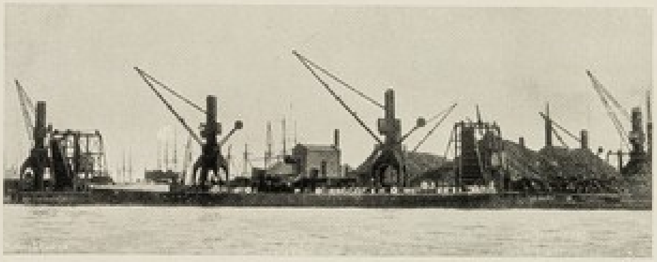


Photo. Cribb. Copyright.
COALING POINT, PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

PRIVATE MALCOLM, of H Company, 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, has had about as narrow a shave of losing his life as a man could well have and come off unharmed. The readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED need only look back to our Christmas Number to see what the Highland Light Infantry did in the recent Cretan *emeute.* Amongst the handful of Red-coats and Blue-jackets who so bravely held at bay a mob of several thousand Mussulman fanatics was Private Malcolm, and our illustration is that of the helmet he wore on that historic occasion. The rough holes in it were made by a musket ball, which entered on the right side—the back of the helmet is towards the reader—and emerged by the upper hole, passing so close to the head of the wearer that a lock of hair was severed—a novel if somewhat risky way of having one's hair cut.



Photo. W. U. Crockett. Copyright.
A LUCKY ESCAPE.

FEW illustrations that have appeared in our pages surpass in interest that here given, for it not only represents one of the regiments that most covered itself with glory during the terrible days of the Indian Mutiny, but the photograph itself was actually taken at Nowshera, in the Punjab, only a year or two afterwards, by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, before the present-day dry plate process was known. The bulk of the sturdy old soldiers—those were the long-service days—gazing out at you from the picture had served through the whole of that trying time. The old 90th, or Perthshire Light Infantry (now the 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles), was under orders for China, when it was met in the Strait of Sunda with the news of the outbreak and its destination changed to Bengal, where it landed at Berhampore in the August of the ever-memorable 1857. The battalion was at once pushed to the front, where it served under Sir Colin Campbell at the relief of Lucknow, with Outram in the defence of the Alumbagh, at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and throughout all the subsequent operations against the mutineers in Oude.

During the Mutiny the "Perthshire Greybreeks" covered themselves with glory, and out of the ten Victoria Crosses the battalion has gained, six were won in that campaign. The illustration is well worth study, for it speaks eloquently of what the men of the Crimean and Mutiny days were, and shows also what changes in uniform, custom, and equipment forty years have brought about. Look at the sergeant and his ten pioneers in the front, all but two wearing medals for the Crimea and Mutiny, while there are four with three apiece; the officers with their side whiskers; the quaint little forage caps, and the picturesque white tunics of the band.

Finally look at the old Enfield muzzle-loaders and think of the heroes who used them at the Alma and Inkerman, at Delhi and Lucknow.



Photo. Bourne & Shepherd. Copyright.
OUR OLDEST LIGHT INFANTRY CORPS.

THE illustration below shows ten bandsmen of the 1st Battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire) Regiment—a somewhat cumbrous title, but well earned, and cherished by the regiment, for the title of "Princess Charlotte of Wales's" was conferred on it by the Prince Regent as a reward for its good service during the American War of 1812-14, and in honour of his daughter and heiress, who died in child-bed a month or two before she attained the age of twenty-one. The appellation of "Royal" was earned much more lately. Note that eight out of the ten men in our illustration wear the Egyptian medal and bronze star, which they gained in 1885 for service around Suakin and up the Nile, and with it earned the title of Royal, conferred by the Queen, for their distinguished gallantry at the battle of

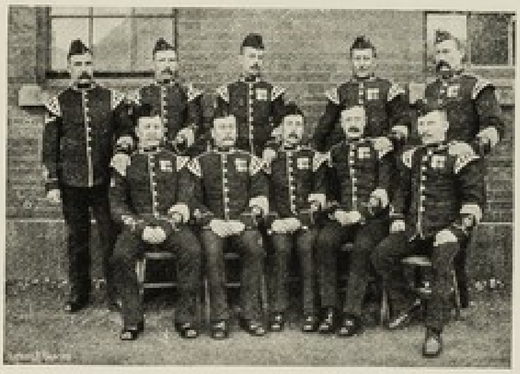


Photo. Border. Copyright.

WELL-EARNED HONOURS.

Tofrek. After that they were at Ginniss in action, but for which no clasp was given, nor was it made a special battle honour. The group here given are worthy representatives of a worthy regiment, for it will be noted that of the ten men three wear each four good conduct badges, while the other seven have three each. Three stripes, of course, mean twelve years' service with exemplary conduct, while four can only be earned by eighteen years; and, as a matter of fact, the ten men whose portraits are here given aggregate between them 160 years' service. As unique a group, probably, as any single band in the Service could show.

THE two interesting badges here reproduced are from the collection of the Earl of Dunmore, which has been for some time back on view at the Royal United Service Institution. The collection of badges as worn on shoulder-belts, waist-belts, shakos, and other portions of the old uniforms, is becoming almost as much a hobby as medal collecting, and a good collection of badges is of very great historical interest. The two here shown are the badges worn on the shoulder-belt, from which the officer's sword or the seaman's cutlass hung. The belt, in fact, that supported the hangers, and gave rise to that term being applied to swords. Both date from the end of last century, the upper one being evidently from an officer's belt, while the lower was that worn by petty officers and seamen. A glance at the former will show that the original owner was an officer of the "Proserpine," and the ship was probably the second of her name, a very smart 28-gun frigate, wrecked in the Elbe in 1799, when carrying to the Continent the Hon. Thomas Greville and suite, proceeding on a diplomatic mission to Berlin. Grounded on a sand-bank in mid-winter, the inflowing tide brought up such thick massed ice as to threaten the destruction of the ship, which had to be abandoned. The crew escaped over the ice, having six miles to cover to reach an island. Frequently up to their waists in half-frozen snow and water, they lost in this short distance seven seamen, one boy, four Marines, and *one woman and her child* frozen to death. These are the only two Naval badges in the collection, the remainder being military, and many of great historic interest. Some of these we hope to reproduce.



A SEAMAN'S BELT BADGE.



NAVAL OFFICER'S BADGE.

THE two stalwart gunners shown below are champions of that very powerful football corps, the Royal Artillery. Private Reilly, who is more generally known in Army football circles by the pseudonym of "Ginger," is to the left of the picture. A native of Donnybrook, he learnt his football at that celebrated Irish village, and the year after his enlistment jumped at once into prominence by his splendid goal-keeping for the Gosport Royal Artillery team against the Black Watch in the final for the Army Cup of 1893-94. The Black Watch won, but the next year the Royal Artillery had their turn, winning the cup of 1894-95 against their old opponents. He played again for the Royal Artillery in 1895-96, when they got into the semi-final for the Army Cup, the semi-final for the Amateur, and won the Hampshire. In the final for the Army Cup this season the Royal Artillery were defeated by the Royal Scots.

In the final for the Amateur Cup, the Royal Artillery team, in which Gunner Reilly played, were only defeated, after a close fight, by the strong Durham team from Bishop Auckland, by one goal to nothing. In 1896-97 Reilly helped the team to again win the cup, and for the second time they brought it to Portsmouth, the Royal Artillery this time defeating in the final the lot of stalwart Northerners who composed the team of the Lancashire Fusiliers. This year the team also captured the Portsmouth Cup. In this cup they made a record which would take a lot of beating, for in the three matches that they played in the competition they scored no less than thirty-five goals without their opponents being once able to get the ball inside the Royal Artillery goal. Against the Dublin Fusiliers they scored fifteen goals, against the Army Service Corps fourteen, and in the final against the Southsea Rovers six goals.

In 1897-98 they got into the final, in which they were beaten by the Gordon Highlanders. Gunner Reilly has, moreover, frequently represented the Army in big matches against counties, etc., notably Surrey, Hampshire, Kent,



Photo. Ballantine Thorp. Copyright.

TWO GUNNER FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS.

and Middlesex, and that very strong amateur club the Corinthians.

Reilly, of course, plays for the team this year, and they hope to again win the cup on Easter Monday. He leaves the Service this year, and when he goes the Army will lose one of the finest goal-keepers that ever handled a ball.

Sergeant Coleman, the other footballer, who started playing for the Royal Artillery in 1890-91, has his place on the right wing, and in that year the team won the Junior Kent Cup. Next season he played for the Army against Surrey at Guildford, his team winning after a tough game. Sergeant Coleman has in all played on the right wing five times for the County of Kent, three times for the Army, and in his regimental team, which won in 1896-97. He will probably play for his regimental team on Easter Monday, and should do good work, for as he is playing this season he is one of the finest wing men in the Army.

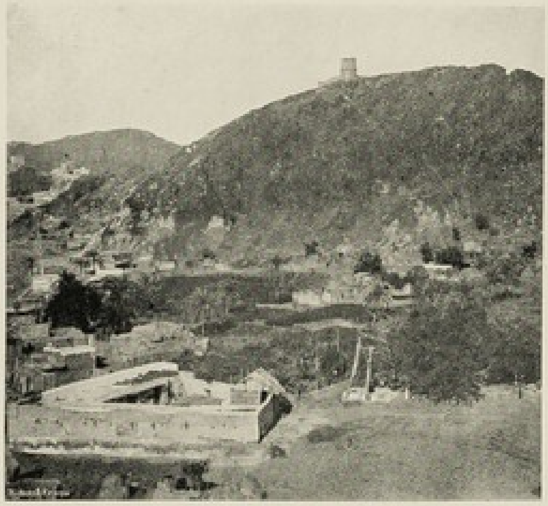
Muscat Under British Guns.

IN that horn of Arabia which, running eastward and northward, almost closes the entrance to the Persian Gulf are situated the territories of the Sultan of Oman, or, as he is sometimes called, the Imaum of Muscat, and this is the last place where the "pin-prick" policy has caused the British lion to rise and shake himself. As usual, the mere appearance of British war-ships on the scene was sufficient to induce the recalcitrant Imaum to rescind the grant he had made to a foreign Power of a coaling station and *point d'appui* in no way required for purposes of trade. Ere the incident passes from memory, the accompanying illustrations should prove of interest. The photographs were taken during a visit of the "Cossack," recently on the station, to Muscat, and in the



THE SULTAN ON BOARD SHIP.





THE SUBURBS OF MUSCAT

course of which the Sultan and his suite came on board. Three give views of the town itself, the capital of Oman. The town is fortified in the sense that there is a wall around it and some so-called forts.

In one illustration the Palace is shown on the extreme left. In itself there is nothing very palatial about it, but, as the rest of the town is mainly mud huts, and it is the largest building in the place, it looms big in the eye of the visitor. One of the forts can be seen on the right of the picture, and another similar one is on the other side of the Palace. The other two views were taken from the city wall, and show the suburbs, in which are water-wells, worked by camels, and scattered date palms. The Bedouin from the desert occasionally attempts a raid, and the small towers seen on the summit of the hill are look-out stations to warn of his approach. The square building seen in one is a fort, the main armament of which consists of stones kept ready to drop on the heads of intruders.

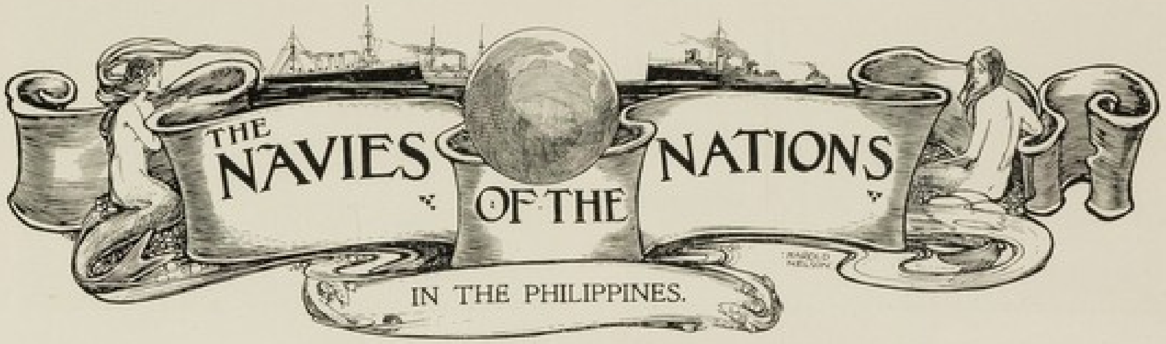
In the first picture, taken on the deck of the "Cossack," the Sultan is seated in the centre, and around are some of his suite and the officers of the cruiser. Immediately behind him is his brother, a jovial, smiling fellow, who appeared to be taking the keenest enjoyment in the novelty of his surroundings. On the right of the Sultan is Captain Reynolds, of the "Cossack," and on his left Captain Beville, the late British Consul at Muscat. The old gentleman on the left of Captain Beville, with a long white beard, and the hilt of a picturesque-looking dagger peeping from his sash, is the Sultan's Prime Minister. With the photograph the Sultan was hugely pleased, and when given to him he slapped his brother on the back and evidently chaffed him in his own lingo.

It was the arrival of Admiral Douglas in his flag-ship, the "Eclipse," with the "Sphinx" and "Redbreast," that brought the Sultan to his senses. The vessels cleared for action, for the purpose of bombarding the forts and the Palace, and as a result the Sultan complied with the British demands.



From Photos. By a Naval Officer.

MUSCAT FROM THE SEA.



THE NAVIES OF THE NATIONS

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE stubborn resistance of the Philippine insurgents to American rule will have served a good purpose if it teaches the American people, at the outset of their career of expansion, the enormous value of a strong Navy, ready (to use words which have become proverbial in the last year or two) to go anywhere and do anything. This has not been the condition of the American Navy hitherto, and some impatience has been exhibited in the United States at the comparatively slow progress made by General Otis and Admiral Dewey towards the subjugation of America's new territory in the Far East. If anyone has a right to show impatience, however, it is the able commanders in question. Although ships and troops are now being hurried off to Manila as fast as they can be got ready, both westward from San Francisco, and eastward *viâ* Suez, Admiral Dewey has been left, up to quite recent date, with much the same ships as those with which, in May last year, he destroyed the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo, in Manila Bay. The "Olympia" (flag-ship), the "Boston," the "Charleston," the "Baltimore," and the "Petrel" are still bearing the brunt of the work in the Philippines so far as it rests with the Naval forces. Admiral Dewey has also several of the Spanish vessels which were captured by his men in the islands, including two of the ships sunk in the battle of Cavite, and which have been raised and repaired at Hong Kong.



Photo. A. C[illegible]. Copyright.

A SWING COT IN THE "HELENA'S" SICK BAY.

It seems to have been half anticipated at one time by the American authorities that the little fleet which was sufficient to destroy the Spanish squadron in Manila Bay would in co-operation with the troops be equal to the task of keeping in order the whole Philippine Archipelago—a group of no fewer than 2,000 islands, with a population of 8,000,000 people—some of whom have never known what settled government means.

We publish illustrations of some of the vessels now engaged repelling the insurgents. The outbreak began with an attack upon Manila by the insurgents on the night of February 4, and the "Charleston," a protected cruiser of 3,700 tons, was one of the first ships to stop the attack with a vigorous bombardment. The insurgents were beaten back, only to renew the offensive the next morning; but during the night Admiral Dewey had flashed across from Cavite signals to the rest of the ships, which drew up opposite the Filipino trenches and poured in a deadly fire, the American infantry meanwhile executing a flanking movement which completely drove the enemy from their position.

The next step was to take possession of Caloocan, which was done with slight loss to the Americans; and it was after these vigorous strokes, in which the American Naval and Military forces co-operated with irresistible effect, that the Senate at Washington took the greatest step that has ever been made in American history since the United States' existence as a separate nation began, by ratifying the treaty with Spain, and annexing the Philippines, and thus entering upon a "world policy."

The next striking achievement was the capture of Iloilo without loss to the Americans. The "Baltimore" and "Petrel" were the ships chiefly engaged in this operation. It was the gun-boat "Petrel" which brought the news to Manila of the bombardment and destruction of the town and the singular good fortune of the victors. It was Lieutenant Niblack, of the "Boston," who hoisted the Stars and Stripes over Iloilo in place of the insurgent colours. The daring attempt of the natives to burn down the city of Manila on the night of February 22 showed that the insurgents were still unconvinced.

There remains plenty of work ahead of the American forces, who are already worn by sickness and disease, and it is to be feared that the medical staff will have their hands full for some time to come.

Meanwhile Admiral Dewey has caused a flutter in the dovecots by telegraphing to Washington for the immediate despatch of the "Oregon" to Manila "for political reasons." We have already given an illustration of this fine battle-ship. It is somewhat amusing, in view of the strict censorship which has been exercised against messages to and from Manila since the outbreak of the native rising, that this message from the admiral, which anyone might foresee would create a little stir in "diplomatic circles," received publicity, owing, as it has been explained, to some accident. The announcement that this request had



Photo. M. Bar. Copyright.

THE U.S. CRUISER "BOSTON."

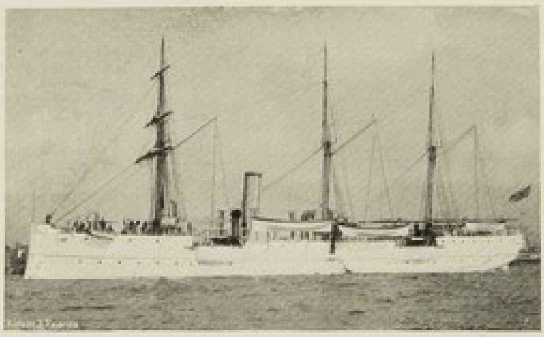


Photo. Johnson. *THE U.S. GUN-BOAT "PETREL."* Copyright.

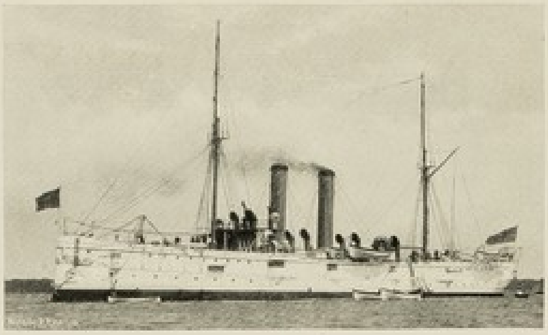
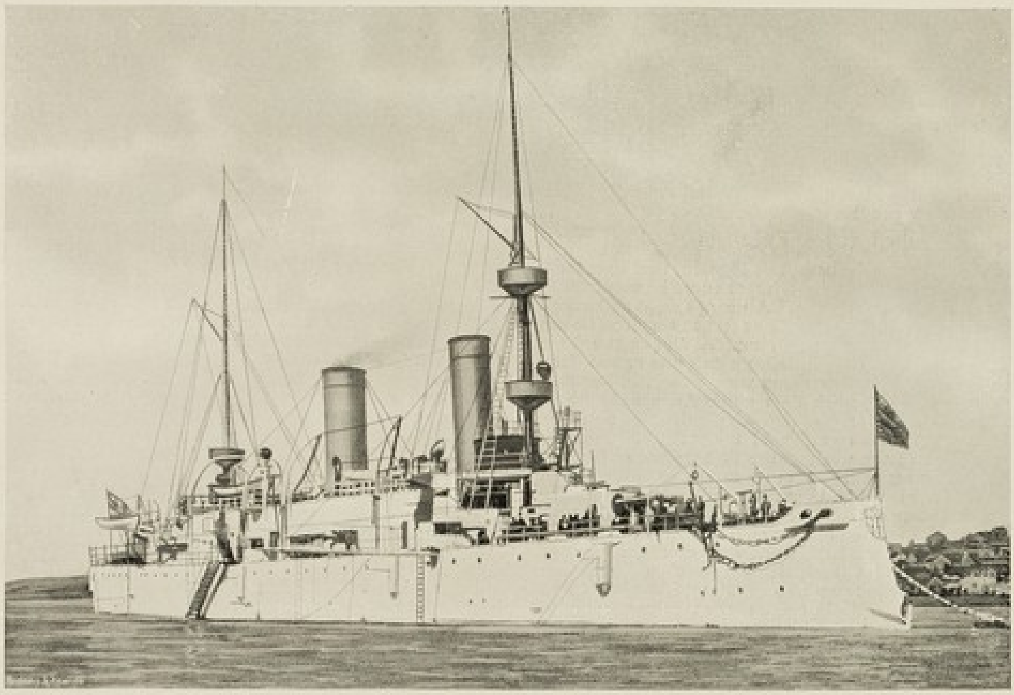


Photo. Johnson. *THE U.S. CRUISER "DETROIT."* Copyright.

been made was at once seen to have reference to the arrival of German war-ships at Manila, for the ostensible purpose of protecting the infinitesimal German interests there. As the Americans have not had reason as yet to admit their inability to fulfil the task of restoring order, any such interposition on the part of German war-ships will be warmly resented in the United States. If Admiral Dewey does find himself in need of assistance from the war-ships of other Powers, we imagine that it is not the Germans whom he would appeal to. The tenor of his message will no doubt have a restraining effect upon German aspirations, and it may therefore be that its publication was one of those accidents which—to put aside diplomatic circumlocution—are done on purpose. Washington of course immediately explained that when Admiral Dewey said "for political reasons" he meant something quite different, and this explanation was given to the German representative at Washington. It is, however, pretty well known that Admiral Dewey is one of those sailors who do not say the opposite of what they mean, and who do not mean something different from what they say.



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "OLYMPIA."

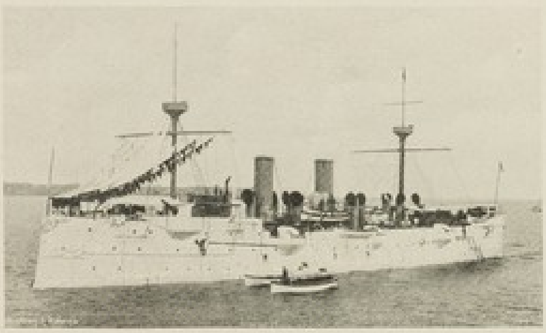


Photo. A. Cannor. *THE U.S. CRUISER "BALTIMORE."* Copyright.

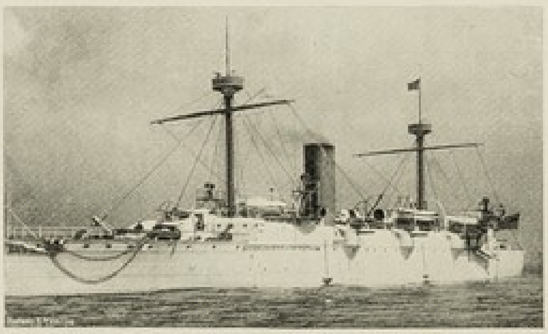


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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 12, 1811.—Action at Redinha. On the retreat of Massena from Portugal, Ney, commanding the rear guard, fought a most skilful action, making such dispositions as to cause Wellington to treat him with more respect than the numbers of the French warranted. The Light and 3rd Divisions were employed in the attack, but the brunt of the work fell upon the 52nd, the Rifle Brigade, and a regiment of Cacadores. Technically the entire British force was present. Our loss was 12 officers and 200 men, that of the French about the same.

March 13, 1801.—Action near Mandora, close to Alexandria, in which the French were defeated. The 90th and 92nd particularly distinguished themselves, and were allowed to carry Mandora on their colours. We lost 1,300 men, the French 700 and 4 guns. British commander, Sir Ralph Abercromby; French commander, General Ménou.

March 14, 1811.—Rear guard action at Casal Novo. Lord Wellington and the whole of his army were present, but the work was done by the 43rd, 52nd, some companies of the Rifle Brigade, and two batteries of Artillery. This was another incident in Massena's retreat from Portugal, Ney still commanding the rear guard.

March 15, 1811.—Another rear guard action at Foz d'Arouce, in Massena's retreat from Portugal, Ney again commanding the rear guard. The whole British force was a support, but the fighting fell entirely to the lot of the Light and 3rd Divisions. Our loss was 4 officers and 60 men, while the French lost about 500 of all ranks, most of them having been drowned in crossing the river Ceira, in the bed of which was found an Eagle.

March 17, 1801.—Surrender by the French of the Castle of Aboukir, which had been besieged by us ever since Sir Ralph Abercromby's landing.

March 18, 1819.—The Pettah or town of Asseerghur captured from the Mahrattas by a force under the command of Brigadier-General Doveton.

MARCH 12, 1841.—Capture of the Macao Passage Fort, in the first China War, by the "Madagascar," 44, "Modeste," 18, and "Sulphur," accompanied by armed boats of the British fleet. The fort and its outworks were very strong, but the squadron advanced, regardless of the heavy fire directed against it, and stormed the place, retaining possession.

March 13, 1811.—Hoste's battle off Lirsa, in the Adriatic, between a British squadron of four frigates and a Franco-Venetian of six, with four smaller vessels. The French attacked in Nelson's Trafalgar formation, in two columns, but were beaten off with a final loss, after five and a-half hours' fighting, of three ships taken or destroyed.

March 14, 1795.—Admiral Hotham's action off Genoa, the British Mediterranean Fleet against the French Toulon Fleet. Two French seventy-four's were taken, and the enemy retired for port, but Admiral Hotham forbore to push his advantage, and nothing further was done. In this action Nelson, in the "Agamemnon," first won special distinction.

March 15, 1762.—Capture of the Spanish "Ventura," 26, by the British "Fowey," 24, off Cape Tiburon, after a running fight and two actions, the whole covering twenty-four hours.

March 16, 1782.—Capture of the Spanish "Sta Catalina," 34, by the British "Success," 32, and armed store-ship "Vernon," off Cape Spartel, after a short action.

March 17, 1794.—Capture of the French "Bienvenu," 32, at Fort Royal, Martinique, in the extremely dashing boat attack by Sir John Jervis's fleet, led by Captain Faulkner, of the "Zebra," and Lieutenant Richard Bowen, of the "Boyne." The harbour fortifications were heroically stormed, and the "Bienvenu" was taken possession of with little opposition, and renamed by the admiral the "Undaunted."

March 18, 1796.—Successful attack on a small French squadron inside Port Hergui, near Cape Fréhel, protected by two batteries, by the "Diamond," 38, Sir Sidney Smith, a gun brig, and an armed lugger. The batteries were stormed, and the squadron, a 16-gun corvette, four brigs, two sloops, and an armed lugger were destroyed.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

ON another page will be found a picture of the carpenter's shop on board a cruiser. The accommodation for the carpenter and his assistants varies, of course, with the size of the vessel, and in some cases they have to set up their bench where they can. Here, however, there is evidently a place regularly allotted to them, and four or five are busy over various jobs. The carpenter of modern times has to be an all-round man; for while there is plenty for him to do in the way of ordinary carpentering, joinery, and boat-building, he must also be able to handle iron to a certain extent, and, furthermore, he has to be thoroughly acquainted with the complicated construction of the vessels—the water-tight doors, the double bottom, the fire pumps, hoses, etc. The head of the department is, of course, a warrant officer, a class concerning which a good deal has been said before in these pages. There is usually one man selected from among the carpenters for the post of "captain's joiner," and he becomes a sort of ministering spirit in the captain's quarters, doing odd jobs, keeping the tables, etc., polished up, and occasionally assisting in the pantry at a dinner-party; it is considered a desirable berth.

* * * *

"CLERICUS."—There is one curious instance on record of a man holding in 1690 the double commission of chaplain and captain in the same regiment—C. Jenney, in Colonel Monroe's regiment at Londonderry. He drew the pay both of his clerical and military offices until the former was suddenly stopped by the authorities with the simple explanation, "Cannot be done." The strange part of this decision is that Mr. Jenney was really a clerk in holy orders, and had only turned soldier for the nonce. However, as captains were presumably in greater demand than clergymen in 1690, the Secretary at War, by a stroke of his pen, deprived him of his gown, and insisted on his being a captain for ever.

* * * *

AUGUST R.—The names of the ships of this year's Naval Programme proper are the "London," the "Venerable," and the "Bulwark," which are to be built at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport respectively. The keel of the first, indeed, the "London," was laid down at Portsmouth on December 10. The other two are to be laid down, the "Venerable" on the slip vacated at Chatham by the "Irresistible," the "Bulwark" at Devonport, on the slip from which the "Implacable" is to be launched to-day (the 11th). The three ships belong to the programme announced by Mr. Goschen with the Navy Estimates of 1898 in March last. There are four additional battle-ships projected, under the supplemental ship-building programme of last July, but these have not yet been named. They have been offered to the Clyde builders, and tenders for them have been received at the Admiralty. The "London" and her sisters are to be practically the same as the "Formidable" class—15,000-ton ships. Details of the four extra ships have not yet been published, but they are to be, it is stated, 14,000-ton ships, with 19 knots speed.

* * * *

IT is quite extraordinary how many mistakes are made in the Press, which a little thought would surely prevent, with regard to military titles. For instance, the other day, when alluding to some matter connected with the Royal Horse Guards, the *Daily Mail* said that its representative had interviewed the "regimental sergeant-major" on the subject. It would be imagined that by now everybody would know that the rank of sergeant does not exist in the Household Cavalry. Regimental "corporal-major" is what the writer meant, and should have written. Nearly every year, when giving a description of the ceremony of trooping the colour on the Queen's Birthday, the London daily Press, with the exception of the *Times*, alludes to the uniform of the Prince of Wales, who usually attends the parade, as being that of a colonel of the Grenadiers, or "of the Guards." Of course this is not the case. His Royal Highness is not a colonel of any Guards regiment; but he is colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company, and he generally wears that uniform when present at the trooping. A short time ago a newspaper, in the description which it gave of the Sirdar's uniform, informed its readers that he was attired in the Levée dress of a British major-general, with the green sash that denoted his rank of Sirdar. Yet another supposed that the green sash was the emblem of his rank of major-general. Of course, the green sash forms part of the Grand Cordon of the Turkish Order, the Osmanieh.

* * * *

"E. L."—The system of subsidised merchant vessels adapted to act as armed cruisers, or, to use the official designation, of "Royal Naval Reserved Merchant Cruisers," is usually looked upon as a comparatively recent development of an "up-to-date" Naval policy, a development which within the last few weeks we have been within measurable distance of seeing put to the test of practical experience, but the idea was really evolved, in England at any rate, by King Henry VII., who, in order to obviate as far as possible the necessity of maintaining a large standing Navy, offered a bounty, usually of 5s. per ton, to merchants and others building ships of over 100 tons burthen which could be made use of as fighting ships in time of war, the Crown possessing the right of compulsorily seizing private ships for that purpose. Another economical method of reducing the Navy Estimates was to hire out ships of the Royal Navy to act as merchantmen in times of peace, a service for which their comparatively great capacity and means of defence against pirates peculiarly fitted them. Perhaps, as we have reverted to one part of the policy of the King who so largely influenced the foundation of a standing Navy, a twentieth century Chancellor of the Exchequer may adopt this latter means also of helping out a shaky Budget, by leasing, say, the Channel Squadron "until required," to some aspiring band of colonial adventurers.

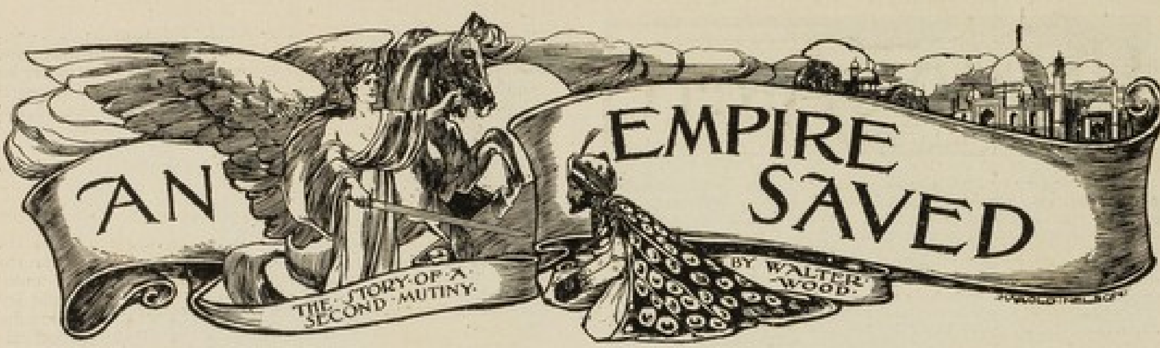
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"AN Inhabitant of Aldershot" asks whether there are any alterations being made this year "towards smartening the dress of the Field Artillery." I cannot give any better answer than that it is reported that the matter of the dress of the Royal Artillery is now under the consideration of a War Office Committee. We must wait for the report of the committee before we can tell what it is proposed to do, and the extent of any change that may be advised. There is no doubt that beside their comrades of the Horse Artillery, the Field Batteries are a little sombre to look at, more especially since they changed their picturesque busby for the helmet.

* * * *

"I. K."—The earliest Naval court-martial on record was held by Sir Francis Drake, on board the "Elizabeth Bonaventure," in 1587, the proceedings being preserved in the Cæsar papers in the British Museum. The prisoner was Captain Marchaunt, of the "Golden Lion," one of the ships which accompanied Drake in his successful attempt to singe the King of Spain's beard; the charge was that of deserting the flag. Captain Marchaunt, in defence, alleged mutinous conduct on the part of the crew, arising from want of provisions. The admiral, while stating that he had no doubts about the matter personally, referred the question to a council of officers, with the result that Captain Marchaunt was acquitted, and the ringleaders of the mutiny, which Drake described as "as foul and intolerable a one as he had ever known," condemned to death. The fate of the remainder of the crew was left to the decision of the Queen, with the proviso that, pending such decision, they should attend at the Court Gate with halters round their necks.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has been badly treated by Murrib Khan and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. Enquiry convinces the colonel that the danger is real and imminent, and he sets to work to try and formulate a plan which will enable him to overcome the peril that threatens him. He is very unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway and any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements.

CHAPTER IV. *(continued.)*

THE council separated after the colonel had made known his wishes and intentions, and the senior major went to his quarters to prepare for his part in the approaching crisis, with the pleasant knowledge that, whatever might befall, he had done something which would make his name long spoken of in the Queen's with gratitude. Perhaps his suggestion would be written of in the records, which would be glorious recognition indeed.

It was well for the colonel that from time to time he had practised his men in night marching and other minor operations of war. That custom would enable him now to order a parade without giving the native troops cause to suppose that he was aware of the disaffection which had reached so perilous a stage. So monstrous did the outbreak appear to him that he would have liked there and then to parade the Queen's, and smash the mutineers, for so he had already come to look upon the native troops about him. But caution was more than ever needful now, and he firmly put aside the temptation.

Hard though it was for him to do it, he bore himself with unconcern, and went about his business as if no thought of death or fighting troubled him. He walked from his quarters to the hospital, so that he might ascertain exactly the number of sick, and how many of them in case of absolute necessity could take the field. He knew that Reid had spoken truly in saying that several of the men now groaning on their beds could, if they knew what was going to happen, get up and walk, if not actually take their beds with them, and would do so joyfully.

At the door of the hospital he met Murrib Khan.

It was an awkward encounter, but the colonel, realising the necessity of keeping his suspicions under, made a special effort to be civil to the Lancer officer.

"Ah, Colonel Barr," said the rissaldar-major, with well-feigned pleasure, "it is unusual to meet you here at such a time as this."

He produced a case of Madras cigars, and silently invited the Englishman to help himself.

"Thanks," said the colonel, taking one and lighting it. "I found it so much closer indoors than out that I thought I would stroll into hospital and see how the patients are."

"It is a pity the climate and other things should be so unkind to Europeans," said Murrib Khan; "I understand that you have more sick than usual."

"Unfortunately, yes," answered the colonel. He thought he saw the shadow of a smile flit over the dark face and cruel mouth, and a momentary gleam of satisfaction in the bright, dark eyes. Knowing what he did, he could have struck the sinister black-bearded creature before him, as he himself had struck the syce; but he remembered, and remained, to outward appearances, unmoved.

"There is also," continued the rissaldar-major, "so they tell me, much sickness at Halabad. I have heard that many of the British troops are very bad."

"I am not aware of it," said Barr, which was not the truth, because he had learned that morning of an epidemic amongst the garrison at Halabad which promised to be unusually severe.

"But here, Colonel Barr, your people are stronger than many of the Europeans, and fight the climate better?"

"They are all seasoned men," answered the commanding officer.

"Strange," said the native; "the last battalion that was with us made a wonderful difference in the cemetery. But I remember—they were fonder of the barrel. You encourage temperance?"

"I have found it to work well," answered Barr, politely.

"And the ladies and women, Colonel Barr—I am told that there are more of them than were with the battalion before you. Your responsibility will therefore be heavier."

If he had not known what the syce had told him, the colonel would not have given more than passing attention to his companion's words; but now they had for him a peculiar significance, and he set himself to learn more. It was clear that the native did not in any way suspect him of the special knowledge which he had gained, and, indeed, he promptly put aside his air of mystery and reserve, and spoke frankly, as an officer of an important body of the native troops.

"I have seen, Colonel Barr, many of your celebrated regiments, both in India and in England, and shall I flatter you if I tell you that of them all I know of none to excel your own?"

The colonel bowed. "It pleased Her Majesty," he said, "to give permission for the regiment to be called 'The Queen's,' in special recognition of its loyalty to the Crown."

"Ah," said Murrib Khan; "its loyalty?" His dark face flushed again, and his eyes looked questioningly at Barr. Both the signs were transcient; but the colonel saw and noted them without showing that he had done either. "It is an honour which you cherish, Colonel Barr?"

"And which there is not a man in the regiment will not give his life to uphold. We are famous for our *esprit de corps* and devotion to our motto—you know it?—'I rise with greater splendour.'"

"It is very appropriate, colonel, but I am afraid I have never grasped its real significance."

"The simple meaning is that, even if the present Queen's were wiped out, it would rise, Phœnix-like, from its ashes. It has done so before."

"Indeed," said Murrib Khan.

"Yes," continued the colonel, "as our battle honours show. Look at our list—twenty of them."

"Indeed," said the native again. That was all.

"And no fewer than six are for India," went on Colonel Barr. "We prize greatly those for the Mutiny—I suppose because so many of us know the places personally."

For the third time Murrib Khan said "Indeed." He glanced cunningly at the colonel as he spoke; but although the colonel made a further note of the look, he did not even yet give his companion ground for suspecting that he had any reason for distrust.

"It is my ambition," went on the rissaldar-major, "to see my own regiment become as nearly like one of your own cavalry corps as possible. I have brave men under me, and they are willing; but I fear they are not to be mentioned on a level with your own."

"God forbid," thought the colonel, but he was diplomatic enough to smile and say aloud, "I have always tried to keep my battalion up to its reputation, although I am called a martinet for my pains. You know that there have been some famous officers at the head of it, and I don't want their work to rust."

"And these new ways, these extras of yours, Colonel Barr—how I wish that we could imitate them more in our native forces!"

"You mean my special marches, and so on?"

"Exactly."

"I am glad you think so well of them," said Colonel Barr. It cost him an effort to add—"I am ordering one for to-night."

Cunning as he was, Murrib Khan was not able to repress the satisfaction which he felt on hearing this. Even if the colonel had not known what he did know, he would have thought it strange that so simple a piece of news could give its hearer such unusual pleasure.

"You take the whole battalion with you, I think?"

"Every man that can be spared."

"And," the native tried to appear unconcerned, but the hand that held his cigar trembled, "you must, of course, go several miles away, so that you can get the best results from the march?"

"I am going five or six to-night," the colonel answered, steadily, so steadily that afterwards he wondered whence his power of self-control had come, "because I am to attack a position held by a skeleton force."

"I am only curious because of my anxiety to learn—and I know of no better teacher than yourself." Murrib Khan smiled as he looked straight into the colonel's honest eyes.

The colonel smiled also, but so much was his anger quickened that his heart beat furiously. There were rare times when he had thoughts that were akin to inspirations, and this was one of them. In making his arrangements he had been puzzled to know how best to deal with the British officers of the native troops. To leave them with their regiments would be to allow them to incur a peril which they ought not to run, since the first act of the mutineers would doubtless be to murder them. The conversation brought to Barr's mind a safe way out of this great difficulty.



"Murrib Khan saw the battalion march away."

"I am pleased," he said, "that my operations seem good to you, and that you think highly of their educational power, for I have arranged that to-night every one of the European officers here shall accompany me."

Murrib Khan started, in spite of his self-control. The colonel did not move a muscle of his face, and made it appear that he had not observed the change in the rissaldar-major's face.

"Yes," he continued, "I will for once justify my reputation, and give the gentlemen a bit of work which they will not soon forget."

The rissaldar-major had recovered himself. He had marked out these very officers as his earliest prey; but he comforted himself with the reflection that if they were withdrawn, the Queen's also were removed, and would not have to be dealt with. By the time the battalion got back, it would not be his fault if he had not reaped the first fruits of his plan.

"And so," added the colonel, "I shall depend on you, as the senior native officer, to keep a sharp eye on everything till I return."

"I will do that, Colonel Barr. I will ask you at what time you leave?"

"We shall be clear of Nilgoa at half-past nine, and well on our march. It will be a somewhat long and tiring business, and I do not expect to be back much before midnight."

Murrib Khan threw his cigar away, and said he was afraid he must be gone, and that he had trespassed too much upon the colonel's precious time already.

He offered his hand, and the colonel, marvelling how he could take it, but accepting it all the same, watched him as he went towards the native officers' mess.

Occasionally, Colonel Barr somewhat lost sight of temperance in speech, and he did so now.

"You scoundrel!" he murmured, "I'm not sure that; if I did my duty, I ought not to shoot you as you walk. A bullet through your back would be about equal to your honour. But I might defraud the gallows. And you are the creature who came, not three months ago, on my arrival here, and tendered me, as your host, the hilt of your sword, by way of showing that you and it were at my service. The devil take and keep such a guest!"

Relieved by his outburst, he turned and entered the hospital. Half-an-hour later he was in his quarters again, having learned that a dozen men who had been groaning long and loudly would that night be in their places in the ranks, secure in the knowledge that for once their malingering would be pardoned. At any other time a dozen or so would not have been of much account, but now their services were beyond price.

CHAPTER V.

On the Verge of Battle.

Long before the night came Colonel Barr was ready for the struggle. He had made known to all his officers and men the probability of the rising, and the absolute necessity of maintaining an unsuspecting attitude, so that hostilities should not be precipitated. Each officer knew exactly what he had to do, and how his task was to be fulfilled. Above all things, officers and men had been told that when the hour for striking came they must be zealous, and strike to the very utmost of their power, as the ultimate safety of the Empire might depend on the results of this first contest in a later mutiny.

Now that he saw a clear piece of fighting to be done, the colonel had no further hesitation. He worked unfalteringly on the basis that the native troops around him were certain to revolt. If, however, there was no need, by any wonderful good fortune, to come into collision with them, there would be nothing simpler or more easy than for him and his battalion to go about their business without having shown that a rising had been feared. The Queen's would go forth on the night march, and would return unexpectedly. If the rebels were then assembling to make the most of their opportunity against helpless sick men, and women and children, all would be well. They would be in time to save their own people and deal with the mutineers. If there were no suspicious signs whatever, it was open for him to make some satisfactory excuse for abandoning his exercise.

By the time the battalion fell in, every British officer and man at Nilgoa had been warned, and arrangements had been made to defend the hospital, for there the women and children, as well as the sick, were to take refuge.

The women had been told that they must not, on peril of their lives, show any alarm. It was borne in upon them that to do this would be to give the whole of the British troops away, and make it impossible for the best resistance to be carried out. They had been informed only in part of what was feared, the explanation being that some unusual festival of the natives had aroused them to a state of excitement which might bring them into dangerous collision with the British troops, and that it was essential that the women and children should be out of danger. With this they were for the present satisfied.

As for the British officers of the native regiments, there was no need to spur them on to watchfulness or action. They were quite prepared to inflict a very heavy chastisement upon their faithless soldiers.

Upon them, ultimately, was to fall the task of holding the hospital. The colonel managed to detail a few men from each company of his battalion, proved soldiers and good shots, to garrison the building; and by some wonderful tonic, the secret of which was certainly not known to the surgeon-major, clever though he was, some of the sick managed to get into their shirts and trousers, and hold a rifle in readiness for any chance to shoot a native that should come their way.

It seemed long to the anxious colonel and the little hospital garrison before the "fall in" sounded and there was the scrambling crunch of the men's boots on the parade. Never had the battalion turned out more smartly, and never had it been more easily proved.

The khaki-clad figures showed dim and ghost-like in the darkness, rifles thudded as the butts touched the ground, and there was a rattle of steel as the men fixed bayonets. The

colonel was going to march out as he meant to march in, for the time had come when he might find it necessary at an instant's notice to fall back on steel and bullet. Had circumstances made it seem fit that he should order an assault there and then, he would have done so; but though many of the native cavalry, artillery, and infantry were loitering about, and to all appearances regarding idly the parade of the battalion, there was no demonstration which could justify the colonel in adopting such a serious step as an unprovoked assault. He must at all costs know for an absolute certainty that a rebellion was actually attempted, and not merely threatened.

While the colonel was waiting for the moment to come when he could give the order to march, the rissaldar-major was watching the battalion from a corner of the parade. The light was strong enough for him to do this. There was within him the foundation of a good fighter, and as he looked on these seasoned soldiers, saw the ease and confidence with which each went about his work, noticed how reliantly each officer bore himself, he felt a fierce admiration, mingled with a jealous regret that he too was not one of these white people.

"They parade as sternly for an outdoor exercise as if they meant to take the field in earnest!" he muttered.

The colonel's voice rang out, there was an impressive steady tramp of a strong drilled force, and the Queen's swung off the ground.

Murrib Khan saw the battalion march away. He listened to the united footfall that rose and died away upon the still night, and for a moment his resolution faltered. He remembered what the colonel had said—that the battalion, even if decimated, would rise again—and he knew that even if the whole of the British forces in India were annihilated, they would be replaced.

But he had gone too far with his sedition to draw back. The die was cast, and he was fatalist enough to know that he must go forward with his purpose now at all hazards, in the hope that a strong and sudden blow would arouse all native India, and give admission to a stronger power before the British could recover from the shock.

The last faint tramp of the Queen's had died away before the rissaldar-major rejoined his comrades.

"Now," he said, "the fools have gone, and the place is at our mercy. Remember, not a life is to be spared. Come."

They crept stealthily from the mess, and made their way quietly to give the signal for the rising and the butchery to begin.

But by that time the Queen's were returning, with magazines full and cut-offs open, and a faint gleam on sword and bayonet; and a couple of cyclists were riding with the alarm to Halabad.

CHAPTER VI.

A Barrack Square Battle.

The Queen's had not marched more than half a mile from Nilgoa, when, by prearranged signal, they halted, and began their return journey, less the cyclists, who were now pedalling with all their force, and facing the dangers of an Indian road at night.

The deception was at an end at last. The Queen's were a corps of peace no longer, but an armed and outraged body who were lusting to be at the enemy. For the most part they were tried and seasoned soldiers, who were not for the first time to smell the battle smoke; and for the rest they had been long enough in the East to be tough and enduring fighters. The spirit of the battalion clamoured for vengeance.

The colonel and the senior major were riding ahead, conversing earnestly. Barr was giving his last instructions to his second, in case he should fall. "The scheme is simplicity itself," he said. "Hold the place till you're relieved; and don't on any consideration be tempted to leave your shelter. Remember, this is for us only a matter of days. Even if the whole of the Nawab's army and the native troops in this region rise against us, we are bound to triumph. Reinforcements will pour in upon us from all parts of the country, and nothing can stand against them."

"I don't think it will come to that," said the major. "I imagine that the rising will be kept to these Dominions, and that we shall practically end it if we can only break the back of it to begin with."

"Well, you and I have seen some pretty tough frontier fights, and had a large variety of hole-and-corner meetings in the hills. We are to have a change now, and see how a barrack square battle suits our tastes. Do you know exactly where we are?"

"We should be nearly back by this time," answered Green. "Ah! Under our very noses!"

As he spoke there was a sharp crackle, and almost immediately in front of them they saw the flash of rifles.

"It's only a signal," exclaimed the colonel. "Thank God, we're just in time! Now men! Follow me!"

There was no longer need for silence. The battalion gave a loud, long cheer, that rang over all Nilgoa, and roused two or three of the sick in hospital who had kept awake as long as they could and then fallen asleep exhausted. It carried heart and comfort to the besieged, and for the moment dismay and confusion to the mutineers. They paused, hesitated, and a few of them, in whom at the last instant discipline and loyalty prevailed, left their ranks, and fled to join the British. A havildar and a naick headed the sepoys.

They were not seen until they were close upon the Queen's. The havildar pantingly tried to explain that they were faithful; but in the turmoil of the night they were taken for mutineers who were charging the returning troops, and were shot down before the mistake was noticed.

Two companies, commanded by Major Green, hurried to the parked guns of the artillery, and two companies under Major Spark prepared to deal with the Lancers; the rest of the Queen's, led by the colonel himself, rushed to the front of the hospital, where the Native Infantry had been formed up, and at once the peace of the night was changed to the confusion and din of battle.

The rebels had been so fully worked upon by Murrib Khan and his allies in secret that they believed that victory was assured from the outset, and easily. They had been taught that the whole of the native troops would revolt together throughout the dominions, and that the signal for the rising was the signal of the downfall of the British power in India.

They had paraded, the cavalry dismounted, in the expectation of an early victory, with only a handful of sick men and women and children to deal with; and yet no sooner had the signal for the slaughter to begin been given than the Queen's appeared like an avenging God.

There was not much light, but it was enough for the work which lay before the Queen's. That task was as simple as a gospel story, and no man misunderstood it. His duty was to kill or capture; but he read his orders liberally, and, by preference, killed.

The onslaught was simultaneous. Before the gunners could serve their weapons—they were to have been trained on the hospital buildings—they were fallen upon by Major Green and his two companies; Spark was at the cavalry before they could ply their lances; and the colonel and his men were charging and scattering the infantry before Murrib Khan could give the order to fire.

It was a swift descent, and in the surprise of it the Queen's carried their united enemy down before them. Murrib Khan had appointed a general rallying-place, well to the front of the hospital, clear of all obstructions, in case anything should go wrong from any cause. To this spot, as if by instinct, the cavalry, artillery, and infantry retreated under the shock they had received; and they huddled together, calling upon their leader to come and save them.

The Queen's had been withdrawn from the assault to rally for the more serious work of the night, and while they were being formed up, Murrib Khan in a loud voice spoke to his people. They had crossed the Rubicon now, and must either win or die. He put this to them, and knowing what they had done, they prepared to make a long, determined stand.

At the same time Colonel Barr was speaking to his battalion, and saying that their simple duty was to rout the natives from their fastness. "I look upon you all, men," he said, "to follow me. Pioneer-sergeant, I shall rely on you to set a good example. You must justify your name amongst the mutineers."

A deep, hoarse voice answered, "Yes, sir," and a massive fist closed round the long curved shaft of an axe. The pioneer-sergeant bore the name of Death, and he and his terrific weapon were famous at many a station in the East. He was a man of great stature and ponderous build, with heavy black beard and moustache, and thick, black, coarse hair. His eyebrows met at the top of his nose, and stood out in little tufts from the sides of his forehead. Shaggy hair covered his arms and hands, and through his open jacket the cool wind ruffled the dark, dense covering of his broad, deep chest.

The pioneer-sergeant was as gloomy of disposition as he was of look, and no man, not even the chartered fool of the battalion, had ever been known to take a liberty with him. He was taciturn and morose, and made friends with no one. He was a born fighter, and for twenty years the Army had been to him all the home he wished to have. Fierce and unapproachable as he was to his fellow-soldiers, unmoved as he had been by all the suffering he had seen in hospital, and the sights of all the battles he had taken part in, he had yet a corner in his rugged heart for every child and woman of the Queen's.

He was called by the men, but not to his face, the Pet of the Regiment, and the irony of it was the solace of many a soldier who knew, from feeling it, the power and hardness of his fist; each woman worshipped him, and in the moments when the Army and life in general went badly with her, compared him with her husband, to the husband's own infinitesimal smallness. Every child in the Queen's trusted in Death, as he himself trusted in his great, bright axe; for in his worst moods he had never been known to turn a little one roughly away.

(To be continued.)

In Malta Royal Naval Canteen.

THE canteen is an institution common to both the Royal Navy and the Army. It is regularly established in the former at Naval barracks, in harbour-ships, and in every sea-going ship, and in the latter at all camps and stations, and in every regiment.

In practically every case — there are, of course, certain modifications afloat — the general arrangements of the establishment are the same — on the lines of a club, self-supporting, and worked on co-operative principles. The men, whether sailors or soldiers, work it themselves, under limited supervision by certain officers as a Canteen Committee, and with the same limitations have the disposal of the funds produced by the canteen. Speaking roughly, the canteen is a social centre for the purposes of refreshment and indoor recreation. The viands supplied are of the best, and are retailed at strictly moderate prices, regulated, however, to provide a reasonable profit, which maintains the canteen. What surplus there is, and canteens are profitable institutions, is kept as a Service fund, which may be used at discretion for adding to the attraction, of the institution, entertainments, "sing-songs," theatricals, or for outings and exceptional recreation. As an instance of a Service canteen in its general arrangements, our illustrations of the Royal Naval Canteen at Malta will serve. For general purposes there is the reading-room.



THE THEATRE.



THE READING-ROOM.

fitted up and supplied with every requisite—a good library of books, written by such well-known and eminent writers as Rudyard Kipling, Bloundelle-Burton, the late Charles Lever, James Grant, and many others, and a regular supply of newspapers, popular magazines and periodicals, and games of all sorts.

In this last detail, it may be noted that gambling of any sort whatever is strictly prohibited, and measures are taken to prevent it. There is, as we also show, a well-equipped billiard-room, where devotees of the green baize can amuse themselves, and a theatre completely appointed, which in the case of the Royal Naval Canteen at Malta can seat 1,000 men. The management is conducted by a staff of Marines as canteen stewards, or attendants, under a married chief petty officer. We give portraits of Mr. Staton, R.N., the present manager, and his wife, and of Mr. Young, R.N., the late manager, with his wife and son.

The Royal Naval Canteen at Malta has, according to information just to hand, commenced the present year under very favourable circumstances. The canteen accounts for January, 1899, it is stated, show an increase of £16 net profit over the returned profits for the preceding month, and this notwithstanding the recent liberal expenditure for furniture and tools that has taken place.



Photos. Ellis.

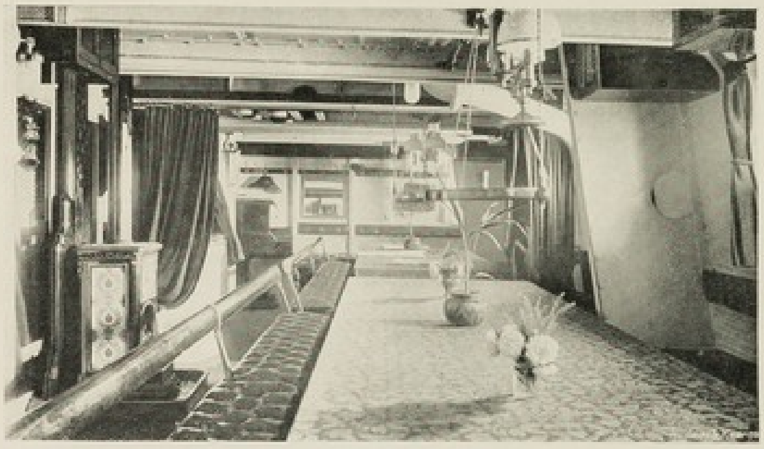
THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



Copyright.

THE OLD AND NEW MANAGER AND THE STAFF.

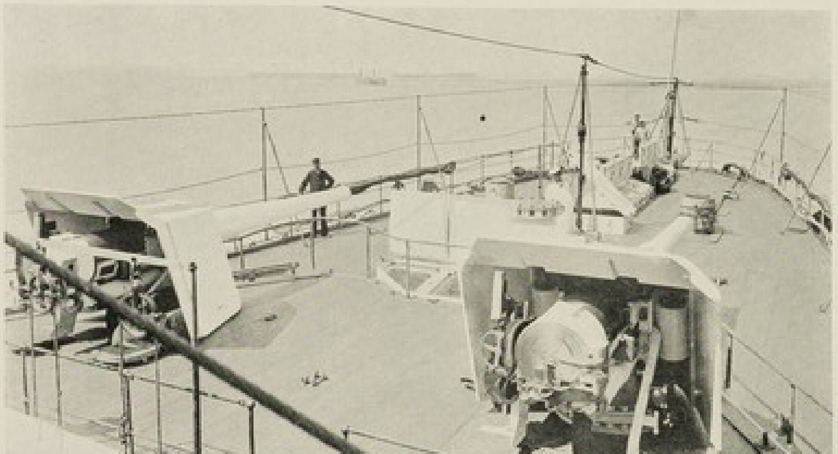
The "Diadem" Revisited.



THE GUN-ROOM.



THE WARD-ROOM.



Photos. Symonds & Co. THE QUARTER-DECK. Copyright.

AS our readers will doubtless recollect, the fine first-class cruiser "Diadem" has been described in a former number, with all details of interest concerning her size, armament, etc. Like many another modern vessel, however, she will repay closer inspection from varying points of view; and among other matters it is interesting to note the kind of quarters provided for the officers.

There are many people in inland towns who have relatives, perhaps even sons or brothers, serving on board such vessels, but whose ideas of the surroundings of the superior or subordinate officers are vague in the extreme. They may in some instances base their conceptions on the descriptions of unsavoury dens in Marryat's novels, while others go to the opposite extreme, and hope Tommy or Jimmie has a "comfortable bedroom." The faithful representation here given of the gun-room will remove all false impressions, and probably tend to render the anxious parents and others happy in their minds; for it is a decidedly comfortable apartment. There is not, it is true, much room to spare for dancing, or other such festivities; but space is precious on board ship, and the most must be made of a little. Chairs are not much in request in a gun-room such as this; the long cushioned seat has, however, a hinged back, which can be turned over so as to admit of sitting comfortably facing the neat tiled stove. In the far left-hand corner there is a piano, and the table, though it certainly occupies an undue proportion of the available space, presents, with its neat cloth and floral adornments, a refined and pleasing appearance.

The young officers who inhabit the gun-room are at the moment elsewhere; we find them on deck, posing as an effective group round a 6-in. gun. The two small boys in the centre are Naval Cadets, not having yet attained to the dignity of the midshipman's "patch," plainly distinguishable on the collars of seven of their messmates. The group is further composed of one sub-lieutenant, an assistant paymaster, a clerk, and four assistant engineers.

Another very interesting group is that of the "watch keepers," to whom is entrusted, each in his turn, the responsibility of taking entire charge of the ship, rigidly keeping her in station when in company with others, superintending the proper steering of the course, the maintenance of order and regularity, and a thousand odds and ends that are always cropping up in the little floating town. The officer of the watch is invested, *pro tem.*, with a dignity and authority beyond his rank; no one except the captain must interfere with him, and nothing must be done on deck without his knowledge. If the course or speed is to be altered, any drill carried out, or repairs to deck gear, etc., the cry is always the same: "Tell the officer of the watch." The boatswain cannot send a man aloft, or over the side, without his permission; if he does, he

will speedily hear about it, even though he be acting directly under the commander's orders. The officer on the right, who wears a sword-belt and carries a spy-glass, is the one actually on watch at the moment, and the twisted lace on his sleeve, differing from the regular lieutenant's uniform, indicates that he is an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, embarked for a year or so to learn Naval ways; and very apt most of them are at it.

The ward-room, the mess-place of the watch-keepers and all other senior officers, except the captain, is, of course, a more roomy and luxurious apartment than the gun-room, and presents, indeed, a very pleasing interior. Some sixteen or seventeen officers mess there, and an excellent table is kept at a wonderfully small cost to individuals.

The twisted wires hanging down, each terminating in a pear-shaped wooden bulb, with a movable button at the end, are for ringing the electric bell; and when first they were introduced the electricians suffered much in repairing them, as some old school veterans would always be dragging at them after the old fashion, instead of pressing the button; and the bulb resented this treatment by coming off in their hands.

Coming now to the humbler portion of the personnel, we find a crowd of Bluejackets sitting about in various easy postures, the whole group bristling with rifles and bayonets. They are engaged in cleaning arms, a matter of daily routine following immediately upon the washing of decks and the cleaning of the guns. Every man's arms are subjected daily to a rigid inspection, and should the result not be satisfactory, he has to repeat the cleaning process in the dinner-hour, while his shipmates are smoking their pipes and taking their ease; a flagrant or repeated defaulter in this respect may have some heavier penalty awarded him, such as carrying his rifle at some unpleasant and inconvenient time on the quarter-deck for a day or two. As a rule, however, the men take a pride in the appearance of the guns and rifles, etc., and the polish which is imparted to every bit of brass or steel is a matter of immemorial tradition afloat. The men are dressed in what is termed "white working dress," for ordinary work and drills, etc., the few who have a smarter appearance, in serge with white trousers, being "special duty" men, such as boats' crews, side boys, and so on. In the picture of the quarter-deck, the most conspicuous objects are the two long, wicked-looking 6-in. quick-firing guns, pointing directly over the stern, each provided with a protecting shield, which pivots with the gun. The quarter-deck looks deserted, and is, in fact, forbidden ground to the men, except those on duty. Everyone, on coming on to the quarter-deck, salutes in respect to the supreme authority thereby typified, and there is, from time immemorial, a certain additional exclusiveness attached to the starboard side in harbour, and the "weather" side at sea.

The "Diadem" is often described in the Press as "an improved 'Terrible,'" which means that she is of practically the same class as this monster cruiser; but the defects incidental to her size in the "Terrible" have been remedied in the "Diadem" class.



THE GUN-ROOM OFFICERS.



THE WATCH-KEEPERS.



Photos, Symonds & Co. Copyright.

CLEANING ARMS.



IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

The carpenters perform sundry odd jobs at the bench. On the arm of the man kneeling may be seen the crossed axe and hammer, the badge of his craft; overhead are spare hoses for the fire-pumps.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. Russell & Sons. Copyright.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES F. HOTHAM, K.C.B.,

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE NORE, WITH HIS STAFF.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")

The Channel Squadron

[FROM OUR

WEYMOUTH.



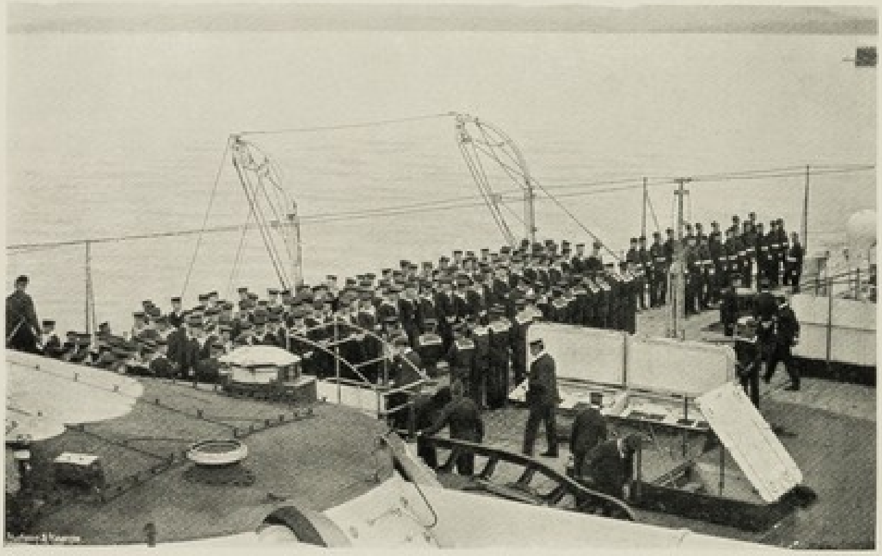
THE ROAD TO WEYMOUTH.

A PANORAMA OF

SINCE January 20 the squadron has been lying under the shelter of Portland Breakwater. This does not mean that it has been taking things easy all this time, for, on the contrary, the drills and exercises have been going on as usual, in spite of wind and rain. Every week, and sometimes twice a week, we have put to sea for the day to carry out steam tactics and aiming rifle practice. Aiming rifle practice seems likely to form a regular weekly institution under Sir Harry Rawson's *régime*, and though new just now to the Channel Squadron, it has frequently been practised before by various admirals on different stations.

The principle is simple enough, and it is an excellent method of teaching good gunnery. Each ship prepares a target, surmounted by a flag, which she tows about 300-yds. astern of her.

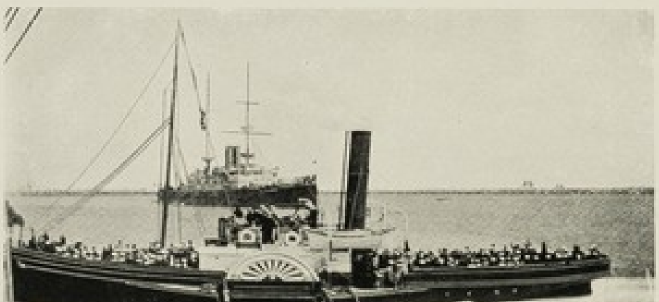
The squadron then forms into single line and steams round the sides of a long rectangle, so that each ship has in turn the target of every other ship to fire at. Instead of the real ammunition, which would be costly and, perhaps, dangerous, 1-in. Nordenfelt rifles are put in the bores of the heavy guns, and the practice is carried out with these instead.



INSPECTING LIBERTY MEN

If the men have had plenty of work, there has also been plenty of leave—special leave every day and general leave every week. My illustrations show the sailor's progress from ship to shore.

First he is inspected by the officer of the watch as to uniform and general appearance, while the master-at-arms warns him when and where his leave expires. Then he is packed (a couple of hundred of him, perhaps) into the launch and towed by the steamboat to the tug, which takes him and lands him (for 4d. a head) on Weymouth Pier. There he bursts like a torrent upon the town, and is speedily lost in the streets and houses. It is no uncommon sight to see four tugs arrive together, with 1,000 or more liberty men on board. The wonderful thing is that



Photos. A. Debenham Ryde

GOING ASHORE IN THE TUG.

in Portland Roads.

Own Correspondent.]

PORTLAND BREAKWATER.



PORTLAND ROADS. COALING JETTY.

the picket has so little to do, while rows with the police are almost unknown. I give a photograph of the fleet taken from the top of Portland.

The breakwater extension grows slowly but surely, and is visible now along its whole length at low water. In the illustration the line of the "dolphins" can be seen in the distance, and when completed it will form the most magnificent artificial harbour in the world.



LIBERTY MEN IN THE LAUNCH.

The two illustrations form a complete panorama of its extent. The Great Western Railway is to come on to the breakwater at its Weymouth end, where a huge commercial basin is to be built as a base for ocean traffic; trains will run to London in three hours, and Weymouth will then supersede Liverpool and Southampton, as it will be much more accessible, and will be untroubled by tides, while affording perfect shelter for the largest steamers.

The Training Squadron, consisting of the "Raleigh," flying the commodore's broad pennant, "Cleopatra," "Volage," and "Champion," has spent some little time here with us, and very pretty and trim the vessels look beside the great battle-ships and befunnelled cruisers.



Photos. A. Debenham. Ryde.

LANDING AT WEYMOUTH.

The daily sail drill and mast and yard work is watched with great interest from our squadron, for even the most modern of modern sailors has a hankering at times for the excitement and competition that always exists where there is any drill aloft going on.

Rumour is rife as to what our future movements are. By some it is supposed that we shall leave here as soon as the ships of the Reserve Squadron are ready to return, and that then we shall be sent to the coast of Spain. Others declare that we shall be kept here so long as the state of affairs across the Channel appears to be of an uneasy nature. In any case, there can be no question that we are ready for anything, but in all probability the most general desire is for a change.

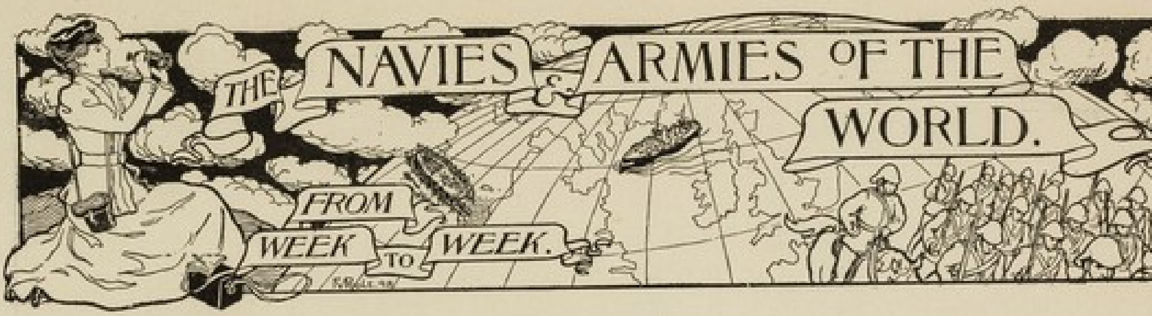


Photo. W. M. Crockett. Copyright.

"ON DUTY."

A familiar spectacle on the sea-shore.

(See "Afloat and Ashore.")



THE speech which M. de Freycinet made the other day on the French Army to the Chamber has excited some attention in France, and deserves to be thought over elsewhere. M. Cornély, the very shrewd and witty leading article writer of the *Figaro*, has given him some ironical praise. M. de Freycinet, according to his sarcastic critic, has "revealed a truth unnoticed by the vulgar—that with obligatory military service the country which has the greatest number of inhabitants is also that which must have the greatest number of soldiers." This, however, is partly M. Cornély's fun. After all, M. de Freycinet can hardly be said to have revealed this elementary fact, which was, indeed, not unknown even to the vulgar in France. His originality lay rather in this, that he boldly faced a truth which other public men in France have been so weak as to shirk, and that he told his countrymen that they could not escape the inevitable inferiority in mere numbers. When one country has a population which is to that of a neighbour as two is to three, it must needs have fewer soldiers if both have recourse to obligatory service and draw on their whole resources. If M. de Freycinet had stopped there, he would only have told his countrymen a painful truth—for it must needs give pain to a country with the history and the ambitions of France to know that it is doomed to be for ever weaker than a neighbour. But the Minister of War did not stop there. He went on to give his hearers two grounds of consolation. First, he told them that mere inferiority in numbers is not fatal if it can be compensated by superiority in quality. Then he added something less obviously true, yet worthy of consideration. It was that when you have a given length of frontier on which to fight, and no more than a given number of men can be manœuvred on it with effect, all the soldiers you have over and above that limit are superfluous.

* * * *

As regards the great quantity *versus* quality question, every thinking man is on the side of M. de Freycinet. If comparatively little account is taken of it by sober critics, that is because there is a very great difficulty in estimating the relative value of things which are "inward and spiritual." Numbers are visible to the eye, and are easily compared. As for what the men are worth when it comes to "push of pike," we can rarely discover this except by the test of war. Therefore it is prudent to suppose that your opponent is not inferior in quality, and to obtain the advantage in material force. But if it is impossible to get that superiority, what then? You must clearly devote yourself to endeavouring to obtain the better quality. Now the situation in France is this. An increasing number of Frenchmen, including many Army officers, are coming round to the view that their country made a great mistake when it set out to imitate the German military organisation. The characters of the two races are so different, and their respective social orders are so widely apart, that the organisation which answers in the one may be fatal to the other. The doubt—the cruel doubt—which assails not a few Frenchmen is just whether they have not sacrificed the military qualities of their race in a necessarily vain attempt to attain equality of numbers with Germany. It is certain that the obligation to serve as a common soldier is maddening to many Frenchmen, and the bitterness it produces in them has a great deal to do with the savage attacks made on the Army in some quarters. M. Cornély would go back to a professional Army, supported by a purely defensive Militia. There is a distinct diminution of that sentimental love of the "nation in arms" which was a kind of dogma in France a few years ago. People are beginning to say that after all soldiering is a business; that the man who does it because he likes it, and for a long time, will do it better than the man who is in the ranks only because he cannot help it, and for a short period; finally, they say that it is as absurd to apply the word mercenary to the volunteer in the ranks as it would be to apply the same name to the officer who makes the Army his profession. For themselves, so say these Frenchmen, short service is disastrous, because there is not in France the social subordination that there is in Germany. Therefore the habit of obedience is not formed till a man has had a long training.

* * * *

M. de Freycinet's argument from what may be called the capacity of the field of operations in case of another war with Germany, has manifestly one very weak point. It may be quite true that only a certain number of troops can be handled in a certain district, yet if two combatants are pitted against one another, and one of them has a greater number of men at his disposal than the other, he can keep on calling up reinforcements till he wears his opponent down. Still, this is a very costly game, which no prudent State would willingly play. M. de Freycinet's idea is sound enough, if France merely wishes to defend herself. Even if Germany were disposed to prove aggressive, of which there is no sign, France can warn her off by making it quite clear that a whole army might have to be spent to open the road to Paris. No nation in its senses will pay such an enormous price for a mere political purpose—and when a nation is not in its senses, it can commonly be beaten. Of course, if France means to play the old game of aggression in Germany, that is another matter; but it is eminently unlikely that she does. She might like to do it, but she knows the danger by a severe experience. The events of 1870-71 have proved the truth of a remark made early in the reign of James I. by that Sir Thomas Overbury who was poisoned in the Tower by Frances Howard, the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex, and then the wife of Carr, the Earl of Somerset. He said that if Germany "were entirely subject to one monarchy," it "would be terrible to all the rest." Germany is now subject to one monarchy, and it is terrible to all the rest, in the sense that none of its neighbours are likely to provoke it to battle out of mere gaiety of heart.

* * * *

It was not only on the subject of the necessary connection between size of population and size of armies that M. de Freycinet spoke sense to his countrymen. There is a passage on the spy matter in his speech which is really full of sense, and of sense, too, so obvious that one wonders there should ever be any necessity for putting it into words. Why bother your head about spies, said the Minister of War, when as a matter of fact there is next to nothing for them to discover, and that little of small relative importance? You can conceal a new explosive for a time, or the last improvement in your rifle, but it is quite beyond the power of the most secretive of War Offices to hide the great essential facts concerning its Army from anybody. These facts are the size of your population, the number of men you draw for military service, the length of time you keep them with the colours, and the amount of instruction you give them. Then there are the facts of geography, which are patent to all the world, and which dictate the course every general must needs follow, at any rate in all the main lines. You may make a secret of the exact spots at which you mean to accumulate your armies, and a few other details of your plan of mobilisation. But your possible enemy has only to look at the hills, the valleys, and the course of the rivers, in order to learn what you must needs do in tolerably close limits. As for your general plan of mobilisation, since it must be known to your own people, it is a public fact. Every nation in Europe knows, or has the means of knowing, to a day or so, how quickly its neighbours can get their armies on a war footing. It can do this without the slightest need for employing spies. Then why employ them, or fear that they will be employed by others? This sounds like excellent good sense, and very well calculated to rid the minds of Frenchmen of certain delusions which have led them into some deplorable exhibitions of nerves and bad temper. It is a pity that it was not all said a long while ago, when it would have been of more use. M. de Freycinet comes rather late in the day with all this good sense, and it would be more to his credit if he had spoken when he might, indeed, have incurred more unpopularity than he is likely to earn now, but also when there would have been more chance that he would do real good. DAVID HANNAY.

Naval Nomenclature.

By Edward Fraser.



"ALFRED," 1811-63. "RUSSELL," 1822-63. "DUNCAN," 1859-99. "EXMOUTH," 1854-99.

BRITAIN'S BULWARKS IN BYGONE DAYS.

THE Admiralty are to be congratulated on the names they have just selected for our recently-ordered battle-ships and cruisers of the two ship-building programmes of March and July of last year. The four first-class battle-ships are to be four new "Admirals"—the "Russell," to be laid down at Hull; the "Duncan" and "Cornwallis," to be laid down at the Thames Ironworks, Blackwall; and the "Exmouth," to be laid down at Birkenhead. The four cruiser names selected are: The "King Alfred," to be laid down at Barrow-in-Furness; the "Africa" and the "Leviathan," to be laid down on the Clyde; and the "Drake," to be laid down at Pembroke Royal Dockyard. Here are their stories and the reasons why the names should be of such particular interest just now to the Navy, to the nation, and to the Empire at large.

1st "Russell," 80—1692-1708.—War with France, 1692-97. Queen Anne's War, 1702-5.
2nd "Russell," 80—1709-26.—Queen Anne's War, 1710.
3rd "Russell," 80—1735-60.—Spanish War—Mathew's Action, 1744; captured Glorioso, 1747. Seven Years' War.
4th "Russell," 74—1764-1809.—American War—With Hood off Martinique, 1781; with Hood, Frigate Bay, St. Kitts, 1782; Rodney's Victory off Dominica, 1782. French War—Howe's Victory, June 1, 1794; Bridport's Action off Belleisle, 1795; Camperdown, 1797; Copenhagen, 1807.
5th "Russell," 74—1822-63.—Russian War—Baltic, 1855.

Our first "Russell" was so named in honour of Admiral Edward Russell, the victor in the battle of Barfleur, La Hogue, in May, 1692. She had been so named by the desire of King William III. in the previous year, as a recognition of the support given to King William, when Prince of Orange, at the time of his coming over to England in November, 1688, by Rear-Admiral Edward Russell, as the officer in question then was. A sister ship was named the "Torbay." The "Russell" was launched at Portsmouth on June 3, 1692. As her list of battle honours shows, the "Russell" has as fine a fighting record as any man-of-war name in the Service, and with the added credit of having on all occasions been "one of the best," notably in the Great War, with Lord Howe, on the First of June, when she fought the French "Téméraire," "Trajan," and "Eole," and gave the *coup de grace* to the "America" for the "Leviathan," and with Admiral Duncan at Camperdown, where she won universal credit for her fine display.

1st "Duncan," 74—1811-60.—French War—off Toulon, 1813-14.
2nd "Duncan," 101—1859.

October 11, 1897, was the anniversary of the great victory won by Admiral Adam Duncan off Camperdown over the Dutch Fleet, and the reappearance of the name "Duncan" on the Royal Navy List at the present time is due to that fact in the main. Duncan's flag-ship, the "Venerable," was also commemorated last year by the giving of her name to a first-class battle-ship now building at Chatham; and the battle itself is further commemorated in the present first reserve battle-ship "Camperdown." As a captain, Duncan served as Keppel's flag-captain at the reduction of Havana in 1762, and with Rodney, as captain of the "Monarch," in Rodney's dashing night action with Langara off Cape St. Vincent in 1780. Before Camperdown, when the rest of the North Sea Fleet mutinied and went off to the Nore, Duncan, by his personal action, kept his flag-ship loyal, and for weeks, single-handed (except for a frigate), blockaded the Texel, where the enemy were waiting to come out. At Camperdown, his coolness and intrepidity were the admiration of his officers and men. He was created a viscount for the battle, and thanked by both Houses of Parliament for his eminent services to the country. Lord Duncan was born in 1731, and died in 1804.

1st "Cornwallis," galley—1778-79.—American War—With Lord Howe, off New York.
2nd "Cornwallis," armed ship—1782-83.—American War.
3rd "Cornwallis," 50—1805.
4th "Cornwallis," 74—1813.—American War, 1814-15. First China War, 1842. Baltic, 1855.

In the name "Cornwallis" the Navy will honour one of the best and most capable sea officers the Royal Service has ever had—Admiral the Hon. Sir William Cornwallis, G.C.B. He lived between 1743 and 1819, and, as a captain, repeatedly distinguished himself in the American War. In command of the "Lion," 64, he bore a very notable part in Byron's hard-fought encounter with the French off Grenada, in 1779. Commanding a small squadron in March and June, 1780, he fought two actions with a French squadron. Commanding the "Canada," 74, he fought with Hood at Frigate Bay, St. Kitts, and was with Rodney, off Dominica, on the "Glorious Twelfth of April," 1782. After this battle, the captured French Admiral de Grasse said his flag-ship, the "Ville de Paris," would have got away had it not been for "a little red-sided English seventy-four that had hung on him all the afternoon, till she had dismasted him." The "red-sided ship" was the "Canada." Cornwallis as a rear-admiral, in 1795, in the French War, excited the wonder and admiration of both French and British Navies for his heroic fighting retreat in the Channel, when, with five of the line, he fought for a whole day at close quarters the French Brest Fleet of thirteen of the line, and finally got clear of the enemy by a daring *ruse de guerre*. As an admiral, from 1801 to 1806, Cornwallis watched the Channel, and held the French Fleet in Brest fast, never for an instant relaxing his close watch on the port with "those storm-beaten ships the Grand Army never saw." To his keeping the ring, the Naval arena of the war, as it were, we owe it that Nelson was able to meet and fight it out finally at Trafalgar, with Villeneuve cut off from outside aid.

1st "Exmouth," 91—1854-76.—Russian War—Baltic, 1855.

The "Exmouth" in her name commemorates the ever dashing Sir Edward Pellew, victor in the brilliant frigate duel of the "Nymphe" and "Cleopatra" in 1793, leader of the famous

"Western Squadron" of frigates in the first half of the Great War with France, and in the second half Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies and Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and finally, after the war, the heroic leader at the bombardment of Algiers. The first "Exmouth" man-of-war was built at Devonport, launched on July 12, 1854, and first commissioned in December, 1854. In 1876 the ship was taken over as a training-ship by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, for service in the Thames off Grays, in which employment our first "Exmouth" now is.

1st "Alfred," 74—1778-1812.—American War—Hood's Action off Martinique, 1781; Graves' Action in the Chesapeake, 1781; Hood and De Grasse in Frigate Bay, St. Kitts, 1782; Rodney's Victory off Dominica, April 19, 1782; Mona Passage, 1782. French War—Lord Howe's Victory, June 1, 1794; Reduction of St. Lucia, May 26, 1796. Copenhagen, September, 1807.
2nd "Alfred," 74—1811-63.
3rd "Royal Alfred," ironclad—1863-83.

King Alfred has a special place in English history as the founder of the Royal Navy, and the selection of his name for a man-of-war at the present moment is of particular interest, as 1901, the year in which the new ship will be ready, will be the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the Navy by the great King. As a war-ship name, also, Alfred has special memories of its own, as our roll of battle honours shows. The first "Alfred," as a fact, was present in fleet battles at the capture of no fewer than fourteen sail of the line from the enemy, besides assisting, when cruising independently, to capture numerous frigates and small vessels. In one of her battles, Rodney's famous victory off Dominica in April, 1782, the "Alfred" lost her captain, Captain Bayne.

1st "Africa," 64—1761-77.—Seven Years' War—Cruising.
2nd "Africa," 64—1781-1813.—American War—Cruising. Trafalgar, 1805. Action with Danish gun-boats, 1808.

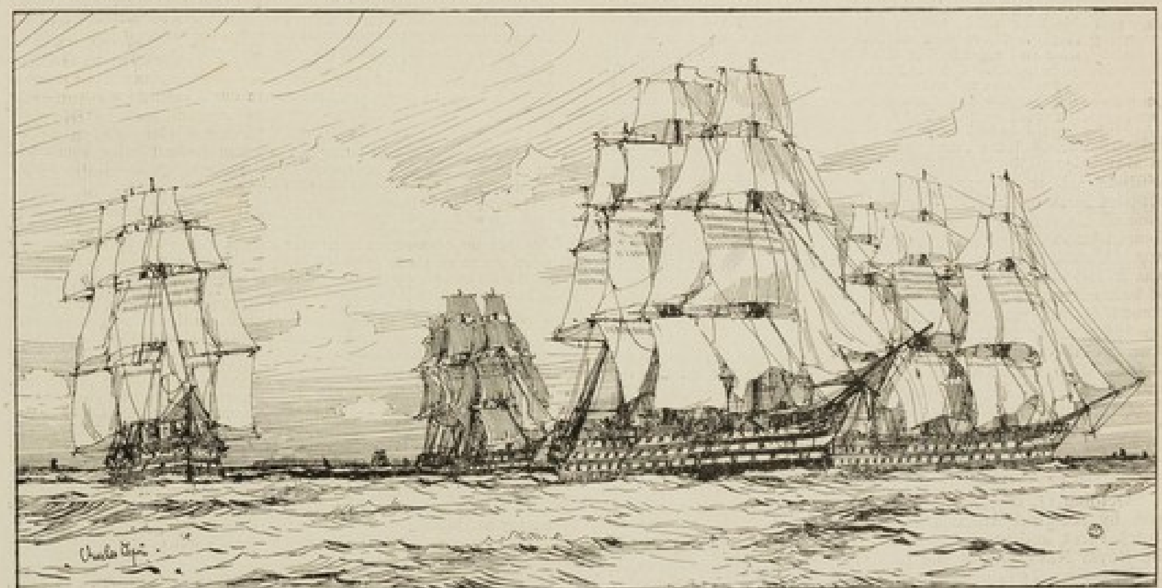
The name "Africa" was originally given at the time of the Seven Years' War, in company with the names "Europe" and "Asia," to three 64's, which were all laid down about the same time, and launched within a few months of each other. Lord Anson selected the name. It is particularly appropriate at the present time, when the fame and reputation of England in the Dark Continent stands higher than ever it did before, alike in the North, on the Nile, and in the South. And at the same time it serves as a special honour to commemorate the great Imperial gifts of Cape Colony and Natal, recently made to the Royal Navy, of an annual contribution of £30,000 free of all restrictions, and of a free coal supply for the British Fleet. At Trafalgar, the little "Africa," 64, was the smallest line-of-battle ship in the action on either side, yet her display was second to none. First she stood in, and exchanged broadsides with the enemy's five van ships; then she went on to help the "Neptune," 98, in her fight with the big Spaniard, the "Santisima Trinidada," of 130 guns. She partially dismasted the "Trinidada," but, on the "Neptune" passing on, was left single handed to tackle the giant four-decker, who opened her full broadside furiously on the "Africa," until after a considerable interval the "Orion" came to the rescue. Then the "Africa" fought the French "Intrepid," 74, "having," as it was said, "ferreted her way in amidst the largest ships of the enemy."

1st "Leviathan," armed ship—1778-80.—American War—Lord Howe at Rhode Island, 1778.
2nd "Leviathan," 74—1791-1846.—French War—With Hood at Toulon, 1793; Lord Howe's Victory, 1794; Operations off San Domingo, 1796; Reduction of Minorca, 1798; Reduction of Danish West Indies, 1801; Trafalgar, 1805; Destruction of a French Squadron near Cette, 1809; Coast Operations near Alassio, 1813.

The "Leviathan's" name is now added to the Navy List as that of a Trafalgar ship, and with the name of the "Spartiate" of last year, and of the "Africa" added on the present occasion, three more of the names borne by the famous band under Nelson's orders in our last great Naval action are once more on the list. The "Leviathan's" fame ranks high not only as a Trafalgar ship, but for her brilliant share in the "Glorious First of June." On that famous day the "Leviathan" greatly distinguished herself by silencing the French "America," 74, her special opponent in the line, after a fierce action, leaving her to surrender to the next British ship that came up. At Trafalgar the "Leviathan" was third ship astern of the "Victory." She first fought the French flag-ship, the "Bucentaure," then the Spanish 130-gun three-decker, the "Santisima Trinidada," and finally the Spanish "San Augustino," 74.

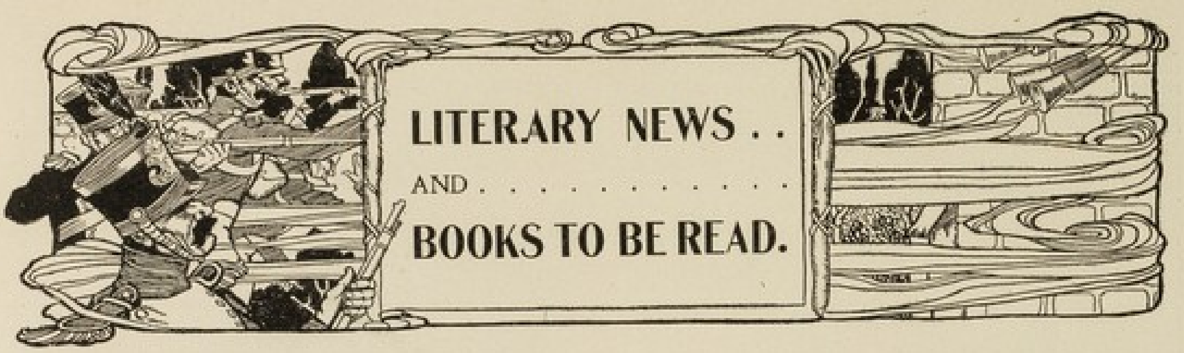
1st "Drake," 14—1652-89.—First Dutch War, 1652-54. Spanish War, 1655-57. Second Dutch War, 1665-67. Third Dutch War, 1672-73.
2nd "Drake," 16—1693-94.—French War.
3rd "Drake," 16—1705-21.—Queen Anne's War.
4th "Drake," 14—1725-42.—Spanish War, 1739-42.
5th "Drake," 14—1743-60.—Spanish War, 1743-48. Seven Years' War, 1756-60.
6th "Drake," 14—1779-1800.—American War, 1779-83. French War, 1793-1800.
7th "Drake," 18—1801-03.—French War, 1801.
8th "Drake," 14—1803-04.—French War, 1803-04.
9th "Sir Francis Drake," 36—1806-24.—French War, off Batavia. Java Expedition.

The name Drake is of course now introduced into our modern Navy in honour of the great sea king and captain of the Navy of Queen Elizabeth, the man to whom, above all others indeed, credit for the defeat of the Spanish Armada is due; the first Englishman to sail round the world, and the senior in time of our world-renowned Naval triumvirate—Drake, Blake, and Nelson. As far as Drake is concerned, the wonder only is that in the past his name in this regard has almost invariably and with a curious persistence been kept down and confined to vessels of the smaller classes. The credit of giving Drake its proper status as a war-ship name belongs to the present Board of Admiralty. The last ship of the name, and the biggest so far of the series, the "Sir Francis Drake," was in point of fact so named by the East India Company, from whom the Admiralty of 1805 bought the ship, an Indiaman, directly off the stocks at the old Bombay Honourable East India Company's Dockyard. None of the eight ships above noted named by the Admiralty were larger than as stated—all either sloops or brigs of war.



"LEVIATHAN," 1791-1846. "AFRICA," 1781-1813. "DRAKE," 1779-1800. "CORNWALLIS," 1777-83.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.



LITERARY NEWS . . AND . . . . BOOKS TO BE READ.

THE name of General von der Goltz, Field-Marshal in the Ottoman Army, is well known in this country, and it was an excellent idea of Captain James to include a translation, admirably done, by Major G. F. Leverson, R.E., of his "Conduct of War," in the "Wolseley Series" (Kegan Paul and Co.). The book is not a detailed or final volume upon its subject. It is intended to put forward general principles, or, as one may say, to raise a good scaffolding for the solid work of the student. From the opening chapter, dealing with war and society, I take the following passage as of special interest at the present time: "The idea of making war impossible by means of arbitration has not led to any practical result, because no power exists which could ensure absolute and universal obedience to the awards of arbitrators. The best safeguards for preserving peace are sound military organisations, for the strong is less easily attacked than the weak." What is very sound in General von der Goltz's book is the manner in which he strips off extraneous matter from the actual subject in hand. It is the enemy's main army that must be attacked. Victory is not attained by holding the whole fighting strength of a nation in readiness, and resorting to manœuvres and isolated blows. "It is evident that if the main army is beaten first, then the remaining weaker groups will be still less able to count on victory. Unite all the available forces for the decisive moment." The general's method is to seek out and explain the characteristics of the attack and defence in relation both to strategy and tactics. In every case, of course, he gives the advantage to the attack, though laying particular stress upon the higher qualities necessary in those who engage in it. The defence is the refuge for the weaker side, but it may be a safe refuge, causing the enemy to waste his strength, and paving the way for a counter-attack when exhaustion has set in in his ranks. General von der Goltz's book is really a consideration of the manner in which means are to be adapted to ends in land warfare. His outlook is wide, and he deals not only with active operations, but with bases and lines of communications, and with operations under special conditions, and concludes with a sound chapter on the influence of operations by sea on the conduct of war, though here the treatment is slight. The book is one full of suggestions for the military student.

* * * *

With this volume I link Colonel George Armand Furse's "Provisioning Armies in the Field" (Clowes), a book devoted to the vast business of collecting and distributing supplies for military forces engaged on active service. It is not a technical book full of facts and figures, but an historical volume devoted to an examination of the methods and practical successes or failures of particular commanders and administrators. The author is rather a discursive writer, but he has written an exceedingly interesting volume. The utter failure in the Crimea is rightly attributed to the fact that the conspicuous lesson of history had been forgotten, and that the calling of arms was largely pursued by officers more as a gentlemanly career than with any just appreciation of the real object for which nations patiently submit to the burdens of standing armies. There was, moreover, no officer charged with the administration and organisation of all the administrative branches. I have not space to follow Colonel Furse in his intelligent appreciation of the varying conditions and necessities of military campaigns. The real outcome of his enquiry is that an efficient organisation, energetic officers, and common-sense are the chief requirements for success. Hard and fast rules cannot be laid down, but those who are concerned with the great business Colonel Furse describes will close his volume finding their minds well stored with suggestive examples and instances. More could not be asked. The book will form a fitting companion to the same author's "Organisation and Administration of the Lines of Communication."

* * * *

The British muse tends at the present time to be somewhat self-assertive. It flaunts the flag in the face of potential foes, and proclaims once again that Britons were born to be free, declaring the kinship of blood, and that it is very much thicker than water. Mr. Kipling, whom I seize the opportunity of welcoming to the world again, is partly responsible for this. Miss Cicely Fox Smith is in some ways his disciple, as I glean from her "Songs of Greater Britain" (Sherratt and Mason, Manchester). There is a good deal of merit in her verses. Some of them have a taking lilt and poetic impetus; witness the following anent "The Greatest Isle":

> "There's never a nook on the wide world's face
>   But with her fame has rung,
> And the farthest home of the farthest race
>   Has heard the English tongue.
> Where the white bear roams, and the Pole-star gleams,
>   Where the tropic islets smile,
> Where the dank, dim plain in the noonglare streams,
>   Sleep the sons of the Greatest Isle."

"How We Took the Spanish Galleon" is less meritorious, though there is a kind of spacious freedom about it that is pleasant. I found the same feeling in "A Contrast," in which we fly from an ordered garden to the untamed purple wold, where the scented air is cleft by rapid wings, and the clouds chase one another across the blue, evoking the cry, "It was an ecstasy of joy to be a living thing." Between Minden and Omdurman Miss Smith has chosen her subjects, and she pens her songs with spirit, if sometimes with a familiar ring. She outdoes humdrum history itself in her "Caroline and Guerrière." She is a fair Chauvinist, I fear, loving the hiss of the wheeling blade and the blare of the trumpet, and recognising chiefly the power of

> "The circling brand
> In the grip of a strong right hand,
> To make honour a power in the land."

At least thus "saith the sword" in her song.

* * * *

Let the lover of true humour and kindly cynicism make haste to procure "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War" (Grant Richards). American humour is often special and peculiar, and Americans have roared loudly over this book. It is by Mr. Dunne, editor of the *Chicago Journal*, and has had an immense success in the States, though some of its special hits may be lost upon us. I must be content to quote Mr. Dooley's discussion of the relations between Shafter and Garcia in his own grotesque fashion. "Gin'ral Shafter is a big, coorse, two-fisted man fr'm Mitchigan, an', whin he see Gin'ral Garshy an' his twinty-five gallant followers, 'Fr-ront,' says he. 'This way,' he says; 'step lively,' he says, 'an' move some iv these things,' he says. 'Sir,' says Gin'ral Garshy, 'd'ye take me for a dhray?' he says. 'I'm a sojer,' he says, 'not a baggage car,' he says. 'I'm a Cubian pathrite, and I'd lay down me life an' the lives iv ivry wan iv th' eighteen brave men iv me devoted ar-rmy,' he says; 'but I'll be dam'd if I carry a thrunk,' he says. 'I'll fight whiniver 'tis cool,' he says, 'an' they aint wan iv these twelve men here that wudden't follow me to hell, if they was awake at th' time,' he says; 'but,' he says, 'if 'twas wurruk we were lookin' f'r, we cud have found it long ago,' he says." In this amusing fashion does the humourist discuss the problems of peace and war, from "Diplomacy" to "The President's Cat." I think he is as good as Artemus Ward, and his criticisms of men and things from the standpoint of a humorous observer make excellent reading.

* * * *

It is appropriate before the summer comes on to draw brief attention to the publication of a volume entitled "English Cathedrals Illustrated," by Francis Bond, M.A. (Newnes). Those who desire to study a particular cathedral exhaustively will turn to the treatises published by Murray, or to special handbooks, of which several very good ones, notably one on York Minster, exist, but there is no volume that can compare with Mr. Bond's if we seek a general account of the cathedrals of England. Here they are grouped, and the relationship between them is carefully explained. As isolated buildings they are supremely important, but as related architectural triumphs their interest is greater still. Mr. Bond is both architect and historian, and has approached his subject from no narrow standpoint. He groups thirteen cathedrals of the old foundation, and thirteen of the new, eight Victorian cathedrals, eleven Benedictine and four Augustinian churches, the two collegiate churches of Manchester and Southwell, and the four parochial churches of Liverpool, Newcastle, Truro, and Wakefield. Most of the illustrations are very successful, and they number not less than 180. The volume is not too large to carry conveniently in one's baggage when holiday-making.

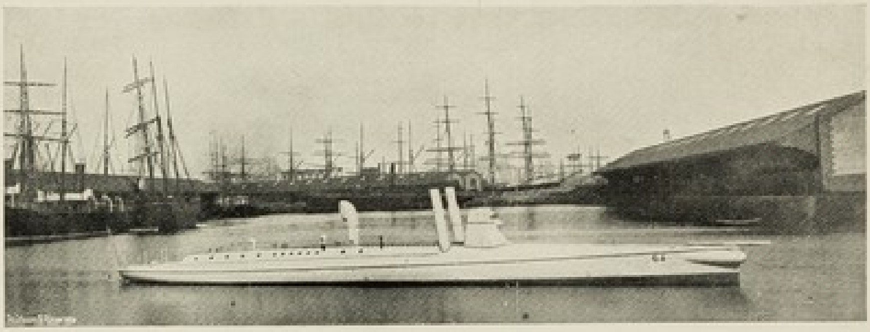
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A new magazine is coming out to which the heartiest welcome will be extended. It is a very strange thing, considering the cult of the child which is the mark of the age, that serial literature so unsuitable should have been provided for him as he progressed towards man's estate. In the very formative period of life, when a boy at school, he has been treated either to mawkish weakness, or flying from that, to loud vulgarity. But, if you have looked for a magazine for the healthy boy, who is at the same time, as every boy should be, a gentleman, you have found little to your taste. But, if I am not deceived, the *Captain*, which appears on March 24, fills the gap. The first number, at least, is an issue that promises exceedingly well. It can be put with absolute faith into the hands of youth, for there is not a line in it but will invigorate both mental and moral fibre. It has the right atmosphere of the great public school about it. The poet's "Gentleman" strikes the proper key. Then every boy must be glad to have an afternoon talk with Mr. Henty, to find portraits of the captains of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse, and many other schools, to read how "a very old boy" went to school seventy years ago, to discover Naval cadets at play at Dartmouth, to learn from C. B. Fry how to train for sports, and from Sandow how to develop muscle. The stories are also very good, and the illustrations many, so that nothing seems wanting. Of course, this is not a "bookish" magazine. It is not filled with cribs for the classics or tips for exams., but, as its title shows, is concerned mostly with the outdoor life of boys, and contains a great deal to stimulate energy and intelligence.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The French Torpedo Flotilla.



TORPEDO-BOAT No. 64.



No. 178—THE LATEST TYPE AFLOAT.

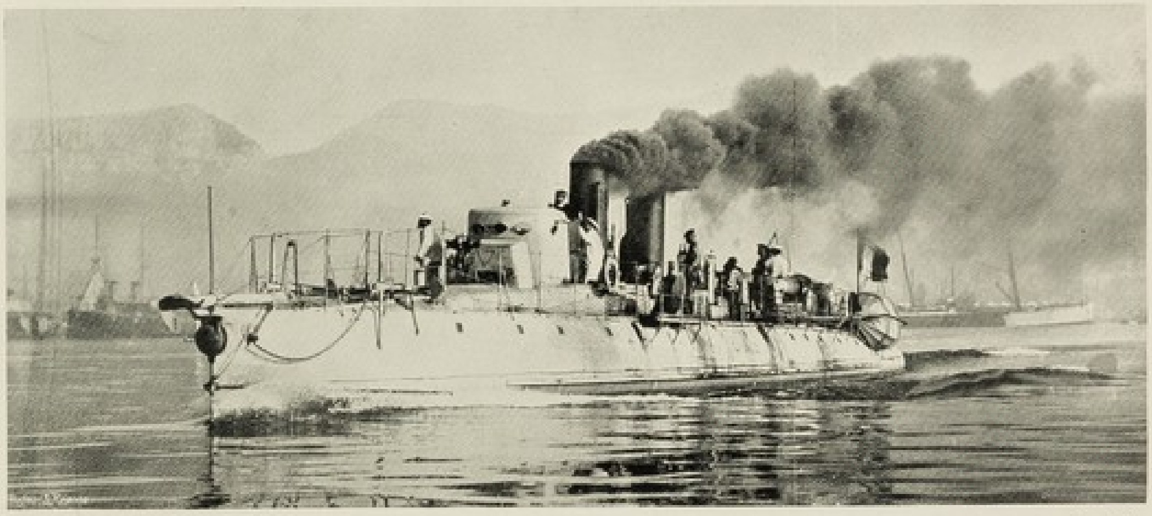
A GOOD deal of attention has lately been directed to the French torpedo flotilla, and we have received several enquiries as to the readiness of our neighbours in this matter. We have, therefore, thought it would be interesting to illustrate representative types, and to give some particulars of the strength of France in the matter of torpedo-boats.

Within the last five or six years redoubled energy has been devoted to the flotilla, and many first-class boats are now entering the Service. The French no longer build second-class boats, the only smaller craft in course of construction being vedettes for the "Foudre" — which is at length to be turned to the purpose for which she was built, viz., a torpedo transport — and the submarine boat "Narval" and her six projected sisters.

The earliest type of boat we illustrate is No. 64, which belongs to the Toulon reserve. There is something rather wicked in her long, slim form, but she has no stability in rough weather, and such boats can be of little use at any distance from the shore. She was built about fifteen years ago, and is 108-ft. long, has two torpedo-tubes, and would mount a couple of 1-pounder guns.

France possesses about seventy-five such boats, and thirty-six smaller, all built between 1877 and 1890. The other boats illustrated are both modern, and of the first class. Nothing better of the kind is afloat. No. 178 was built by the famous constructor, M. Normand, at Havre, in 1893, while No. 216 has just been completed at the Toulon dockyard, and is depicted as she appeared when proceeding to her trials. The two boats are really of the same type, though the latter one is a little larger, with higher bow, and is credited with rather better sea-keeping power. The length of No. 178 is 118-ft., of No. 216 121-ft. 6-in., and their respective displacements are 79 tons and 86 tons. Each has two torpedo-tubes and carries two 1-pounder guns, and the speed is from 23 to 24 knots. The earliest French first-class boats date from 1886, and they have been building ever since, latterly in increased numbers, and better and stronger types of boats. The estimates of 1899 provide for laying down, completing, or continuing not less than thirty-six boats of this class, though some of these, like No. 216, are already in the water, and practically ready. In all, the first-class torpedo-boats, including the new ones which it is intended shall be laid down some time this year, number 133.

In addition, there are forty sea-going boats built and building for the squadron, of which the latest, like the "Cyclone," are splendid 30-knot boats of the best type, and eight 26-knot destroyers of 300 and 319 tons.



Photos. M. Bar. Copyright.

No. 216—JUST COMPLETED AT TOULON.



Photo, Gregory. Copyright

THE LIFE-BOAT.

A boat being required for an emergency at sea, or for communicating with another vessel, the whole crew get in while the boat still hangs up in her usual place. When a boat is lowered in harbour, only four men are sent in; but at sea, it is necessary that she should be ready to shove off instantly, fully equipped; so all the men—ten or twelve to row, with a coxswain and officer—get in and take their seats, see their oars ready, and steady themselves with the "life-lines," which are seen hanging down from the chain and the davits. The boat is then carefully lowered, and got clear at once, to avoid accident from the sea or the rolling of the ship.



Photo, Ellis. Copyright.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT MALTA.

In the Church of the Gesu, at Valetta, Mass is being sung on St. Patrick's Day; the church is well filled, the congregation including a good sprinkling of soldiers and sailors. St. Patrick, as everyone knows, is the Patron Saint of Ireland, but it is not only in the Emerald Isle that his feast is kept, for it is a recognised day of devotion among Catholics all the world over, and March 17 is duly prescribed for its observance. At a great Naval and Military station like Malta, a large number of Catholic soldiers and sailors get leave to attend Mass, and those who have been able to obtain a bit of shamrock wear it on their caps, having first received the permission of their superiors.



Per Mare, Per Terram.

A PICTORIAL RECORD BY MANY HANDS.



Photo. Elliott & Fry.
LT.-GENERAL H. le G. GEARY, C.B., R.A.

THE ink which signed the warrant appointing Sir Charles Nairne to succeed Sir Henry Brackenbury as President of the Ordnance Committee was hardly dry when the death of Sir Charles again made this most important post vacant. Sir Henry's portrait we reproduced in our issue of February 25, and his successor to the post is Lieutenant-General H. le G. Geary. This officer joined the Royal Artillery in 1855, and went straight to the Crimea, where he served throughout the siege and fall of Sebastopol. His services there earned for him not only the medal with clasp and the Turkish medal, but also the Fifth Class of the Medjidie. His next service was in the Mutiny, where he served through the troublesome years of 1858-59. He was in India ten years later when Sir Robert Napier was appointed to command the Abyssinian Expedition, and so well did Captain Geary fulfil his share of duty, that it earned for him honourable mention in despatches and his brevet of major. Since then General Geary has filled many important posts. He was assistant-adjutant-general for Royal Artillery in Ireland from 1873 to 1877, and filled the same post at headquarters from 1882 to 1884. From 1885 to 1890 he was Assistant-Director of Artillery and Stores at the War Office. From 1891 to 1895 he commanded the Royal Artillery in the Southern District, and since then he has commanded the Belfast District, which he has now left to take over the important post conferred on him.

TO the Army no less than the Navy is signalling one of the most important requirements, without due and steady training in which the efficiency of troops is materially impaired. The group here illustrated are the



SIGNALLERS OF THE 3rd BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE.

trained and passed signallers of the 3rd Battalion of "the Sweeps," that fine corps which for its glorious services at Waterloo was taken out of its position as 95th of the Line and created the Rifle Brigade. And they are worth noting, for the group here represented have shown themselves to be the best in India at their own particular work, and that means that they are most probably the best in the whole British Army. The battalion, which is now stationed at Rawul Pindi, in the Punjab, was recently inspected in due course by the Inspector of Army Signalling, Major Scudamore, D.S.O., of the Scots Fusiliers. The men have been under training for a little over a year. During the recent disturbances on the North-West Frontier the regiment was actively employed in the Tochi Valley, and whilst so engaged a large number of the trained signallers of the regiment died in doing their duty to their Queen and country.



Photo. Kelly. Copyright.
LOWERING A BOILER INTO THE "OCEANIC."

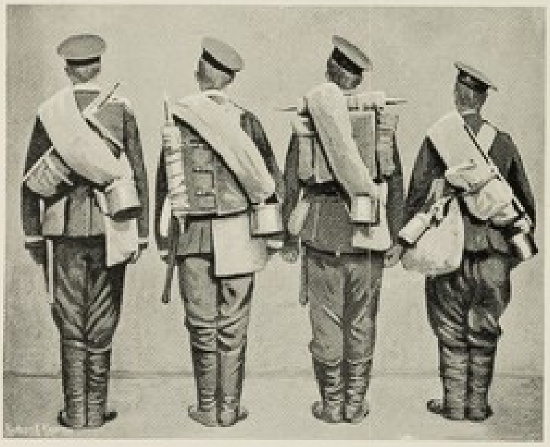
FROM the accompanying illustration one can form some idea of the conditions that prevailed on the "Pavonia" when the boilers "took charge" and swung with every motion of the ship, for we see in the illustration one of these huge structures being lowered to its place in the great White Star Liner the "Oceanic." The crane handling the little toy is the 100-ton crane in the Alexandra Yard at Belfast. In the foreground is the dry dock in which the "Oceanic" will probably be docked before she finally leaves her builder's hands. This is probably one of the largest dry docks in the world, for it has a length of 800-ft. on the floor and 800-ft. over all, while its beam at entrance is 80-ft. Nor will there be too much room to spare when the mighty liner is berthed therein, for the great ship herself is over 700-ft. long, and has a beam of close on 70-ft. In "Per Mare, per Terram" of January 28 an account of the launching of the great merchant cruiser was given. The boiler shown in our illustration is one of fifteen, the largest of which has a diameter of 16½-ft.



Photo. Ellis. Copyright.
ANOTHER ENGINE-ROOM HERO.

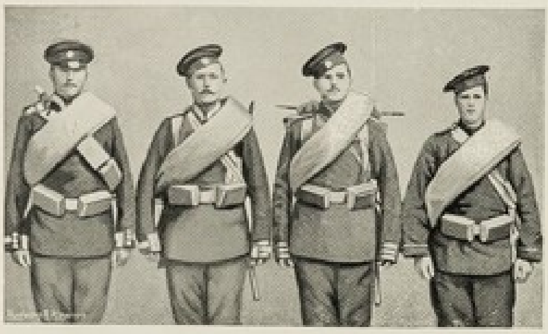
NO more worthily earned Albert Medal has ever been gained than that recently presented to Chief Engineer R. W. Toman, of the "Foam." When running at 27 knots on a steam trial, the intermediate pressure cylinder of the "Foam" burst. To Mr. Toman it is due that no terrible loss of life resulted for through the blinding smoke and the scalding steam this brave officer succeeded in reaching and turning off the main throttle valve in the engine-room. Not content with this, however, and in spite of the fact of his being terribly burned, especially on the hands, he again returned to the engine-room, by now a perfect Inferno, to see if any of his men had been left there. The presentation was made on the deck of the flag-ship, the "Ramillies," by Admiral Sir John Hopkins, K.C.B., the Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean station. There was a full captain's guard of honour of the Royal Marines, and the ship's company were also drawn up on the quarter-deck, while some sixty or

seventy captains and officers of the ships in port were also present, as well as the crew of the "Foam" who were on board at the time of the accident. Mr. Toman is a Cornishman, and the old West County may well be proud of him.



METHODS OF CARRYING THE KIT IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

NOSHA, the Russian Tommy Atkins, is a patient and long-suffering creature. His grandfather in nine cases out of ten was a serf, and the grandson has not unlearnt the submissive ways of his ancestor. Though generally very illiterate, he has a large stock of quaint sayings, among which he is never at a loss to find one which will suit any particular case that may arise—and the case often arises when Nosha comes to consider how best to distribute about his own person the burden of his kit. Friends in England, and other free countries, will please note that these quaint sayings are not of the nature of oaths, as they excusably might be on such occasions, but merely something after the style of: "What will be, will be" (*"Che sara, sara,"* as the Italians have it), "That which can't walk must be carried," "Who finds the load, might find another ass." This last, however, smacks of discontent, and may be looked upon as the very strongest language Nosha would permit himself to use, and then it would be muttered and not spoken. Poor Nosha has never known the luxury of a knapsack, but has ever carried his "things" in a bag slung over his right shoulder, and dangling behind on his left hip. Nosha, it need hardly be said, is the fourth figure in both illustrations. The man on



FRONT VIEW.

his right is a Guardsman carrying his knapsack after the manner in vogue in 1874. Across the top of this man's shoulders is something which looks like an umbrella. It is really part of a tent, and four such parts go to make a whole, under which four men can take shelter. In Nosha's bag and in the Guardsman's knapsack, no doubt, would be found some half-dozen tent-pegs. The third figure represents the Russian Guardsman of the present day, with his knapsack low down on his right side, flanked by his share of the tent. The first figure is probably that of Lieutenant Smerdoff, the inventor of the new knapsack which has met with the approval of the technical committee appointed to attend to such matters. The upper picture shows its position on the man's back. It is made of light material, and where it rests on the spine it is filled with soft articles, the hard things, including the boots, filling up the ends; the tent quarter is strapped to it. The great-coat, the mess tin, the biscuit bag, and the implement sack, containing his share of entrenching tools, are in the same position as in the other figures. On the whole it looks fairly comfortable, and it is to be hoped that poor Nosha will soon have the benefit of Lieutenant Smerdoff's invention; for, as Nosha himself might say, "A load long carried does not get any lighter."

ON Monday, February 13, a tremendous westerly gale swept over Chesil Beach and across the anchorage. The squalls were quite extraordinary in their violence. The "Jupiter" and "Resolution" dragged considerably, in spite of the first-rate holding ground afforded by the Portland mud, the "Hannibal" had to veer her cables to keep clear of the "Jupiter," and all ships let go a third anchor to make things more secure. There was even more anxiety amongst the shipping in the merchant anchorage, which was also more exposed to the wind. At 5.30 the steam-ship "Stuart" sent up signals of distress, and several tugs went to her assistance.



Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.

THE S.S. "STUART" ASHORE IN WEYMOUTH BAY.

She was in ballast, and flying very light; her captain, finding her dragging and a source of danger to herself and everybody near, at last slipped his cables, only to find that his ship was quite unmanageable in the furious gale. The rudder was useless, and she would only drift helplessly broadside on to the wind. How she managed to escape collisions in the crowded anchorage is marvellous, and most creditable to her captain; but by dint of going ahead and astern with his engines he got safely through. The "Stuart" then drifted swiftly down upon the Breakwater, which is still submerged at high tide, and struck violently upon it, heeling over and slipping safely into the deep water beyond. Her crew by this time had had more than enough of it and deserted her, and by-and-bye, in spite of the efforts of the tugs, she piled up high and dry upon the west shore of Weymouth Bay. There she remains for the present, with a reef of rocks, which may be seen amidships in the illustration, sticking up through her bottom. A salvage company are now trying to get her off, in which they will probably succeed, as she is a fine new vessel and well worth salving.

Another curious result of the storm was the complete wiping out of the road running round Weymouth Bay on its west side. The tide rose that night to a phenomenal height, and swept over the road into the fields beyond, carrying with



Photo. A. Debenham. Ryde.

A RESULT OF THE STORM.

it tons of shingle, which covered the road to a depth of several feet. Our illustration shows a gang of men at work clearing the obstruction; it also gives an excellent idea of the quantity of stuff deposited by the tide. On the land side a huge salt water lake has been formed many acres in extent.



Photo. Wiele & Klein.

ONE OF A BRAVE STOCK.

A TRULY representative type of the smart British non-commissioned officer is the one whose portrait is here given —Battery Sergeant-Major C. Kilpatrick, 49th Field Battery R.A. Sergeant-Major C. Kilpatrick enlisted when only fifteen years of age, in 1876, and in two years obtained his first stripe; thus out of his twenty-three years of service he has put in twenty-one as a non-commissioned officer. And he comes of a race of "gunners," for his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, three grand-uncles, two uncles, and his brother served in the same fine old regiment. In fact, the actual years of service the family have given to their country, all in the one corps be it remembered, is no less than 194. Kilpatrick's grandmother is still alive at a very ripe old age, a much-respected resident at Woolwich. She is the widow of Sergeant Nairn, R.A., and she must be nearly 100 years of age, for she can distinctly remember her father coming home from the Peninsular War. She has been a widow since she was thirty-six, being left to face the world with five children. The eldest became a drummer in the Artillery at eight years of age, and died at thirty-eight, but not before he had earned the Crimean medal, with all four clasps, the Turkish medal, and the China medal with two clasps. In fact, Sergeant-Major Kilpatrick's family record is one to be proud of, and it speaks eloquently for the corps in which so many generations have been born and bred and given the best of their life's work.

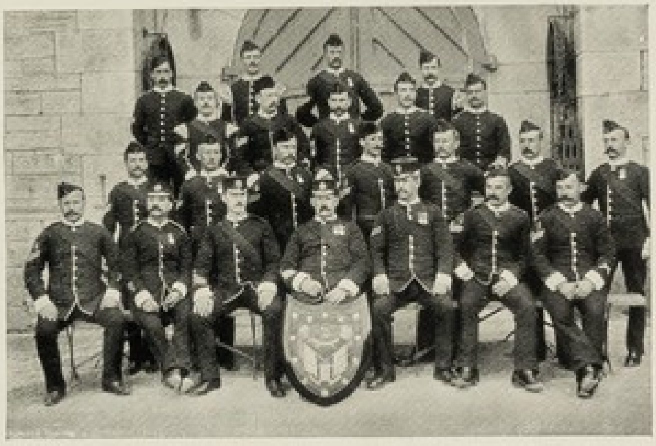


Photo. W. M. Crockett. *THE LAST OF AN OLD CORPS.* Copyright

THE accompanying illustration represents Lieutenant-General Stevenson, the Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, and his staff. This post is invariably held by a military officer, and he also combines with his position, as representing Her Majesty, that of officer commanding the troops. Beyond its historical interest, and this is great, for the Channel Islands have been an appanage of the Crown ever since the Conquest, and are the only portions of the Duchy of Normandy which still remain to England, the command is an important one from a military point of view. In the event of war the islands would be of the greatest importance, and the strength of the command a company of Royal Artillery and three regiments of Militia Artillery, one Line Battalion and three Militia Battalions of infantry, and of course detachments of Army Service, Army Medical, and Army Ordnance Corps. The command at Guernsey is quite apart from that at Jersey, and the former includes in it the smaller islands of Alderney, Sark, and Herm, and even the little group of rocks known as Le Minquier and Ecrehon.

General Stevenson's term of office as Lieutenant-Governor has just expired, and Major-General M. H. Saward has been appointed in his stead.

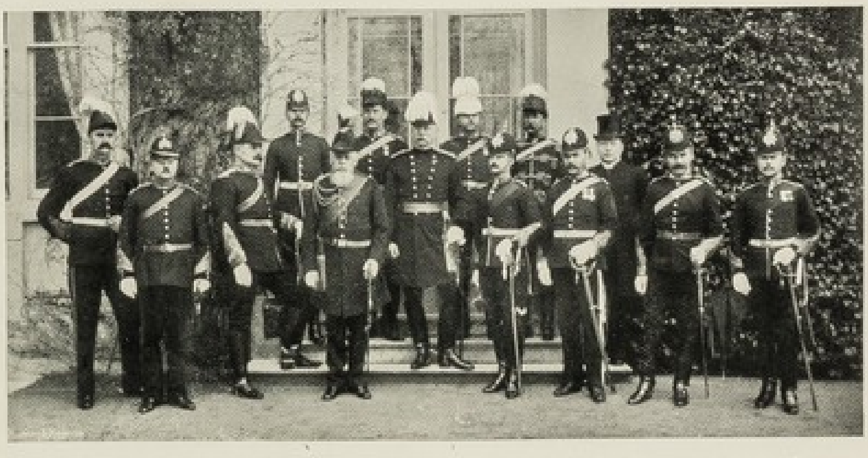


Photo. Grut. *THE RETIRING LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GUERNSEY AND MILITARY STAFF.* Copyright.

AT the commencement of the present financial year, viz., April, the Army loses one of its oldest Militia regiments and the Devonshire Regiment one of its four battalions. At present the Devonshires have two Militia Battalions, the 3rd and 4th, and it is the former of these that is now to be disbanded, or rather amalgamated with the 4th Battalion. In 1600 Devonshire had four Militia regiments—the 1st, East, North, and South Devon. In 1799 the East Devon was disbanded, and in 1853, when the Devon Artillery was raised, the North Devon also ceased to exist. The South Devon then became the 2nd Devon until the organisation of the territorial system in 1881, when the 2nd and 1st Devon became respectively the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Devonshire Regiment. Of this 3rd Battalion now to be broken up, our picture illustrates the permanent regimental staff, as fine and smart a body of non-commissioned officers as one could wish to see.

This corps has always had its headquarters at Plymouth, where when embodied it occupies the Mutley Barracks, and is commonly known as the Mutley Militia; but the district could not find recruits, for it must be remembered that both the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, to say nothing of the Line Battalions of the Devonshires, drain the resources of this district pretty heavily.

Now the 4th, reinforced from the disbanded battalion, will be raised from six to eight companies, and become the 3rd Battalion Devonshire Regiment. It is of course sad to see a fine historical old corps like the 3rd Devon disappear from the Army List, but nevertheless one strong battalion is better than two meagre ones. The badge to-day worn by the Devonshire Regiment, namely, the Castle of Exeter with underneath the legend "Semper fidelis," comes to it from its Militia Battalions, and the allusion carries us back to the days of the Civil Wars.

THE final match for the Army Racquets Championship was played at the Prince's Club on the 6th inst. before a large and enthusiastic company of spectators. The competing teams were the 12th Lancers and the 2nd Battalion of the King's

Shropshire Light Infantry (the challengers and winners of the All Comers Competition). The former were represented by Major J. C. B. Eastwood and Mr. M. T. Tristram, and the latter by Lieutenant-Colonel Spens and Mr. E. M. Strot. The Lancers won the first game, but stood no chance afterwards, the King's winning by four games to one. Our illustration shows both the winning and losing teams, the former on the left of the picture, and the latter on the right.



Photo. Reinhold Thiele. Copyright.
THE FINAL COMPETITORS.

IN a recent issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, that for January 28, we paid a tribute to and gave an account of the great work Miss Agnes Weston has devoted her life to, namely, the providing at the chief Naval stations of "homes" for the men of the Fleet, where the men can have all the attractions and comforts of a club or an hotel, with all the comforts of home, and a complete absence of all vicious surroundings. This week we illustrate what has been done in this way at Malta, and our two illustrations show, the first the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Florian, and the other the Soldiers' and Sailors' Rest situated on the Margherita Hill. Malta is, of course, one of the greatest of our Mediterranean fortresses, and has a permanent garrison of nine companies of Royal Artillery, three companies of Royal Engineers, and eight battalions of infantry. Moreover, it is the great Naval dockyard and arsenal for the Mediterranean Squadron, and some portion, large or small, of this great fleet is always here. Homes, therefore, like these we have pictured are an inestimable boon to a place like Malta, and, in fact, almost more required there than at home. Both these excellent institutions, the "Home" and the "Rest," are under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Laverack, the Wesleyan chaplain to both Services at Malta. To them he gives a large amount of his time and care, and by so doing confers a great boon on all our soldiers and sailors who find themselves at Malta, as very many do at some period or another of their service. Run, as we have said, on the same lines as Miss Weston's Homes in England, they are generally to be found well patronised by the men of both Services. And they fully appreciate the quietness and comfort they there find, and the games and supply of books and papers provided for them. Entertainments are constantly got up. Nor is the spiritual welfare of the men neglected. It is hardly necessary to say that the institutions are both run on entirely teetotal principles, and at both the different branches of the Order of Good Templars hold their meetings for business and pleasure. The Homes, in fact, are a distinct boon to Malta, and both the garrison and the fleet owe much to the Rev. J. Laverack.



Photo. James Fuller. Copyright.
THE "HOME" AT FLORIANNE MALTA.



Photo. James Fuller. Copyright.
THE "REST" AT MARGHERITA HILL, MALTA.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR RUDOLF SLATIN, whose knowledge of the Dervishes and their organisation, gained during years of captivity in Omdurman, was of inestimable value to Lord Kitchener, has resigned his position as a Pacha in the Egyptian Service, and is now enjoying a well-earned holiday in London. Before leaving Cairo he made a farewell round of social and official calls, in company with his old colleague, Sir Francis Wingate. Their last drive from the War Office to Abdin Palace is commemorated in a snap-shot taken by Colonel Frank Rhodes, D.S.O., to whose courtesy we are indebted for permission to publish it. The two officers who worked together so long and successfully at the head of the Sirdar's Intelligence Department are in the gorgeous full-dress uniform which is reserved for ceremonial occasions. Neither of them had many opportunities of wearing it during the stirring time in which they were rendering the greatest service to Egypt and to England. In this sense it is less characteristic than the simple khaki of active service, but it marks an event of historical interest—the closing chapter of the most momentous epoch in the struggle between barbarism and civilisation. In spite of the Khalifa's activity, no serious apprehension of trouble in the Soudan can be entertained if Egypt has no further need of Slatin's services on the Intelligence Staff. To him as organiser, and to Sir Francis Wingate as administrator, of the system by which news of Dervish movements came to the Egyptian headquarters, Sir Herbert Kitchener was indebted for the accurate information that enabled him to make all his arrangements for attacking the enemy with absolute certainty of success at Firkeh, Hafir, Dongola, Atbara, and Omdurman. Slatin's claims to recognition as one who has helped so materially to win back the lost provinces cannot be ignored. But the Soudan, however, can have few attractions for him, and he is probably glad enough to be quit of it for ever.

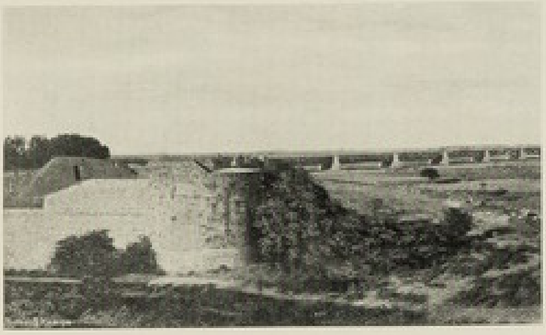


Photo. Copyright.
SLATIN PACHA'S LAST DRIVE IN CAIRO.

Marching Through Northern India.

[From a Military Correspondent.]

IN the issue of February 25 you gave a series of pictures illustrative of the march of a battery of Horse Artillery through Northern India, on its way to the great cavalry camp of exercise at Delhi, and I send you herewith a further series of illustrations of camp-life, and of various incidents both on the march and at the camp at Delhi itself. The first illustration is a view of the river-bed of the Jumna as seen from the fort



BRIDGE OVER THE JUMNA, NEAR DELHI

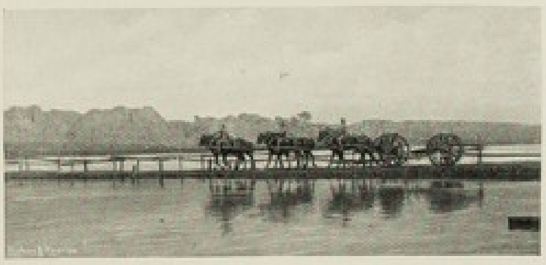
at Delhi, and the great bridge spanning it is a combined road and railway bridge. It was over this bridge that the Southern force, of which our Battery I of the Royal Horse Artillery formed part, marched into Delhi. In the dry season a vast part of the expanse of the wide Jumna's bed is dry, but when the rains come the whole area is a rushing torrent, as the river speeds past Delhi and Agra to pour its stream into the Ganges at Allahabad.



AN HISTORIC SPOT.

The next illustration is one of great historic interest, for it recalls one of the most striking of the many heroic exploits that characterised the Indian Mutiny. It is the breach near the Cashmere Gate at Delhi where Nicholson's Column effected its entry in the final assault and capture of the place.

Of the party engaged in the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate, four of the heroes—Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Lance-Sergeant Smith, and Bugler Hawthorne—received the



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

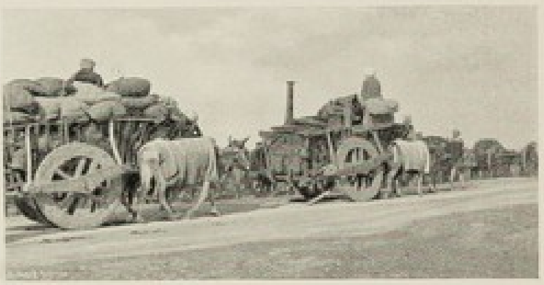
HORSE ARTILLERY CROSSING A BOAT-BRIDGE.



MURRAY'S JAT HORSE (14th B.L.).

Victoria Cross, the other two white men—Sergeant Carmichael and Corporal Burgess—being killed. Poor Salkeld died of his wounds in a few days, and Home only survived to perish, curiously enough, in an explosion a month afterwards.

In the next picture one of the gun teams is shown just moving on to a bridge of boats across the Chambal river, a tributary of the Jumna which the battery had to cross on its march up to Delhi.



BULLOCK-CARTS ON THE ROAD.

These boat-bridges are very common in India to span a river when low in the dry season. During the rains the whole gorge will be a torrent, and the bridge taken to pieces for the time being. Horses, and in fact all animals except elephants, have no hesitation in crossing a boat-bridge, but the latter have a tremendous suspicion of them, and nothing will induce them to trust their weight to the structure until, by carefully testing it one foot at a time, they have assured themselves of its capability to sustain their weight.



AN INDIAN "SCHWEPPE."

The next picture is a snap-shot of those most picturesque of horsemen, the Bengal cavalry. The troopers in question belong to the 14th Bengal Lancers, and the picture was taken during the cavalry manœuvres at Delhi. The 14th is a class regiment composed entirely of Jats from the Punjab, and was raised at the time of the Mutiny, when it became famous as Murray's Jat Horse, and did yeoman's service in the suppression of the revolt.

Two other illustrations show capitally the style of transport used in India. As will be seen, it consists of

bullock-carts and camels. The bullock-carts are roughly made, but strong, and, where the roads are good, are excellent for transport purposes; but in heavy going they sink deeply, and give a lot of trouble. The carts with their bullocks are the ordinary country ones, and supplied locally, the troops indenting on the civil authorities for the quantity required.

A glance at these two pictures will serve to convince that this kind of transport is very slow moving. In fact, two or three miles an hour is about the maximum, and it not unfrequently happens that the baggage, or part of it, is not in till long after the troops have reached camp, and, perhaps, if the road is bad, and rough places have to be traversed, not till after dark. Indeed, the cavalry manœuvres at Delhi were much impeded by this slow moving, which was continually blocking the roads.

Loading the camels for the march in the morning is



LOADING "OONTS."



COMMISSARIAT CAMELS.



WATERING BATTERY HORSES AT THE CHAMBAL.



THE PRIDE OF THE BATTERY.



CAMEL SOWARS.

the next scene depicted, and it is one very typical of camp life in India.

The first introduction of Tommy Atkins to camel transport is usually accompanied by much strong language, for Tommy quite agrees with the poet that—

> "The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
> The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;
> But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
> 'E's a devil, an' a' ostrich, an' a' orphan-child in one."

After a few days, however, Tommy gets used to it, and, though the camel is not the kind of brute to make a pet of, he soons learns how to manage him.

The load, as will be seen in the illustration, has to be carefully balanced, and to this matter the oont-walla, shivering and half asleep, perhaps, on a cold morning, does not always pay proper attention. If not evenly balanced, when the camel rises the load will swing the saddle all to one side and the whole job have to be done again. On these occasions Tommy will push the offender out of the way with a "Get out, you black scut, and let me show you how to do it."

Aerated waters in India are not only a luxury but a necessity, and to-day in India every European regiment or battery has its portable mineral water factory, which accompanies it into camp. By its means the men when in camp can be supplied with drinks which are both harmless and of good quality, and they are also of the cheapest, for the mineral waters are sold at what is equivalent to about a halfpenny per bottle. The "pop" that cheers but not inebriates is invaluable to Tommy on the march.

Here is the pride of the battery, the team which won the Royal Horse Artillery driving competition at the Delhi assault-at-arms, the tournament that closed the camp of exercise. The team is No. 4 Sub-Division I Battery R.H.A.

In the next picture we are standing by the banks of the Chambal and watching the battery horses of I being watered.

The camels shown next are very different from those used for transport, for they are riding camels, and are to the others what the well-bred Hackney is to the dray-horse. In every native cavalry regiment there are a few of these riding camels kept for the camel sowars, who act as orderlies. Finally, in our last illustration that most useful member of the battery, the collar-maker, is shown at his daily toil, on which the efficiency of the battery in no small degree depends. He is at work repairing harness, and, as will be seen, he has, besides a soldier of the battery as assistant, several native workmen under him.



From Photos. By a Military Officer.

MENDING HARNESS

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose. The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 19, 1757.—Capture of the "Mignonne," 20, while escorting a French convoy in the Bay of Biscay, by the British "Isis," 50, and "Æolus," 32. The convoy was in charge of four frigates, but two, 32-gun ships, after a few shots made off, the third, the "Mignonne," surrendered to the "Æolus," and the last outsailed the "Isis."

March 20, 1782.—Action between the "Lion," 64, Captain Hon. William Cornwallis, "Bristol," 50, and "Janus," 44, and a French squadron of five of the line, with a convoy. The French attacked, but during a running fight of thirty-six hours Cornwallis kept them at bay until another British 64 and two frigates came in sight, when the enemy hauled off.

March 21, 1800.—Capture of the French "Ligurienne," 14, by the British "Peterel," 16, off Marseilles. The fight took place under the fire of a shore battery, where the "Ligurienne" had taken refuge. She was taken, and a consort, the "Cers," 14, forced to run ashore.

March 22, 1794.—Attack on Fort Bourbon, Martinique, by the boats of Sir John Jervis's squadron, under Captain Robert Faulknor, in the "Zebra." Faulknor led under a hot fire, and being well backed up, ran alongside the walls of Fort Bourbon, and carried the place, the French garrison of the main fortress surrendering later.

March 23, 1704.—Capture of the Spanish 40-gun ships, "Porta Cœli" and "Santa Teresa," and a 24-gun ship off Cape Spartel, by a British squadron under Rear-Admiral Dilkes.

March 24, 1740.—Bombardment of Chagre, on the Spanish Main, by Vice-Admiral Vernon's squadron. After a twelve hours' cannonade of the Castle of San Lorenzo, the chief work of the Spanish fortifications, the place capitulated, a large quantity of treasure and merchandise falling into Vernon's hands.

March 25, 1689.—Action between the British "Nonsuch," 36, Captain Roome Coyle, and two French ships of 30 and 22 guns. Captain Coyle was killed, and there being no lieutenant, Robert Simcock, the boatswain, took command, and fought till both French ships surrendered. He was promoted captain direct, and given the "Nonsuch" in the place of Captain Coyle.

MARCH 19, 1858.—Final operation in the capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell. Troops present: 2nd Dragoon Guards, 7th Hussars, 9th Lancers, 2nd Battalion Military Train (acting as cavalry), a detachment Volunteer Cavalry, 2nd Punjab Cavalry, detachment 5th Punjab Cavalry, Wales' Horse, Hodson's Horse, detachment 1st Punjab Cavalry, batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, Bengal and Madras Cavalry, 5th, 10th, 20th, 23rd, 34th, 38th, 42nd, 53rd, 64th, 78th, 79th, 88th, 90th, 93rd, and 97th, Royal Bengal Fusiliers, Madras Fusiliers, 2nd and 3rd Battalions Rifle Brigade, Ferozepore Regiment, 2nd Punjab Infantry, 4th Punjab Infantry, two companies Royal Sappers and Miners, some Bengal and Punjab Sappers and Miners, and Naval Brigade.

March 20, 1858.—Capture of the Peiho Forts, China, by Major-General Straubenzee. Troops present: 59th Regiment, 38th Madras Native Infantry, detachment Royal Marines, Naval Brigade.

March 21, 1801.—Battle of Alexandria. The French defeated. The commander of the British force was Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was mortally wounded. General Menou commanded the French. The British troops were assisted by some foreign corps—long since disbanded. The opposing armies were each about 13,000 strong. Our loss was 1,464. The French lost between 3,000 and 4,000 left on the field of battle, besides those who were carried off.

March 22, 1814.—Cavalry action at St. Gaudens, in the South of France. Lieutenant-Colonel Doherty, charging at the head of two squadrons of the 13th Hussars, with a son on each side of him, drove four squadrons of the French 10th Hussars through the town. The French rallied on the further side, but were again broken, and pursued for two miles, many being sabred, and 100 men and 60 horses being captured. The French 10th Hussars had formed, three years previously, part of the brigade routed by the 13th at Campo Maior.

March 23, 1794.—Completion of the reduction of Martinique, in the West Indies, by a fleet under Admiral Sir J. Jervis and an army under Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Grey.

March 24, 1842.—Sir Charles Napier defeated the Amir of Sinde at the battle of Hyderabad or Dubba.

March 25, 1811.—Cavalry action at Campo Maior, in Spain. Colonel Head, with two squadrons of the 13th Dragoons, charged a French brigade of 880 horsemen, broke them, and pursued them for several miles, capturing a large number of guns. On returning, they were met by the partially-rallied French cavalry, as well as three battalions of infantry. They were therefore obliged to abandon all the captured guns but one. The French, commanded by General Latour Maubourg, lost 300 men. Our loss was, killed, 12 men and 7 horses; wounded, 33 of all ranks; missing, 20 men and 44 horses.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

WITH our next issue we open a new volume, and this number closes Volume VII. It is very satisfactory to be able to say that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has lost nothing in popularity by the changes which have taken place in its appearance and scope. Its purpose is unaltered, and it will continue to present to the public, in a manner never before attempted, illustrations of our sailors and soldiers, the life they lead, and the duties entrusted to them in the defence of the Empire. But beyond this the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is to-day an up-to-date topical newspaper, and the only illustrated journal which, in addition to a staff of regular correspondents all over the world, has contributors in every one of Her Majesty's ships afloat, and in every regiment on active service. Its Naval and Military pictures are sought after by lecturers, for book illustration, for recruiting uses, and even for the purpose of giving additional interest to the productions of the other pictorial papers. The photographs taken for us on the North-West Frontier of India, on the Nile, and during the war between the United States and Spain, are unique of their kind. In pictorial form the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED chronicles all events or incidents in which Naval and Military men take part. There is indeed nothing in which sailors or soldiers are directly or indirectly associated which does not come within its scope. But while it has all these new features, none of the old ones are omitted; and to this is doubtless due its sustained popularity and the circumstance that its circulation extends into every part of the world.

◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

THE Nore, as most of our readers are probably aware, is the name given to the wide expanse of water where the Thames and Medway meet. It is not an attractive spot, and Sheerness has often been spoken of as "the last place created." Nevertheless, it is a very important Naval station, with a large dockyard and Naval barracks, and an admiral in charge. The officer at present holding this command is Vice-Admiral Sir Charles F. Hotham, K.C.B., whose portrait, with the members of his staff, is given on another page. Admiral Hotham entered the Service in 1856, and in 1863 he was among those landed during the trouble with the Maoris in New Zealand, and was mentioned in despatches; he was also present, as flag-captain, at the bombardment of Alexandria, and during the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He has been a Lord of the Admiralty, and was last in command of the Pacific station. Captain William F. S. Mann, who stands on the right, is flag-captain, and also in command of the Naval barracks and Gunnery School at Sheerness. He served with distinction in the Ashanti Expedition of 1874, and subsequently in Egypt. The flag-lieutenant, W. C. Chaytor, and the secretary, Mr. W. C. B. Whyte, stand on the steps, the former in line with the door. *(See illustration on front page.)*

◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

ON every part of our coasts the coastguardsman is a familiar object: it is impossible to walk for any distance without coming across the neat little cluster of cottages, the flag-staff, and the well-kept boat, ready for instant use, while the stalwart, well-dressed men smoke their pipes as they tend their little patches of garden, or mount guard with a big spy-glass. The object of the Coastguard is, in the first instance, the prevention of smuggling, but the obvious advantage of having trained and steady seamen at so many points in case of shipwreck has always been recognised, and it is in this connection, in fact, that we hear most of them. Our stalwart friend in the picture shown on another page is having an easy time of it at the moment, comfortably seated on a friendly rock, peering out to sea with his glass; but any night he may be called upon to rush out in the tearing gale, with the salt spray driving overland, and render assistance, at the risk of his life, to some hapless vessel driving helplessly on a rocky coast. Many a life has he saved by his skill and daring, and many a well-merited recognition has he received from the Admiralty or Board of Trade for heroic actions in the cause of humanity. *(See page 620.)*

◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

IT'S a nasty situation when a chap's clean stoney broke,
Without a blessed stiver to his name,
And he's hot, and dry, and thirsty, and just dying for a smoke;
His pals are mostly suffering the same.
Then the grousing's something awful, the Army aint no cop,
We're badly treated, more like slaves than men,
But it's only 'cause we're drouthy, and cannot get a drop,
It's only until pay-day comes again.

It's nasty for a soldier when he gets the gentle shove—
The girl he thought was his for evermore
Just met a handsome civy, and straightway fell in love,
Preferring men of peace to men of war.
His pals show little sympathy, although he looks so sad,
But tell him to "buck up," not sigh in vain,
And get another sweetheart, there's plenty to be had;
He does, and then the sun shines bright again.

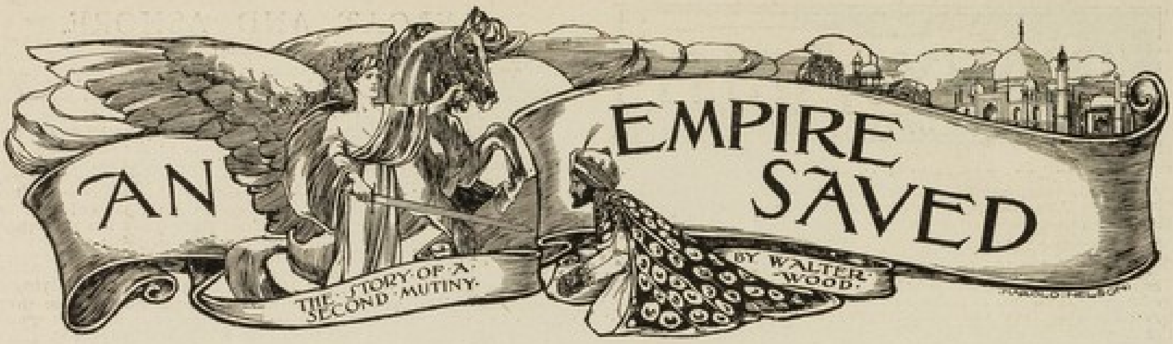
It's nasty when the sergeant has got adown on one—
No matter how you try there's nothing right,
Your rifle's always dirty, the work is never done,
Your buttons, boots, and such-like never bright;
But then at last he goes too far; the captain, who's a toff,
Takes you before the colonel to explain,
He sees the truth, of course, at once, and chokes the sergeant off,
And right o'er might has conquered once again.

It's a very nasty feeling in the middle of the fight,
To feel yourself all trembling and pale,
It's the first time you've been under fire, and in an awful fright
You feel you'll have to duck, or else turn tail;
But when you see a comrade bowled over by your side,
A fierce desire for vengeance fills the brain,
All fear is gone, you feel yourself one of old England's pride,
And help for her to win the fight again.—A. G.

◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

I MUST express my regret to Messrs. West and Son, the eminent photographers of Southsea, that the name of another photographer should have appeared under their picture of the first-class battle-ship "Jupiter" which appeared in these pages last week.

THE EDITOR.



SYNOPSIS.

In a tent-pegging contest at the annual sports at Nilgoa, India, of the 1st Queen's Light Infantry, Murrib Khan, rissaldar-major of a native cavalry regiment, is defeated by Captain Reid, the adjutant of the Queen's. His pride is so deeply wounded that he vows vengeance, especially as he believes that Reid is his successful rival for the hand of Margaret Alexander, and his revenge takes the form of bringing about a mutiny of disaffected troops at Nilgoa. His scheming with a Russian agent is overheard by his syce, who has b en badly treated by Murrib Khan and kindly dealt with by Margaret and Reid. In his gratitude he reveals the plot to Margaret, who tells Reid, and he immediately makes known the danger to Colonel Barr, commanding the battalion. Enquiry convinces the colonel that the danger is real and imminent, and he sets to work to try and formulate a plan which will enable him to overcome the peril that threatens him. He is very unfortunately placed, Nilgoa being an isolated station many miles from a railway and any place from which reinforcements can be got. A council of war is held, at which it is resolved that the European officers and men shall be withdrawn from Nilgoa, on the pretext of carrying out a night march, but shall return immediately and fall upon the mutineers before they can injure the women and children and sick who have been left in the hospital buildings. A couple of expert cyclists are despatched to Halabad to raise the alarm and summon reinforcements. Meanwhile a desperate battle takes place at Nilgoa between the Queen's and the mutineers. In this struggle, Pioneer-Sergeant Death particularly distinguishes himself before being overpowered and killed by the enemy. The fight ends in favour of the European troops, who, however, are compelled to fall back upon the barracks, where they are besieged. Barr is determined to hold out at all costs until the arrival of reinforcements.

CHAPTER VI. *(continued.)*

WHEN the pioneer-sergeant heard from the sergeant-major of the projected rising, he pulled his great black beard. "And they're goin' to do for the little uns and the women first, sir?" he asked.

"That's the devils' purpose," said the sergeant-major.

The pioneer-sergeant rolled his shirt sleeves up—he was smoking, coatless—and brought his axe out into the open air to the grindstone. He put the blade, which in the sun shone like polished silver, to it, and worked the treadle with his foot until the sparks showered from the steel.

He did not speak, and the sergeant-major made no comment. He knew what that grim bit of pantomime meant, and withdrew and told the adjutant, whom he met, what was being done, and respectfully opined that Death would be very busy before the night was out.

The sergeant-major, pleased with his fancy, told it again in the ante-room of the sergeants' mess, and it has passed into the records of the Queen's that on that bloody night Death had many scores to settle with the mutineers, and that he discharged them very faithfully.

When the Queen's renewed their onslaught upon the natives, it was Death who, inspired by his commanding officer's reminder as to his duty, and enraged by his remembrance of what the natives had purposed doing with the helpless women and children of the battalion, rushed in ahead of his fellows when a destroying fire had been discharged from the Lee-Metfords. He fought alone, at times swinging round his weapon with one hand, at other times grasping the shaft with both hands, and making the blade sing murderously in the air. There was no withstanding his tremendous power. The Indians who opposed him were scattered, those who were not struck by his death-dealing weapon shrinking from it in their terror. Frenzied as they were, they were not yet so far moved to courage as to stand unnerved against that awful apparition of the night.

The pioneer-sergeant seemed to bear a life that nothing could hurt. Men fell near him, shot or bayoneted, and cumbered the ground; but he kept free from injury, and plunged in amongst the cowering mutineers each time a cry or thud warned him that another of his countrymen had fallen.

His was a superb example of simple duty simply done. The word had gone forth that at all costs the enemy were to be dispersed and scattered; that the Queen's alone would have to do it; that each officer and man would use his utmost power to drive the mutineers from the field; and that until the work was finished there would be no withdrawal. It was a mere question of which of the opposing forces could fight best and endure most, and for a long time no man could tell what the issue would be.

The assault had been made in good order, but soon the battle resolved itself into the most primitive of fights. There was no occasion for the exercise of tactics, no need for anything but for the British soldier to fight at his best.

He saw that this was wanted of him, and he did his duty. Not one soldier of the Queen's Light Infantry dreamed, when his blood was up, that the combatant to leave would be his own side. He began in the faith that, however many Englishmen were to go down, those who were left were meant to be the victors; and strong in this faith he proceeded fiercely to fulfil his destiny and hurry on the end.

To the sick and the women and children in the hospital, and to those who garrisoned the building, there were carried the sounds of the strife; the crack of a revolver or a rifle, the loud excited order of some officer encouraging and leading his men, the cries of wounded natives, and the wild mixed sounds that told of men engaged in deadly combat.

Women wailed, children cried and clung to them, and sick men turned helplessly in bed, and groaned because they could not take their places in the ranks. The garrison peered with intense anxiety across the now moonlit battle-field, and strove to make the fighters out. The spirit moved them to rush into the conflict, but the colonel's orders had been absolute that no one was to leave the post assigned to him, on any consideration whatsoever, for that it might happen, in spite of all their bravery could do, that the Queen's would have to withdraw temporarily to the shelter of the hospital and neighbouring buildings. In any case, that was the rallying-place of the battalion when its duty for the night was done.

Yard by yard, and yard by yard only, the mutineers were driven back. It was as if some great invisible power pressed steadily against their front, and compelled them to retire. Men amongst the British who had never seen a fight before became as seasoned soldiers in that fierce, tumultuous conflict. With a less determined and disciplined attacker the mutineers might have scored at any rate a present victory. The rebels were far stronger than their enemy, and they fought with the spirit of men who gave no quarter, and knew that while the battle lasted none would be given to them. They fought in desperation, knowing that the end of the war in which they were engaged must mean for them, if defeated, the punishment of death itself.

Murrib Khan, brave by nature, desperate by circumstances, rushed from point to point, rallying his forces, filling them with hope, and crying that it was surely willed by Islam that they should be victorious over infidelity. He worked on the soil that he knew must be the most receptive and productive, and goaded his followers to the fanaticism of a religious war.

More than once Colonel Barr saw the rebel leader, and tried to reach him, but his efforts failed, and as often as he fought his way near, he lost his quarry in the surging fight. Fearing nothing for himself—he was a man to whom at a time like this such a human frailty as fear was unknown—but knowing how essential his example was to his battalion, he hesitated to force his way into the heart of the enemy's troops; and as this became the only means by which he could have laid a hold on Murrib Khan, he had to allow him to escape more than once, although he knew, from hearing his voice, that the rissaldar-major was very near at hand.

Coming at one time upon his second, near whom the pioneer-sergeant had been keeping, he made his wish known that if possible Murrib Khan should be captured or killed; and to the senior major and the sergeant he gave this special task, while he himself went from place to place amongst his infantry, assuring them that if they endured long enough, the

enemy was certain to succumb. They believed him, and each time he left to encourage another section he was followed with a cheer that rang above the noise of battle, and was heard in hospital, to the comfort of the women and the greater gloom of the helpless sick, who knew more clearly than ever what was being missed by them.

"Now, sergeant," said the senior major. "We ought to feel honoured by our colonel's confidence. For the rest of this fight you and I must clear a way, and get to that black devil if we can."

"I'll cut a path for you, sir, never fear," answered the sergeant. And the major, raising his voice, ordered his men to follow him once more.

"I see the razzle-dazzler!" exclaimed the sergeant, in a deep, gruff voice, and with the only semblance of a laugh that ever came from his great throat. This perversion of the native's title seemed to him a stroke of humour. "Once I get near him, I'll dazzle him as he's never been dazzled before."

Putting his humour aside, he again set to work with his terrific weapon. He had seen his man by the flashes of rifles fired by Sepoys, and he pantingly carved his way towards him.

"Keep close to me, sir, and we'll reach him very quickly," he shouted; "I'll clear a passage for the two of us."

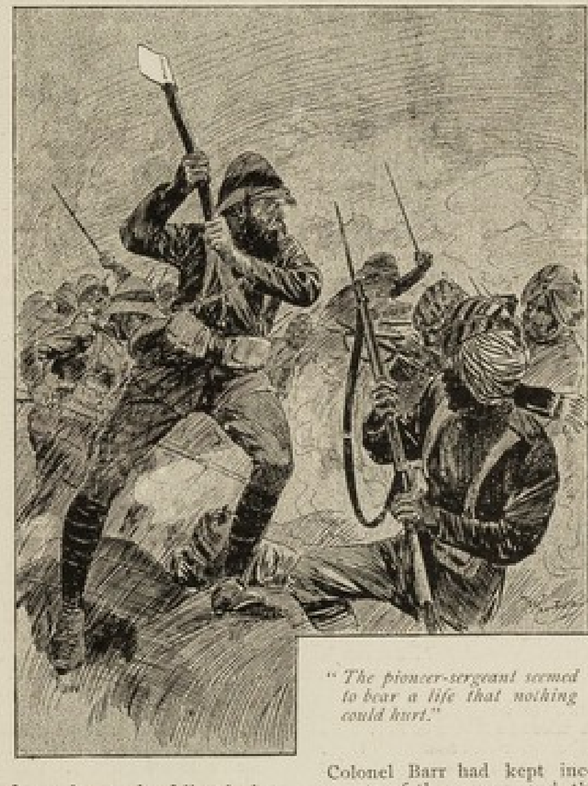
He fulfilled his word, and had cut through the rebels towards the rissaldar-major before the latter saw him and realised his peril.

Murrib Khan knew what the only meaning of an onslaught such as that could be, and that he could not hope to stand against the pioneer and Major Green. His own strength would be as that of a dwarf against a giant, if it came to measuring weapons with the infuriated sergeant.

Even the major alone, in view of his anger at the native's treachery, would have been a dangerous opponent. The two would overpower him, to a certainty, and encompass his end.

This Murrib Khan saw swiftly, and realising that his only hope of safety lay in those around him, he cried that those of the English who were most to be feared had been delivered into their hands, and that if these two men were killed the battle would be won.

The unsupported position of the pair was seen. They were cut off from their own people, and surrounded altogether by the rebels. Murrib Khan himself seized a loaded rifle, and shot the major through the head as Green was raising his sword to cut him down.



"The pioneer-sergeant seemed to bear a life that nothing could hurt."

The pioneer-sergeant leapt forward over the fallen body of his superior officer, calling upon his comrades of the Queen's to follow. But he was alone, and seeing this, the rebels clustered round him, and tried to knock him to the earth. With sheer feeding of him with lives they exhausted his strength, and then rushed in and overpowered him.

By some instinct Death felt that his last combat was being fought. He fought it well, whirling his dripping red axe round and about him as if his bones and muscles would never be sapped of their enormous strength.

Frenzied though they were, the natives would have fallen back before that overwhelming fighter had it not been that Murrib Khan, who had himself retreated until he had got clear of the appalling blows of the sergeant's weapon, seized another rifle and fired it, then a second and a third. Two of his own people fell with Death, but the fact that he had taken their lives did not trouble him. He was satisfied when he saw the great figure tumble forward and the axe drop from the nerveless hand.

Little by little the sound of strife was carried farther from the hospital, and those who were watching from the windows, heedless of the stray bullets which whistled past and over them, saw that the mutineers were being pushed back and cleared from the parade.

Through the lingering hours that came before the dawn they heard the clash of arms, the crack of rifle, and the weakening shouts of the opposing forces. Then there was a sudden silence, followed by a long huzza, which they knew could come from one thing only—victory.

The fight, then, was finished for the time, they said, and in their exultation they also cheered, the sick men joining, and the children raising their thin, piping voices.

An officer, reckless of hazards, ran from the building to learn the news, and hurried back, breathless, to tell them that Murrib Khan and his followers had been put to rout, and that for the moment Nilgoa was safe. That was all he knew. As to who lived or was dead he could say nothing.

The noise of battle died as the night gave place to the brief dawn, and the dawn was followed by the day.

By that time Murrib Khan's artillery, cavalry, and infantry were broken and scattered; Major Green was lying, sword in hand, and a resolute look upon his face, on the spot to which he had fought his way before he died. The pioneer-sergeant, grim in death, as he had been in life, was stretched near him, whilst his axe and the tribute to its prowess lay scattered in a little heap about him; and against the long line of dead and wounded natives was a fringe of khaki-covered figures that had worked up like the edge of an advancing sea.

By noon Murrib Khan was seeking to put new heart into his disorganised followers, and assuring them that the rest of the native troops were rising, with the Nawab's army, in the dominions.

CHAPTER VII.

Besieged.

In the course of the morning, Colonel Barr managed to get all his people under shelter. The barrack and hospital accommodation was extensive, and he found that there were buildings enough to give the Queen's protection. For the present, he felt tolerably secure, knowing, as he did, that the mutineers were without serviceable artillery, and that their rifle fire could not be very destructive. He knew also that even if the cyclists should not reach Halabad, it could not be long before the peril of his position was made known, and his relief effected. It was a long, hard ride for the wheelmen, but the two finest members of the cyclist section had been chosen for the work, and he knew that nothing short of death or disablement would prevent them from fulfilling their duty.

Since the fight ended, Colonel Barr had kept incessant watch upon the movements of the enemy, and this he could do from all sides of the building where he was in refuge. No attempt at a rush—and that was all he feared—could be made without his knowledge, and he felt certain of his power to check it. The buildings in which he had taken refuge were so well isolated that even a stronger force than Murrib Khan's would, he felt sure, hesitate before making an attack. It would be mere sacrifice of life to send men across that open space. He felt that he had particularly good cause for satisfaction in knowing that the main guard, before taking up temporary quarters in the hospital, had secured all the surplus ammunition from the magazine, in accordance with his orders.

"It's a mercy we crippled his guns," said the colonel to the adjutant, who joined him as he watched the enemy, who had sought shelter from rifle fire behind some rising ground in the distance. "If he had had them serviceable now it would have been a bad look-out for us."

"True, sir," answered Reid, "and remembering that the wires were cut, that we had not a single horse available, and that we are so far from European troops, it is a good thing, too, that we had the cyclist section to fall back on. If it did not savour too much of joking, I should say that Murrib Khan lost sight of one of the most important things he ought to have done, remembering that his purpose was to

cripple us completely, cut us off, and put us absolutely at his mercy."

"And what was that?" asked Colonel Barr.

"He ought to have had the tyres on the bicycles slit," answered the adjutant.

The colonel laughed, then looked grave. "I am afraid I was no easy convert to the cycle myself, because I thought it did not look military; but if this work is done by Banks and Brear I shall never cease to be one of the firmest supporters of it. How long do you, as a rider yourself, suppose they will be in reaching Halabad?"

The adjutant looked at his watch. "It is now three o'clock, and they started at nine last night. That means eighteen hours. They have little short of two hundred miles to cover, and if it were not the cold weather, and if they were not two of the finest men in the army, I should give them a good deal longer time than I am allowing now. I prophesy that they will, bar accidents—and even if one gives out, I know them both well enough to be sure that he will compel the other to go on without him—raise the alarm by midnight, at the latest."

"It will be a terrible strain—it sounds impossible," said the colonel, after a grave pause.

"They are well mounted, and the roads on the whole are not bad; Banks and Brear are in the pink of condition, and are two of the most courageous and determined men in the army. There is no obstacle they will not try to overcome in carrying out this bit of work, and you know, sir, they are on their mettle."

"They are good soldiers," said the colonel, "and I shall not forget them."

"They know that we are in their keeping, and could not have a greater spur to do their best."

"If they raise the alarm by midnight it will be three full days before we can hope to see a friendly face, unless the unexpected happens. I am reckoning on the most favourable circumstances, and nothing short of desperate riding by the cavalry."

"Our hope lies in Halabad," continued the adjutant. "We may, before the three days are up, get help from somewhere else, but I strongly doubt it."

"The whole business shows what a deep scoundrel Murrib Khan is, and how cunning those are who have helped him. He is one of the most cold-blooded schemers that ever walked in India, which is saying a good deal. What his real motive can be baffles me, even now."

"I should not be surprised to learn that disappointed love is the origin of the mischief, sir," said the adjutant, by way of feeling his ground.

The colonel shook his head impatiently. "Nonsense," he replied. "There must be a much deeper motive than that."

"Such a motive is generally accounted a pretty strong one, sir," observed the adjutant, with a suspicion of dryness.

"If there is anything in what you say, Reid, it confirms what I have often said—that at a place like this there ought to be no women to create bother. You seem to think that the whole business is brought about by a female's devilment."

"I scarcely put it in that way, sir," said Reid, rather nettled.

"No matter; that's what it totals up to. All I can say is that I hope the woman's conscience is by this time finding her out. I hope she won't come across my path." The colonel spoke very grimly. "But," he added, as if suddenly remembering a duty, "we can't afford to talk like this. We must be ready to hold out to the bitter end and keep these devils off until help comes. Poor Green, how we shall miss him! Strange that he should be the only officer lost. Thank God it's no worse. I think, considering the fierceness of the fight, that we came out of it marvellously well. You're sure all the wounded were brought in?"

"Quite certain, sir. Not one was left."

"As to the dead—well, we couldn't help it. Poor fellows, we had to leave them where they were."

The colonel sighed, and Reid sighed also. It was not a very pleasant prospect that was opened out before them, penned as they were in this building, and having so many women and children and sick, as well as themselves, to protect from a murderous rabble.

"It is almost like a gathering together of the eagles," said the colonel, looking towards the rissaldar-major's forces. "They seem to be growing in numbers. I wonder if any other European regiment in India is penned as we are penned now?"

"I think not, sir," said the adjutant. "Because there is not another so unfortunately placed. But I suppose we must take it that, if original plans had been carried out, the rising would have been pretty general in the dominions now."

"If the Government has no more mercy for the rebels than I should have," said the colonel, "it's few of those who are stained with blood who would see another sun rise. For my part, I will not give mercy to any man who comes my way, and least of all to Murrib Khan. I hope he may come within reach of my sword!"

"May I ask what your intention is, sir?" asked Reid, after a pause.

"I can do nothing but wait and hold out. I wish I could take the offensive, and I would if I saw any chance of success. But where could we get to, and what could we do, saddled as we are? I hate the thought of mere passive defence, and yet that is all I can do. To forecast the next few days is not a hard thing—we shall remain here, stationary, a certain number of fighting men, with a certain number of impediments, including women and children. We shall not grow any the stronger, but weaker. The enemy will, perhaps, be reinforced, and, unless I am very much mistaken, will set himself deliberately to destroy us. Personally, the prospect would not trouble me; but I am concerned for the poor weak people who are in my care. I cannot bear to think of what may happen to them."

"They are keeping up their courage wonderfully well," replied the adjutant. "That," he added, rather hesitatingly, "is largely due to Miss Alexander. There isn't a woman in the place who isn't keeping up the better because of what she has said to her. As for the youngsters, they seem to be beginning to think the whole affair is a joke, and certainly the most exciting piece of business they've ever been mixed up in. They've got over their scare by this time."

"It's well that someone can see the humour of the situation," said the colonel. "I'll confess I can't. I hope Miss Alexander isn't too much cut up about her uncle?"

"She is not one who shows her feelings much," replied the adjutant. "But they were very much attached to one another, and I know she must feel very sad. For some things it is perhaps well that there should be so much to take our thoughts away from our losses."

"We shall need all the courage that we can summon to maintain us through this business," said the colonel. "But come, we must not talk any longer here. I will leave you and take a look round the place to see that everything is as it should be."

The colonel turned away, and made a round of the building. He spoke to and encouraged the men who were still unhurt, and told them that upon their courage and fidelity depended the safety of the women, the sick, and the children. "As for your own skins," he added, "there are not many amongst you who don't know that the best way to save them is to kill or maim every renegade nigger who comes within reach of your bullet or bayonet. I'm sorry to have to talk like that, but I consider it my duty to do so just now, in view of what has happened. Don't forget that the moment the enemy forces a way inside this place the end begins. Remember my order—not one of you must step outside, and not one of the enemy must be allowed to get a foot within a door or a face within a window. Obey that, and we shall soon see Murrib Khan and his people scattered to the winds or given to the hangman."

There was a loud murmur of approval as the colonel finished and went to visit the sick and wounded. He entered the big bright ward, not for the first time that day, and cast a quick eye over the beds, which were filled with sick and wounded men. By this time some of the sufferers were lying on mattresses which had been placed upon the spotless floor.

The medical officer in charge was going his rounds for the third time that day. He was a zealous, conscientious Scot from Edinburgh, who believed that there was no regiment like the Queen's, no colonel like Barr, no country so dangerous and fascinating as India, and none so beautiful as Scotland, and who was satisfied that there was no calling like that of medicine and surgery. While admitting that the colonel was nominally the head of the regiment in everything, he had asserted his own position as lord paramount of the medical department, but he was so tactful with it all, that not even Barr's feelings were ever ruffled by anything he did. He knew that they were in a position of dire peril, but the cheery smile had never left his fresh, frank face, and the stout courage had never lessened in his heart throughout that dreadful night of fight and death. He was ready to do his duty as a doctor to the last, and if the worst came to the worst, to die fighting like the rest, and to this end he had loaded his sporting gun and put it ready to his hand. "It'll be the poorest game I ever shot," he muttered, as he laid the weapon carefully aside; "but the hard-up sportsman mustn't be particular about his bag." Then he went serenely to his duty of doing his best for the wounded.

The doctor, Murray by name, ranking as lieutenant-colonel, was bending over a patient as the commanding officer approached. The wounded man, unable to rise, but with the instinct of discipline strong within him, stiffened himself out, as the nearest approach to standing at attention.

"And how are you, Tonks?" asked the colonel, kindly, bending over the bed.

"Pretty well, sir, thank you," said Tonks, smiling gratefully. "I shall soon be about again."

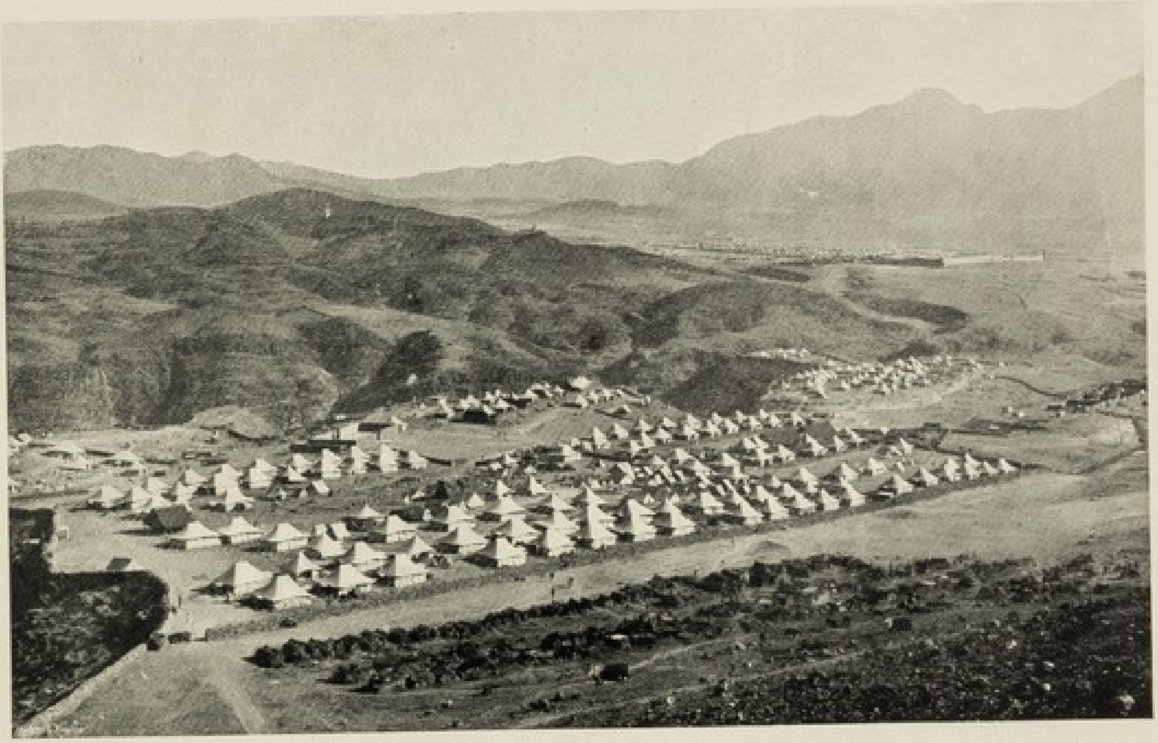
(To be continued.)

The Hampshires in the Khyber Pass.



OFFICERS OF THE 1st HAMPSHIRE.

WITH the departure of the 1st Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, and the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers, the last of the British troops have left the Khyber Pass, which was strongly occupied after the last Frontier troubles, and until the submission of the tribes. The battalion was unfortunate in not having had a share in the Tirah Campaign, but has had to spend the winter in camp at Lundi Kotal, a post about halfway between Jellalabad and the mouth of the Khyber. A view of this camp forms the second of our illustrations, and, as will be seen, the regiment was under canvas, though, undoubtedly, if the British troops had been left up through the coming hot weather, huts for them would have been erected. The climate of Lundi Kotal is not bad in the winter, for the air is cold and bracing, and though snow, which occasionally falls, is not a blessing when under canvas, it is better than heat or flies. If the writer's memory is not at fault, the shooting in the locality is poor, with a not improbable chance of being "sniped" at oneself if very far from camp, and there is not much to amuse either officers or men. Some day, however, when the railway runs up the Khyber Pass from Peshawar, Lundi Kotal may blossom into not such a bad place. Our first illustration represents the officers of the battalion, which, prior to the territorial organisation, was the old 37th, or North Hampshire Regiment of Foot, its 2nd Battalion being the old 67th, or South Hampshire Regiment, so that the two have always been territorially linked. Its last war service was in Burmah, for which many of the officers of the regiment wear the Indian general service medal, and clasp, dated 1887-89. Curiously enough, the 2nd Battalion had only just left Burmah, having added to its roll of honours 1885-87. The battalion is commanded by Colonel le Marchant, who came to it from the 67th, in which regiment he served through the Afghan War of 1878-80. It will be remembered that this battalion accompanied the force under Lord Roberts in his advance on Cabul in December, 1879, including the hard time when Sherpur was invested. It had not, however, the luck to accompany the force that made the historic march from Cabul to Candahar, and thus failed to earn the bronze star with its rainbow ribbon. Major Howard Smith, the second in command, has been exceptionally lucky in seeing all the recent Indian war services of both battalions, for he was with the 1st through the Afghan, where he obtained the medal and clasp, and his general service medal bears both the Burmah clasps—viz., for 1885-87 and 1887-89.



Photos. Holmes. Copyright.

CAMP OF THE 1st HAMPSHIRE AT LUNDI KOTAL.

Our Colonial Forces: Australia.—VIII.

ALTHOUGH both regiments to which we referred in our last article—the Lancers and Mounted Rifles—are mounted, the former only can, strictly speaking, be regarded as cavalry. It was first raised in 1885 as a Volunteer Reserve Corps, and bore the title of the Light Horse. In 1888 the corps was merged in the partially-paid force, and was known as the New South Wales Cavalry before it adopted its present title. The organisation is similar to that of a British cavalry regiment, which consists of four squadrons. Formerly the Lancers were divided into troops, but the squadron system was introduced when Major-General Hutton took over the command of the forces in New South Wales. Under the present *régime* a half squadron is stationed at each of the following places: Sydney, Parramatta, Berry, Robertson, Maitland, Singleton, Casino, and Lismore.

The present commanding officer, Colonel Burns, was appointed captain in July, 1891, became major in January, 1896, and took command of the Lancers in September, 1897. The appearance of the contingent that visited London on the occasion of the Jubilee was such as to call forth the admiration of the onlookers. Nor did the Lancers fail to gain a well-merited cheer when, headed by Lord Roberts, they marched past the Queen at the Grand Review.

The Mounted Rifles were directly enrolled as partially-paid troops in 1889, and were first commanded by Colonel H. B. Lasseter, an officer of the Imperial Army, who under Government sanction went to New South Wales for the purpose of organising the regiment. His employment was to last nominally for a year, but he eventually remained in command of the Mounted Rifles



COLONEL LASSETER.
Lately Commanding Mounted Rifles.

under the Government of New South Wales. He served in the South Staffordshire Regiment, and made the Egyptian Campaign of 1884-85. The regiment is some 500 strong and divided into eight companies, with headquarters at Camden. Half companies are stationed at Molong, Bathurst, Picton, Camden, Bega, Forbes, Tenterfield, and Inverell.

At the Jubilee celebrations the corps was represented in England by six officers, one warrant officer, six non-commissioned officers, and twenty-eight rank and file. Their visit to the Mother Country, however, was arranged independently of the great Imperial event, for the purpose of giving a limited number of the regiment some opportunity of training with regular troops. With this object a certain number of men were drawn from each half company.



Photos, Gregory. Copyright.
A TYPE OF OFFICER—LIEUTENANT COX, N.S.W. LANCERS.

The expenses connected with the visit of the Mounted Rifles reached the sum of £5,000. To this the New South Wales Government contributed £500. The remainder was made up by the officers of the regiment and by some of the leading men in New South Wales. The regiment is now commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. M. Onslow, who became a captain



LIEUT.-COLONEL ONSLOW.
Commanding Mounted Rifles.

as recently as February, 1892. He is the youngest of his rank in the forces of New South Wales, and has won his way to the "top of the tree" by his exceptional ability as a soldier. During the drill season of 1894-95 he visited India, and was attached in turn to the 11th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, and the King's Royal Rifle Corps, better known as the 60th Rifles. He was attached to the last-named battalion when it formed part of the Chitral Relief Force. He was present with it at the storming of the Malakand and at Khar, and wears the Chitral medal. He was promoted major in February, 1896, and lieutenant-colonel in May, 1898.

Having had the privilege of being under two such able officers as Colonel Lasseter and Colonel Onslow, it is no matter for surprise that the Mounted Rifles are an exceptionally efficient body of men. They are not, of course, intended to engage other troops on horseback. They are merely mounted for purposes of mobility, and correspond, to all intents and purposes, to our Mounted Infantry. The latter, however, are only under training from time to time, for the home Government is of opinion that permanent Mounted Infantry speedily degenerate into indifferent cavalry.

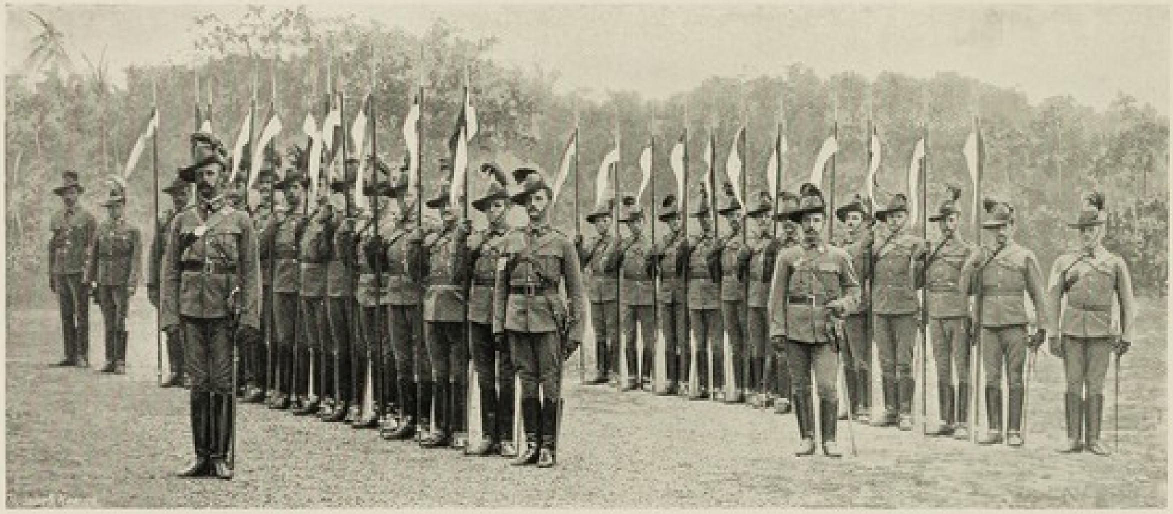
This certainly cannot be said of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles. They are good shots, good scouts, and excellently fitted for the work that would fall to their lot in time of emergency; but they have never shown any anxiety to participate in the duties of the Lancers, who are cavalry pure and simple.

Our illustrations include the late and present commanding officer of the Mounted Rifles, as well as several other pictures representative of New South Wales cavalry. The Jubilee contingent were surely



Photo. Gregory. Copyright.

A TROOP SERGEANT-MAJOR, NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

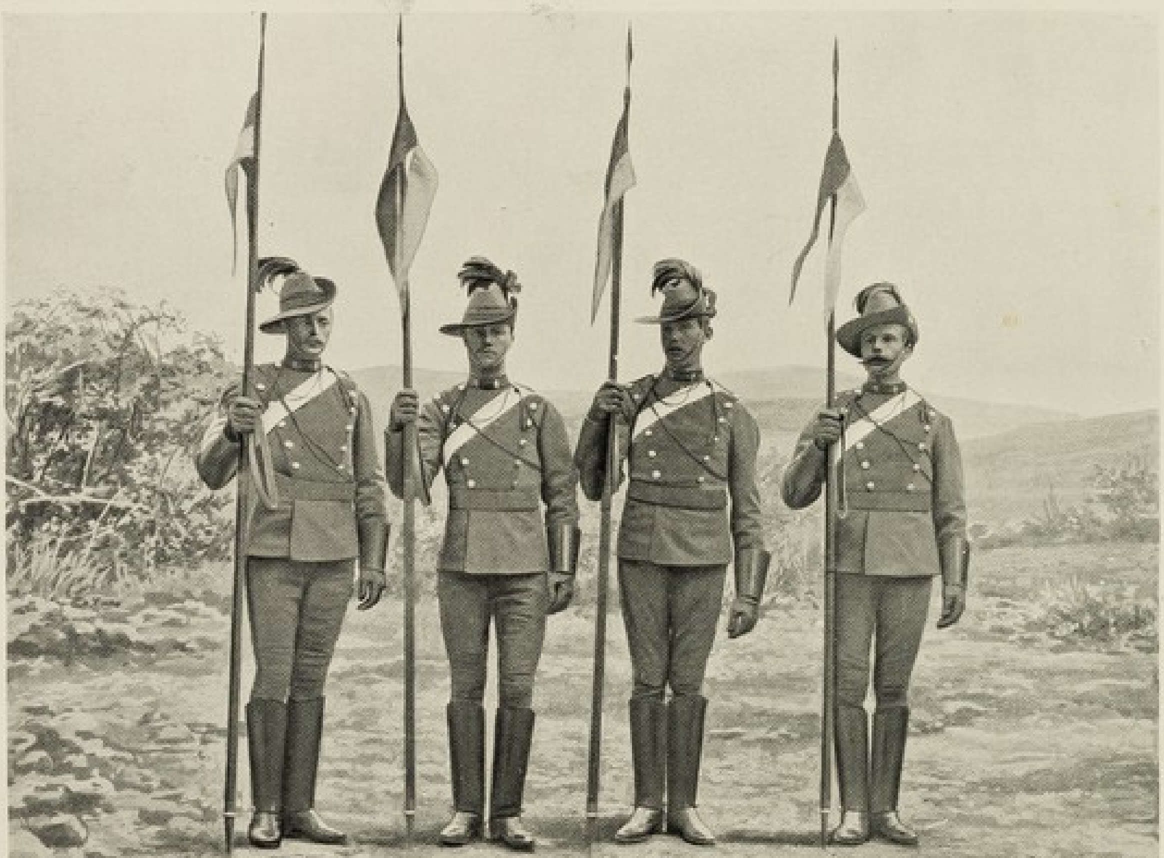


NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

equal in point of physique to any cavalry in the world, and Lieutenant Cox, of whom we publish a photograph, is a typical cavalry officer. The visit in 1897 of the colonial troops has undoubtedly done much to draw the soldiers of Greater Britain closer to those of the Mother Country.

There can be no doubt that the presence some two years ago of colonial troops in the metropolis, including such men as the Lancers and Mounted Rifles, served to promote a kind of union between the Mother Country and the Colonies. The fact was then brought home to the inhabitants of Great Britain that the sons of Greater Britain were ready to take their share in the defence of the Empire at home or abroad wherever called upon to do so. Their willingness has more than once been proved when they have offered their services against a common foe.

It is not surprising, then, that the troops to which we have referred were warmly received, not only by the civilian population here, but equally by our soldiers and volunteers, who lost no opportunity of showing that they regarded the men of New South Wales as comrades in arms. A squadron of New South Wales Lancers is now on its way to this country for training at Aldershot, and may be expected in London, in May, when it will meet with a hearty reception.



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TROOPERS OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS.

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3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers.



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AT GUN PRACTICE.



CHURCH PARADE, SHEERNESS.

NOT the least important branch of the Citizen Army is the Volunteer Artillery. In case of threatened invasion, this section of the Reserve Forces would, in all probability, be called upon to aid in repelling a foreign foe. With this end in view it is of the greatest moment that those who compose its ranks should be skilled in the art of gunnery. To reach a pitch of excellence constant practice is required, and this, in many cases, can only be obtained after a long journey from headquarters. Thus we find corps from London and the chief provincial towns journeying to Great Yarmouth, Sheerness, and other places for practice. The annual meeting of the National Artillery Association, held at Shoeburyness, also furnishes opportunity for competition between the various corps.

In one of the accompanying illustrations the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, which is acknowledged to be one of the smartest corps in the whole of England, is depicted at practice on the sands at Sheerness. As may be observed, the corps is armed with guns of position, and may therefore practically be classed as Field Artillery. Its appearance, too, on parade always evokes the merited applause not only of the crowd but of qualified Military critics.

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Photo. Gregory. A DRUM-HEAD COURT-MARTIAL, 9th LANCERS. Copyright.



Photo. Green A MOCK EXECUTION. Copyright.

OF all the methods of relieving the monotony of life in barracks, perhaps the quaintest is the holding of a mock court martial. This form of amusement reminds one of Neptune's Court on board ship when crossing the line. The art of acting seems to be implanted in men, and the solemnity with which the drum-head court martial is carried out is highly interesting, mixed up as the ceremony is with a world of buffoonery and grotesqueness. The members of the court are got up in costumes that defy description. Overcoats are turned inside out, uniforms and mufti are ludicrously blended, and if a tall silk hat can be procured, it is eagerly taken. The cook's implements are borrowed, and the frying pan vigorously beaten affords suitable music when the sentence of the court is carried out. The victim, for the most part a young recruit, who is tried for some real or imaginary breach of the unwritten laws of the barrack-room, is in due course sentenced to death. No sentence short of that would suffice. The sentence is carried out with great ceremony, sometimes in one manner and sometimes in another. Beheading is a favourite form, and then the executioner with mask and hachet comes along to do the deed. One of our illustrations shows some troopers of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers executing sentence on a man condemned by the mimic court martial.